



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

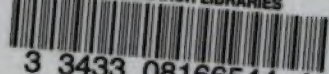
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

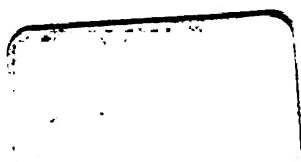
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







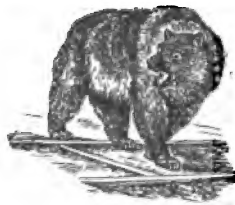


THE  
Overland Monthl

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

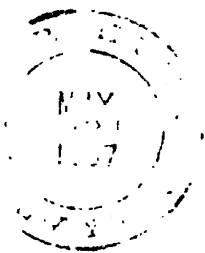
VOL. V.--SECOND SERIES.



SAN FRANCISCO:  
SAMUEL CARSON, PUBLISHER,

NO. 120 SUTTER STREET.

1885.



مکتبہ اسلامیہ



## CONTENTS.

Across Eastern Utah and Colorado.....	<i>Edwards Roberts</i> .....	247
Analytical Politics .....	<i>Irving Stringham</i> .....	98
Ancient Literature, Fine Art in .....	<i>Martin Kellogg</i> .....	603
Arizona in the Seventies.....	<i>Dagmar Mariager</i> .....	388
Art, General Principles of, and their Application to the "Novel." .....	<i>Joseph Le Conte</i> .....	337
 Barbara's Story.....	<i>Katharine Royce</i> .....	495
Bassnett's Theory of the Sun .....		545
Battle of Shiloh, The: with Personal Reminiscences.....	<i>Warren Oiney</i> .....	577
Biographies, Recent .....		548
Book Reviews:		
Across the Chasm, 659.—Adams, John, (J. T. Morse), 558.—Addie's Husband, 660.—Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable, (Admiral Porter), 443.—Allen's (A. V. G.) Continuity of Christian Thought, 222.—American Commonwealths: Maryland, 104.—American Historical Association, Papers of, 440.—American Politician, An, (F. Marion Crawford), 107.—American Statesmen: John Adams, 558.—Annual Report (Fourth) of the State Mineralogist, 223.—Appeal to Cæsar, An, (Albion Tourgee), 216.—Arnold's (I. N.) Life of Abraham Lincoln, 548.—Arnold's (Edwin) Secret of Death and Other Poems, 656.—At the World's Mercy, (Florence Warden), 109.		
Bassett Claim, The, (Henry R. Elliot), 213.—Beers's (Henry A.) Nathaniel Parker Willis, 550.—Between the Capes (Howard Pyle), 662.—Bible, the Sunday School Text-book, The, 560.—Biographies, Recent, 548.—Bishop's (W. H.) Choy Susan and Other Stories, 108.—Brainerd, Memoirs of, 447.—Bread-making, 112.—British Orations, 445.—Browning's Ferishtah's Fancies, 327.—Browne's (William Hand), Maryland, 104.—Buntling Ball, The, 446.—Burroughs's Fresh Fields, 336.		
Carpet Knight, A, 659.—Chanson de Roland, La, (Léonce Rabillon), 656.—Chats, (G. Homlen), 220.—Children of the Bible, 112.—Children's Books, 110.—Child's Garden of Verses, A, (Robert Louis Stevenson), 657.—Choy Susan and Other Stories, (W. H. Bishop), 108.—Comforting Thoughts, 219.—Congressional Government, (Woodrow Wilson), 444.—Consumption, its Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Cure, (J. M. W. Kitchen), 336.—Continuity of Christian Thought, The, (A. V. G. Allen), 222.—Cooke's (John Esten) My Lady Pokahontas, 431.—Crime of Christmas Day, The, 435.—Cynicism, 560.		
Dall's De Nadaillac's Prehistoric America, 538.—Deldee, (Florence Warden), 435.—Deming's Tompkins and Other Folks, 214.—Dictionary of English History, The, 560.—Divine Authority of the Bible, The, 112.—Duxbury Doings, 336.		
Edgar Allan Poe, (George E. Woodberry), 549.—Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer, 445.—Emerson, Ralph Waldo, (Oliver Wendell Holmes), 548.—Esoteric Buddhism (Alfred Sinnett), 448.—Evolution and Christianity, (B. F. Tefft), 560.		
Faithfull's (Miss Emily), Three Visits to America, 221.—Ferishtah's Fancies, (Robert Browning), 327.—Fiction, Recent, 106, 213, 429, 659.—Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers, (J. C. Derby), 445.—Fireside Travels, (J. R. Lowell), 559.—Flaxie Growing Up, (Sophie May), 112.—Flatland, 446.—Flowers from Arcadia, 219.—Fresh Fields, (John Burroughs), 336.—From Greenland's Icy Mountains, 219.		
(German Simplified, (Knoflach), 447.—Gray Masque, The, and Other Poems, (Mary B. Dodge), 654.—Gustavus Adolphus, History of, (John L. Stevens), 215		
Harriet Martineau, (Mrs. Miller), 551.—Hawaiian Almanac, 560.—Historical Monographs, Recent, 436.—Holiday Books, 110, 219.—Holmes's (Oliver Wendell) Illustrated Poems, 110; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 548.—Howe's (E. W.) The Mystery of the Locks, 429; Story of a Country Town, The, 106.—How to Learn and Earn, 111.		
Icaria (Albert Shaw), 219.—Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, 110.—Indian Money as a Factor in New England Civilization, (Wm. B. Weedon, Johns Hopkins University Studies), 436.—In the Lena Delta, (George W. Melville), 334.—In War Time, (S. Weir Mitchell), 214.		
Jackson's (Mrs.) ("H. H.") Ramona, 330.—James's (Henry) A Little Tour in France, 112; Tales of Three Cities, 108.—Jewett's (Sarah Orne) A Marsh Island, 663.—John Adams, (J. T. Morse, American Statesmen Series), 558.—Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Second Series VII—XII, Third Series I—III, 436.—Jones Very's Poems, 325.		
Knight of the Black Forest, A, (Grace Denio Litchfield), 661.		
Lamps and Paths (T. T. Munger), 446.—Land by the Sunset Sea, The, and Other Poems, 654.—Land Laws of Mining Camps, (C. H. Shinn, Johns Hopkins University Studies), 438.—Larcom's (Lucy) Poetical Works, 329.—Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets, (Frances L. Mace), 112.—Life of Abraham Lincoln, (I. N. Arnold), 548.—Little Tour in France, A, (Henry James), 112.—Luck of Roaring Camp, (Bret Harte), 559.		
Marjorie Daw and Other Stories, (T. B. Aldrich), 559.—Marsh Island, A (Sarah Orne Jewett), 663.—Martineau, Harriet, (Mrs. F. F. Miller), 551.—Maryland, (Wm. Hand Browne, American Commonwealth Series), 104.—Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United		

States, (Herbert B. Adams, Johns Hopkins University Studies), 439.—Matt, (Robert Buchanan), 660.—Maxims of Public Health, 220.—Melville's In the Lena Delta, 334.—Memoirs of Brainerd, 447.—Mentor, The, 220.—Mère de la Marquise, La. (Edmond About), 448.—Mind-Reading and Beyond (W. H. Hovey), 650.—Mining Camps (C. H. Shinn), 665.—Mitchell's (Dr. S. Weir) In War Time, 214.—Money in Politics, (J. K. Upton), 331.—Money Makers, The, 431.—Mountain Anthem, The, 219.—Mr. Standfast's Journey, 336.—My Lady Pokahontas (John Esten Cooke), 431.—My Summer in a Garden, (Charles Dudley Warner), 559.—Mystery of the Locks, The, (E. W. Howe), 429.—Morse's John Adams. (American Statesmen Series), 558.	
Nathaniel Parker Willis, (Henry A. Beers), 550.—Natural History Plays and Dialogues, 112.—New Year Masque, A, and Other Poems, (Edith M. Thomas), 324.	
Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, (Wordsworth), 110.—One Thousand Blunders in English Corrected, 221.—On Studies in General History and the History of Civilization, (Andrew D. White), 440.—Open Door, The; The Portrait, 436.—Oriental Religions: Persia, (Samuel Johnson), 332.—Our Two Homes, 336.—Out of the Wreck, (Amanda M. Douglas), 214.	
Paradise Found, (William F. Warren), 666.—Perseverance Island, 111.—Persia, (Samuel Johnson), 332.—Phelps's (Miss Elizabeth Stuart) Songs of the Silent World, and other Poems, 328.—Pictures in Song, (Clinton Scollard), 655.—Pilot Fortune, 659.—Poe, Edgar Allan, (George E. Woodberry), 549.—Poems by Jones Very, 325.—Poems by Madge Morris, 653.—Poems by J. D. Steele, 653.—Poetical Works of Lucy Larcom, 329.—Prehistoric America, (Marquis de Nadaillac), 538.—Pretty Lucy Merwyn, 114.—Primer of Christian Evidence, 560.—Pyle's (Howard) Between the Capes, 663.	
Ramona, (Mrs. Jackson, "H. H."), 330.—Recent Biographies, 548.—Recent Fiction, 106, 213, 429, 659.—Recent Historical Monographs, 436.—Recent Verse, 324, 652.—Religious Aspect of Philosophy, (Josiah Royce), 542.—Report of the Organization and Proceedings of the American Historical Association, 440.—Rescue of Greely, (Schley and Soley), 559.—Roslyn's Fortune (Christian Reid), 659.—Royce's (Dr. Josiah) Religious Aspect of Philosophy, 542.—Rudimentary Society among Boys, (John Johnson. Johns Hopkins University Studies), 438.	
Sabbath for Man, The, 448.—Schley and Soley's The Rescue of Greely, 559.—Secret of Death, The, (Edwin Arnold), 656.—Shadow of the War, The, 106.—Shaw's (Albert A.) Icaria, 219.—Shinn's (C. H.) Mining Camps, 665.—Short Stories by California Authors, 434.—Siège de Berlin, Le, et d'Autres Contes, (Alphonse Daudet), 447.—Some Heretics of Yesterday, (S. E. Herrick), 220.—Songs of the Silent World, and other Poems, (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), 328.—Stevens's (J. L.) History of Gustavus Adolphus, 215.—Stories by American Authors, 666.—Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time, 111.—Story of a Country Town, (E. W. Howe), 106.	
Tales of Three Cities, (Henry James), 108.—Timias Terrystone, (Oliver Bell Bunce), 660.—Three Visits to America, (Emily Faithfull), 221.—Tompkins and other Folks, (P. Deming), 214.—Tourgee's An Appeal to Caesar, 216.—Town and County Government in English Colonies of North America, (Edward Channing, Johns Hopkins University Studies), 437.—Trajan, (Henry Keenan), 661.—True Theory of the Sun, (Thomas Bassnett), 545.—Two Compton Boys, (Augustus Hopkin), 111.	
Upton's (J. K.) Money in Politics, 331.	
Verse, Recent, 324, 652.—Very's (Jones) Poems, 325.—Viking Bodleys, The (Horace Scudder), 111.—Virginia's Local Institutions, (Edward Ingle, Johns Hopkins University Studies), 439.—Vocal and Action Language, 446.	
Way Out, The, 446.—Witch's Head, The, 660.—With the Invader, (Edwards Roberts), 334.—Women, Plumbers, and Doctors, 447.—Woodberry's (George E.) Edgar Allen Poe, 549.—World We Live In, The, 110.	
Young Men and the Churches, The, 336.—Young Teacher, The, 560.	
Building of a State, The.....	
III. Early Congregationalism in California ..J. A. Benton.....	87
IV. Early Presbyterianism.....	Albert Williams.....180
V. Early Baptists.....	O. C. Wheeler.....231
VI. Early Methodism in California.....	M. C. Briggs.....571
Business and The Baxtons.....	174
Capture of Porto Praya, The .....	W. H. P.....499
Castle Chapultepec, in Mexico, An Old Imperial Residence.....	Wilhelm Zimmermann.....380
Congo, Some Problems of the.....	George Moor.....366
"Crofter" Question, The Scotch, Inwardness and Solution of.....	Aymar Gordon.....283
Days of Barbarism on Puget Sound, The.....	S. A. Clarke.....164
Deaf Mutes and their Education.....	Douglas Tilden.....504
Drift of Power in the English Government, The.....	Bernard Moses.....239
Early Baptists.....	O. C. Wheeler.....231
Early Congregationalism in California.....	J. A. Benton.....87
Early Methodism in California .....	M. C. Briggs.....571
Early Presbyterianism.....	Albert Williams.....180
English Government, Drift of Power in.....	Bernard Moses.....239
Essential Principle of Poetic Art, The.....	G. H. Howison.....523

Etc.		
Editorial:		
Certain Good Gifts of 1884, and a Moral Therefrom.—A Bad Provision.....	102	
In Memoriam, Hon. Sherman Day.....	208	
Material Success and the Scholar.....	321	
California Legislatures.—Unnecessary Public Resignation.—Folly of Party in Local Tick-		
ets—Possibility of its Abolition.—Desirability of its Abolition.....	440	
The Sutro Library.—Provincialism and a Native Literature.—Wealth and Respect.....	552	
A Girls' College in California.—The Co-educational, the Separate, and the Annex Systems.....	663	
Contributed:		
Correction.....	<i>Fred. Holmes</i> .....	442
Letter From the Middle West, A.....	<i>X. Y. Z.</i> .....	209
Liszt and His Pupils.....	<i>Evelyn Philip</i> .....	443
Local Color in Fiction.....	<i>E. R. S.</i> .....	323
Mr. Earnest and His Secret.....	<i>John Murray</i> .....	556
Notes on the Columbia River.....	<i>Henry Colbach</i> .....	554
Our New Stove.....	<i>K. M. B.</i> .....	103
Poetry:		
Helen of Troy.....	<i>Wilbur Larremore</i> .....	556
Madroña Tree, A.....	<i>H. K.</i> .....	558
Mid-Ocean.....	<i>E. C. Sanford</i> .....	212
Moods.....	<i>E. R. S.</i> .....	209
Night and Peace.....	<i>E. R. S.</i> .....	554
Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.....	<i>Theodore A. Lord</i> .....	209
Valentine.....	<i>M. F. Rowntree</i> .....	209
Venice.....	<i>Albert L. Cook</i> .....	323
Extra Morning Duty, An.....	Translated from <i>Pierre Lotti, Revue des Deux</i> <i>Mondes.</i> .....	414
Fiction, Recent.....		429
Fine Art in Ancient Literature.....	<i>Martin Kellogg</i> .....	603
First Years Out of College, The.....	<i>W. E. Lindenger</i> .....	612
Fish-nets and Glaciers.....	<i>Edwards Roberts</i> .....	139
Four Years.....	<i>S. Sheridan</i> .....	589
French as Colonists, The.....	<i>Andrew McFarland Davis</i> .....	22
General Principles of Art, The, and their Applica-		
tion to the "Novel.".....	<i>Joseph Le Conte</i> .....	337
Glimpse of Utah, A.....	<i>Edwards Roberts</i> .....	38
Gold-Handled Riding-Whip, The.....	<i>Albin Putzker</i> .....	511
His Checks.....	<i>Gregory Mitchell</i> .....	276
Historical Monographs, Recent.....		436
Honest Woman, An.....	<i>Mary T. Mott</i> .....	288
How shall we Educate our Boys?.....	<i>Henry S. Brooks</i> .....	200
Hunchback, A.....	<i>Ygnace de Urviera</i> .....	77
Incidents of Regular Army Life in Time of Peace.....	<i>F. K. U.</i> .....	423
Indian Education Applied to the San Carlos Reser-		
vation.....	<i>Francis J. A. Darr</i> .....	194
Indian Troubles in Oregon, 1854-5.....	<i>J. G. T.</i> .....	420
Injustice of New Trials, The.....	<i>T. B. McFarland</i> .....	169
Inwardness and Solution of the Scotch "Crofter"		
Question, The.....	<i>Aymar Gordon</i> .....	283
Italian Nocturne, An.....	<i>Margaret B. Wright</i> .....	159
Joe the Marine.....	<i>Charles A. Murdock</i> .....	629
John George.....	<i>Sol. Sheridan</i> .....	394
Lancashire Strikes of 1878, The.....	<i>M. W. Shinn</i> .....	372
Late War in South America, The—VI, VII.....	<i>Holger Birkedal</i> .....	113, 306
Little Jethro.....	<i>Sara D. Halsted</i> .....	484
Little Wanderer, The.....	<i>Louise Palmer Heaven</i> .....	46
Madame de Genlis.....	<i>Kate Sanborn</i> .....	62
Mrs. Jones and her "Old Man.".....	<i>M. A. Ross</i> .....	458
New Trials, Injustice of.....	<i>T. B. McFarland</i> .....	169
Notes on the Sutro Library.....		616
"Novel," General Principles of Art and their		
Application to the.....	<i>Jos-ph Le Conte</i> .....	337

Observations in the Southern States.....	<i>A. C. Applegarth</i> .....	398
Old Imperial Residence, An, Castle Chapultepec, in Mexico.....	<i>Wilhelm Zimmerman</i> .....	380
Olive Orchards of the Riviera.....	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> .....	348
One-Sided Correspondence, A.....	<i>K. M. B.</i> .....	402
On the Edge of a New Land, XVI.—XXX, Con- cluded.....	<i>Ada Langworthy Collier</i> .....	22, 120, 257
Over-Haste in Making our Nation.....	<i>Martin Kellogg</i> .....	15
Poetic Art, Essential Principle of.....	<i>G. H. Howison</i> .....	523
Prehistoric America.....		538
Priest's Tale, The.....	<i>Louise P. Heaven</i> .....	465
Puget Sound, Days of Barbarism on.....	<i>S. A. Clarke</i> .....	164
Ramble in the Foothills, A.....	<i>Dagmar Mariager</i> .....	479
Rambles in the Rockies.....	<i>Edwards Roberts</i> .....	449
Recent Biographies.....		548
Recent Fiction.....		429
Recent Historical Monographs.....		436
Recent Verse.....		652
Religious Aspect of Philosophy, The....		542
Rhododendron Quest, A.....	<i>Charles Howard Shinn</i> .....	624
Riparian Rights.....	<i>George W. Haight</i> .....	561
Riverside London.....	<i>Samuel J. Rea</i> .....	487
Roman Festival, A.....	<i>May L. Cheney</i> .....	205
Scotch Crofter Question, Inwardness and Solution of the.....	<i>Aymar Gordon</i> .....	283
Some Problems of the Congo.....	<i>George Moor</i> .....	366
Southern States, Observations in.....	<i>A. C. Applegarth</i> .....	398
South from Alisal.....		355
Story of an Adventurer, The.....	<i>E. F. H.</i> .....	385
Strikes of 1878, The Lancashire.....	<i>M. W. Shinn</i> .....	372
Summer Novels.....		659
Sutro Library, Notes on the.....		616
Thought-Transference.....	<i>John Le Conte</i> .....	650
Treason against Liberty.....	<i>James D. Phelan</i> .....	269
Under the Shadow of Pike's Peak.....	<i>Edwards Roberts</i> .....	641
Utah, A Glimpse of.....	<i>Edwards Roberts</i> .....	38
Verse, Recent.....		652
Voyage to Somewhere, A.....	<i>Franklina Gray Bartlett</i> .....	597
Winter Pictures on Marsh Grant.....	<i>Lillian H. Shuey</i> .....	136
World's Wonderlands in Wyoming and New Zea- land, The.....	<i>C. F. Gordon Cumming</i> .....	1
Yellow Comforter, The.....		360

## POETRY.

Ballad of the North-Wind.....	<i>Alfred A. Wheeler</i> .....	535
Bells of San Xavier Del Bac, The.....	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> .....	163
Bergamo.....	<i>W. Winthrop</i> .....	463
Camp at Jaboncillos, The.....	<i>J. M.</i> .....	281
Embalmed.....	<i>M. A. M. Cramer</i> .....	419
In Memoriam.....	<i>L. P. H.</i> .....	498
Lethe.....	<i>K. M. Bishop</i> .....	61
Morning Thought, A.....	<i>E. R. Sill</i> .....	76
Neophyte, The.....	<i>Wilbur Larremore</i> .....	347
Old Carriage-Block, The.....	<i>Mary A. Bamford</i> .....	575
On the Mediterranean.....	<i>John H. Craig</i> .....	85
Oracle, The.....	<i>E. R. Sill</i> .....	393
Philosopher, The.....	<i>E. R. Sill</i> .....	640
Qui Legit Regit.....	<i>Charles S. Greene</i> .....	622
Solitude.....	<i>E. E.</i> .....	14
Song of the Sage Brush.....	<i>Virginia Peyton</i> .....	179
Star Dust.....	<i>Fannie Isabel Sherrick</i> .....	320
To a Young Man.....	<i>E. L. Huggins</i> .....	522
Two Sonnets of Lost Love. I.—Hallucination. II.—Before Burial.....	<i>Milicent Washburn Shinn</i> .....	199
Unrest.....	<i>Carrie Stevens Walter</i> .....	570

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

---

VOL. V. (SECOND SERIES.)—JANUARY, 1885.—No. 25.

---

## THE WORLD'S WONDERLANDS IN WYOMING AND NEW ZEALAND.

As the progress of the nineteenth century has been marked by more startling revelations of science than had been accorded to any previous age, and by marvelous ingenuity in the practical adaptation of great natural forces to human use, so for the same favored era has also been reserved the discovery of some of the most wonderful features of the world's scenery, and the most remarkable display of natural phenomena.

Foremost among these must rank the two great thermal spring districts in the northern and southern hemispheres—twin Wonderlands, which, with the one exception of the Icelandic geysers, as far transcend all kindred displays in other regions as the electric blaze outshines the glimmering rush-light. Elsewhere, small groups of mineral springs of varied temperature have, from all ages, been noted as healing waters; the Bethesdas of the fortunate land in which they were found; centers to which multitudes of sick folk, afflicted with divers diseases, have radiated from all quarters, as those who, having access to the dispensary of the Master Physician, wisely make pilgrimages thither as to the fountain-head, rather than rest satisfied with the efforts of human chemists, who, though striving to compound drugs similar

to those Nature-brewed, yet fail to reproduce such life-giving elixirs as are distilled by the Great Chemist.

While retaining their inherent virtues, such scattered springs have long since lost all their distinctive outward character of natural beauty or picturesque surroundings; their waters (having early been made a source of revenue to their fortunate possessors) have been confined in artificial channels to supply baths and fountains; they have become centers of town life, and are surrounded by hotels and lodgings with all the adjuncts of fashionable watering places, so that no trace remains of the once free stream, geyser, or lonely well, whose healing power first attracted the notice of some poor peasant.

But such scattered groups of mineral springs as those hitherto familiar to the civilized nations of Europe now appear insignificant indeed, compared with those recently discovered, both in our own Antipodean Isles, and also amid the exhaustless store of marvels of every description which, year by year, have rewarded the bold explorers of those most inhospitable ranges, the Western Rocky Mountains. From these two points, almost simultaneously, came tidings of the existence of marvelous volcanic re-

gions—vast laboratories, where, for untold ages, Nature has carried on her experiments in every conceivable phase of chemical combination, and where she now invites all suffering humanity to come and test the efficacy of the multitudinous remedies offered. In truth, the chief danger of these vast hydro-pathic establishments will lie in the multiplicity of sparkling waters, tempting to the eye, but holding in solution endless varieties of mineral salts, including deadly poisons; so that while there is medicine here to suit every manner of disease, the rash patient who ventures to drink from a spring which has not been fully analyzed, runs much the same risk as though he amused himself by tasting at random from all the bottles in a chemist's shop.

Hitherto these Wonder-worlds have been known only to a few wild tribes of savage warriors; the much-tattooed Maories of New Zealand, and the feather-crowned Bannock and Crow Indians of the Yellowstone—who alike jealously guarded from the intrusion of the pale faces these well-nigh sacred volcanic regions, where all around seemed suggestive of the supernatural, both in the beneficent healing magic of the exquisite natural baths, and in the awe-inspiring horror of the roaring steam, and awful pools of boiling mud. But now the ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon has effected an entrance, and all such reverent awe will soon be extinguished, as common-place influences are multiplied in the very heart of these guarded territories. The making of good roads whereon to run crowded coaches, the building of palatial hotels for the accommodation of the great tourist host, the imprisonment of divers springs for the supply of baths and drinking-fountains—all will soon prove the white man's determination to leave no corner of the earth unsubdued.

The Thermal Springs of the southern hemisphere lie in the Province of Auckland, in New Zealand's northern isle, and extend over a range of country of about a hundred and fifty miles in length, by about thirty in width. Commencing at White Island (which is an isle of sulphur, once the cone of an

active volcano whose crater has now been transformed into a water-funnel, through which an intermittent geyser feeds a lake of intensely acid water), the volcanic belt extends throughout the mountainous district as far as Mount Tongariro, which is an active volcano 6,500 feet in height, clothed with snow, but crowned by a dark cinder cone, whence rises a cloud of heavy smoke, sometimes enlivened by a fierce eruption and red lava streams. For, though the Wonderland of New Zealand has less gorgeousness of mineral clothing than that of Wyoming, it has the advantage of showing volcanic phenomena of all descriptions, from the awful eruption of molten rock and the desolation of black lava-beds, and plains of volcanic ash, to the most dainty play of trickling waters, building up cones of whitish silica, or stalactites like most delicate corals.

Here in numerous, distinct groups, connected by a network of varied wonders, we find an endless succession of geysers, solfataras, boiling mud-pools, steaming mountains, natural mineral baths; terracing mountain sides with exquisite shell-like basins of dazzling whiteness, all built up by the ceaseless overflow of the loveliest clear blue water, pouring from the summit geyser, and lying in pools of delight of every depth and every temperature, inviting the weary to revel in a bath more luxurious than anything he ever dreamed of elsewhere, and which is, in truth, the very elixir for which sages of old sought in vain!<sup>1</sup>

This volcanic region of New Zealand is so very much easier of access than its counterpart in Wyoming, that its wonders became earlier known to us by the writings of a few enterprising travelers—scientific, or otherwise—who have exhausted the resources of word-painting in their endeavors to convey to others the impressions of amazement and delight which they had themselves received, while exploring even very small portions of the wide tract in which these marvels are gathered together.

<sup>1</sup> For fuller details of the Wonderland of New Zealand, see "At Home in Fiji," C. F. Gordon Cumming, Vol. II., pages 182 to 288.

It was also known that the Maories had discovered the wonderful curative properties of many of the different mineral waters and mud-baths, and that they brought thither their sick folk, chiefly those suffering from aggravated forms of rheumatism, or from skin diseases, to be cured at Nature's own dispensary. A few enterprising European sufferers, notwithstanding all their pains and the difficulties of the journey, had themselves carried up from Tauranga on the coast to whichever pool was said by the Maories to be most efficacious for their special malady; and though no sort of comfort or decent accommodation was to be had, they lodged in some wretched native hut, or in their own little tent, and bathed *al fresco* in most primitive style, and almost always with the best result; for one after another, whose sufferings had for years defied all medical skill, were by this simple process restored to a measure of health which they had deemed altogether beyond hope. At length the Maories (albeit exceedingly jealous of allowing the white man to encroach in this direction), consented to allow two small hotels for foreigners to be built on the shores of the blue Lake Rotoma, in the native town of Ohinemutu—one of the strangest sites ever chosen for human habitation. Here the little brown-thatched huts are seen appearing and disappearing through an ever-shifting veil of white vapor, steaming up from innumerable boiling springs. It is a miracle that children can be reared in such surroundings of ever present danger; and small wonder indeed that, from time to time, some mother has to mourn a little one, whose foot has slipped on the brink of some horrid caldron of boiling sulphur, mud, or water. But such accidents are comparatively rare, and life here has the charm of greater indolence and ease than elsewhere, for who need trouble to collect and carry fuel or to kindle fires, when Nature's steaming and boiling apparatus is always at work, ready not only to do all cooking, but also all laundry work, for sulphate of soda and chlorides of sodium and of potassium are among the ingredients of these varied pools. So the natives, free from

so many domestic cares, resign themselves to a deliciously idle life, spending half their time swimming and floating about in the lovely lake, warmed by innumerable boiling springs, or else lying in happy groups, basking on large flat stones laid above some hot steam crack, and thus delightfully heated.

Hitherto, then, life in Ohinemutu has combined the charm of primitive simplicity and unique surroundings with a considerable share of comfort. Now, however, the hour of progress approaches. The fame of the healing waters has gone abroad. Many pools have been analyzed, and proved to contain chemical combinations of such amazing variety, that within a very small radius baths may be scientifically organized which shall represent all the most famous mineral springs of Europe. There are sulphurous waters like those which have given fame to Aix-la-Chapelle; muriated lithia waters like those of Baden Baden; muriated alkaline, like those of Ems; chalybeates, such as find favor at Kissingen: iodo-bromated springs, as at Kreuzbach; alkaline saline, as at Coblenz; alkaline acidulous, as at Vichy. Lithia is only found exceptionally, and iodine does not exist in the waters at Ohinemutu, but forms a very important feature in the springs near Lake Taupo, further inland. But magnesia and iron, silicates of soda and of lime, sulphates of alumina and potash, chlorides of sodium, potassium, and magnesium, iron oxides, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, sulphurated hydrogen, and hydrochloric acid are a few of the multitudinous ingredients in Nature's laboratory at this vast water-cure, to which she invites all manner of sufferers. Some of these waters being strongly impregnated with silica, are found to be of most miraculous efficacy in the treatment of all forms of gout, while others have special power over scorbutic and cutaneous diseases, bronchial or mucous inflammations, nervous affections, and many more of the ills that poor flesh is heir to.

So, at length, the government of New Zealand has fully awakened to the expediency of here establishing a National Sanitarium. How the scruples of the Maories

on this subject were overcome does not appear, but it is truly satisfactory to learn that the matter has been finally settled, and that by an act passed in 1881, known as "The Thermal Springs District Act," three distinct blocks of land, including the most valuable mineral springs, are made over to the government by the native proprietors in a sort of perpetual lease. Nominally, the said proprietors retain their ownership of the land; but government undertakes to act as sole agent between them and the white man, managing and controlling the use of all mineral springs, lakes, and rivers, and undertaking all responsibilities connected with the planning and building of a town on the shores of Lake Rotoma, which shall become a most important sanitarium.

All selling, leasing, and building, the management of all hotels and lodging houses, bath-rooms, pump-rooms, and public buildings, are under official control; and a medical officer appointed by the state is practically governor of the town. A block of 3,200 acres is set apart as the site of the town, and already six hundred acres are laid out in rectangular streets, all endowed beforehand with Maori names, such as Hine-moa, Hinemaru, Tutanekai, Whakano, and others, commemorating the bravest heroes and loveliest maids of Maori legends. Government ensures a ninety-nine years' lease to all the builders of the new town and its suburbs. In March, 1882, the most eligible building sites were sold by auction, suitable situations being reserved for churches, schools, and public offices. Now, this young City of Health is making rapid progress; and so the great Sanitarium of the Southern Ocean is fairly established; and doubtless, ere long, its fame will resound so loudly, that sufferers from the antipodes will flock thither for the healing of their diseases.

Nor need any stay away from fear of being overcrowded by their suffering fellows, inasmuch as besides the block of land on Lake Rotoma, two other blocks have been reserved in the counties of Tauranga and East Taupo, containing, respectively, twenty-nine thousand and six hundred thousand

acres, so that there is no fear of lack of elbow-room for the most ungregarious. Of course, we may indulge in some sentimental qualms at the inevitable destruction of the forests which must supply building materials, and the vulgarizing of the free waters soon to be imprisoned in pipes and baths; but these evils will be of limited extent, while the prospective good is incalculable.

Let us now glance at the corresponding region of the Northern Hemisphere. It lies in that marvelous western region of the New World, which, till recently, was known only as the Great American Desert—an unexplored tract, supposed to be unfit for human habitation. Little did the fathers of the great republic (who deemed a journey to Saratoga Springs an adventurous feat), imagine how very short a time would elapse ere the region which they assumed to be so sterile would be peopled by a multitude of prosperous farmers, rejoicing in the fertility of their land!

On the other hand, a further acquaintance with the ghastly region known as the *Mauvais Terres* of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and Wyoming, has certainly proved facts to be far stranger than the imaginations of the boldest fiction-monger. For hundreds of miles the mountain ranges, could they be seen from a bird's eye view, would seem as a miracle of rock carving in high relief—very high relief, in truth, for the rock walls of the terrible cañons and chasms, which form such intricate labyrinths, are, in some cases, upwards of six thousand feet in depth. Only conceive! granite crags of six thousand feet hewn by the ceaseless action of water—dark, awful gorges, through whose gloomy depths rush raging waters, forever deepening their own channels.<sup>2</sup>

One of these rivers—the Rio Colorado Grande—winds its tortuous course for upwards of a thousand miles through stupendous ravines such as these, receiving the waters of many tributary creeks, each of which does its part in reducing the whole surface of the land to its present extraordinary

<sup>2</sup> See "Granite Crags": C. F. Gordon Cumming, Blackwood & Sons.

nary condition. In the Territory of Idaho, several large streams have worked their way along old lava conduits (formed by the cooling of the fiery flow from some now extinct volcano), till they reach some point where the lava-duct has collapsed, forming a dark chasm, into which the river suddenly plunges and is no more seen. One of these lost rivers finds its way to the surface again, gushing from a cleft in a lofty basaltic rock-wall, whence it leaps in a wild cataract to mingle its waters with those of the Snake River. What may be the previous history of this stream, and at what point it entered its living tomb, are unsolved mysteries. Some of these lava channels are closely packed with ice, which never melts from one winter to the next—a remarkable combination of the fire and frost agencies.

Everything that can add to the repellant nature of those justly-named "Bad Lands" seems combined to deter adventurers from too closely exploring this skeletonized corner of the world, where icy waters have so diligently been at work for untold ages. In Dakota we find that the waters once united, forming a vast lake, which has now disappeared; indeed, geologists tell us that land and water must have changed places more than twenty times, ere the land assumed the strange appearance of the present Valley of Bad Lands, which covers hundreds of square miles with mounds, buttes, pinnacles, turrets, cañons, ravines, gulches. Here, in the words of Professor Denton, "are perpendicular precipices, pyramids with brown and blue bases, and vermilion tops, towers with unscalable walls, mounds of all sizes from ant-hills to respectable mountains—mounds single, twin, triple and multiple, with yellow bases, white girdles, and blood-red caps—mounds green, drab, white, blue, red, and mottled—mounds beyond mounds, like ocean waves lost in distance: but interspersed with all these are beautiful slopes many acres in extent, green as emerald; and lovely spots covered with fragrant ground juniper—fit carpet for a queen. These luxuriant green oases mark precious springs of good water—most springs here being charged

with sulphate of soda. Some petrifying influence has fossilized large forest trees, whose stumps still stand as if growing, but seem to have been turned into quartz. Here and there a column of steam or smoke, issuing from some crevice in the rock, tells of hidden fires still smoldering far below.

But all these strange sights are as nothing compared with the marvels of the Geyser Region, where water changes its part from the *destructive* to the *constructive*, and where boiling springs, bubbling up from untold depths, bring with them strange substances of all manner of brilliant colors, and therewith build up terraces, towers, and domes, as in some enchanted city. It is a fairyland of indescribable fascination. Thomas Moran, an American artist, admirable (among other good artistic qualities) for his unswerving faithfulness in representing Nature as she is, was the first to enable the non-traveling public to realize, in some measure, the marvels of form and color so lavishly displayed in the newly discovered Yellowstone—a name, by the way, justly bestowed on a district in which sulphur so largely predominates. I confess, that on first seeing the chromo-lithographs published by Mr. Moran, I felt inclined to attribute their intensity of coloring to defective reproduction. But on comparing them with the original sketches, all painted on the spot, I found that they only failed to give their full brilliancy, which, after all, is pale beside the coloring of the rocks themselves. Mr. Moran's two great pictures in the capitol at Washington must fill the dullest traveler with a determination to visit the Yellowstone ere he dies.

Though we may fairly speak of this amazing region as a recent discovery, in that it was previously visited only by a favored few, it was not altogether unknown. In a country where gold-finding is a possibility, some bold prospector is always certain to explore its very core; and so, early as A. D. 1807, a man of the name of Coulter made his way to the Yellowstone, and after many hair-breadth escapes from Indians, geysers, poisonous waters, and starvation, he finally rejoined his comrades, whom he entertained with de-

scriptions which they deemed so incredible that they thought he was out of his head, and named this dreamland "Coulter's Hell." Afterwards, however, first one and then another explorer found his way thither, but their reports obtained no credence, until, in the year 1869, a party of surveyors from Montana went to examine the district. So startling was their account of all they saw, that in 1871 Professor Hayden was sent by the Government, with a party of scientific men, to report on the matter. Happily for all the world, his report was such that the members of Congress (warned by the fate of Niagara,<sup>8</sup> and foreseeing that the new Wonderland would soon be taken possession of by a tribe of greedy speculators, who would monopolize its marvels for their own enrichment), promptly resolved on an admirable exercise of parental authority and wisdom, whereby the whole geyser district was set apart forever as a National Park, for the benefit and enjoyment of all the people, and withdrawn from all possibility of sale, or of private occupancy or settlement. The consent of the Red Men was not deemed necessary, though the Crow Indians of the Yellowstone were not a race to be ignored, being stalwart warriors, averaging considerably over six feet—many, indeed, stand six feet four or even five inches. They are ideal Indians, clothed in buffalo robes and curiously embroidered garments, and living in tall conical tents covered with buffalo skins. But being continually engaged in hostilities with the Bannock Indians, each tribe has weakened the other, after the manner of the unbound faggot. In any case, however, the land claims of the Indians have never met with much consideration in the United States.

So a nice little park of 3,575 square miles (in other words, a tract of about sixty-five miles in length by fifty-five in width), forming the northwest corner of Wyoming, and bounded on the north by Montana, and on the west by Idaho—a vast, elevated plateau,

<sup>8</sup>Niagara was allowed to fall into the hands of private individuals, who not only exact toll at every turn from all visitors, but have even carried utilitarian zeal to such a pitch as to erect a great paper-mill on one of the prominent isles.

seamed with rugged ranges of basaltic mountains, snow-crested, and furrowed by stupendous cañons—a region of dark pine forests, interspersed with thousands of boiling springs, fumaroles, solfataras, mud caldrons, dormant volcanic cones and craters, infinitely varied in color and in chemical properties—was thenceforth and forever reserved for the pleasure of the public.

It is a grand forethought, which here and in various other parts of the States has set apart such noble reservations for the free enjoyment of all men, so that every American citizen may know that the finest pieces of natural scenery in the country are his birth-right, where he may wander unchidden, and camp out for weeks together with his family or friends, drinking in stores of renewed life and health. And there is no fear of overcrowding, for everything in America is done on a large scale; and just as an American lake (such as Lake Superior) would cover the whole surface of England, so the least of the national parks is the size of an average English county—in fact, the San Luis Park covers 18,000 square miles!

In the heart of the Yellowstone, at an elevation of upwards of seven thousand feet above the sea, lies the great lake of the same name. It is about twenty miles in length by fifteen in width, and has a shore line of three hundred miles; its general form has been compared to that of an outspread hand, as five great bays penetrate far into the forests. One lovely, sandy bay is distinguished as "Diamond Beach," its sands being composed of glittering particles of obsidian, quartz, and chalcedony, which sparkle in the sunlight. Though no geyser fountains spout in this immediate neighborhood, numerous boiling springs and conical siliceous mounds rise from the shallow waters along the lake shores. There are also many noisy steam jets, and craters which eject boiling mud, strangely in contrast with the calm aspect of the beautiful lake, which lies cradled amid volcanic mountains, twelve thousand feet in height, and crowned with everlasting snow.

This lake abounds with trout, which is remarkable, as all manner of fish are supposed

to shun the mineral waters of regions such as these ; and here, not only are the waters impregnated with alum, brimstone, and sulphur from the springs on the shore, but it is known that many more bubble up from the bed of the lake. To this cause is generally attributed the absence of trout from many of the most attractive-looking streams in the Park ; and even such fish as do contrive to exist in the purer waters, such as the Gardiner River and the well diluted lake, are very sickly. They, however, suffice to illustrate the odd possibility of hooking fish in a cold stream, and then, without moving from the spot, or removing them from the line, dropping them into a boiling stream or pool to be Nature-cooked. This is a common amusement, both at the river and at the Great Lake. A white silica basin on the brink of the lake is called the Fish Pot, from its being so conveniently situated for this novel method of cooking.

It certainly is very interesting to note how here, as in other volcanic districts, boiling and ice-cold water spout side by side, neither affecting the temperature of the other. I have noticed the same peculiarity in the thermal springs of many lands—in Japan, in New Zealand, in the Fijian Archipelago. In New Zealand the Maoris catch *koura*, *i. e.*, crawfish, in one of the cold lakes, and boil them by simply dipping their flaxen basket into one of the numerous boiling springs close by. In the same way, on one of the Fijian Isles, I have seen a company of laughing girls catch their crabs, or small fish, in the shallow sea, and then deposit them in one of many boiling springs, either above or below high water mark.

The Yellowstone River is itself a stream of wonderful beauty, so exquisite is the crystalline green of its waters, so amazingly rich the colors of the mighty rocks through which it has worn its way. It rises to the south of the Great Lake, and, taking a due northerly course, flows right through it. Thence it descends through a deep fissure, where the rock walls gleam with every gorgeous shade of bronze, orange, primrose, and pure scarlet, relieved only by the gloom of somber

pinces, or by the rich mossy green of the river's brink. Rushing downward, it clears two crags, which are said to be about one hundred and forty and three hundred and sixty feet in depth ; and the dazzling white of these beautiful falls, with their silvery spray-cloud and dreamy rainbow girdle, add whatever was lacking to the beauty of the scene. Then, for twenty miles, the river rushes down the majestic Grand Cañon—a gorge barely five hundred feet wide, but formed by rock walls of a thousand feet in perpendicular height. The river descends two thousand feet ere uniting its waters with those of the Missouri, as do also the Gardiner and Madison Rivers, which likewise rise within the limits of the Great Park. While these find their way to the Gulf of Mexico, the Gulf of California receives the waters of the Colorado and the Columbia, whose parent streams—the Green River and the Snake River—have their sources in the same favored district.

Beautiful and fragrant are the dark, coniferous forests, which clothe the higher levels of the Great Park, and the scattered pine trees which here and there cling to the splintered crags, apparently enjoying the hot steam which issues in suggestive columns from many a fissure on the high ridges, though the actual geysers generally lie at a lower level ; that is to say, from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea. Here are crowded together a most extraordinary variety of volcanic phenomena. The whole surface of the earth seems to be but a thin crust covering vast caldrons of boiling chemical waters—a crust which may, at any moment, give way beneath the incautious tread. Sulphurous fumes rise from a thousand gaping fissures, telling of the subterranean action of brimstone, fire, and water. Horrible mud volcanoes, and pools of black, boiling mud alternate with fairy-like terraces, which seem carved from purest ivory ; geyser basins, like silvery frost work, wherein gleam dazzlingly bright blue or green waters ; mounds like drifted snow, scattered as if at random among slopes of emerald green grass, and scarlet or orange or primrose-tinted

basins. The scrubby vegetation is all encrusted with sparkling crystals, or other substance deposited in cooling by the waters ejected by the geysers. Here and there chance fires have swept the pine forests, and their ghostly, blackened stems intensify the general desolation.

In the midst of a barren desert of lava and sulphur, one sweet oasis attracts campers by its very name—the Willow Park—a cool, shady spot, where a clear stream of good water flows through rich pasture. Near it rises the Obsidian Cliff, an extraordinary mountain, towering as high as Arthur's Seat above Edinburgh, but all of solid black glass; immense heaps of vitreous fragments lie piled around it, showing how the strange volcanic mass has been rent by the action of steam. Sand and mud, sulphur and lime, silica and iron-ore, magnesia and powdered chalk, spongy morass and hot ashes and cinders, alternate in the strangest fashion. One curious formation resembles a coating of India rubber spread in layers over large surfaces. It feels strangely elastic to the tread, but instead of being dark in color, it assumes every brilliant tint of the prism.

To these, and a thousand other natural phenomena, add the ceaseless roar and deafening shrieking of a thousand steam-vents, the hissing and spouting of mighty geysers, the rushing of streams, the bewildering vapor-clouds, and the wonderful variety of noxious fumes of sulphur and other chemicals, and you have as strange a foreground as can well be conceived for the bleak mountain ranges which cut so dazzlingly clear and white against the cold blue sky; and a scene which has but one rival in the world, namely, the strangely similar district in New Zealand's North Isle.

Although the Yellowstone was formally secured to the public in the year 1872, ten years were suffered to elapse ere any further steps were taken concerning it. Then the "Yellowstone Park Improvement Company" were authorized by Congress to build hotels for the comfort of travellers, and also to provide horses, guides, and all things needful at a fixed tariff under government control. A

sum equal to about £8000 a year is to be devoted to opening up the country with good roads, and the engineering of these will be no easy task, where the land is of so extraordinary a character—either torn up by multitudinous yawning fissures, or undermined by the action of steam, where unexpected geysers are apt to burst up suddenly when least expected. Already, however, the rough mule trails of earlier explorers have developed into wagon tracks, and American ingenuity and determination will infallibly ere long conquer all these difficulties. A very few years hence travelers will find coaches running over such good roads that they will scarcely even suspect all the difficulties that have had to be overcome—the ghastly chasms to be bridged and those to be circumvented, the tracts of spongy morass, the difficult drainage, the exceedingly stiff ascents, that can only be accomplished by sometimes excavating, sometimes building zig-zags which just render it possible for horses to toil up and down, and the innumerable rushing torrents for whose possible vagaries due allowance must be made and strong bridges provided. Never was there more literal danger of getting into hot water; for warm streams from the geysers must be crossed, and tracts of steaming mud, most distasteful to horses, who naturally object to sudden puffs of sulphurous vapor followed by the unexpected whistle or roar from some innocent-looking steam-crack.

Next in importance to constructing roads as means of access to the Park, and to render its enjoyment possible for even the most enterprising camping-parties, comes the project of hotel-building on a large scale; and seven principal sites have already been selected, at which preliminary "canvas towns" have been pitched; *i. e.*, permanent autumn camps for the accommodation of such travelers as have not made their own camping arrangements. Those who have, however, are many; for nowhere is rough-and-ready gypsy camping on the simplest scale more thoroughly appreciated as a family play than in the Western States.

It is evident that house-building and house-keeping must alike be attended with

many cares, in a region still so difficult of access, although a vast stride towards making all easy has been accomplished since a railway has been brought to within seventy miles of the valley. But, of course, all necessities of life must be imported by the aid of wagons and pack mules; for with the exception of the unhealthy trout, the Park supplies only natural drugs and wild ducks. The latter are as yet abundant, and wild geese also frequent the lakes; as regards venison, elk are still to be had, though, like the bears and mountain bison, they are rapidly learning the wisdom of retreating from a man-haunted district. Till very recently there were a number of beavers established at a lake that bears their name, and where their curiously-constructed domes and homes are still to be seen; but alas! all these strange industrious creatures have disappeared—not scared away by the human presence, but ruthlessly trapped. One might have hoped that the same wise government regulations that have so happily preserved the sea-lions at San Francisco, might have been enforced in favor of these quaint denizens of the people's park, but all have fallen victims to the insatiable trapper.

One difficulty of hotel-keeping in this wilderness arises from the extreme shortness of the tourist season. At present, it is supposed that the rainless months of August and September are the only period suitable for enjoying life in the Yellowstone, on account of the lateness of the short summer and the early return of winter. Doubtless, experience will modify this impression, and it may be found that a well-provisioned hotel, encompassed on every side by a complete system of natural hot-water pipes, is not altogether untenable for a somewhat longer period. English tourists have the same impression regarding Scotland, and in the same manner refuse to recognize any months save August and September, greatly to the inconvenience of all Scotch hotel-keepers (whether public or private). And yet the hardy inhabitants of the Northern Isle could tell of roses gathered in open air at Yule, and of balmy days in the sweet spring-tide, when the wealth of wood-

land blossoms is not to be excelled in Devonshire. So it is just possible that a few independent mortals may find that the solitude of the unfashionable months lends an additional charm to the awful glories of the Yellowstone; and though it is not given to all men to enjoy the predominating smell (some would say stench) of sulphur and sulphurated hydrogen which meets them at every turn, it is unmistakably healthy, as proven by the appearance of the camping parties who, having commenced their holiday pale and languid, are robust and strong ere they return to their work in the cities.

One hotel has already been erected at the Mammoth Hot Springs. A more characteristic site could not have been chosen; for it stands actually on a broad, sulphurous plateau formed by the overflow of an apparently extinct geyser—one of a succession of white and yellow terraces, which, in the course of long ages, have been built up by the ceaseless deposit of the waters, and now cover a space of about three square miles on the steep hillside, which is thus encrusted to a height of perhaps three thousand feet above the level of the beautiful blue Gardiner River, a cool, refreshing stream, whose course is marked by a belt of vegetation—not merely the usual sage-brush scrub, but well grown pines and fir-trees, juniper and cedars. On every side rise mountain ranges, partly clothed with dark forest, of sufficient extent to be capable of furnishing abundant timber for building purposes without seriously detracting from its natural beauty.

American rapidity of action is too well known to excite much comment, and yet it did somewhat astonish the travelers who, in August, 1883, found themselves comfortably housed in a large, singularly picturesque hotel, with long, cool corridors, and deep verandas offering a grateful shelter from the blazing glare of the sun, and provided with a grand piano, a couple of billiard tables, and all other luxuries, and brilliantly lighted by electricity, to learn that six months previously the very timber of which the house is built formed part of the great forest! In the month of March the trees were felled;

scarce time was allowed for seasoning; in June the foundation of the first civilized house in the Yellowstone Park was duly laid, and in the autumn it was crowded with guests, whose creature comforts were provided for by a French cook, whose culinary efforts called forth great praise. The task of shipping the commissariat for such an influx of guests in the wilderness must be serious indeed; especially when a crowd of thirsty men demand not only unlimited supplies of beer and wine, but even of ice—for the true American would scarcely deem heaven itself habitable were the supplies of iced water to run short, and here the parching dust produces a condition of thirst nowise celestial.

With the exception of the chimneys, which are built of red brick, the great house is entirely wooden. Its roof is painted red, which, with the natural color of the pine wood, harmonizes well with the wonderful orange and burnt sienna tones of the geyserite deposits which encrust the whole mountain-side, and contrast so strangely with the intense blue of the summer sky, and the exquisite turquoise coloring of the ever-bubbling, steaming springs, one of which fills so large a basin as to deserve its name of Hot Spring Lake, being about a fourth of a mile in diameter. The plateau on which the hotel has been built is at an elevation of about a thousand feet above the river, commanding an admirable view of many of the surrounding wonders. Even the comparative level close to the house comprises a neat collection of miniature phenomena in the way of small boiling fountains, lofty cones of now extinct geysers, caves fringed with sulphur stalactites, old water-craters, bottomless fissures whence issue columns of white steam, with suggestive rumblings, moaning and hissing sounds rising from subterranean caverns, and mingling with the murmur of hidden streams, also underground.

Here nature facilitates the labors of the Sanitary Commissioners by providing ready-made main sewers: the unfathomable funnel of a geyser (supposed to be extinct) receives the whole drainage of the establishment—a

singularly simple and felicitous arrangement, always supposing that this water-giant has really spouted for the very last time. It would, however, be decidedly unpleasant should the said geyser prove to be merely dormant, and one day re-awaken to renewed energy! After the recent awakening of Krakatoa from its two hundred years' sleep—a slumber so tranquil that all men deemed it to be in truth the sleep of death—who shall venture to say when any volcanic energy is indeed extinct?<sup>1</sup> And these playful waters appear capable of any vagaries, and do not seem to be subject to any fixed laws.

Many have quite altered their position in recent years, and only mounds and terraces deposited by them remain to tell of their former action. Others have only quite lately developed. Such is the great geyser named "The Splendid," which is not yet three years of age, and is still in its early vigor, throwing up a column of two hundred feet, at least, once in three hours, sometimes more frequently. Another fine young geyser has lately appeared in the middle basin, and has been well named "The Excelsior," from its gradual growth and the increasing height of its fountain. A few years ago it was a simple hot spring: now its crater is three hundred feet in diameter—a boiling lakelet, always in violent action, and occasionally throwing out an enormous volume of water, which pours into a stream known as the "Firehole River," from its receiving the overflow of innumerable hot springs, including many of the principal geysers. To these, in fact, it owes its existence, its cradle being an awful gorge about 10 miles in length; and for about half that distance boiling streams gush from a thousand fissures in the rock. It is an exquisitely crystalline blue river, but intensely bitter to the taste; and from its surface and that of its multitudinous feed-

<sup>1</sup> The last recorded eruption of Mount Krakatoa occurred in A. D. 1680. Two centuries of undisturbed calm had transformed the isle to a perfect paradise of tropical vegetation, and deep peace reigned in its luxuriant forests; when on the 20th of May, 1883, the first earthquake shock gave proof that the buried fire-giant was not dead, but only sleeping, and about to awaken in such awful strength.

ers, rise dense clouds of white, stifling vapors.

Equally terrible is the Gibbon River, which flows for three miles through a chasm between vertical basaltic rocks two thousand feet deep, from which issue columns of white steam and scalding water-jets. These two awful rivers unite their waters and become known as the Madison River, which is a feeder of the Missouri; consequently these fiery streams are sources of the great Mississippi itself. Never was child less father of the man: who that gazes reverently on the calm dignity of that majestic river could therein note one trace of its hot-headed youth!

Close to the Excelsior lies a beautiful and most energetic boiling lake, so terrible in its action that it has been familiarly named "Hell's Half-Acre." Its ceaseless overflow contributes largely to the supplies of the Firehole. Of course, it is needless to say that infernal and Satanic influences enter largely into the names bestowed by Anglo-Saxons on various points of interest. The Indian names, if such existed, have been entirely lost—a matter for regret, as they were doubtless picturesque and descriptive, as such are wont to be.

The geysers of this neighborhood seem naturally to divide themselves into four groups, distinguished as the Norris, the Upper, Lower, and Middle Basins, in each of which are concentrated marvels without number. They are separated by broad belts of dark pine forest—a somber setting for these strangely variegated and highly colored basins, whose extraordinary cones and water-craters and a net-work of boiling streams are scattered broadcast on a general bed of hot, parched earth and varied volcanic deposits. So great is the extent of ground covered, that to see even the principal features of the Park involves about ten days of hard riding and diligent sight-seeing—such sight-seeing as keeps up a perpetual high pressure of wonder and excitement. For instance, from the Mammoth Springs Hotel to the canvas town at the Norris Geyser Basin is a distance of twenty-seven miles, beginning with a desper-

ately steep and dusty ascent of three thousand feet. Then comes a level valley with a lake dedicated to the vanished swans, and another lake commemorative of departed beavers. A third lake is known as the Lake of the Woods, and it belies its attractive name, being, in fact, a pool of the terrible boiling Gibbon River.

The trail skirts lofty cliffs of black, volcanic glass; a clear, green river strongly impregnated with copper; a hill of brimstone and magnesia, and various other objects more suggestive of eastern romance than of sober fact; and then, passing through a tract of pine forests, suddenly discloses the first extraordinary geyser basin, comprising about a hundred and fifty acres, which might have furnished Dante with quite a new vision of the infernal world! Here are collected every conceivable form of steam phenomena, appealing at once to sight, smell, touch, and hearing—the cones, the craters, the boiling Emerald Pool, the fountains and streams of boiling water, the hot earth underfoot, the strong odor of sulphur, the deafening roar of steam blowing from a thousand chimneys and fissures, combining to produce an effect altogether bewildering. And yet, this is by no means the most remarkable of the four great basins.

Following the course of the terrible Gibbon River, up and down frightful hills, through forest belts and steam clouds from a thousand sulphur springs, the explorer reaches a divide, beyond which lie the other three geyser basins, scattered at intervals along the ten-mile cañon into which they all drain, forming the steaming Firehole River.

The most mighty geysers are found in the Middle and Upper Basins. Each has some peculiar characteristic which gives it a special interest. Some are noted for the extraordinary internal commotions and rumblings, as of subterranean thunder, which precede their action, or for the violence of their explosion at the moment of eruption, causing the earth around to tremble; others seem to vie one with another which can produce the most ear-splitting sounds—shrieks of steam blowing off at high pressure, or moaning

gasps. Some are most tantalizing in their behavior, refusing to show any play while they are watched, but starting energetically the moment their visitors have turned away.

The most reliable of all the geysers is named "Old Faithful," because it never fails once in every hour to throw up a majestic fountain to a height of about 150 feet. This effort is sustained for about five minutes, after which the great jet subsides, and the faithful geyser rests till it is time to prepare for the next display. Others are far more chary of their exhibitions. Thus, "The Giantess" only plays once a fortnight, and requires many hours of preparation; but having once got up steam she remains on show for almost a whole day, commencing by throwing up a tremendous jet to a height of about 250 feet and eight feet in diameter. This grand column is sustained for nearly half an hour, and is followed by a succession of smaller eruptions. The water from this geyser is of a dark blue color, while that of Old Faithful is of clear, pale blue. Of course, there is a Giant to match the Giantess. He is naturally less coy, and shows off about every fourth day, when he likewise throws up a column of about 250 feet, and sustains the effort for an hour and a half.

A geyser shaped like a bee-hive, and therefore so called, is nocturnal in its habits, and generally spouts every night, occasionally taking an extra turn at noon. A little further lies the "Grand Geyser," which plays once a day, throwing up a column of about twelve feet in diameter at the base and two hundred feet in height. In a few minutes the majestic fountain subsides, as if to take breath, and then resumes action. This is repeated half a dozen times, each successive jet diminishing in force; then the "Grand's" share in the day's exhibition is over, and "The Castle" takes its turn, throwing up a lovely jet to about one hundred and fifty feet, an exertion, however, to which it rarely is equal more than once in forty-eight hours. "The Comet," on the other hand, favors its visitors with several displays, daily, of large bulk but no great height. A comparatively small fountain has been dubbed "The Saw-

mill," because of the saw-like, rasping sound produced by its odd habit of alternately ejecting boiling water and steam puffs. "The Workshop," also, emits curiously varied sounds like the working of machinery.

One of the prettiest geysers is called "The Fan," because it spouts from five chimneys so placed that the five jets combine to form a wavering, fan-shaped fountain, of which the center is about a hundred feet in height. This exquisite gigantic fan plays about once in six hours, and continues in action for about fifteen minutes.

Chief of the Norris Basin is "The Monarch," who, in his determination to rule alone, has blown off the whole side of the hill where he has established his throne. Once a day he throws up a majestic column of great size to a height of a hundred feet, and continues to play with undiminished vigor for half an hour. As dwarf to this giant is a neat little geyser called "The Minute Man," which plays for ten seconds in every minute, throwing up a little jet of six inches diameter to a height of thirty feet. When not spouting, he blows off steam most energetically.

But it is needless to enumerate the Yellowstone geysers in further detail. Suffice it to say that upwards of fifty have been noted as throwing up fountains varying in height from about fifty to two hundred and fifty feet, with steam clouds which lose themselves in those of heaven. Altogether, it is estimated that there are upwards of five thousand hot springs in the neighborhood, all possessing different chemical properties, and depositing an infinite variety of variously colored substances, many of which are so brilliant as to defy imitation. This is Nature's own water-color painting, and the human artist has to confess himself baffled in the attempt to reproduce her vivid tints.

Viewing the Yellowstone in the light of a vast hydropathic sanitarium, these gorgeous colors have an especial interest, telling, as they do, of multitudinous chemical combinations, which, when duly analyzed, will be found to offer some remedy for almost every ill that flesh can be heir to. Of course, to begin with, the abundant sulphur is revealed

in every shade of delicate primrose and gold; but what mingled substances combine to produce the marvelous tints shown in the various calcareous and siliceous deposits has not yet been fully ascertained. Suffice it to say, that many of these exquisite, coral-like terraces are of every color of the rainbow—pink and lilac, scarlet, yellow, orange, deep red, brown, snowy white, even blue and green—and all these varied colors are in some places mingled like the scales of a fish, or else streak the cone of the geyser by which they are deposited. Thus, the “Orange Geyser” is streaked with red, yellow, and orange; and the “Castle Geyser,” which is built up of innumerable lumps like cauliflower and oranges, takes care to color these in the most natural style.

One peculiar class of geysers are known as “paint-pots,” because, instead of discharging boiling water, they spit out lumps of scalding mud of all these vivid hues. One spits white paint, another black, a third red or pink, a fourth yellow, orange, or brown. In some cases the paint-pot seems to have upset, and the semi-fluid paint flows in thick streams.

The water itself in the different pools varies infinitely in colors. There are pools of the most exquisitely clear emerald green, which owe their lovely color to the presence of most poisonous copper; others of pale turquoise blue; others, deep sapphire or indigo; some are ferruginous, and of a bright red color, while many more are sulphurous. All is not gold that glitters, and, though innumerable sparkling pools tempt the tired traveler, parched by the sun's heat and the alkaline dust, to slake his thirst from their bright waters, in many cases the draught rashly swallowed would prove to be deadly poison, as in the case of the copper-green pools just referred to. In like manner, near the exquisite formation known as the Pulpit Terraces, the blackened edge of a snow-white basin denotes the presence of a *strong solution of arsenic!* In fact, one of the earliest and most important results of a government analysis of the waters will be that notices

will be posted at all the most wholesome drinking fountains—as, for instance, the bubbling springs of natural soda-water flavored with sulphur, which, though undoubtedly an acquired taste, seems to find great favor with camping parties who stay in the Park long enough to get used to it. There are also springs of natural Apollinaris water, sparkling fountains charged with carbonic acid; others offer a pleasing mixture of sulphur and magnesia.

The safest pools for bathing will also receive a government guarantee, more especially those alkaline waters which not only supply boiling water, but also dispense with all need of soap; patent laundries, where dirty clothes are washed gratis by volcanic laundry-maids. In like manner, the public will be warned by very necessary danger notices to abstain from trifling with the rivers, lakes, or springs whose waters are found to be poisonous. Already have the scientific analysts attached to Dr. Hayden's survey examined no less than 2,195 boiling springs and 71 geysers. Their chemical constituents have been determined, and their periods of eruption timed, so it is estimated that two-thirds of the thermal springs in the Park have now been brought to book; and travelers, duly armed with the government report, can select their draught or their tonic accordingly.

So very short a time has elapsed since the Park Commissioners commenced their labors (even so far as to explore the wonders committed to their charge), that, of course, the merest preliminaries have as yet been accomplished; but even these are triumphs, considering the multitudinous difficulties which arise on every side. Already a few rude huts offer shelter to rheumatic patients—pilgrims to certain pools of recognized efficacy; but ere long each hotel will doubtless become not only a resting-place for travelers, but a refuge for invalids, a center of medicinal baths, among which even the revolting mud-pools shall do their part for the healing of mankind.

*C. F. Gordon Cumming.*

## SOLITUDE.

AND now, my soul, shut out the worldly smile,  
The bold, rude laughter,  
And sly mocking after,  
While we with Solitude commune awhile.

And in this cloister, free from cruel eyes,  
For long redression,  
We will make confession,  
Before life's holy Priest of sacrifice.

O kind, best comforter, my Priest and King :  
Before thee, kneeling,  
I disguise no feeling,  
My weakness, pain, humility, I bring.

Make penitence, my soul, thy need is great.  
Thy strength is weakness,  
Thy assurance, meekness,  
Unto the struggles that before thee wait.

And yea, make penitence, O heart of mine,  
Confess thy yearning  
For those great lights burning,  
Those stars that cannot on thy pale life shine.

Dear Heart of Solitude, I cling to thee ;  
Such warm peace folds me,  
Such calm strength upholds me,—  
A gift of power that groweth inwardly.

My soul no longer sinks beneath its pain.  
The silences grow dearer,  
And glimmering nearer,  
The long, long hopes of life shine out again.

And every olden love that lingers yet,  
With sweet intrusion,  
On my soul's seclusion,  
Comes softly in to bid me not forget.

The benediction falls, I go my way,—  
And musing slowly,  
From the cloister holy,  
I walk the aisles that lead to working day.

*E. E.*

## OVER-HASTE IN MAKING OUR NATION.

LESS than four years ago our nation completed its first century; for we count, not from the bold Declaration of Independence in 1776, but from the decisive surrender at Yorktown. Before these States became a separate nation, they were settled with no great rapidity. From Jamestown, in 1607, and Plymouth, in 1620, it was more than a century and a half to Yorktown, in 1781. But the population of the thirteen States revolting from the British sway was less than three millions. Those thirteen States were only the eastern rim of our present broad land. The character of the immigrants up to 1781 was such as to make them desirable inhabitants. There were exceptions. A few bad men and reckless adventurers came across the ocean; but, on the whole, the colonies at that time were peopled by a worthy and satisfactory class. It made a good foundation for a new and free nation.

A round hundred years have passed, and we have grown from three millions to about fifty-three. The Atlantic belt of States has widened to an area many times larger, already blocked out into thirty-eight States and ten Territories. The center of population is far outside the "old thirteen." Not content with occupying the upper Mississippi valley and that of the Columbia, we have acquired the Louisiana tract, a large share of old Mexico, and frozen Alaska. The great desert has been crossed or circumvented, and three States have been organized on the Pacific Coast. Much land remains to be occupied by actual settlers, but the whole country has been overrun. Railways thread its mountain passes, and bring all its richer valleys into communication with the great markets. No new regions remain to be discovered. The choicest portions of our wide land are already taken up.

These are great and wonderful changes for a hundred years. They gratify our national pride. They are the constant boast

of our orators and historians. Was ever a nation like ours? What glory may not await us in the future! If a single century has done so much for us, what may we not expect from the centuries to come? We have but just begun our national career. Each added age will only give new luster to our already peerless fame.

It is worth while to inquire into the merits of this boasted progress of our first hundred years, to see whether the people of the United States have done so glorious a thing in running their numbers up to more than fifty millions, in taking so hurried possession of their whole broad domain. Never had any nation so great an opportunity: has it used the opportunity wisely? Never were the best hopes of the world so centered on a single land: have we wrought our national fabric in such a way as to justify and realize those hopes?

The problem set before this people was not how to secure the greatest numbers in the shortest time; nor how to secure the greatest numbers at any time. If our national glory consisted in massing population, we might well despair of rivaling the Chinese Empire. Nor was the problem how to occupy the greatest area in the shortest time, or in any time. The most brilliant nationalities have been those of limited extent; as Greece of old, France and Germany in the present. The Roman Empire fell apart by its too wide conquests; the truest Roman glory was when Italy and its neighboring coasts bounded the Roman ambition. The British Empire still draws wealth from India, and derives some *prestige* from its American and Australian colonies; but the glory of the British Empire is in the little Island of Great Britain.

The problem set before this young nation was how to build a nationality that should be strong and lasting, unfailingly true to liberty, a model of good government, the

best exemplar and helper to men of all nations. Quantity was not the thing of first importance; quality was the one prime consideration. To be sure, the new country must be strong enough to hold its own; and that it was already strong enough was made apparent by the struggle against Great Britain. Our position was fortunate in its isolation; there was little danger of subjection by any transatlantic power. The needful thing was to secure a harmonious and peaceful development from within; to build of materials so homogeneous that no wall should crack, no buttress be overthrown. Our only great danger was from our own population. If this could be kept of the right quality, it mattered little how rapid the growth of the nation might be. There was a noble dowry of territory; it was not necessary to occupy it all in one hundred, or three hundred, or a thousand years. The all-important thing was to have the nation thoroughly sound and good, whatever its size. The world's history was full of warnings for nations that do not remain sound and good. It was blazoned on the records of the past, that free institutions are no safeguard against destruction; that liberty may go out in the black darkness of corruption and anarchy. If ever a people was called on to guard well its new-found prize, to fence its precious institutions securely about, it was the people of this country in the last one hundred years. A trust of unprecedented worth and sacredness was committed to its care. It was folly for such a people to neglect any reasonable precaution; it was madness to cast its jewels before any human swine.

How has this great trust been actually administered? What safeguards have been thrown around the nascent and growing nationality? We know what care was taken in framing the Constitution of the United States. There was difficulty in securing its adoption; but State and sectional jealousies were the chief obstacles. Among the "burning questions" of that early time there was not any question of the free admission of foreigners to a share in our national blessings. There was a most generous invitation to

them to share, also, in political administration. One office alone—the very highest—was reserved for native-born citizens. For admission to the United States Senate, a probation of nine years was required from foreign-born citizens; for admission to the United States House of Representatives, a probation of seven years. The details of citizenship were left to be arranged by the several States; the general provision of the United States Constitution being, that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." The Constitution did indeed give Congress, among other powers, the power "to establish a uniform mode of naturalization": and this power was availed of in subsequent statutes. At the second session of the first Congress, March 26, 1790, a law was passed requiring of foreigners a residence of two years! In 1795 the time was extended to five years. From 1798 to 1802 fourteen years were required; after this the term reverted to five years. The Constitution and the naturalization laws took it for granted that foreigners were to come in freely. Evidently, it was not deemed important to check immigration. The low limit of two years' residence shows that the Revolutionary fathers thought that foreigners needed but a short tutelage in the school of liberty. The term was raised to five years; but that, too, showed a large confidence in the material to be imported. No sufficient barriers were erected against the possible influx of a mass of ignorant, degraded foreigners, who might become tools of designing politicians, and menace the very existence of free institutions.

There was, for this great piece of negligence, the excuse of inexperience and ignorance. The framers of the Constitution could not foresee the great rush from the old world to the new. No such flocking of different and dissociated peoples to a new land had ever been seen. Adventurers there had always been, who naturally drifted to the chief points of interest and activity. Such adventurers were drawn to old cities, rather than new, unpeopled countries. Some rest-

less city folk had left a crowded metropolis for the larger breathing-spaces of the open fields. But, with the exception of tribal and social migrations, the changes of residence had been more centripetal than centrifugal; more toward the thickly-settled cities and countries than away from them. The world has not seen any vast individual exodus from well-peopled lands to a wilderness.

The force which proved most potent in drawing men hither was, for the modern world, a new and untried force. Constitutional liberty was the great magnet whose power was unknown to the very statesmen who held it before the nations. It was stronger than all the calculations of its friends. But its full force was not at once appreciated. It takes years and decades to put a new government in working order, and to witness the results of its workings. The fruits of such a tree appear only when it has grown, and shot up its branches, and covered itself with foliage. In the time of the Revolutionary fathers there was no great influx from abroad.

Another fact which helped to throw these statesmen off their guard was the high character of the immigrants who had thus far come to America. Of course, the earliest civilized inhabitants of the land were all immigrants; and we know what choice strains of blood contributed to the early settlements. Like attracts like; and for a long time those who were drawn hither were of like spirit and character with their predecessors. And when the colonies raised their own national standard, the men who came to it first from across the ocean were men to whom the name of liberty was dear—who for the uncertain promise of free institutions were willing to share the hardships and hazards of the young nationality. The generous aid of foreigners in laying the foundations of the new government made it hard to suspect and to provide against the coming of foreigners who would prove unworthy.

Let it be confessed, also, that there was a sentimental view of the mission of the new nation. The French Revolution had not yet taught the world the horrors of liberty

degenerated to license; it had not revealed the tiger spirit of an unrestrained populace. Ideals were still cherished which the stern teachings of experience were to prove delusive. The statesmen of our Revolutionary period had an all too generous faith in human nature. They could not believe that in these modern, Christian centuries liberty could be slain in the home it had consecrated for its own. Liberty could be trusted to elevate and ennoble its followers. It was a natural optimism, but one full of danger for the future. So strong is the selfishness of men, so reckless their ambition, so short-sighted their wisdom, that no nation can be left to the impulses of liberty alone, even with strong governmental safeguards. The best forms of government can be perverted. Everything depends on the character of the people itself. Moral fiber is needful to the perpetuity of free institutions.

It was not a mistake of Washington and the best men of his time, but it was the mistake of many, that liberty was to be a panacea for human ills. Washington knew and said that "virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government." Others lost sight of the necessary safeguards, and felt that liberty alone was the glory of the new nation and the all-sufficient hope of the world. This feeling, if not prevalent at first, increased with the passing decades. This was the land of freedom: let all the nations look on it, and if possible, secure the same great prize. Let the oppressed of the old world escape from their cruel tyrants, and find here the blessings of unfettered liberty. The voice of invitation grew louder and louder. Facilities for transportation were increased. It became a thing of course to see thousands of immigrants disembarking at our chief ports. Quality was not much thought of now; quantity was accepted as a proof of our growing strength in the eyes of mankind, and of our beneficent influence and true prosperity.

For some time there was a tolerably faithful adherence to prescribed formalities, and the ballot-box was carefully guarded. But as the administration of government in our

larger cities became more lax, there came to be increasing facilities for frauds in naturalization. These facilities were eagerly made use of. The ignorant, un-American voters helped to swell the tide of party corruption; and this in turn helped still further to break down the low barriers at first erected by the laws. In not a few crises, the ignorant, irresponsible, largely fraudulent vote of the foreign element has decided the issue in municipal and even in national elections.

The foreign immigration, which at first increased slowly, has for more than a half-century assumed astonishing proportions. In the sixty years ending with 1860, more than eleven million foreigners are said to have come to our shores. Of our fifty millions of people in 1880, between six and seven millions were of foreign birth. The foreign element was of course much larger; for of the native-born Americans, many had one or both parents of foreign birth. The nation's growth has been very largely increased by the masses of foreigners brought in among us. The natural increase of population from the revolutionary times to 1880, would have given us not more than half—at the outside, not more than two-thirds—of our fifty millions.

These accessions from abroad have been largely from the ignorant and degraded classes. Not altogether, by any means; many educated, intelligent, thrifty foreigners have come to us; people who brought patrimonies with them, and thus increased our wealth; people whose patriotic, freedom-loving spirit has reinforced American patriotism and love of freedom; people who have volunteered to defend the institutions of their adopted country, even at the hazard of life. Some of these foreigners have risen, deservedly, to high political honor. A considerable portion of the inflowing immigration has been of a very desirable and helpful sort. San Francisco could ill spare its honorable bankers and merchants and capitalists of foreign birth. The learned professions receive valuable recruits from the same quarter. Skilled workmen and industrious laborers among us number thousands who

have come across the Atlantic. But the desirable immigrants have been outnumbered by the undesirable. The foreigners who have become part and parcel of us, and have contributed to our national strength, have with us been outweighed by a mass of the poor, the ignorant, and the degraded from the over-peopled countries of Europe. The greater number of these new-comers have brought no means of support with them. The majority have been illiterate, unacquainted with the very first principles of a free constitutional government. They have come with unreasonable expectations; they have chafed under wholesome restraints. In more than one instance they have given form and might to that most terrible of political monsters—a city mob. They have been the easy dupes of unscrupulous demagogues. To be sure, the nation is still vigorous, and municipal institutions have not yet been overthrown. This admixture has not, as yet, proved fatal. But in the corrupt government of New York City, in the mob of its wartime, in the history of our own San Francisco, in the outbreaks at Cincinnati, we see the possibilities of a too free government; a government unprotected against a crowd of ignorant, reckless voters. If the evil goes on increasing, none can tell how soon actual crises may come of bloodshed, rapine, confiscation, and anarchy. Thus far our demagogues have been chiefly respectable demagogues; usually under the restraint of an acknowledged connection with a national party. But let our cities be given over to local demagogues, like some we wot of in San Francisco; let continued immunity attend the gross and growing assaults on the purity and safety of municipal institutions; and it will not take many decades to bring us to anarchy and intolerable oppression, first in the great cities, and then in the nation at large. Not that such disasters will inevitably occur; only that they are quite possible; and any danger that menaces such institutions and such a country as ours, is matter for the gravest anxiety.

This danger has come upon us from the ungarded freedom bequeathed to us by our

excellent ancestors of the Revolutionary era. Their loud invitation to the oppressed of all nations has resulted in the thronging in of such masses as they never dreamed of. It has brought to us much material miserably fitted for incorporation into a free and stable nationality. Not only the poor and illiterate, but paupers and criminals, have been transported to our shores. Only a few years ago our Government complained of such an outrage on our good nature, committed by the Swiss authorities; and for one complaint there are a hundred cases that can not be reached and are not complained of. Worse than paupers and criminals is the army of modern disorganizers, socialists, communists, levelers, nihilists, and anarchists. These all come to us freely, and find here a safe shelter. They have full swing for their revolutionary projects; and these projects have in view not alone the countries of Europe, but also the land which shelters them. From the hot-beds of European agitation come men who make converts among our restless thousands, and organize a crusade against all that gives security to our persons and property, and stability to our free institutions. They make little distinction between the chafing rule of Bismarck or the tyranny of the Russian Czar, and the peaceful, gentle restraints of our democratic society. Adding these dangerous classes to the throng of illiterate, unreasoning, and unreasonable immigrants, we are compelled to this conclusion: the great mistake of our national experiment was in failing to erect barriers against such a tide of immigration. Its numbers should have been kept down; its quality should have been searched into; its influence should have been lessened by a longer probation on our soil. A homogeneous nation, obeying the laws of natural increase, would have escaped the chief dangers which now threaten us. Moderate and guarded accessions from abroad would have been safe and helpful. But oh, the pity of it! that our vital safety and the very existence of our free institutions should not have been better guarded. Why could not our wise fathers have had this added wisdom?

It was not a point to be settled by experience; for an evil experience would come too late. When the influence of demagogues and the corruptions of government had grown ominous, they would fight victoriously and powerfully for their own continuance. The unscrupulous demagogue would not let go his advantages. The party that profited by ignorance and fraudulent votes would never be ready to commit *hari-kari* in a fit of political honesty. Corruption entrenched is an engine for still greater corruption. As a matter of fact, no protest against these dangerous influences has ever gained national recognition, nor succeeded locally longer than for one or two State elections. The foreign influence has been too strong to be openly assailed. And so the evil has not been remedied. It remains to be seen whether it ever can be. We are not now, however, inquiring for present remedies; we are reviewing the mistakes of the past.

But some contend that there have been no mistakes; that our troubles of this sort have been mere inconveniences—necessary conditions of the best and wisest policy. One plausible argument for this view is politico-economical. Here was a great country but partially occupied. Fertile valleys and broad prairies were uncultivated and running to waste. Settlers were wanted to till our wide fields and subdue our great forests. The millions added by immigration have increased our national wealth. The new-comers have been chiefly of the laboring class. If they did not care to go into the wilderness, they have been ready to build our railroads and dig our canals. Internal improvements must have lagged, had not the “horny-handed sons of toil” come thronging in from abroad. Skillful workmen, too, have come to tend our looms and run our spindles. In domestic service, the army of foreign women has come to the relief of American wives and daughters. Capital needed labor; the labor has been attracted from foreign countries. The laborers have themselves become possessed of capital. All the channels of trade and of

commerce have been filled from these augmented national resources.

It is a sufficient reply to this line of argument to say, that most of the really valuable immigration could have been secured under a system of checks and safeguards. The men we wanted would have come to us; the men whom no one, whether native or of foreign birth, could possibly want, would have been kept away. All good citizens already in our country would have been spared a great infliction and a mighty incubus. But we may make an extreme supposition: Suppose that immigration had been confined within comparatively narrow limits, and that many of the helpful and desirable class had been shut out; what would have been the effect, judging from the politico-economical point of view? Wealth would not have increased so rapidly: what if it had not? If only half as many people were now living in our country, with enough to make them comfortable, wherein would they or the nation be worse off? Railways would not have been built so rapidly; the Western States would not have been so quickly settled. And what of that? A healthful development would certainly have gone on; as fast as the older settlements became crowded, or newer and more attractive fields were opened, there would have been migration and permanent occupancy of new territory. The population of an undeveloped country could not have suffered from want of resources. All would have found land to till, or widening avenues for paid and skilled labor. This is true: as the nation's trade and travel would have been less in the aggregate, there would have been fewer chances for amassing immense fortunes. Monopolies would be less gigantic; we should have fewer merchant princes and railway kings. All this were "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Our rich men would be rich enough; wealth would be more equably distributed. If there had been this slower progress, the possibilities before poor men would have remained open some centuries longer. As the case stands, we have hastened to overrun and blight by greedy tillage all our most fertile valleys and

plains. We have hewn down the noble forests as if they were enemies of mankind. We have multiplied railroads, to put ourselves at their mercy. We have built up a few enormous fortunes. But meanwhile the masses of the hopeless poor have been largely increasing, and in the commercial crises which periodically occur these hopeless poor become ever more ill-tempered and dangerous.

Our ill-judged haste has made it harder for our successors and descendants to earn an honorable, independent living: in no very distant future land will be lacking, and all the avenues of industry will be crowded with hungry competitors. Long ago it was proved that population tends to overburden the productive power of land. This wide continent was a magnificent possession to secure; but there was, notwithstanding, a final limit to its resources. Its virgin soil could be impoverished by remorseless tillage; its splendid forests could at last disappear. A slowly growing people might have kept something in reserve for many ages. A madly hastening people have in a single century gone far toward exhausting its immense reserve. Hard times are in store for those who see our great domain occupied as the countries of Europe are occupied. The struggle there has become so intense and pitiful, even in a prosperous nation like England, that philanthropists urge emigration as the sole means of relief. Our own nation has been hurrying toward the same goal. When it is reached, what then? What new world lies beyond, to be discovered by what new Columbus? It is *our* successors and descendants who will be living in that dismal time. A few will be rich, as a few Englishmen are rich. But what awaits the majority, save an enforced economy more stern and pitiless than Americans have yet known? How many will be drawn into the resistless vortex, and go to multiply the dependent, hopeless, and hungry classes!

In spite of philosophy and example, we have gone on with accelerated speed in our own mad hurry of occupancy and traffic. We have grasped all that was possible for the

present generation, reckless of the retribution sure to follow for the generations to come. This is our political economy!

There is another argument, or assertion, based on ethico-sentimental grounds. The assertion is, that, after appearing before the world as a champion of freedom for mankind, this nation has no right to close its doors to any new-comer. *Noblesse oblige*. The oppressed of all lands must be welcomed; they must be made to feel that they have an equal share in the privileges of their new home. This is sheer assertion. The Puritans knew better than to set up as their ideal a heterogeneous community of irresponsible, unreasoning people. They dreaded the Quakers and Roger Williams, and they made it rather warm for the obnoxious people. We should honor them for their assertion of the right of exclusion and exclusiveness. They did not sail across a wide and stormy ocean to mix indiscriminately with all the wild elements of European nations. They wanted their own home, and wanted to have it to themselves. They made mistakes in judgment. The Quakers and the Roger Williams Baptists have turned out to be excellent people. But the principle of the Pilgrims and Puritans was a good one. If the nation formed a century ago had adopted the same principle, it would have been well for our country and well for the world. This nation had before it no temporary task. It was not bound to do all it could in a hundred years, or three hundred, and then break in pieces. It was in duty bound to lay foundations for all ages; to rear a structure which should forever be the fortress of freedom and the home of good order—an unfailing example of what free institutions, upheld by an earnest and virtuous people, can do for mankind.

The sentimental argument has already come to a *reductio ad absurdum*. So long as it was applied to the people of so-called civilized and Christian nations alone, it was plausible enough. The new-comers must be educated, if ignorant; they would soon learn to value and uphold our institutions. But lo! a cloud of Asiatic heathen. What shall be done with them? They have not our religion, nor any religion to speak of; no moral principles that secure their veracity in courts of justice, or their honest use of the elective franchise. They could be bought like sheep. This was a puzzle to cautious patriots; but to the thorough-going sentimentalists it presents no insurmountable obstacles. Let the Chinaman come without hindrance; give him a vote, and make him a full brother. The best sense of the nation has revolted against these conclusions. We owe the Chinaman no ill-will. We will protect him while he is here. But we are not quite willing to see him push out Christian Americans from this fair Pacific Coast. We are beginning to appreciate the value of land, and we have not a single State to throw away, especially so goodly a State as California, won by so much toil and hardship. We want to stay this tide of Asiatic immigration, and preserve our heritage for people not so utterly unlike ourselves.

Here, at last, is the needed demonstration of the folly of the old-time doctrine, and of the imperative necessity for a better doctrine. Here is ethico-sentimentalism run to seed, presenting us with the alternative of Christian civilization or Pagan retrogression. It proves the old theory and the old practice of our country unsound. It warns us to retrace our steps, if it be not already too late, and to save America for Americans who will deserve the name.

*Martin Kellogg.*

## ON THE EDGE OF A NEW LAND.

## XVI.

THE life of the place settled back into its accustomed channels. Of those terrible days of search, there remained chance conversations over the tables in the grog-shops and in the bowling alley; speculations, theories, suggestions, in the gambling dens. But even these died out ere long, for Death soon disappears under the leaves that bustling Life heaps over him.

The little store, with its odd jumble of goods, remained just as it had been when Frederick Holland issued from its door on the way to his fatal ending. A month only had passed, when one morning, Hester, holding Diana's baby on her knees, abruptly said:

"Kiss me, will you, Diana?"

Diana stared. Hester was not a woman given to caresses—had always rather shunned demonstrations of affection, indeed. She leaned over and kissed her softly, smiling, glad to feel that the chill apathy had lifted even so much from her friend.

"You never, never will know how much you are to me, Diana"; Hester rose as she spoke, and laid the baby in its cradle. "I often wonder," she went on, "how it comes that so many good, true friends rise out of my darkness to comfort me. Will you always be as true, Diana?"

"Always," answered Diana lovingly. "Why, Hester, you know I will." Her soft, Southern accents fell gratefully upon Hester's ear.

"There are things," said Hester slowly, "in every life that are hard to understand. There are things we cannot tell to our nearest and dearest friends. We do such strange things sometimes—we women—apparently such contradictory things, too. Our friends need to take us on trust. We are not sure of ourselves, even. There may be things about me, about my life, that others may misinterpret. Diana, I want you to remem-

ber always—no matter what may happen, no matter how things appear—that I should never have asked for your kiss if I had been unworthy of it."

Diana smiled, looking into her friend's eyes. "I shall always be sure of that, Hester," she said simply.

"I think this morning I will take a walk," said Hester. "I've been lingering here, nursing my selfish grief and clouding your brightness, long enough. I'll go out for an hour or so."

Diana was relieved. This was the first sign of any lifting of Hester's dumb anguish. She moved with alacrity, taking down her own bonnet along with Hester's.

"Not today, Diana dear," said Hester. "I want to think—to be alone." She put out her hand as if involuntarily to ask forgiveness for the rebuff to a friend who had been so unselfish, so unobtrusive.

"You won't mind it, will you, dear?" she said appealingly. "You know I'm not ungrateful?"

"No, indeed," returned Diana frankly, glad to see Hester interested, even in solitude. She watched her turning into the road under the locusts. At the first corner she looked back, waved her hand, then the intervening hills shut her from sight.

She walked slowly on. The "mineral flowers" were again blooming on the hills, huddling their furzy, downy buds beside the rocks, or lifting themselves over the edge of scanty drifts of snow—for the late March winds had brought with them fleeting snows. But these flowers, true pioneers as they were, bloomed on undauntedly. The willows were goldening by the brooks, the balmy breath of spring, sweet with its hidden perfumes, was about her. She moved thoughtfully, glancing sometimes far up the hills, where a jolly miner turned his creaking windlass, or catching glimpses of a red flannel blouse through the scattering groves.

She turned soon wearily up the long ravine, cut across with a still deeper one. She looked about her as if to make sure that no one saw her, then, reassured by the peaceful calm, passed on. There was a stream—she could hear its gentle, gurgling flow, breaking among the stones that were scattered through the ravine, muffled at times by mossy stretches and lying in silent pools. A little further on the ravine narrowed. The bluffs rose up straight and sheer, with here and there a tuft of trees crowning their summits. Half way up one of the roughest and baldest of these, a crooked, straggling path led to a dilapidated log cabin. It wore a most unfriendly air, turning its back on the valley below, its huge stone chimney smokeless and cold.

With difficulty Hester ascended among the tangled underbrush, stumbling sometimes over loose stones. At last, following the narrow path round the corner of the house, she knocked at its shriveled door.

"Come in," said a firm voice.

She entered. Lila stood gazing at the unfamiliar face, neither further inviting nor forbidding her entrance.

A child came from behind a chair, looking at her intently. A child, of what age it was hard to tell; so small, so slight, she seemed a mere babe, with a shrinking air. Yet, in her large black eyes lurked such an expression of intellectual power, such a suggestion of meditative and premature strength, that she sorely puzzled Hester. So dark, so Spanish-looking she was, that one might almost think some of the denizens of these old "Mines of Spain" had left her, a hostage, here. Her dress, too, seemed unchildlike and foreign—a large-patterned, old-fashioned chintz, whose dark ground showed bright blossoms grouped upon it with most bizarre effect. Weird and unearthly as she looked, she impressed Hester as something with which she was strangely familiar.

"Will you be seated?" asked Lila at length, not cordially, but civilly.

"You know me, don't you?" inquired Hester, watching her anxiously.

"No," returned Lila.

"Grief, perhaps, has changed me," said

Hester. "I saw you here once; before—don't you remember? I came with Mrs. Lyscombe—"

Lila straightened herself.

"Yes—I remember now." An odd hostility tinged her accents.

"May I—can I—" asked Hester, faltering, "speak to you alone? Can you let the little one play out a while?"

"Salome," said Lila, "go see if the brown hen has laid an egg, and count the little chicks under the big rock."

Salome did not smile. A dash of red rushed into her sallow cheeks, but she went out silently.

"What you want to say, Mrs. Holland," said Lila, "say quick. She won't be gone long."

Hester rose. She looked straight into Lila's eyes, "I want"—she said bitterly, "God knows what I want!" She broke off almost fiercely. "I want," she repeated, "Salome!"

"Salome!" cried Lila, beginning to tremble. "Salome? Are you daft, woman?"

"No!" replied Hester. "I've suffered enough—if that made any one mad. Say one thing, Lila, and I'll not trouble you with another word: Do you want Salome? Do you love her? If you do—why, keep her. I've heard all about you and Horton; I'm glad to hear it, too. He'll be kind and true to you—as honest a man as the sun shines on. For your sake, I know he'll be good to Salome. He'd be good to her anyway. I've seen him tried over and over again. Don't you think I've reason to know how good he is?" She paused an instant, then went on impetuously: "I can bear my trouble better; I could look ahead a little—just a little—if I could only have this child. Lila, you must love her. If you do, I'll not pain you with my wishes. But don't you think—"

"Love her!" broke out Lila, a fierce anger blazing in her face. "Love her! God help me—I hate her. But for all that, do you think I'll be beholden to you for anything? Or Salome either, when it comes to that?"

"No," answered Hester gravely. "But you'll not refuse me some mercy. 'Beholden to me,' you say: don't you think you owe me some reparation? Don't you think some one owes Salome something?"

"I owe ye naught but thanks; I've paid them long ago," said Lila.

"And Salome?" questioned Hester. "You'll take her to Henry Horton's cabin—why? Because you pity her? If you do really pity her, you'll not take her where she'll feel you are ashamed of her. You say yourself you hate her. Where's your sense of justice, Lila? What right have you with your hate to stand between Salome and my—"

"Your—love?" sneered Lila. Hester winced slightly.

"My wish to be just to her," she answered. "I'll say more, Lila. My wish to atone to her for her hard, hard fate. Don't stand between us, Lila. Should you grudge me even a piece of her love, if she will give it me? If I can win any brightness from her young life, to comfort mine, don't you think it belongs to me?"

"She's my sister's child," said Lila. "I've tried to be kind to her. I've tried hard to think she isn't to blame because things are just as they are. I've been truer to her"—she choked over her words—"truer than her own mother can be. I've sheltered her; I've worked for her. You shan't blame me because I don't love her."

"I don't blame you," said Hester, "I only ask you to give her to me."

"You!" screamed Lila. "You? of all women in the world—you! Why? Why should you want Janet's child?" An intense scorn rang through the question.

Hester drew nearer. She put her slim white hand on the back of a chair, as if even that slight support were needed. She looked with a clear, direct gaze into Lila's troubled eyes.

"Why should I want Janet's child? Lila"—her voice sank so low the listener bent forward with singular eagerness to catch her words—"Because," she repeated, "she is Janet's child."

The two stood quite still. In Lila's face the turbulent red faded. Distrust died out of it. Tears came into her eyes. A sudden softening made her face beautiful.

"Hester," she whispered, using the miners' name, "Can you stand it? Every day—every hour—staring you in the face? It's nearly killed me. It's made me hard. It'll make you as hard and bitter as I am."

"No," said Hester, "It will save me from that. It will save me," she added, almost under her breath, "from myself. It will save poor Salome."

A struggle was going on in Lila's mind. Had she loved Salome, the duty of caring for her would have made even the shame half forgotten now. But she did not love, she could not understand, this silent, unresponsive child, as alien in thought and action to the candid Scottish girl as was her dark, gypsyish face from her aunt's fair-haired race. She might, perhaps, by the insensible ministrations of daily wont and use, at last have come to care for Salome, had not her love for Horton come in. She must carry into her lover's home a dark secret. She had much of Silas's rough, hereditary pride, that gloried in the thought of a humble but an unsullied line of ancestry. Salome was a burr that rubbed her pride daily until the pricks had become intolerable. Worse still, she must now face her husband-elect with a newer, a more hateful mystery—that of Janet's unexplained disappearance. She, Lila, whose straight-forward nature despised subterfuge, had been obliged to lend herself to it. She who abominated mysteries, must shut her lips upon one whose fell influence hung over her—shadowing her, she flushed to think, in his eyes whose intensest gaze might else have scanned her every thought.

Salome, too, repelled by instinctive feeling from her aunt, grew hourly more and more queer. For, little as Lila comprehended this imaginative, unchildlike being, Salome herself measured her aunt's real hostility under its mask of dutiful care, and proudly withdrew herself from any seeking of further favor or affection. Lila knew that Salome could not be injured more than by remaining

with her. She must inevitably be happier and better with Hester.

"Sleep over it, Lila," said Hester. "Horton can tell me when you've decided"; and so passed out of the cabin.

On the sunken door-sill sat Salome, the gay flowered chintz turned up and containing three or four eggs; her long, curly hair matted and tangled—a perpetual source of contention between herself and her aunt. Her face was shaded by her elfish locks. She seemed lost in a dream of some kind—oblivious to her external surroundings. Hester, stepping past her, as she did not move, felt a strange thrill of pity at the sight of her. She took Salome's small, thin hand in her own warm clasp.

"Little girl," she said pleasantly, "are you dreaming on this doorstep?"

"Yes," responded Salome.

"And what are you dreaming about, I wonder?" asked Hester.

"Strange dreams," replied the child.

"Strange dreams?" laughed Hester.

"Well, we all have odd dreams—I do myself sometimes."

"Yes," assented the child, as though she had known that before. "Yes," she repeated.

She looked into Hester's fresh, pure face, at her delicate, womanly profile, her soft, gray eyes; her own, large, dark and troubled, dwelt there a moment. "I know!" she said. "It's true, though Lila scolds me so when I say so." She fixed a frightened, almost elfish, gaze upon Hester's face. "You're going down now? You must pass Old Ben's shaft. You passed when you came up. The smell of death is there yet. What"—she threw up her head with a quick, even defiant motion—"What did the mandrakes tell *you*?"

Hester recoiled slightly; she had heard the story of the uncanny fancy that haunted this odd child—otherwise perfectly sensible and even remarkably clever.

"The mandrakes?" she answered cheerily, recovering herself. "You silly child! They are not in bloom—they haven't been since last summer. They won't be till June. Yes, I passed the old shaft. But there's

nothing there any more unpleasant than the water gurgling in the brook. The anemones, I think, are sweeter there than anywhere else."

"Good-bye," said Salome, rising and gathering up the folds of her gay skirt carefully, that she might not break the eggs; "Good-bye," she repeated; "The mandrakes never go out of bloom—they never will; you know it," she said doggedly.

Hester, picking her way down the stony path, felt, in spite of herself, a certain uncanny impression from the child's manner, and even indulged herself in an impulse to take a different way homeward—a path that led more directly along the brook, and kept Old Ben's shaft somewhat out of sight. Nevertheless, in a few minutes she started with a faint thrill of horror, finding herself treading upon the withered stalks of the mandrakes; she had by an unfamiliar and quite unexpected bend in the way come out directly upon the lower extremity of the ill-omened thicket. Vexed at her own nervousness, she hurried on till she gained the small gate that opened from the rear of the Lyscombe place. Here she paused an instant that she might recover her usual calm—then went in to Diana.

The next morning the idlers lounging about the tavern saw Hester walking briskly down the street. In her hand she carried the key of the small store, above which, rudely painted, appeared the name "Frederick Holland." She opened the door, entered, and began dusting the shelves and putting the place in order. After a time, some of the more curious miners, sauntering over to pay their respects to her, learned that she intended to carry on the business so suddenly dropped by her husband.

There were various comments among the men, but from that moment the modest store began a new and a prosperous career. Hester's quiet assumption of the earning of her livelihood, her universal kindness, her gentle dignity, were more than ever commendable in the eyes of her faithful adherents.

One among them scanned her keenly this first morning. It was Horton. Her light

calico dress, with its pretty brown flowers, looked neater and trimmer than ever. "How pretty she is," they were saying around him, "how plucky." Horton, as he listened to these comments, was looking more discerning than they at the dress.

"Black," he was thinking; "no black. I'm glad of that. He wasn't worth her little finger. Widow's weeds! if she knew what he really was, she ought to be wearing robes of rejoicing. But she didn't—women never do."

Meanwhile, down the long, straggling street came Lila, a small bundle with her, and the child Salome shrinking beside her. Both entered the store. After a half hour Lila went hurriedly out. She went alone.

That night a murmur of excitement went through the town. Hester had taken for her own child that strange, outlandish waif, Salome! There could be no mistake about it, for she herself had told some of the men that she found she must do something to make her feel that life meant work. This little girl needed care. She was a stranger among them. Hester had lost her own and only tie. Some such kindness as the town had once shown her own lonely and forlorn arrival, she could now bestow upon another. The child's aunt had been good enough to give her up to cheer Hester's loneliness. Horton, she admitted, smilingly, had at first opposed it; but, she added archly, neither Horton nor Lila had at present such great need of the child as she herself. She carefully made it evident that Lila and Horton had not given up to another the burden of a charge they were willing to forego, but had yielded to the claim of her great desolation, and gratified her wish for the child.

Her first care was to make a study of Salome herself. Hour after hour, when the store was closed and old Silas's cabin carefully tidied up, Hester would sit watching the child—her quaint ways, her peculiarities, her shy absorption in her reveries. Long before the summer was gone, this poor, neglected human flower turned to the first full sunshine of love it had ever known. Salome—sensitive, imaginative, passionate, with a depth of affection that neither line nor plum-

met could sound—felt the pure atmosphere about her, and wakened into new existence.

Sometimes as they lay in the low bed, Hester, apparently sleeping, would feel a thin little hand pass gently over her features. Sometimes the moonlight showed a wee head, with a wealth of curls still matted and crumpled, and a small, pale face, with two great, sorrowful black eyes, peering down at her. The child never kissed her, but often after these mute surveys she would lightly, tenderly, pat her cheek. The act meant more than many kisses of more outspoken children.

The first day Hester had asked: "How old are you, Salome?"

"I don't know. I guess—pretty old."

"'Pretty old,'" quoted Hester. "Why, I think Lila said you were not yet seven. That's not old for a wee maid."

"Yes, but Lila don't know," said Salome. "I'm a great deal older than that, I guess." She spoke as if she felt aged. Yet Lila knew her age—not quite seven, as she had said.

Much of this premature, unchildish feeling had now worn away under sunnier surroundings. A certain indefinable shadow yet hung about her, but she was growing more childlike, though she would always be unlike other children. And still more when Hester sent her among playmates—for a school had been opened soon after Squire Lyscombe's marriage—it seemed that much of her weird elfishness, her shy shrinking into herself, must ere long vanish. The schoolmistress was intelligent and faithful, and she became deeply interested in the little stranger who learned her lessons with such ease, and seldom required rebuke. Among the wild, rollicking, healthful children of the mines, she seemed like some unfamiliar, spicy East Indian blossom, heedlessly dropped into a bed of riotous country blooms.

## XVII.

ASSUREDLY, gay, rollicking Katise was still the favored *protégé* of Fortune. In proof that she smiled upon the rambling, picturesque town, new lodes were rapidly opened.

The Lyscombes, the Gratiots, and a score of others had found their flattering prospects agreeably developed into veritable and valuable leads. The hardy pioneers who had pierced the wilderness were so richly rewarded, that a swarm of new-comers followed in their wake. A newspaper made its appearance, in which an anonymous writer ventured to foretell the future glory of the town, the destined metropolis of a magnificent State. It was well known that Squire Lyscombe's sanguine hopes had thus found early expression. And the name proposed for the coming commonwealth in the pleasant fiction of "A Dream" was afterwards given to the State.

Some of the refinements of life came likewise to this frontier town. Still, indeed, the miners' cabins, the grog shops, the bowling alley, remained. But a society was gradually emerging from chaotic and incongruous conditions, that gathered to itself the adventurous, the young, and the talented, driven by stress of circumstances from older settlements into "The Mines."

Untrammelled by the restraints of older communities, the social life of the place was distinguished by a free, open-hearted hospitality; its society drawn into closer bonds by its scantiness, and, therefore, without cliques or ranks.

Much of this gay life circled about Diana, and in her home were laid most of the plans for frolic and sport. The amusements of hardy youth prevailed—swift canters over the rolling prairies and among the romantic valleys, along Indian trails scarcely yet grass-grown; boating upon silent, tree-bordered streams, where the echo of savage songs, one might fancy, even now lingered and died away. There were sewing-societies, for the two humble churches were ambitious, at least, to keep pace with the times, and aspired to "quilting bees," and "blackberryings," and merry-makings of various ilk. And in the blither winter season, there were dances, and sleigh-rides over miles of crisp, sparkling snow to neighboring towns on the eastern shore of the river. Little cared the vigorous young pioneer blood for the bitter

cold or the risky roads, with their manifold chances for rude catastrophe.

It was not all gayety. The plucky town had its ups and its downs: disputed claims settled with the sharp report of a shotgun under the very shadow of a territorial court; dark tragedies that stirred the community to its center; odd comedies that roused the light-hearted miners to laughter; seasons of terrible sickness smiting whole families—such had been the fatal "typhoid year," long remembered in their annals, that had made their new grave-yard almost populous.

Hester's life, quiet, unruffled, was gliding on. She still "kept store," prospering greatly in it. She had not lacked opportunity to marry again; for, although the body had never been found, public opinion long ago decided that Hester was in truth a widow. She was so fresh, so pretty—above all, so womanly—that her maturer charms even exceeded her earlier ones.

Salome, healthier in frame and already beginning to show faint traces of early and beautiful girlhood, had grown nearer and dearer daily to Hester's heart. There was about her so little of the commonplace that to Hester's loving study of her character she gave the charm of perpetual surprise.

Diana, with her small flock about her, found time often to wish that even one such blessing might have fallen to the share of her friend. She had never quite sanctioned Hester's adoption of Salome. At times she had even distrusted the jealous care and affection Salome herself manifested toward Hester. But as year after year went by, and Salome became a slight, attractive girl in her early teens, even Diana was fain to admit that her entire love centered in Hester.

Ill-natured gossips were not lacking in the newly-come "society"—gossips who ridiculed the town's honest affection for its early idol. Indeed, they inwardly resented her continued enthronement as the ideal paragon of womanhood. It did not help that, with all her uniform kindness and sympathy, Hester still added no other personal friendship to her oldtime intimacy with Diana, and, in a less degree, the little school-mistress. In-

deed, as pioneer life yielded to village life, a reverse side to her popularity was showing itself in a resulting unpopularity. Yet, with her unsuspecting nature and total freedom from dwelling upon herself, Hester was likely to be the last to discern this.

Robert Lyscombe was a prominent man in the little community. From the day when he with his elder brother had first crossed the mighty river in their frail canoe, with their horses swimming beside it, he had been identified with all interests, great or small, in this new land in the wilderness. He had even been known at the very earliest religious meeting ever held in the place, when a wandering priest had said the first mass, and been promptly followed by a devout Methodist missionary, to come to the rescue of the missionary, whose memory and hymn book had alike failed him, and had fervently, piously, and very acceptably, led the waiting congregation in what the parson approvingly remarked might, under the circumstances, be considered "that good old hymn, The Star Spangled Banner." Parson, priest and parishioners had joined heartily and patriotically in the soul-stirring strains, and it is just possible that richly-cushioned church pews and choirs of remarkably artistic culture may never have the good fortune to offer a song-service so fraternal, so grateful, so well-pleasing, perhaps, to that "One who knoweth the thoughts of men."

Just why Robert Lyscombe's companions had from this time forth honored him with the title of "Squire," does not appear. Perhaps it was given as a token of their appreciation of his exceptionally fine vocal powers. It may have been to mark their sense of his proper and dignified bearing under difficult circumstances. Or it may have been simply a fresh instance of the love of title-giving, which still characterizes the free West. At all events, Squire Lyscombe he remained to his mates in "The Mines."

Just why Squire Lyscombe had spent at least an hour lately in the cosy cabin of Hester Holland, was a puzzle that sorely troubled the little tailoress who lived opposite. Her sharp gray eyes saw a great deal that went

past her dingy window. Many a grim tragedy, many a comedy she spun out, industriously stitching away on the long seams of the miners' clothes. What matter if these dramas had frequently both their birth and burial in her own fertile imagination? They served quite as well to give spice to her prosaic life as could the exciting personages of a stage. Nor was it all imaginary; for the life of the long, open street often passed by with its mirth and its laughter, its anger and its tears, while her well-worn shears had leave to dangle by her side.

Quite an oracle in her small circle was keen-sighted and shriveled Miss Ann. And the weaver's wife, who sometimes dropped in for a half hour's chat, with bright balls of carpet-rags for her husband's loom, brought many a sly thread of gossip for her sage friend's unraveling. Miss Ann was not unkindly, but with her droll little winks, the significant jerks of her head, and her assumption of superior astuteness, many of her most random arrows sunk deep in the less vigorous minds of her neighborly cronies. The calm, sunshiny afternoons seldom found her quite alone. The village gossip, its jokes and idle tales, eddied about the low, rickety chair, only to fall like a swirl of wind-swept leaves in the far away and peaceful corners of other people's lives. She was one of those who viewed Hester's position in the town and her reserved life with no friendly eyes.

This particular morning, her shrewd gray eyes found opportunity to note that Squire Lyscombe stood again at the opposite cabin, and that Hester received him apparently without surprise when she opened the door at his knock.

"Laws-a-massy! If he ain't there ag'in this morning!" soliloquized Miss Ann. "Well, I never!"

She bit off her thread vigorously, mentally resolving to keep a sharp eye on Hester. What could Robert Lyscombe want in a morning call? Couldn't he see enough of Hester at his own house?

"Sakes alive!" she grumbled, "Diana an' Hester are allays runnin' back and forth. Sh'd think he'd git sick of it, too." This,

with a quick snap of her lips that implied a serene silence on the part of the spinster, who had fully freed her mind upon so important a matter.

But a week passed by, and Miss Ann found the mystery of the Squire's visit still unexplained. It worried her wonderfully. True, Hester had followed her parting guest with perfect openness down the steep, hilly path, and bidden him good-morning almost under Miss Ann's window. But this candor, this virtual denial of any mystery, far from convincing the tailoress of its non-existence, only strengthened her conclusions.

For some time she found nothing upon which even her lively imagination could feed. Squire Lyscombe made no more calls upon Hester, though Diana came as usual. A month had gone since the tailoress determined to watch her pretty neighbor; and of her patient watching nothing had come.

The weaver's wife came in, and following her three women who often cheered Miss Ann's solitude. The long August shadows lay quivering upon the oaken floor. The sultry glimmer of the afternoon was oppressive. In little pools of dust without the doorway, a stray hen discontentedly preened herself, while the rest of the flock stood lazily about, with now and then a languid and abortive attempt at a cackle. The oppressiveness seemed, however, to interfere neither with Miss Ann's stitching away, nor with her visitors' tongues. Down the long, narrow street came leisurely Squire Lyscombe's gray mare, her rider apparently paying small heed to her loitering pace, and slowly passed Miss Ann's window and Hester's vine-covered cabin.

Suddenly the door of the cabin opened, and Salome came out, walking hastily after the rider. Finding that he was not to be overtaken, she called out, "Squire Lyscombe! Squire Lyscombe!"

The rider turned, and seeing her stopped. "Well," he said pleasantly, as she drew near, panting, "What is it, Salome?"

She took from her pocket a three-cornered note.

"Hester said I must give you this."

The Squire took it, read it, hesitated a moment, then rode slowly on, down the street.

The tailoress, looking on from the seat by her window, brightened.

"—An' so, she's a-goin' to hev her quiltin' tomorrow"—Mehitabel Green was thus concluding her long-drawn story.

"Be you a-goin'?" inquired the weaver's wife.

Miss Ann, still listening, heard mechanically the women's droning comments, though scarcely heeding them.

"There's the Squire!" exclaimed Mehitabel. "They say he sent clear to St. Louis fur a kerridge. It's come, too, an' a beautiful one it is!"

"They do say," remarked the weaver's wife, "that he's struck another lead."

"My! what luck some folks has," said Lydia Brown.

The women were still chattering, when, in the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, the Squire rode briskly homeward. Miss Ann observed him closely. He drew up his horse, and dismounting, knocked at Hester's door.

The guests at Miss Ann's were folding up their work preparatory to home-going. They, too, followed the Squire's movements. After a few moments Hester and the Squire came out together. The plain white gown she wore set off her slender figure, lending itself to every curve. A certain refinement seemed to draw between her and the watching group opposite almost a visible line. A hesitancy not usual with her revealed itself in her attitude.

The Squire stood a moment, evidently lost in thought. Then, with a sudden, impetuous impulse he turned, stripped from a climbing rose one poor, belated flower, and, with a half-smiling face, handed it to Hester.

It was a simple act, graciously done. But the weaver's wife tittered foolishly.

"He! he! Hester's quite spruce today!"

"She's a 'mazin' pretty woman yet," said Mehitabel.

Miss Ann pursed up her lips.

"Pretty!" she said. "I guess Mehitabel ain't the only one as thinks so."

She laughed airily. The others stared at her, expecting some explanation. But the oracle was silent.

"Who else thinks so? Du tell, Miss Ann," said the weaver's wife, scenting a mystery.

Ann laughed again. She looked over at Hester's door-step. Then she faced her friends, with an indescribable expression in her eyes.

"I guess," she answered, with slow, peculiar accents, "the Squire thinks so."

"The Squire!" echoed Mehitabel. "Why! Ann!!"

"Leastways," went on the tailoress, "he goes there often enough, 'n' when nothing else will do, she writes him letters."

"Letters!" screamed Mehitabel.

"Well, I never!" asserted the frowsy Lydia.

Ann's insinuation awakened an overpowering curiosity in the women. They stared across the way in blank amazement.

The Squire had gone, but Hester remained looking after him, an odd, anxious expression on her face. The unlucky rose she twirled thoughtlessly in her fingers. Presently she lifted it, smoothed with dainty touch its leaves crumpled in her abstraction, and pinned it deftly at her throat.

"There's Salome!" exclaimed Ann, pointing to the hill at the rear of the cabin. "An' she's the one as carries the letters. I seen her give it to him myself this very afternoon; an' so might you, if you hadn't been napping. She'll fool me when she catches a weasel asleep."

"I'd never, never believed it of her," solemnly said Mehitabel.

"Shameful!" commented Lydia, who rarely indulged in extended remarks.

Hester, chatting with Salome in the cool summer twilight, on her humble doorstep, little dreamed that in the low-browed house across the street her fair name was beginning to slip away from her.

#### XVIII.

VILLAGE gossip played more boldly than that with Hester's good name before long.

Whispers of it crept to Diana's ear. She resented it angrily, with chivalrous friendship. The whispers were vague enough: no one had dared to couple Hester's name with the Squire's in Diana's hearing, and that he was connected with the mysterious discredit that was attaching to Hester she did not dream. She was far too loving, too loyal, to distrust for an instant the nature of her husband's marked friendship for her friend. He had befriended Mrs. Holland through the vicissitudes of many eventful years, and what could be more natural than that he should continue to do so?

Diana had lacked for nothing that she desired in her home. Least of all had her husband's affectionate consideration failed her. "A lucky woman," her friends called Mrs. Lyscombe. "A happy woman," Diana often corrected the phrase for herself, listening to the childish clatter drifting up to her open window. Wealth was her husband's; such honors as were to be won in the territorial legislature had easily come to him, for he was conspicuous wherever he might be. A man of wonderful energy, of indomitable force, quick in emergency, fertile in resource. A man who put himself into all his undertakings, and dragged even from the churlish future a surety of success. The mining town which his feet had been the earliest to tread had thriven and increased; but he had been in no wise surprised thereby, for the training of the frontier had led him to expect always large developments of material things. His sanguine, almost prophetic, nature already discerned in the State now newly born its full-grown shape and greatness. Diana could be proud of her husband as well as love him.

Nevertheless, during the past year a certain self-engrossment in the Squire had secretly troubled his wife. An absent-mindedness, which frequently brought upon him friendly jokes, made him at times oblivious to all external surroundings. His happy married life seemed to intensify his natural tendency to concentration upon his thoughts; for its very atmosphere of closest sympathy secured to him that perfect freedom in which his plans took vigorous root and throve. Had

Diana been able to scan his mental processes, she might have seen only the semi-poetic, semi-practical impulses of an earnest, reflective, yet adventurous spirit, which laid its plans far in advance of the present, and planted, not timidly expecting, but dauntlessly demanding, ample return from the future. But she possessed no such impossible insight, and her husband's growing abstraction was quite inexplicable to her.

She had never sought either to question or to analyze it; certainly, had not attributed it to any circumstance outside of themselves.

Today, as she sat a little listlessly, the blossoming locusts made pretty, broken shadows about her, and the drone of black Prissy's voice—busy at her ironing-table set just without the kitchen window, under the grateful shelter of the huge cottonwood—half lulled her mistress to sleep. The weaver's wife had come, as she often did, for a bucket of cool water from the Lyscombe's well. The long rope she reeled with firm, brown hands, and standing with arms akimbo, hot and panting, began a familiar talk with Prissy. She found infinite amusement in the broken jargon of the slave, and brought in return such scraps of news as suited the garrulous black. Diana never liked her, but the childish pleasure old Prissy found in her sharp sayings prevented any interference. Her idle, chattering tones now roused Diana, who could, without effort, distinctly hear her conversation.

"Laws, chile," laughed Prissy, spitting vigorously upon her sizzling iron, "Don' go. Mis' Diny 'll gib yo' a mess o' curren's, suah!"

"No," returned the other, her crisp tones falling, "don't need none today. Guess she's out, any way, Prissy, ain't she?"

"No," said Prissy.

"I seen her, then—her an' the Squire—jes' before I turned in here," declared the woman.

"Honey, dar's wha' you is mistooked. Mis' Diny nebber'd go out dis hot day."

"No?" questioned the woman. "Well, leastways, ye can't tell me the Squire's home, fur I seen him walkin' down by the Branch.

'Pears to like to walk there; I often see him. Say, Prissy, does he own Old Ben's shaft?"

"Ole Ben's shaf'?" said Prissy, reflectively, pausing over the shining linen. "Dunno! Why?"

"Oh," rejoined the weaver's wife, "I thought mebbe he'd bought out Salomy's interest in it. 'Thought mebbe that's what *she* was up to!"

"Who, child? Salomy?"

"Salomy!" cried the other. "You stoopid! No! Hain't you seen her goin's on! Why, it's in everybody's mouth. Salomy! Lor!" She laughed unpleasantly, as she looked at the puzzled ebony face.

"Dunno!" said Prissy irrelevantly, driven back upon her one phrase.

"The Squire," went on her companion, "nobody blames him as I knows on; its just that designin'—hypercritical—" She checked herself suddenly. "Some folks," she said with emphasis, "calls themselves ladies—calls themselves quality. I ain't no lady; I ain't no quality; but I ain't no light-o'-love, neither, gaddin' all over the hills with another woman's husband."

"Honey!" cried the astounded Prissy, instantly realizing the nature of her gossip's news. "Wh' am yer talkin' 'bout? Does yer mean—de Squiah? Don' yer let enny or'nary 'oman say nuffin' 'bout him. I'se gwine ter tell Miss Diny—suah!"

The weaver's wife had gone farther than she meant. She must draw back.

"Poor Mrs. Lyscombe!" she said. "She'd ought to know, but I'd not tell her for a mint o' money. Why, Prissy, she's been a pettin' that woman, an' a fondlin' of her for years—an' she all the time a sarpint in the grass. An' she wouldn't abide anybody as set their face agin her. Why, I tried myself to tell her onct somethin' I'd seen Hester do—but Lor! I thought she'd flew right in my face."

"Fo' de Lawd, honey!" said Prissy, great tears welling up into her eyes; "I dunno what tew do. Oh, Miss Diny! My poor Miss Diny! I toted her when she wus only a speck ob a babby. Sich a peart little piccaninny," she choked. "It'll brak her heart, but I mus'—I mus' tell Miss Diny."

Suddenly she gathered her scattered senses. "I don' b'liebe it!" she said sullenly. "Squiah ain' no sich man. He lubs Miss Diny; I kin tell dat. Brack or white, lub ain't like a breff of fros' on de window-pane. It's fureber an' eber," she said solemnly.

"Mebbe — mebbe!" said the weaver's wife, turning to go, lifting up her water-bucket, and sending her parting shot. "But fur all that, when sich a pretty grass-widder goes night after night a walkin' under the stars with a handsome man—as is her good friend's husband—an' when his kerridge, an' horses, an' house is all hers to command; and when his own wife is stayin' at home, mindin' the babies; and when they sit talkin' an' a talkin' hours together—as I've seen 'em with my own eyes, often an' often — folks can't be blamed if they du talk about 'em. You'll allays find a fire where you see a smoke." And with this profound utterance, the weaver's wife serenely departed.

Poor Prissy replaced on the stove her neglected iron, and sat down in the doorstep undecided what next to do. Her red bandana she twirled and twisted in a vain effort to compose herself. Diana was her one idol. To be silent upon this terrible subject, which she now knew was circulating over the whole town, seemed to her disloyalty. To tell it to Diana, she felt sure, would be to break her heart.

While she was yet hesitating, some one came down the narrow stairway into the kitchen. It was Diana herself. Prissy did not raise her head. One sable cheek was visible as she sat, but her utterly broken attitude touched Diana with surprise. She walked steadily forward, and laid her hand upon her nurse's shoulder.

"Get up, Prissy!" she said. "Look at me!"

"Honey!" said Prissy humbly, rising, and looking into her face.

"Listen!" went on Diana calmly. "It's all a lie. Every word that woman said was a lie. If she ever comes into this gate again, turn her out. If she ever speaks to you, do you keep silent—Do you hear?" Her hand shook slightly on Prissy's shoulder. "To

dare to slander my husband—in his own house—to my own nurse! She, that is not fit to look at him!"

"Honey," said Prissy tremulously, "You don' b'liebe it? You don' b'liebe it! Bress de Lawd!" she added, gazing into Diana's eyes.

Diana looked back into the soft, trusting eyes of the slave. "Bress de Lawd!" repeated Prissy in her utter relief. "My baby!" she added simply, stroking Diana's hand with a peculiar caressing motion.

For an instant Diana wavered—her lip quivered, she lifted the black palm gently; then she stood firm again. "Prissy," she said, "not a single word of this to any one. Will you remember?"

"Sartin, Miss Diny," answered Prissy, snapping her fingers defiantly at some imaginary foe.

Diana passed rapidly, lightly, back to her own room, quietly closed the door and bolted it. Then she broke into bitter tears.

Was this, then, the source of his self-immersion, the key to his abstraction? Her beauty and her bloom bestowed on the little ones prattling below without a thought of its loss—was it all for this? What had her perfect respect, her wifely trust in him, brought to her, now? What was she? The credulous wife of a man lured away by an older, a less beautiful woman! She—Diana Lyscombe—pitied even by such a woman as the weaver's wife! She, only, blind to what the whole town knew! She alone upholding the woman all others condemned! She the only dupe of that false, false friend! Her mind reviewed the circumstances that to others had appeared suspicious — circumstances she had resentfully refused to investigate, had denied without examination. The shapeless rumors, hints, suggestions, she had thrown aside, took fearful form.

"Was it true?" she asked herself, writhing upon her pillow. And then, the first transports of her rage and grief over, she rose, and with fierce determination set herself to examine the thing. She would weigh the evidence fairly and calmly. Village slander should not blind her to the truth. Every

particle of proof she had she would carefully sift. The inherent justice of the woman triumphed even over her jealousy. Her husband had a right to an impartial hearing. He should have it. Hester had a right to an unbiased statement of her case. She should have it. All the more so that she, a woman, stood at the bar before a woman.

Step by step, dispassionately, she went over it all, putting into the scale every scrap of real evidence, every atom of truth, and setting over against it every improbability, every extenuating circumstance, every doubt; impassively balancing the one against the other. After all, what case was there against husband—or friend? She had not been a woman prone to jump at hasty and groundless conclusions. Even in her chagrin and mortification, she found herself reflecting that all her suffering was built upon the half-mischievous, half-malicious conversation of a village gossip. A few broad insinuations, a few sly innuendoes, a significant laugh—these had been the basis of her fears. The one single fact she could separate from all else was that the weaver's wife had met Hester Holland and Squire Lyscombe, in a ramble by the "Branch," as she called the stream hurrying riverward near their home.

Diana rearranged her tumbled hair, bathed her aching head, and prepared to meet her husband as usual at tea. She would at least suspend judgment until some more tangible proof should be forthcoming.

But when the Squire came in with his clear, untroubled face, and at supper set placidly about helping to appease the appetites of his noisy flock; when with cheerful words and considerate courtesy he greeted his wife, Diana was fain to admit that he assuredly did not wear an air of conscious guilt, nor even of unwonted abstraction. There was apparently nothing upon which the most aggressive suspicion could feed. And on their way up stairs, the Squire lifted her sportively up a step or two, and, upon reaching their chamber-door, threw his arm about her in a quite lover-like fashion, and kissed her. Something entirely unstudied in the action thrilled her with keen delight.

It conveyed to her such an impression of his utter and unshaken trust in her. It conveyed, also, a sharp and silent rebuke for her temporary doubt of him.

His hand under her chin, the Squire raised his wife's face to his own. She blushed hotly. The Squire laughed. He liked to see Diana blush, it was with her so rare a thing. She slowly raised her eyes and looked at him. When she dropped them again, she instinctively arraigned herself as an offender at the bar of her own conscience, and mutely and in humility begged her husband's forgiveness.

"My husband!" she said softly; but the Squire never guessed what those two words meant.

Yet, though her trust in her husband was whole again, a little sting yet remained when she remembered Hester. Though she absolved her friend from intentional wrongdoing, various incongruities noticeable in Hester's conduct latterly annoyed her. Her visits to Diana had not fallen off, but at times she seemed to be drifting away from the close sympathy of her earlier days—to be withdrawing within herself, if that could be said of one never inclined to self-obtrusion. Diana had never noticed this before, but now she comprehended much in the behavior of her friend that she had before only observed.

Why had not Hester told her of her troubles? Surely she had shown herself to be worthy of great trust—a friend true and loyal always. She might have done much to have spared Hester the rebuffs, the mortifications, that she had lately met. Neither Hester's name nor the Squire's need to have been called in question, had she candidly laid before Diana her first experience of the village feeling. Diana Lyscombe might have been trusted to do battle efficiently for a woman she loved; especially when, at the same time, she was defending her own husband's reputation.

Then, too, she now saw that there was in reality some bond between Hester and the Squire; not in itself unworthy, but certainly of a sort to attract village comment. The weaver's wife had hinted at some business

connection linked with Salome's interest in the old shaft. Diana did not believe this. But why had Hester and her husband taken those walks, those rides, that drew down upon them public censure? What was the subject of their conferences, which she now recalled a trifle bitterly, broken off frequently when she entered her own parlor? What was it that Hester Holland could not confide to her, that Diana was now certain she had entrusted to her husband?

She might ask her husband for a solution of the enigma. But he had seen fit to withhold it from her, and she was too proud to ask. Worried at last with fruitless conjectures, she resolved to think no more of the matter, and so dropped wearily to sleep.

### XIX.

SALOME sat in the open doorway, and looked at a range of low-lying hills that rose upon the northern ledge of the town. The sun had sunk, and a thin line of red yet touched their crests. Local tradition placed here the trail of the vanishing Indians, whose flight had opened up the mines to the white man. Salome often gazed along the trail, picturing with poetic sympathy the crouching band of exhausted braves, clambering up the hillsides and slowly abandoning the graves of their fathers.

The babbling voices of the village children in the still twilight came to her ear. In the deepening dusk, along the old "Indian Trail"—could it be the outgrowth of Salome's morbid imaginings?—was clearly outlined a horse and its rider. For a moment this rider paused, rose in his stirrups, his dark form standing out clearly against the faint red of the horizon, looked intently over the town, then rode as rapidly as possible down the rough, rocky path. She heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs galloping along the base of the hills—fainter yet as he turned into the rough lane leading to the Lyscombe place. Then it ceased, muffled by the soft sward that bordered the street in front of the house.

There was nothing strange in the sight of a solitary rider, among men to whom the saddle was a necessity, nor to eyes as accustomed to horsemen as were Salome's. She could not even see where this one went, for the road made a sharp bend at the Lyscombe's. There was nothing clandestine in his approach. On the contrary, his course on the summit of the ridge and down the old trail made him conspicuous. Nevertheless, an unpleasant shock struck Salome. She did not attempt to explain the feeling, but she knew that suspicion and repugnance rushed over her like a tide at sight of him. An ill defined fear, too, crept over her, that by a resistless fascination fixed her eyes upon him, till the long line of bluffs shut him from view.

Horton dropped into the cabin the next evening on his way home. Hester had never failed to realize, that upon Horton's friendship she might as firmly rely as she always had since the morning, years before, when he had taken her to her husband's sick bed in this very cabin. Always a frank, candid man, good-tempered, and with a hearty and attractive kindliness of manner, though not given to many words, tonight he showed an unusual disturbance in his open face.

"You remember Old Ben's shaft, Hester?" he asked.

Hester knew well where it was, and that it was a dreary grass-grown shaft, sunk years before by Old Ben; who, disgusted at not finding his hoped-for lead, had abandoned his "claim." More than this about it she did not know. But Salome, sitting by, recalled much more. The long, dim ravines, the moist, heavy air, the flickering torches, the wet, trampled leaves, the subtle, sickish perfume of the May apple blooms—that during her whole life she had never smelled without renewing the sensations of that terrible night—the tumble-down cabin perched on the hillside above the rains, the dismal owl in the hollow tree; all came before her with weird distinctness.

The cabin stood on Old Ben's claim, as well as the disused shaft. This shaft Horton had purchased for Salome before his

marriage—for he had always considered her in part his charge. There were not wanting in Old Ben's shaft some slight indications that the lead which evaded him might be less elusive to some more fortunate seeker. Perhaps such luck might be in reserve for Salome. At any rate, the chance might be held for her at small cost. As to the cabin, it was of no value to any one, and neither it, nor its forlorn bit of garden, were included in Horton's purchase.

"Well," said Horton, going back to his question, "bad air and water were both against Ben. Maybe his prospect wasn't worth much, after all. I don't think it was, myself. But—a fellow up the hollow offered to buy it out, today, and—well, maybe a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. He must be crazy to offer a thousand dollars for it. What do you think about it, Hester?"

"I suppose you know the range, well, Horton?"

"Been through every foot of it. No show for mineral, there, unless they blast through to the second opening. Then 'twould have to be big to pay expenses. It's just for that one chance I bought it for Salome, though."

"Would it pay Salome to work it?"

"That's what bothers me, Hester. If I was certain lead was there, I'd not think of selling it. But even if it is, it might not be enough to pay."

They talked a long time, discussing Salome's interest in the shaft from every point of view possible.

There had been one drift opened long ago, in Old Ben's time. It ran straight up toward his cabin, and quickly "barred up" against the miner. It offered no indications at all favorable to the patient owner, and he had at once discovered a second and more promising crevice. Year after year he worked with the sad pertinacity that so frequently distinguishes deluded miners, and invests them with pathetic interest. Certain always that his lead was just ahead, often disappointed, and jeered at, Old Ben worked on undauntedly. At length the weather-beaten windlass was still, the tattered rope hung

rotting in the air, the hammer and the pick were silent, the shaft grass-grown, Old Ben was gone, and his claim was left unproved. No one had since ventured to open up the drift. But now this man, this "stranger up the hollow," wished to purchase it. Neither Hester nor Horton could quite decide what was best for Salome.

A slow, drizzling rain was falling when Horton left the cabin, so soft and unaggressive that it seemed rather mist than rain. He knew his path through the dark, and went rapidly on, followed by a sudden rustle of rain-drops, which he shook down with quick blows from the trees. It was still early—Lila would not mind if he delayed her supper for once, he reflected, as he turned into one of the small stores to talk over Salome's prospect with his fellow miners accustomed to gather there. This chap must have his answer within the next twenty-four hours, or Salome would lose the sale.

Meanwhile, Hester and Salome, after Horton's departure, sat a little excited by so unusual an event as this proposed sale might prove. They had not barred their door, for both bars and bolts were practically unknown in Katise. Salome, at the open window, drew in with sensitive delight great wafts of perfume that drifted in from the wet sweet-briar by the path.

As she leaned her head a trifle further out, her quick ear caught the unaccustomed tramp of an animal quite near her. The grassy, rain-sodden path broke off the sound. But scarcely had she made sure that her ear had not deceived her, when some one stopped, cautiously dismounted, and tied his horse to a sapling just beneath the window.

Instantly the remembrance of the rider she had watched the previous night down the old trail rushed into her mind. That very moment a tall, gaunt man came under the feeble flicker of Hester's candle. Salome looked at him defiantly. No! this man could, by no possible stretch of imagination, be taken for the horseman she had taken such an antipathy to.

"Come in!" said Hester.

The two looked at each other long and steadily. He closed the door behind him and sat down uncertainly, as one neither sure of himself nor of his welcome. He thrust out his hand instinctively, deprecatingly.

"Yes!"

It came from his lips as if Hester had audibly questioned him; yet she had uttered nothing.

She came a little nearer.

"It's a great risk you run," she said.

Something in the meager, high-cheeked face touched her.

"You must not be seen by daylight," she said.

"Do you think I've forgot?" he answered. "Look there!"

He fiercely bared his arm and showed a long, white scar.

"Yes," he went on in low, bitter tones, "the welts on my back are healed, too. But mind you, a man's soul don't scar over—an' the welts there—" a gust of passion shook him and scattered his speech. "The welts there," he went on, finding it again, "are red and bleeding yet. Yes," he added with grim, ironical humor, "I know how strong the locusts grow hereabouts. I won't be seen by daylight."

His gaze suddenly rested on Salome—a long, earnest, unsurprised look. It recalled his wandering thoughts.

A pitiful impulse moved Hester. She took his hard, hot hand as gently as his own mother might, and felt with firm, skilled fingers the tell-tale pulse. He drew his hand away almost rudely.

"Don't!" he cried cowering. "I know! I know!"

Hester was shocked at his knowledge of his own fate. She had not meant to arouse his fears. The story which his hectic flush and attenuated frame revealed was not easy to mistake.

"Once," he said feebly, "you saved my life. An' I told you you'd be glad of it some day. I wanted you to call on me if you ever needed me. An' you never called—never—never. An' you do need me, but

you don't know it. An' I've come, an' I'll serve you—yes, serve you well."

He took from his bosom a small amulet, wrapped round with a yellow slip of paper. He unwound the paper and kissed it reverently. Carefully, and in the tone in which one who never has read repeats the words of another, he said slowly, "Hes-ter Hol-land! Hester Holland."

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"See here!" he exclaimed, with startling vehemence. "Don't sell Old Ben's claim, whatever ye do. Tell him as wants it he sha'n't have it. Will ye? I know him! I've followed him miles to prevent him getting it. There's a fortune there for you, if you'll only keep hold of it. Promise me he sha'n't have it. Will ye?" Anxiety, anger, entreaty, were by turns in his voice.

Hester stood irresolute.

"Promise!" he urged, "I've come—you know at what risk—to serve you. I don't want none of it myself. I'm most done, now. You must believe me!"

"But Horton will know," said Hester, "what is best to do, and—"

"I tell you," he cried, "Horton *don't* know."

Her doubts, her hesitancy, set him frantic. "Listen," he said. "'Years ago—ye said it yourself—there's nothin' so low, there's nothin' so mean on God's earth as a thief. Didn't ye? Didn't ye say it?'"

His manner, his look, forced her reluctant "Yes."

"Yes!" He repeated it almost triumphantly, as if he himself were entirely out of the question. "Well, I stole the boys' mineral, an' they flogged me for it. Did they?" he asked.

Again she answered, but very pitifully, "Yes."

"You thought, an' they thought, I stole from the pile on the road to Flint Hill. I didn't!" He almost shrieked out his words. "I stole it from Old Ben's shaft!"

In his excitement he had risen. He sat down again, nearly exhausted, his harsh, vibrant voice falling into a lower key.

"From Old Ben's shaft," he said, going

on, "an' I covered my trail, and no man ever knew what I found in Ben's shaft—no man but one—"

"And he?" Hester spoke with a sudden piercing anxiety.

"He!" screamed the other furiously. "He's the man as wants to buy the shaft from Horton. *I* was a thief—you said so. But damn him! He wore fine clothes—an' paid me for stealing. An' he meant to buy the shaft *then*, an'—an'—" A slow, intense anger burned in the words as they fell from his lips. "The boys whipped me because a *gentleman*—an honest man—when English Jack missed lead from Denny's pile, whispered that *I* was the thief. An' he set 'em on me—an' he was in the bowlin' alley, an' saw 'em cut the locust branches—an'—"

Hester came before him with a white face of despair, and looked straight into his eyes.

"He was—?" The suffering of a whole lifetime seemed compressed in this one broken question.

Salome, drawn by a spell she could not resist, drew near.

A strange tenderness checked the passion of the gaunt man before them. With pathetic earnestness, he evaded her question.

"I told you then," he said, "I'd not forget your day's work. What matter who he was?"

The pale woman fronting him shrank away with a new-born terror from him, and still more visibly from Salome, mute and watchful, at her side. She could not have explained why, but for the first time the aversion the child had excited in Lila appeared transferred to her. As if she fathomed these feelings, Salome loosened her grasp on her slender arm, and faced the stranger resolutely.

"Last night," she said, "the children were playing out there." She pointed to the street. "The sunset was red on the old Indian trail,

when I saw you coming down it. You rode very fast. Did you lame your horse?"

The stranger was puzzled.

"Me?" he answered. "Me ride down the old Indian trail! I never come down there any time, let alone last night."

The man rose. He looked at Hester hesitatingly, and at Salome with an expression of something akin to compassion.

"There's one more promise I want you to make," he said—"but I forget; you haven't made me any promise yet. *You* buy Old Ben's cabin and the little garden to the south—you, Hester Holland. Will you make me this one promise—me, that have come so far to serve you? It ain't worth much, but if you would buy it I'd know you didn't quite despise the wish, even of a no-account chap like me."

"I promise!" said Hester, deeply impressed by the almost painful humility that marked the request.

A brightness came into his face. "Somehow, I think," he said, "this isn't our last meeting. An' there's just one thing more I want to ask ye." He took her slim white hand; "Good bye," he said. His voice faltered a second. "Do you think," he said brokenly, "anything low and mean—even as low and mean as a thief—could ever get the welts on his soul scarred over?"

He was gone, and left her with a heart newly torn with pain. The rain was over; the moon broke through its rim of ragged clouds; the myriad voices of the night awoke more rampantly than ever in the pauses of the sighing, fitful breeze. Hester felt Salome's light touch upon her arm. All her transient hostility died away, as she looked at her in the dim candle light. She bent down impulsively and kissed her, in voiceless appeal for forgiveness. All her old serene life seemed abruptly swept away from her. In her disturbed and troubled condition of mind, there remained one earthly comfort—one support. It was—Salome.

*Ada Langworthy Collier.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## A GLIMPSE OF UTAH.

UTAH is the great middle western territory. Isolated for years, and only lately beginning to receive the attention it so richly deserves, it was long considered an utterly worthless portion of our country, and was left severely alone. When the Mormon emigrants led by Brigham Young looked upon the valley of the river Jordan, which now teems with life and cultivation, they saw only a region which had never felt the plow or the spade, but which still appeared to the little band of outcasts the very spot where there was rest and peace and safety for them. Sick and footsore from their long tramp across the trackless wastes of the wide West, the Mormons hailed the central valley of Utah, which they have since so beautified and adorned, as a modern paradise, and rushing down from Emigration Cañon, as the gorge by which they entered Utah is now called, they began to erect the cottages around which have sprung up the homes of Salt Lake City, and to cultivate the fields which have become famous today for their fruitfulness and their attractiveness.

Had a Mormon been told when he first came to Utah, that he would ever be disturbed in his new possession; had it been imagined, even, that railways would ever be built into and all about Utah; or that the Gentiles from the East would seek to settle in the mountain-guarded valleys of the territory, it may be doubted if the disciples of the Latter Day Saints' Church would have been willing, or would have dared, to do for Utah and with it what they have. But the future had no terrors. Even Brigham Young, ablest of his people then and until his death, believed that the newly acquired country to which he and his followers had been led was safe from invasion by enemies of the church, and would never see a Gentile. Infusing this belief into his subjects, who were ever ready to follow his advice, Young urged the settlement and cultivation

of the Indian valley, and lived to see it blossom and bear fruit, and his city to attain proportions that called forth the highest encomiums of the world. Long before Utah was generally visited, while the country was still a *terra incognita*, and the horde of emigrants westward-bound passed by it heedless of its riches, Salt Lake City was a thriving metropolis, a city of large and handsome buildings, wide streets, public halls and energetic inhabitants. Indeed, it was the city which attracted visitors to Utah. Its fame became not only national but international; and as for the valley at the head of which the city is located, it was likened to a modern Arcadia, and was sung of by poets and praised by all. Everyone wanted to see the wonderful region which had been a desert, but which had become a garden; and little by little foreigners to the church came over the high mountains isolating the territory from the outer world, and began gradually to overrun the Mormon land. During the past three years especially, the invaders have rapidly increased in numbers; and today, Utah, with its verdant valleys and sunny basins, its snow-capped peaks and cultivated fields, has railways, and mills, and Gentiles, and the old-time authority of the Mormon Church is menaced on every hand. The isolation of the territory is a thing of the past. The deserts have proved of no avail. The new era has come. Capital from Gentile pockets has opened the mines, laid rails throughout the valleys, become a power whose future mastery is inevitable. The country is still a Mormon stronghold; but the outer walls of the Mormon castle are down, and over the ruins storms that restless army of men whose aim is wealth, and whom no obstacles deter or frighten.

Utah, by which is generally meant that portion of it lying about and to the south of Salt Lake City, is at its best rather early in the season, in May and June, or late, in

September and October. In May the snows of winter have left the valley, which extends southward between two parallel ranges with whitened peaks, and the countless trees begin to grow green, and to throw patches of ever-changing shadow upon the greener grass below them. Then the fields are ploughed, and the sun shines warmly upon the sheltered region. The season is like a New England springtime, soft, and dreamy, and half-awake, and odorous with the perfume of budding leaves. Later in the year, when the crops are gathered and the fruit is picked, and the broad fields, watered by the clear stream, Jordan, lie yellow in the clear, bright air, the clinging shrubs upon the mountain-side are all a wilderness of color, bright, and fresh, and golden, and patches of newly-fallen snow lie glistening on the mountain-tops. Then the days are sharp and crisp, and distant summits, towering high into the azure blue of Utah's sky, emerge from out their August haziness, and stand like sentinels guarding the flowery land. Crossing the arid plains surrounding Utah on every side, one feels, on reaching the territory, that he has entered a garden lying in Sahara. There is a wealth of freshness; and that half-finished appearance, so characteristic of western scenes and towns, is conspicuous for its absence in Utah and Salt Lake City. The Mormons, whatever else they may have omitted doing or becoming, have been good farmers and good workmen. Their cottages are neat and trim, and are enshrined in the midst of trailing vines and blossoming flowers; their roads are broad and smooth, and their fields carefully cultivated, and stretch away on either side far as the eye can see.

There were two of us who had come to Utah to study its people, enjoy its sights, and sketch its views. Leaving the iron highway stretching between the East and the distant Pacific Coast, at Ogden, we rode southward by the side of that ever-mysterious body of water known as Salt Lake, to the City of Mormons, which nestles at its side. Escaping from Ogden, set down in a mountain-protected basin, the railway plunges at once into a long, narrow valley, filled with

farms and small wooden cottages, which is limited in extent on the one side by the Wasatch Mountains and on the other by the Lake. To the left, the towering peaks, lifting their serrated heads far above the passing train, catch the sunlight on their tops, and seem the very embodiment of life and conscious beauty. Here the steep sides are bare and dark and wild, and again are covered with low-growing shrubs, and allow deep cañons to pierce their fronts. But to the right, stretching away to distant shores bathed in shadowy indistinctness, lies the unruffled lake, dull-hued, heavy, listless, an inland sea that knows no life within its waters. Long, wide, and shallow, salty as the ocean, robbed of sail, and bathing neglected shores, it haunts one with its listless glare, and seems forever mourning the departed time when its power was still majestic, and its waves beat high upon the rocky cliffs which stand today beside it. It is the great enigma of the country, fascinating in its weirdness, provoking speculation as to its origin and future, its supply and waste, but forever silent, grim, and taciturn.

Rounding a sharp shoulder of the Wasatch range at last, one comes upon the city of Salt Lake, perched upon a bench of ground extending from the mountains to the valley, and with its houses half hid from view behind the trees that line the streets. Across the marsh land lies the lake itself, still silvery gray in color, and from it on the one side and from the city on the other extend the twin ranges of the Oquirrh and the Wasatch, reaching their long, strong arms away and away down the valley of the river Jordan, to where blue-tinged peaks and a confused mass of rounded shoulders mark the southern limits of the modern El Dorado.

No other city has a grander site. From it the view is unobstructed. Down in the valley, through which, like a coil of silver set in green, winds the river, farm joins farm, and pure white cottages, gleaming through orchards of pear and apple, lie scattered over the fields of yellow stubble or green alfalfa. There are the mountains, loved and venerated by the people of Utah as the sea is by

those living at its side; full of deep cañons, in which lurk somber shades, capped by white peaks which never lose their banks of snow, covered with trees, or bare and bleak, sharp-pointed and majestic. No wonder the early Mormon hailed the region with delight, and saw in it a haven of safety and of wealth. Nor is it strange that later visitors, lured by tales of the wondrous beauty it possesses, unite in saying that their expectations are fulfilled. The valley is a gem, an emerald, lighted by a crystal river, set in the very lap of mountains.

Salt Lake City is a curious town, quaint in its architecture and in its appearance, having a strange commingling of the beautiful and commonplace. It is divided off into large square blocks of ground, some of which are occupied by large stores, and others by pretentious houses of yellow brick or wood, with gardens all around them. The one main street of the city, which has a width and length apparently out of all proportion to the business requirements of the place, runs nearly due north and south from the mountain back of the city toward the valley beyond. Facing this are the largest shops of the town, including the coöperative establishment belonging to the Mormon Church, the high adobe walls behind which are those of the people's temple and tabernacle, tithing yard, and the residence of the Mormon president. Branching east and west from this thoroughfare, down the sides of which run two streams of clear water, acting as scavengers of the city, are the less important streets, containing smaller stores and residences. Were it not for the fact of there being such variety in the architecture of the several dwellings, Salt Lake might appear angular and prosaic. But there are hardly two houses alike, and the gardens separating them give one the impression, at times, that he is sojourning in a New England village, where, as here, there are green trees hanging over picket fences, and cool, fresh lawns, with graveled walks leading through them up to spacious porches. There is an air of solid comfort about these Utah houses, which invites one's

good opinion and entices him to linger. They are large, and light, and cheerful, and one looks in vain for evidences of that Mormon family redundancy which so many suppose is glaringly present in a city founded and ruled by disciples of polygamy. So far as there is external indication, the homes one sees at Salt Lake City might be those of well-to-do people in the East, who had gained a competency with a numerous family, and now proposed enjoying their remaining days in peace and comfort.

Brigham Young was a good deal of an autocrat in his day, and loved ease and comfort and luxury better, possibly, than he did his numerous wives. His old home, which at present is occupied by his successor, President John Taylor, stands at the right of the Tithing yard, and enjoys the suggestive name of the Bee Hive. Well for the peace of mind of the departed Brigham if there were not times when his many helpmates did not render the abode worthy the name of Hornet's Nest. Either the former president was an amiable man of most pronounced type or a stern disciplinarian, else with so many wives his life could hardly have been a joyous one. Most men find it not always easy to escape family jars with one wife at the door, when the master of the house returns a little late from the "Convention"; and at times one is a little confused to see how Brigham managed to have his own way, and to preserve peace in the family at the same time. Looking today at the home he occupied, with its large porch in front, its three stories, its dormer windows and suggestive rooms, one tries to imagine what his life at home was like, and what his power was. But there the palace stands, with its windows all intact, and Brigham sleeps hard by, at rest at last, whether he ever was in life or not. The mansion is a comfortable old place, wide, and spacious, and sedate in its appearance; and by it stands the smaller house where the former ruler had his office, and from which he directed the affairs of this people. The passing years have brought but little change to the places. Time has chipped the yellow bricks here and there,

and mellowed the door posts; but the outer wall surrounding the buildings is still high and strong, and the office looks as it did when the ablest man the Mormons will ever see sat in his arm-chair like a king of the realm.

The enclosure containing the temple and tabernacle is the pride of every Mormon, and the Mecca of all strangers. Entering it through a wide gateway opening upon the main street, one stands at once before the unfinished walls of the new Temple, which even now afford a realistic suggestion of what the structure is to be like when the work is finished. Millions have already been expended on the Temple, and it has been in process of construction ever since 1868, and will require a dozen years of labor yet before the work is done. Made with solid blocks of native granite, quarried in the cañons of the Wasatch range, the walls are fifteen feet in thickness, and the building is massive in every particular. It is designed to contain the several offices of the Church, and the polygamous marriages will be celebrated there. Its architecture is purely Gothic, and its outlines are full of grace and strength. The money for its erection was contributed by the people and raised by the imposition of certain taxes, and the structure will cost when finished nearly \$6,000,000. It will be made entirely of granite and brick, to the utter exclusion of wood work of any description.

Just behind the new Temple is the Tabernacle, with its huge and rounded roof resting on the circular walls of brick enclosing the interior. From a distance the structure resembles an upturned boat, and a nearer acquaintance fails to disclose any particular beauties in the far-famed church. The Tabernacle has a seating capacity on the floor of the house of twelve thousand, and four thousand people can be accommodated in the gallery, which extends around three sides of the hall, and which is supported by seventy-two pillars. The length of the building is two hundred and fifty feet, and its width is one hundred and fifty. There are twenty doors opening at once into outer air, and the interior can be cleared of people in five

minutes. In the center of the auditorium stands a stone fountain, at which baptisms take place. In front of this is the great organ and before it the pulpits and president's desk, and seats for the singers in the choir.

The acoustic properties of the vast hall are wonderfully perfect. During perfect silence a pin can be heard to drop from the one end of the gallery to the other, and the faintest whispers are distinctly audible. On Sundays the house is crowded, and from the pulpits the upholders of the Mormon church indulge in invective against all Gentiles and the Government to their heart's content. Listening to the unchecked defiance of civil power which one hears, a newly-arrived Gentile experiences a curious feeling, and he can hardly understand at first why all the treasonable and seditious talk is allowed by Government. In no other country but this of ours would such blatant utterances be allowed; but, conscious of its power, the United States authority lets the Mormon soar to whatever pitch of enthusiasm he desires, and only takes cognizance of overt acts of rebellion. It is just as well, perhaps, that this freedom of speech is allowed. A Mormon would hail interference with delight, and would call it persecution. Even now the orators call themselves and their people martyrs for Christ's sake, and are never weary of picturing the future agony of the Gentile unbelievers who spurn polygamy and refuse to accept the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints.

Opposite the Tabernacle stands a solemn-looking building of Gothic design, in which services are held during the winter months when the larger house is too cold to be available. It is not as commodious as the Tabernacle, but still it has a sitting capacity of some 8,000, and is in most respects a finer structure than its neighbor across the way. It is built of stone, and graced at its outer corners by four small towers; the interior is elaborately frescoed in pictures illustrative of the new religion of which Joseph Smith is the founder and patron saint. There is an ideal representation of Maroni showing Joseph where the tablets were hid in the hill

of Cumorah; a view of the pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley in 1847; and an inscription announcing the fact that the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" was organized in 1836.

The Endowment House, in which the polygamous marriages are performed, stands in the northwest angle of the Temple enclosure, and is a plainly built cottage resembling any ordinary homestead. Admittance to the sanctuary which has witnessed so many marriages is strictly prohibited all visitors, and one can only stand outside and speculate regarding what lies within. There have been several exposures, purporting to be absolutely true, of the manner in which marriages are performed, but, in reality, the ceremonies are generally regarded as mysterious still. There is a heavy penalty imposed upon any who disclose the secrets of the place, and it is doubtful if much reliable information is ever obtained regarding the transactions which have taken place in the several rooms from which the public is excluded.

Taken as a whole, Salt Lake City is a prepossessing place. Renowned for its almost universal cleanliness, it has, also, its commanding location, its well-arranged streets, wide and fringed with cottonwood trees, its public and private buildings, all of which have more or less beauty, and its surroundings. Directly behind the city, and overlooking the town and valley, rises Ensign Peak, lifting a rock-strewn head far above lower slopes of brown, and commanding an extended view of lake and mountain, farm and valley. Climbing to this elevated knoll, one sees Utah lying spread out at his feet, with all its beauties visible. From far below comes the murmuring sigh of busy life, as the carts go rumbling about the streets and steam cars speed away towards the north and south. There lies the lake, motionless and cold; there extend the mountain ranges, tall and bold near by, but faint and softly outlined in the distance. Down the valley runs the river Jordan, sweeping past farm and village; and over at the left stands Fort Douglas, with its cannon-guarded plaza and sur-

rounding cottages and waving flag. In one direction lies Emigration Cañon, leading far out into the heart of the Wasatch Range; and near at hand is City Creek Cañon, a narrow, tortuous gorge, filled with shrubbery and watered by a clear and sparkling stream. There is a wealth of coloring present—dark blue and fainter shades around the near and distant hills; deep, rich green covering all the valley; brown slopes leading to the cañons; and, in the fall, golden leaves mingling their brilliant lights with the heavier colors present. The air is soft and clear, the view wide and expanded, the snow-white peaks bold and massive. One looks from garden to wilderness, upon fresh streams and upon a salty sea. There is a picturesqueness here, and grandeur there, softly outlined peaks of blue, and granite ledges bare of trees; while near by is the city, perched upon an elevated bit of land, and looking down upon the valley.

Before the age of railroads, Southern Utah was left pretty generally to itself. Now, however, it has more or less animation, and some of its mines are rich producers of ore. The country is not inviting in its general aspects. The mountains are high and bare; there are vast levels of burning sand, and the towns populated by miners are ill made and far from picturesque. And yet, it is from Southern Utah that the greatest wealth is taken. Frisco and its neighbors are in the very center of rich deposits, and shipments of ore are large and numerous. Dark tunnels dot the mountain sides, and one stumbles across prospect holes at every turn.

Other mineral districts of the Mormon land are Bingham, a little town a few miles from Salt Lake City, that lies nestled in the embrace of Bingham Cañon, and Alta, lying directly opposite, and particularly famous a few years ago as the site of the Emma Mine which cost the Englishmen so dear. The town of Bingham is a curious little place, shut in on two sides by rocky cliffs, which rise far above it. The houses are pitched on the steep slopes of the cañon wherever room enough has been found to build them, and face an ever-twisting street. Wandering about

the village, which seems ever ready to lose its hold and slide into the cañon, one sees long sluice-ways running about the cliffs and across small gorges that open into the main cañon; and a short distance beyond the town there are ever-busy mills which are crushing out the gold from Bingham earth. In winter weather the snow lies deep within the gorge, and the mercury shrinks before the icy fingers of the time until the forties below are reached. Then come snow-slides, tearing pathways for themselves down the mountain sides, and days of isolation, when Binghamites are shut off from the outside world and often caged within their homes.

The district of Bingham is one of the oldest mining centers in Utah. Gold was first discovered in the cañon by some soldiers belonging to military companies, and the mines were never properly worked until a half dozen years ago, when capital was invested and the larger mills erected. Gold is found in large quantities, mingled with brown-hued earth. The town is reached by a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, which leaves the main line at Bingham Junction, and crawls up the west slope of Salt Lake Valley to the entrance of the cañon.

If, however, Bingham is difficult to reach, Alta is even more so, for the latter camp lies high among the fastnesses of the Wasatch Range, and is found only after having ridden by train into Little Cottonwood Cañon, and by a car, drawn by mules, that is pulled up a steep and narrow trail to the town. Leaving Bingham Junction again, one is carried slowly over a succession of steep grades to a high bench of land rising along the eastern borders of the valley, and from there into the cañon, from which, amid its mass of tumbled rock, its tall trees, and densely growing shrubs, a view is had beyond the gorge's mouth of the river Jordan, winding through its farms, the Oquirrh range clearly outlined against the sky, and, far away, the city of Salt Lake and the sea itself. Within the cañon, down whose narrow way a mountain torrent rushes, there is wild disorder, and beside one rise high cliffs, rent and scarred, which tower 2,000 feet above the passing train.

The region presents a feature of scenic Utah all undreamed of by one knowing only the warm and cultivated valley seen at first. Here there is grandeur, and solitude reigns supreme. One is far away from civilization, isolated from the world, moving in an almost trackless gorge, into whose dim recesses peer snow-capped peaks. Leaving the train, which stops because it can go no further, the trail up which the mule car is pulled leads toward Alta, along the base of overhanging ledges, through long snow-sheds, and higher at every mile, until the valley bottom is hundreds of feet below, and the stream there becomes a tiny thread of silver. On and up the tired mules still go, hauling behind them their little car with its living freight, until, at last, only deep snow banks, with whitened peaks reaching above them, can be seen. And among the highest summits, and occupying the side of a little mountain-surrounded basin, lie the score or so of cabins which constitute the town of Alta. The spot selected is wild, cold, and desolate, and the region is one where summer is loth to linger, and winter reigns supreme two-thirds of all the year. Yet it is a prosperous camp, and when the Emma mine was first discovered, was the home of a numerous population. After its first set-back the town wavered for a few years, and is now only just beginning to renew its olden activity. The mines already discovered are pronounced well filled with ore, and the country round about is being carefully prospected.

By the completion of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway from Ogden to Denver, the lower Jordan Valley, the highest portions of the Wasatch range, and the territory around Green River, in Eastern Utah, have been brought, with all their varied attractions, within easy reach of every lover of the strange and picturesque. Before the narrow gauge road was built, however, the Wasatch heights and the desert about Green River, especially, were far beyond the casual traveler's reach, and were visited by but few. When General Sidney Johnston, withdrawing his forces from Utah, journeyed toward the east, he made use of the same pathway utilized

today by the railway; but with the exception of this man and the few scouts and trappers and prospectors who have followed him, rarely any one has had even a passing acquaintance with the scenery of strange and varied interest now opened for inspection by the railway.

Urged by the artist, whose thirsty brush still craved for more beauties of country than it had even yet depicted, we left Salt Lake City early one morning by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and were soon speeding down Jordan Valley toward Green River, beyond the eastern range. Passing out of the valley by climbing the sage-grown hills dividing Utah Lake basin from that of Salt Lake, where we lost our last glimpse of the city we had left, the road ran down a gentle incline to the shores of Utah Lake, near which stands the little Mormon village of Provo, embowered in trees, and commanding a view of the lake and the mountains pressing upon its shores on the west and south. Here, as in the northern valleys, farms and cottages, green trees and waving fields of alfalfa covered all the region, while in the distance, softened and shadowy, but with peak after peak of white peering above the lower slopes, rose the ranges of Southern Utah.

Utah Lake is as fresh, and clear, and bright as its neighbor is salt, dull-hued, and morose. It fairly sparkles with rippling animation, and reflected in its clear depth are the surrounding hills and trees, and cattle feeding along the shores. Its water furnishes the supply of Jordan River, which, starting from this lake, flows down one valley and into another before mingling with the greater lake beyond. Reminding one of Scottish Lochs, it still has a beauty all its own, and is, moreover, of inestimable value to the people who live at its side, for it irrigates their land and cools their breezes in the summer months.

From Provo the road turns sharply toward the left, and passing Springville, another small Mormon settlement, makes straight for the mountains, which have been followed and gradually neared ever since leaving Salt Lake. Now heavy grades begin to be encountered, and one is carried higher and

higher above the country lately passed, until, at last, just as the train is about to take its plunge into the very heart of the mountains, there is a view of central Utah offered which is too beautiful to be appreciated unless seen. Mountains, river, lake, and fruitful valleys are all exposed to view, while far away, and standing close beside its silent sea, rests the city of Salt Lake, faintly visible and indistinct, and overshadowed by the Wasatch peaks rising by its side. One longs to linger and to gaze, for every moment the coloring changes, and new attractions meet the sight. As though elevated higher than he is, one, looking from the cañon's mouth, sees the best of Utah, its fairest fields, its clearest lake, its most famous river, its busy towns, and fruitful farms.

Before the highest portion of the Wasatch range is reached and the road begins its abrupt descent into the eastern limits of the territory, there are heavy grades to be overcome and sharp curves to be turned. New scenes, ever pleasing to the eye, are unfolded every moment. Here the way is narrow, and rugged cliffs of varicolored rock shut out all but softened bits of light; and again, the cañons widen, and the stream that is followed waters cultivated meadow lands or leads into smaller gorges, up which one may gaze to where snowy heads appear in view. The region is Nature's own, wild and tumbled, but ever picturesque. There, the cliffs of yellow are worn by time into domes and castles and dainty towers; and again, bright ledges of red rock glimmer through the clinging vines and hardy trees of maple, spruce and pine. Not far away from one of the stations passed, the Ute Indians, once the terror of Colorado, have a reservation, and often there are numbers of them gathered at the road-side to watch the trains go past. Then there are the hunting grounds, which one longs to visit, where game abounds, and where the brooks are filled with trout. Had one no duties elsewhere, a month might easily be spent among the Wasatch mountains. Not only is the scenery of the range well calculated to fill the longings of any soul, but the region is a veritable huntsman's par-

adise, and old residents are never weary recounting their successful hunting exploits about the almost trackless forests.

How rich the Wasatch Mountains are has never been determined, though there is every evidence of the existence of large bodies of ore. The coal lands have been most developed. Those owned by the railroad contain unlimited quantities of coal, and are worked to supply nearly the entire population of the territory. There have also been numerous claims of gold and silver mines staked out, and every year an advancement is made toward an end which cannot fail to add most materially to the wealth of Utah. And even if the ore proves not abundant, the range is still rich with timber, and new coal deposits are rapidly being discovered.

At the divide, on Soldier Summit, as the highest part of the Wasatch range is called, one is eight thousand feet above sea level, and in a region of long, cold winters. Until late in the spring, banks of snow lie upon the mountain sides, while even in summer the higher peaks never lose their covering. The spot is wild and cheerless, and gusts of wind sweep over the treeless hills; while there is a far-off prospect of towering summits rising high over virgin forests, which lend a rugged grandeur to the scene at once fascinating and indescribable. Passing the divide we made a quick descent into Prince River Cañon, leading toward the east, and following it passed Castle Gate, where two high cliffs of yellow sandstone stand guarding the narrow way. One of the cliffs is five hundred feet high, and the other four hundred and fifty; and they press so near together that there is barely room remaining for the river and the train to find a way. The Gate is a delicate piece of Nature's handiwork, and the cliffs are filled with deep, dark crevices and isolated spurs, marking the wear and tear of centuries.

Beyond Castle Gate a few miles the railroad ended when we made the journey, and only detached portions of grading marked the future course. Beyond the terminus lay the sandy deserts of Eastern Utah, stretching far away like an ocean, dry, treeless, des-

olate, and forlorn, but now spanned by the railway.

"Shall we go on?" I asked.

"Why not?" said the artist, eager still for new sights.

"Why, 'Yes,' rather?" I answered.

"Because," he said, "there is novelty in exploring a waste like this grim desert, and a mule-team drive will be a feature to remember ever after."

So, on it was; on to the River Grand and the new town of Grand Junction, in Colorado, two hundred and fifty miles away, where the western end of the Rio Grande road could be reached. Leaving the camp at which we had spent the night, we were off early in the morning on our long, hard ride. Owen was our driver's name, and he had hitched two small mules to a dusty buckboard in which we were to make the journey. Driving slowly over the wind-swept sands, which offered only a field of yellow to our gaze, the Wasatch Mountains grew gradually more shadowy and indistinct, while at our left the Book Cliffs—abruptly rising palisades of red-hued rock—marked the way for us to go. Soon all signs of life were left behind. All around us lay the sands, glaring and still. It was bump and pull at every moment, and we grew white as millers as the dust settled upon our outfit and our clothes. Nothing relieved the dull monotony. The region was a second Sahara, parched and waterless, hot and uninteresting. Like automata the patient mules plunged onward, urged by Owen's whip; and not until evening of the second day was Green River reached and a rest enjoyed. Then, what a rest we had—rest of body and of eyes—as we lay curled up in our blankets spread on the sandy floor of a log-made hut, with the river flowing past us to join the Colorado, and the wild coyotes of the desert baying at the moon which lit the forsaken country, and exposed to view the still, white summits of the Sierra La Sal, rising from out the plains, the only heights that dare to show their heads. It was very quiet about the river banks, save when a coyote barked; but yet we knew that afar upon the La Sal peaks the winds were howling dismally and winter held drear carnival.

*Edwards Roberts.*

## THE LITTLE WANDERER.

DARKNESS and rest, the little wanderer thought, had scarcely fallen upon the earth before the light and weariness returned! Late in the night he had dropped asleep beside the roadway, and at early dawn was awakened, half stifled by the dust raised in clouds by the feet of mules and donkeys, which, laden with vegetables, fruits, milk and coal, and urged on by the loud and merry voices of their drivers, hurried and crowded onward to the neighboring market town.

The boy opened his eyes with forced alacrity, and at a sign and a sharp word from the old woman—who had lain beside him, but who thus early was afoot—and blundering and stumbling until the morning air revived his dulled senses, fell with her into line behind the motley train whose arrival had aroused them; and so, scarcely seen among the busy throng they passed almost unheeded up the steep ascent which led to A—. At the *garita* they managed to slip in unnoticed, while the country people stopped to contest and pay the tax levied upon their merchandise; and hurrying onward they soon found themselves in the market-place, where the child cowered wearily beneath one of the stalls, utterly indifferent as to what was taking place around him.

It was Sunday morning, the most important market day in all Mexican towns, and the first mass had already begun. For a time laughter, impatient exclamations, an occasional oath, filled the air as the women unloaded the beasts of burden, tethered them in an open space near the market, and gave them their welcome but scanty measures of barley. Presently the women came trooping back, their bright scarlet petticoats and blue and white *rebosos* or scarves gleaming in the morning sun; and while the men and boys dispersed to mass, or to the *cabarets*, as their tastes might lead, arranged the vegetables and fruits in tempting piles upon the market floor, or upon the tables placed for

their accommodation. The market was merely a long tile-covered roof raised upon massive adobe pillars over a pavement of stone, and on every side the sunlight streamed in, and views could be had of the four principal streets of the city—leading north, south, east, and west—through which the country people still trooped into the town.

A foreigner standing on a balcony, looking with curious eyes upon the unaccustomed sight, compared it to the emptying out of an animated rag bag: the men in their loose "*calzones*" of white calico, with a striped blanket cast loosely over their shoulders, wide-brimmed hats shading their dusky faces, and rude leathern sandals sheltering their brown feet, the richer among them glittering in jingling silver ornaments, and resplendent in suits of tawny leather with waist-bands of scarlet silk; the women in voluminous skirts of every hue, the shimmering *reboso*, shot with red, yellow or blue, occasionally falling from the dark hair, or even the bare shoulders of some rural coquette, to show the strings of gay beads upon arms and neck, or the elaborately worked chemise, decorously tied, and forming the sole upper garment in a country where cold or heat is seldom consistent, and where the fashions of Cortez's days are still in vogue.

The child under the market table noticed nothing of this, though there was a certain sense of relief within him, that they had left the hot and dusty road, where for days he and "*Madrecita*," as he called her, had trudged on their solitary way. He heard the church bells as in a dream, and looked with aching eyes down the long rows of dingy white houses, whence were issuing forth men and maid-servants, with baskets upon their arms and pails upon their heads. Soon he heard chaffering and bargaining around him; he heard them say how dear the fruit had got to be in this dry, hot time; and he felt they were mocking him, for oh, he was cold,

so bitter, bitter cold ; and even had he dared to do so, he could not have urged himself to the exertion of moving out into the sunshine.

"*Madrecita*" (little mother) was eating a *tortilla*, and a morsel of pork cooked with red peppers, which some kindly woman had given her, and was looking on with her bleared and greedy eyes at the buying and selling, which now became loud and animated, not forgetting sometimes to reach out her crafty old hand for a morsel of sugar, a stray candle, or a white onion, or other trifle that the unwary market women left within her reach.

A good-looking woman of the middle class, with a black shawl drawn around her comely face and over her expansive shoulders, stopped on her way from mass to buy the allowance of vegetables for her *olla podrida* that day ; and to her *Madrecita*, in a pitiful whine, began to rehearse her woes.

It was the old, old story—poverty and sickness. She had left her own *tierra*, and had wandered far on the road to the mine of the "Immaculate Conception," where her only son lay dying from the effects of an injury received under ground. "I am spent with weariness and hunger," moaned the old woman, "but forward! forward! I must still go on. Ay, ay, *pobre José!* son of my life! The whole mine caved in upon him. He was taken out with every bone broken. May the Blessed Virgin of Remedies help him, and my patron saint not forget me!" and *Madrecita* threw her tattered *reboso* over her head, weeping and wailing uncontrollably.

"Ave Maria! Ave Maria Sanctissima!" cried the new-comer, in that shrill, quick tone usual to her class. "You have still a long walk before you, *Madrecita*. The 'Concepcion' lies nine leagues to the southward. It is *mi tierra*—my birthplace. I know it well," and she looked half-doubtingly, half-pityingly, at the strangers.

"Ah, Señora Mariana," murmured one of the market-women, "the woman will do well enough ; she is a hardy old crone ; but behold! the child," and she pointed significantly to the boy, who had broken into sobs as

the words, "nine leagues to the southward," fell upon his ears.

What a vision of misery they opened to him! One of his torn and roughened sandals had fallen off, and exposed his cracked and bleeding foot, which he clasped in his poor little blackened hands ; they appeared all the more tanned and roughened in comparison with the pale olive of the skin that showed through the rents in his poor and scanty garments. The woman who had been addressed as Señora Mariana was quick in sympathy.

"Who has a cup of *atole* for this poor child?" she said. "He shivers ; he has a chill"; and without awaiting an answer, she filled a little clay vessel from a larger one containing the thin corn gruel, universally used among Mexicans, and held it to the lips of the child, who, for a moment forgetting his present fatigues and those in prospect, drained it eagerly. Meanwhile the old woman had fallen into fresh lamentations.

"He who would walk far spends not his breath in crying," interposed Mariana gently, in one of those proverbial phrases so commonly used by the peasantry. "But hasten not ; a day can make no difference. Tarry and rest."

"Rest! and my son even now, perhaps, in glory!" shrieked the old woman.

"What, then, is the haste," laughed an incredulous villager, who had arrived late, and was leaning across the panniers on his donkey's back as he listened to the colloquy.

"Shame, Lorenzo!" cried another. "The old woman raves, but she is a mother."

The word silenced even the most sceptical. Lorenzo pulled off his hat ; the name of mother was a sacred thing in that light throng.

"Why does she not buy a donkey? with your leaves be the word spoken," said he. "I have one here that ambles so smoothly she would fancy herself on the priest's mule ; she would travel like a seed on down. She —"

"And where," cried the *Madrecita* louder than before, "should I find money to buy donkeys, even if they give them at a *medio* the dozen?"—and she cast a withering glance on

Lorenzo, and then whiningly returned to the story of her poverty; receiving from one a *tortilla* or flat corn cake, laden with brown beans, from another an onion, or wooden spoon full of fiery *chile*, with which savory articles she proceeded to regale herself, while the ebb and flow of trade surged around her, and for a time her woes, even her very presence, were forgotten. By all but Mariana, who meanwhile had been talking with the boy. Stoical, like all his race, he did not complain; but there was a hopelessness in the large black eyes he lifted to her face, a wanness in the unsmiling gaze with which he answered her pitiful inquiries, that completed the conquest of her sympathetic heart. "Wouldst thou stay with me until thy grandmother could go to thy uncle and return?" she asked at length.

It was impossible to mistake the eager assent of his quick glance; but he gave a frightened look at the old woman, who, amid all her noisy grief, had lost not a word of the conference between the child and his new-found friend.

"Ay, señora," she exclaimed. "Could I leave my grandson? God forbid! for a month, a week, or a day even! He who is my only one! My dead daughter's child!"

Mariana felt abashed, but a score of voices came to her aid. "He will be like a kid in clover here. He will be like the fat little worm in the tip of the corn ear. And thou—thou wilt go on lightly, as if mounted on Lorenzo's best donkey."

The old woman looked at the boy doubtfully. "What God wills, even the saints themselves cannot undo," she muttered. "God's will be done; Angelo, *mio*, thou shalt stay. Thou shalt go with the good señora, and I will soon return. She whispered a few words eagerly to the boy. "Remember, remember," she concluded with a dark look. "Thou wilt remember!"

"Yes," answered the child sullenly, yet with an air of determination, as with an alacrity in strange contrast with the plaints and sobs she began plentifully to pour forth, she drew the child by his thin arm from beneath the edge of the table, and

shortly followed Mariana to her humble home.

She was with difficulty persuaded to rest an hour, ere, with many tears, she kissed her grandson and departed. The child looked after her with a long, inscrutable gaze, and shuddered from head to foot.

"She will soon come back," Mariana was saying kindly, "and I will care for thee! She will soon come back!"

## II.

FOR some days after Mariana had taken into her house the little Angelo—for such she found his name to be—he seemed destined to give her little pleasure during his visit. Though not absolutely ill, he was worn with fatigue and overcome by melancholy. Mariana wondered that he should grieve over the separation from a relative who had apparently done little to modify the hardships of his lot, but she remembered that the ties of blood are strong, and was accustomed to witness instances of filial devotion among the poor of her country, which the general indifference to principle and the prevalent low state of morality rendered truly remarkable.

As time wore on, he became, little by little, more cheerful, but scarcely more communicative. He did not appear averse to telling what he knew of himself, but he seemed to be entirely ignorant whence he came, or of the names or occupations of the persons among whom he had lived. All that Mariana could gather was, that ever since he could remember he had spent much of his time almost alone in some solitary place, where their own hut was the only one to be seen, and where rough, bearded men, who drank and swore, sometimes came to bring them corn and beans, which often fell short, and the two were in need before the store would be replenished. At one such time *Madrecita* had closed her hut, and bidding Angelo follow her, had set forth upon their long wanderings, through solitary mountain passes, over stretches of arid plains, skirting fields of rich farm lands, past or-

chards of luscious fruits, up to the city, where he had at last found a much needed rest.

All this gave but little clue to his identity. He knew no name but that of Angelo, and the mention of the various towns and districts for miles around aroused no gleam of interest or recognition in his mind. After a little, Mariana forebore to question him, and began to delight in the change for the better which soon manifested itself.

The old woman had told her that he was seven years of age, but she thought, if so, his growth had been stunted by hardship. As he became more accustomed to her, he developed many infantile ways which charmed her. Although even in Doña Mariana's home soap and water were none too plentifully applied, under the influence of good food he soon lost his elfish swarthinness, and the clear olive skin, indicative of pure Spanish blood, asserted itself; and as she looked in admiration upon his delicate features, and smoothed his soft dark hair, Mariana dimly wondered at his relationship to the dusky Indian woman. Yet such differences of type are not uncommon in the families of mixed races, and so in this case excited but a passing thought.

The boy was an interest, rather than an amusement to her, so quiet, so watchful; he would sit for hours upon the broken stone doorstep, and look down the street along which his grandmother had gone. Yet he never asked for her; when Doña Mariana assured him she would soon come, he only drew nearer to her, and her heart yearned over him as she thought, "How shall I part with him? How shall I give him up?"

However, weeks passed by, and the grandmother did not appear, though Angelo still kept his patient watch. He was no longer habitually sad, but often feverishly gay, and then again profoundly still, with the air of some hunted animal momentarily expecting to see his pursuers spring upon him. Yet, in spite of these alternations of temperament the boy grew strong, and little by little began to help Mariana in her tasks; to carry water from the fountain and charcoal from the

plaza, or carry her basket when she did her marketing.

One day when he was with her, as they passed under the arches of the market, they came upon the *ranchero* Lorenzo, who had advised the old woman to buy his donkey, and had aroused such a storm of exclamations upon her poverty and ill fortune. As on that occasion, he was lounging over the panniers of a staid and patient animal, haranguing quizzically his fellow-villagers.

"What! Whom have we here?" he cried suddenly, as he caught sight of Mariana and her charge. "What! 'T is the 'knight of the sorrowful countenance,' and still afoot! Smiling, too, for his lady of succors rides at her ease."

"What is thy riddle?" asked Mariana, with a puzzled expression, grasping the hand of Angelo, as he looked wildly around. "Hast thou seen the Señora *Abuela*, then?"

"*Que Abuela! y que Abuela!*" cried Lorenzo incredulously. "Tell me, hast thou seen her, since the day she left yon *chiquiton* with thee? Would'st have the latest news of her? Ah! Ah! Ah!"

A curious group gathered around as he continued: "Thou rememberest my Rosinante? My—saving your presence—incomparable donkey?"

Mariana nodded impatiently, and Lorenzo continued: "As we jogged peacefully along to our village that evening, he thinking of nothing and my thoughts following his, just at dusk we came upon that vision of diablerie crouched by the roadside. I give thee my word, Rosinante sprang aside like a *saltambique* in a show, and off I went at the very feet of the old crone. Do you think that she winced or cried? Not she!

"Sell me thy donkey?" she said, as I got to my feet. 'He is a frolicsome beast, and suits my humor well. He would bear me on right merrily.' Then, with a whine, she added, 'I have need to hasten on, that my poor son may die in peace.'

"Deep and speedy be his rest," said I, 'and if thou hast the *duros* to pay for him, far be it from me to keep the little treasure from thee. Thou seest he is meek as a lamb,

the very best in all my corral—swift of foot as a race horse, gentle and loving, caring but for a tuft of grass when it suits his master to give it; in short, the perfect one of his race.’

“Well, *señora*, it went hard with her to spare the *duros* she drew one by one from knots in herragged old garments; but the good looks and gentle qualities of Rosinante won her heart, and she ambled off upon him as lightly as a damsel to her wedding. But, *señora*,” he added, with an inimitably droll glance, “if her son must needs wait for her and must die at the Concepcion, it will be long before the blessed St. Peter welcomes him; for she rode not to the south, but at as brisk a pace as the donkey—albeit his knees are somewhat stiff—could carry her towards the mountains, which thou knowest lie to the northward.”

Mariana looked confounded, yet rejoiced. “Then she hath abandoned him,” she cried. “Hearest thou, Angelito, she hath forsaken thee.”

The child clasped his hands as if in stupefaction, then rushed to the arms of his protectress.

“Will she never come back? Is it true? Is it true? Will she never beat me? Will she never clutch my shoulder again?” he gasped. He shook as with ague; his eyes flashed; all his indifference, all stoicism were gone.

“She shall never take thee away,” cried Mariana; “thou shalt be my own child. Thou shalt never return to the unsouled wretch who hath forsaken thee”; and almost triumphantly, and altogether glad, Doña Mariana led the excited child away, followed by the approving glances and words of her acquaintances.

### III.

DOÑA MARIANA was a person of no little distinction among her kinsfolk and acquaintances. Years before she had been left a childless widow, and had so well guarded her little property that, at the time Angelo fell into her care, she owned the little house in which she lived, and, seated at a low table at the door, carried on a brisk trade in the

cigarettes she was an expert in making. There, for hours together, she would sit, her great round bowl of red and black ware before her, deftly shaking and sifting the finely-cut tobacco and rolling it in the thin squares of paper, occasionally stopping to sell a bundle from the rapidly increasing piles of her stock, or to smoke a particularly delicate specimen of her handiwork as she chatted with a neighbor. Mariana was thrifty and social, and therefore rented the upper room of her house, reserving the lower for her own occupation. It was a large, square room, the walls of adobe carefully whitewashed, the floor, also of brick, kept by her care brilliantly red, the ceiling of cedar beams now black with age and hung with many a cobweb, which gathered the dust of years securely out of reach of Mariana’s short straw broom. To the admiring gaze of her neighbors, the evidences of Mariana’s prosperity everywhere abounded; shelves full of brown crockery fancifully painted adorned the walls, interspersed with highly colored pictures of saints, and draperies of many colors, consisting of the bright purple, green, or blue skirts and the rainbow-hued *rebosos*, in which Mariana delighted to array herself on frequent feast days. In one corner of the room was a pretty brass bed, with knit coverlets and pillow-cases of intricate needlework; in another stood the *brasero* of charcoal on which Mariana prepared her simple meals, and the flat earthen *comal* on which her thin cakes of bread were baked; near these an indentation in the floor showed where the round base of the water-pot had worn a concave resting place.

But the glory of the room was the altar erected with pious care to the patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe; standing with one foot on a globe, the other upon the serpent’s head, her dress slightly raised to exhibit the multitudinous skirts of fine needle work beneath, her hands clasped over her breast, above her blue cloak, just as she first appeared to the good Indian Juan Diego, when she announced her intention of taking Mexico under her special guardianship. An unsympathizing observer would have smiled at

the squat figure, the tawny complexion, the impossible attitude of the image, crowned with tinsel flowers, and bedecked with all the finery dear to the heart of a Mexican peasant; but to Mariana it was an object of sincere and never-failing admiration, to which she resorted almost hourly to say her rosary, or to whisper an impromptu prayer.

It may readily be surmised that in this peaceful abode Angelo grew and prospered, though could the glances of envy have injured him, he would certainly have fallen a victim early, for Mariana had relatives, who considered themselves much aggrieved by her preference for the little stranger. But he was fortunately quite unconscious of any rivalry, and went in and out upon Mariana's errands, to the school where he learned to read and write, to the church where Mariana daily went to mass, or upon any of the thousand pretexts with which childhood is always ready, without a thought that he was of interest to any one but Mariana, into whose lap he sank when weary, from whose hand he received his daily food, and whose arms sheltered him when he slept.

Mariana, however, was not thus unconscious, and, although she said nothing, was ever vigilant lest her darling foster-child should be snatched from her. She had a cousin among the few soldiers stationed in the city, whom she especially feared. Revolutions and uprisings among the people were of frequent occurrence, often ending bloodlessly, when the mob would parade the streets with some popular chief at their head, sometimes breaking open a few tobacco or pawn shops, sometimes levying a forced loan from the merchants, or sallying out to the neighboring farms to kill sheep, steal horses or corn, and commit other depredations until dispersed by a few Government troops or disaffection among their own leaders. Mariana felt that it would be easy for Pepé to seize upon such an opportunity to carry off the child, and accordingly, upon the slightest indications of disturbance, she would lock him and herself within doors, light the lamp before the altar, and address herself to prayer.

Upon one such occasion, when Angelo had been with her nearly two years, after the riot seemed over and the noise had entirely subsided, Mariana, remembering that such seasons, when people did nothing but cluster together and gossip over what had occurred, were excellent for her trade, replaced her little table at the threshold, and with Angelo at her side leaned against her door-post waiting for customers. As she had anticipated, she was soon busy, and merrily serving and chatting, was quite unconscious of danger, until a startled exclamation from Angelo roused her.

Her cousin was behind her, drunk and furious, his military cap pushed back from his dusky, flushed face. With one hand he grasped the terrified Angelo, with the other his gun.

"Despoiler of the widow and the orphan," he cried in heroic tones, which would have been amusing, but for the reality of his hatred, and which elicited shouts of laughter from the uninitiated bystanders; "Get thee hence, vile brat! *Andale!*" and, with drunken brutality, he pricked the child's shoulder with his bayonet.

Cries of "Shame" arose, a scream from Angelo, and like a lioness to the defense of her young, Mariana sprang on her cousin. There was a moment's struggle; the drunkard's foot slipped; the furious woman had almost thrust him into the narrow street; an explosion was heard, and she fell forward upon her own doorway, her brains and blood bestrewing the horror-struck witnesses.

All had occurred in an instant. The drunken soldier, completely sobered, raised the dying woman, and frantically implored forgiveness. Angelo was petrified by horror and despair. Some woman took him by the arm, and drew him unresistingly away. The police came rushing into the narrow alley. They lifted Mariana and bore her into the house, and closed the door. Angelo saw, as in a frightful dream, crowds upon crowds of eager-eyed, bewildered people. He broke away from those who held him, and rushed to the door, beating upon it with his impotent feet, crying piteously for Mariana.

A stout man, Mariana's heir, came for an instant to the door. "Begone," he said, "This is no place for thee. Thou hast killed her. Begone!" and the door was shut in his face.

The child stood for a moment, gazing vacantly on the dark faces around him. "Thou hast killed her!" The words rang in his ears; he knew vaguely that he had been the occasion of her death; but how, how?

"Thou hast killed her!" A frightful excitement succeeded his momentary paralysis. He broke away from the hands that would have detained him, and rushed down the alley, through the broader streets, far out upon the dusty road he had traversed with *Madre-cita*, pursued as if by the furies by the voice which said, "Thou hast killed her!"

#### IV.

IT was near sunset when he rushed away, and the brilliant moonlight was streaming over the silent roadway, and the black shadows of the trees, that swayed with ghostly sighings in the breeze, had aroused a new terror in the mind of the child, before, overcome with weariness, he sank down and strove to collect his scattered senses. He was neither hungry nor cold, for the night was warm, and his excitement was too great for any mere bodily weakness to make itself heeded; and thus his mind was entirely free to confront the horrible problems that met him. How had he brought about the death of Mariana? Why had he been thrust from her door, from the home she had given him? Where was he to go? Could he not return, and look upon her face once more?

It was impossible for him to find an answer to either of these questions, and in the midst of his tearless perplexity the friend of distressed childhood came to his aid, and he fell asleep. The night, happily for him, passed dreamlessly, but at early dawn a sharp awakening came. A burning, scalding sensation roused him, and with a frightened start he sprang up, to find he had lain under a cactus hedge, and had thrown his bare hand and arm upon a mass of its venomous prick-

les. For a moment, forgetful of the greater ills that had befallen him, he set to work to withdraw the thorns, feeling faint and hungry, and crying the while. But the enemy that had wounded him was also ready to succor; his quick eye caught sight of the pear-like *tunas*, encased in their spiny coats of mail. He stripped them deftly and quickly, and began to eat, sobbing bitterly as the terrible scene of the previous evening came back to his mind.

It was still so early that only the faintest glow was seen in the east, though it was quite light. The whole expanse of the valley, with its fields of tall corn and its teeming gardens, lay in that solemn hush which precedes the rising of the sun. The birds were still motionless upon the boughs, pluming themselves and twittering sleepily. There were no dwellings in sight from where Angelo crouched, and the peacefulness of nature would have been complete but for the groaning sobs that burst from his grieving heart.

Suddenly, with an unaccountable feeling of dismay, the child raised his head. True, indeed, is the proverb, "He who has been stung by a scorpion is frightened at its shadow." What was his surprise and alarm to see trudging briskly along the road the soldier, Pepé Garcia; and suddenly it flashed upon him, "Here is her murderer; he held he gun; it was he who killed her!"

There was no gun in his hand now, and he had made some changes in his clothing, which had before been military in its character only by reason of his cap and the sergeant's stripes he wore. He had on the same old jacket, the marks where the stripes had been torn from it being plain on the rusty brown sleeve; but he had substituted a wide hat of coarse woven grass for the gay cap, and looked innocent and peaceful enough as he hastened soberly forward.

Before Angelo could execute his perilous design of forcing a way through the rough cactus hedge, in the hope of hiding himself among the trees of the garden behind it, Pepé's roving eyes had alighted upon him.

"Oh, oh!" he said, "whom have we here? By my faith, it is the *chiquito* himself," and

in an instant the child was struggling and kicking in the soldier's arms.

"Ay, ay," continued Pepé, "how you tear, how you bite! Believe me, I am thy friend. Think'st thou I meant to kill Mariana? The saints forbid! Some evil spirit had set the trigger, and in the struggle it was pulled. Poor unfortunate that I am! I would not have hurt a hair of her head. She was dear to my heart as my own mother, heaven rest her soul."

Angelo, still struggling, heard his accents with bitter distrust; yet the hatred with which he had at first beheld him was somewhat appeased as he heard him take upon himself the blame of her death. In his childish way he felt that his own responsibility was lightened. "Let me go! Let me go!" he cried. "It was you who killed her."

"Very true, very true," muttered Pepé, crossing himself devoutly, and adding irreverently in the same breath, "I am like Santanas, who loved his children so much he plucked out their eyes. I interfered for her own good. Thou hast heard, 'He who brings up strange children raises crows to pluck out his own eyes.' Besides, it was not in flesh and blood to stand by and see a stranger pick the bone one was longing for. However, that's all over. We're orphans and wanderers together, and I promise thee thou shalt share the best of my lot."

And thus, sorely against his will, fearing and hating him in his heart, Angelo became the companion of the deserter, who, it appeared, had, after the most trivial examination, been set free, as entirely blameless in the matter of his cousin's death. The times were troublous, and every soldier of value, and he had been immediately ordered to his quarters; but restless and tortured by remorse, he had resolved to fly from the scene of his murderous debauch, and so, in his scanty disguise, had set forth for the mountains, where he knew many a pass in which he might safely conceal himself. And before many days, Angelo found himself among the rugged cliffs which environ the picturesque town of Monterey.

Even to the unreflecting mind of the child, there was something horribly grotesque in his situation. By day he trudged on moodily, sometimes shivering with cold, at others consumed with fever, mechanically taking the food, often poor and scanty enough, which Pepé gave him, at others throwing it away, heedless whether he should—as was often the case—faint with hunger before he saw any again.

Before long Pepé fell in with acquaintances as rough and unkempt as himself, but mounted on good horses, and armed with guns, pistols, and sabres; and a horse and arms were provided for Pepé, a foray having been made on the highway, where Angelo, scarcely comprehending, as much amused as alarmed, saw two travelers despoiled, and sent ruthlessly upon their way afoot beneath the burning sun.

Such escapades, he soon found, were common enough, and they soon became to his mind the mere business and means of livelihood which the brigands themselves appeared to consider them. At first they had proposed to leave Angelo at some hut in the mountains, but to this Pepé strongly objected. "I am his *padrone*," he said, "and where I go the boy must go. He is mine and he loves me. 'Without father or mother, or a dog to bark for me,' the boy is the only one who cares whether Pepé Garcia lives or dies."

In truth, the boy did not care either, but he took kindly enough to his new life—riding through the mountain fastnesses, first watching, then joining in the sudden raids made upon horsemen and travelers by stage or carriage upon the highway, and eating and drinking with the brigands when they reveled in plenty, and sleeping with them in the caves and dark glens where they were wont to retreat. Upon his swift little steed, clad in a leather suit plentifully bedecked with gold and silver, his scarlet *faja* supplied with miniature pistol and dirk, he was often the life of the party, and was apt to sulk if the Captain ordered him back, as was often the case when real danger was apprehended.

Such was the case one day, when a dili-

gence was stopped and robbed. Fuming with vexation and indignation, he stood at a safe distance beneath a blackened palm, and watched the work of despoilment. There were a few shots fired, but as there were two ladies in the vehicle no very determined resistance was made. The travelers alighted, held up their hands, and were politely relieved of their valuables, the ladies remaining entirely unmolested, for the brigands were in a generous humor that day; and withal, the fair travelers appeared to be of the middle class, from whom little in the way of jewelry or money could be expected.

Angelo saw with great amusement that the elder of the two was greatly frightened, and bounded precipitately into the vehicle as soon as leave was given her, while the other allowed the captain of the band to help her, turning gravely as she seated herself and scrutinizing the party closely. She even lifted her eyes to the hill where Angelo's pony stood half revealed, and from his shelter behind the palm the child saw her face clearly, framed in the dark shawl which she had drawn over her head and shoulders.

The boy was struck dumb; the laugh died on his lip. Where had he seen that face? At that moment the diligence was driven off; his companions rode up to him laden with spoils. They hurried him away to the dark recesses of the mountains, but the vision which had suddenly risen before his eyes—which he had seen elsewhere, he knew not when or where—went with him, haunting his thoughts vaguely for many days, until they were suddenly occupied by a new and startling occurrence.

One morning as the band, to the number of ten or twelve, were passing through a deep defile, they were set upon from the neighboring hills by a large body of soldiery, and after a short struggle, during which gun and pistol shots flew around the child like hail, he saw two of his late companions stretched bleeding on the ground between their fallen horses, as many more taken prisoners, while the others were madly flying for escape. In the *melee*, Pepé had caught him before him on his saddle, and was forcing his horse up

the steep mountain side, when a number of soldiers unexpectedly darted from behind a cliff. Pepé was seized and pinioned, and, to his dismay, recognized within a few minutes, not only as a bandit, but as a deserter. Under such circumstances the trial and execution were the work of but a few minutes.

Pepé bore his fate with characteristic cheerfulness. "The game is against me," he said. "Naked I was born, and so I go out of the world. I neither lose nor gain."

He embraced the weeping Angelo, was stripped to the waist, stood up against a *mesquite* tree, the soldiers were drawn up before him, the muskets pealed forth upon the morning air, and Pepé's soul had gone to its last account. Five minutes later his body was hanging by a lariat from the limbs of a tree, with a hastily scrawled legend pinned to his garments—a warning to brigands and deserters, which they were less likely to accept than to avenge.

## V.

THOUGH Angelo wept, and in furious language berated the victorious soldiers, it was in truth with no unmixed grief that he beheld the body of Pepé, mutilated and ghastly, swinging in the breeze. Among his late companions he had heard much of vengeance, and though he had learned to look upon Pepé as his protector, to receive with equanimity his embraces when sober and his blows when drunken, he had always dimly felt that Mariana's blood was crying to him for vengeance; and as he rode away with the soldiers, and his tears and cries gradually ceased, it was with a sigh of relief that he felt that haunting voice was stilled, and thenceforward he could think of Mariana and Pepé alike, with tenderness untinged with horror or remorse.

Angelo did not find so great a difference in his mode of life as might be imagined. As heretofore, he still rode from place to place among the mountains, camping at night in the open air, sometimes lounging for days near some spring in the valleys, where the men played *monté*, ate and drank,

slept and woke to play cards again, much as the bandits had done. True, they did not sally forth to rob travelers on the highway; but their descent upon the *ranchos* and *haciendas*, whence supplies for their horses and themselves were wrested with little or no pretense of payment, were equally exciting. Indeed, as thus they often gained a glimpse into the dwellings of the wealthy, where frightened ladies rushed to the inner rooms for protection, and the bravely attired cavaliers stood sullenly in the flower-bedecked *patios* and corridors, watching the appropriation of their property with equal chance of requital, whether by friend or foe, there gradually grew up in the child's mind a wonderful ardor for military life, which only ceased when on a long and laborious march he fell suddenly ill; and having no especial protector, where all were accustomed to throw him a word or a bone, and bestow a laugh or a kick with equal impartiality, it so happened that he was forgotten while asleep, and left at a sheep station, where he lay a day or two unheeded in the corner of the corral with the lambs.

Fortunately the low stone wall had sheltered him from the burning rays of the sun, and food he had not needed; so, although partly delirious and wasted with fever, he was already better, when an old woman found him, laid him upon her own bed of sheep-skins, and administered many bitter decoctions of roots and herbs, following up the medicine with copious drinks of whey, and later feeding him into health and strength on rich milk and cheese—a kindness which he repaid by becoming a tender of lambs and kids, and, indeed, the servant of the entire little community.

He was not destitute of gratitude, but the monotony of the life, the constant work, palled upon him. For six months he led his flocks by the side of the clear mountain lake up the rugged hillsides through the little patches of meadow in the valley and back to the corral at night, until he grew to hate the sound of their bleating, the sight of the pasturage, and even the smell and taste of the food which they produced.

One day a wagoner passed that way on his way back to Guadalajara, whence he had come with a load of clay vessels, universally used throughout Mexico for cooking utensils, table ware, and, indeed, every purpose to which crockery can be applied; and upon his remarking that he sadly wanted a boy to go with him, to drive when he was weary, to light the fires when he stopped at night, in short, to run at his bidding, and no one objecting, Angelo hired himself out for a pittance and became the servant and companion of the peddler of crockery.

He found it no easy life, though, perhaps, the least objectionable that he had led since the death of Mariana; for he was at least removed from actual contact with vice. José Valle, his new master, belonged to that grade of society between the *lepero* or vagabond and *medio pilo* or half genteel, and was therefore above the worst vices of the one and too simple for those of the other. Like either, he could drink *mescal* and drown his cares, or drive a sharp bargain in his trade, and none could more smoothly round a tale, whether true or false; but his hands were free from picking and stealing, and unstained with blood, and Angelo's first ideas of morality, except such as might be weakly inherent in his own mind, were derived from José, with whom he journeyed through sun and storm for more than two years, traveling with him the dusty highways of more than half the great republic.

Once they passed through the city where he had lived with Mariana; but he had grown much, and was burned many shades darker in his constant wanderings, and was unrecognized. Once they went to a city where there were many mines and thousands of stunted miners stalking about in their loose cotton trowsers, stained the color of the earth they delved in. These looked strangely familiar to him; so did the great mountain that towered behind the city, and the high-walled buildings that lay in the suburbs, where trains of donkeys and mules passed in and out, and where great clouds of suffocating smoke belched forth from the retorts and furnaces. They were there but a day and passed on, but

the remembrance of the town remained in his mind, disquieting it even more than the sight of the lady's face upon the highway had done.

He grew more and more thoughtful and plodding, and at length, as José had prophesied in his own mind would be the case, fell ill with the same fever that had before attacked him, and had to be left at a *rancho* to recover.

José left him in kind hands with a poor acquaintance of his, who kept a little store where candles, chile, lard, and other small necessities were sold. Doña Josefa, kindly soul, was the village gossip; a woman of mark, who had traveled and seen the world, her husband having been in the same line of business as their friend José, and she having often accompanied him in his long peregrinations. In her wanderings she had gathered many tales of wonder, which she delighted to relate to an appreciative audience; and she possessed in a remarkable degree the power of drawing out the information possessed by those about her, and was remarkably acute in forming conclusions, often from apparently conflicting or most inadequate premises.

For certain reasons, she formulated a theory regarding Angelo very soon after their first acquaintance, which, as time wore on and she found opportunities of conversing with him, became almost a certainty. But all her inquiries only led to a blank wall of forgetfulness—Angelo could not account for his life previous to the journey in companionship with the old woman he still called grandmother.

"I used to know. I am sure I used to know," he would say; "but she made me promise with a dreadful oath, when we parted, that I would never speak of it. At first, terror kept me silent; then, after Mariana was gone, there was no one to tell, and I forgot, I forgot."

All Josefa's questionings were in vain: he could remember nothing in regard to his early days, could not separate fact from fancy, and in his vain endeavors became irritable, feverish, and despairing.

Just at the time, it chanced that one of the *rancheros* was going to the city of L——, where Angelo had been sorely puzzled by unwonted yet strangely familiar sights and sounds; and to him Josefa made known her conjectures, and begged him to undertake the commission of proving or disproving them.

The man readily promised and departed on his journey, upon which he was to be absent some weeks, and Josefa ceasing to torment Angelo with questions, set herself patiently to await his return.

One day, however, it chanced that her shop was crowded with customers, who one and all were discussing the details of a *plajio*, or kidnapping, which had taken place in a neighboring town, where a young man, the son of wealthy parents, had been taken from his carriage, his servants beaten and dispersed, and he himself blindfolded and carried into the mountains, where he was being held for ransom.

The event was, of course, discussed in all its bearings, and many similar ones recounted—those where children had been the victims being particularly popular. Angelo listened with an indifferent air, and as Josefa took up the thread of conversation, began listlessly to pile charcoal on the *brasero*, which had just been lighted for the preparation of the evening meal.

"It was more than seven years ago," she began, "that I was in L——, when a child was stolen from there. Ah, what horror! what dismay! Figure to yourselves! he was a lovely infant of four years old, beautiful as an angel, the adored of his father and mother. They were not of the very rich either. Don Pablo owned one of the small *haciendas* where ore is reduced; he worked hard, and as often lost as gained. But those were the chances of business. He loved his wife and children and was content. It was a pleasant sight to see him holding up his eldest boy to see the mules, their tails stained green with the chemicals, treading their dismal rounds in the *tortas*, or leading him into the mills where the great stones went slowly round, crushing the ores and frightening the boy

with their ponderous creaking and rumbling. I was often there, and often saw him with his father; always merry, always active, a very imp of mischief!

"He was with him early one summer morning, when the great doors of the *hacienda* stood wide open, and a train of ore-laden donkeys were streaming in. Don Pablo stood talking with two or three neighbors who had ridden up with him, and with whom he was going into the town. A servant stood near, holding his horse. For a moment the talk rang loud above the clatter of the donkey's feet, and all was confusion. The boy took advantage of it to slip by the porter and out upon the dusty highway. At the same moment his father noticed his escape, and the approach of a horseman dashing madly towards the *hacienda*.

"'Tito, Tito,' he shouted, 'back! back! you will be ridden over!'—and he darted to the doorway, hindered by the crowding mules and followed by his friends. There was a scream from the house balcony, 'Tito, Tito!'—"

"Antonito," cried Angelo, springing to his feet, his eyes blazing, his words running thick and fast; "I remember it all! It was my mother that screamed. The horseman had come down upon me like a terrible wind; had stooped from his horse and gathered me up and was gone. The ground seemed to fly under his horse's feet. My cries were lost in the clamor of his hoofs and the shouts of those that were riding after us. Then we looked down upon them from a cliff we had ridden up; I stretched out my arms; I saw my father's face for the last time—the last time! and then we plunged down into the depths of a dark ravine, and so on—on through gullies, over rocks, through thickets of chapparal. I was tossed from hand to hand—horsemen sprang up everywhere—until at night I found myself in a cave with a score or more of hideous men and women, and there, battered and bruised, hungry and faint, I cried myself to sleep."

"I knew it! I was sure of it! The saints be praised!" Such were the ejaculations with which Josefa and her friends ac-

companied the boy's excited narrative, the particulars of which had rushed impetuously upon his mind. The flood-gates of memory were opened, and a torrent of recollections burst upon him.

"Yes, yes, I am not mistaken. I remember everything now. The walled *haciendas*, the streets, the dusty roads—they were the same I saw in L——. My father was called Pablo—Pablo—What, oh, what was it? Pablo! Pablo Vicente! Yes, yes, I have it! Pablo Vicente!"

"It is the name," cried Josefa; "but what happened to thee after thou wert taken to the cave?"

"I was sick—very sick. They thought I would die. The women nursed me, and the men swore. It seemed my father was not rich as they had thought him, and could not pay my ransom, and soldiers were after them, and some of them wanted to kill me, but most of them thought that I was too young to be feared; and while I was still too ill even to notice where we went, I was carried far away and left with the old woman, who, months after, took me to Mariana."

It need scarcely be said that Angelo—or, as he was considered, Antonio Vicente—became in the little village the hero of the day. Favors would have been showered upon him would he have accepted them; but he was determined to present himself to his supposed parents in his misery and poverty, and thus be accepted or rejected by them. Though longing to be gone, his natural stoicism came to his aid, and he awaited, at least with outward calmness, the return of the *ranchero* from L——.

"Yes, I saw Don Pablo," said the man, evidently not much impressed with the importance of his embassy. "I think he had been drinking; some old woman had sent for him to see her die, and had told him a tale of the boy being left in A——. He was going there. He would take no more wild goose flights for such tales as mine, he said. Here! a dollar for my pains, but his way was northward; and thither he has gone. Never ask me again to interfere between father and son, either for good or for evil. I've

escaped with a cracked head this time. I'll not put it in peril again."

Loud was Josefa's indignation, and great was her surprise, when on the following morning she found her guest departed. He had left a scrawl, explaining his flight. "My father is wearied with seeking me," he said; "when he comes back from the north he will find me at his door. If he receives me, good; if not, God is great, and the world is wide!"

## VI.

ANTONIO had conjectured rightly, that his father was wearied of seeking him, heart-sick with disappointment, broken by grief. From the moment he had seen the horseman swoop like a hawk on his prey, and carry away his child from before his very door, Don Pablo had devoted his life to the child's recovery. As has been said, he was not a rich man; but he spared no expense, taking long and fruitless journeys, hiring spies, paying emissaries—but all in vain. The earth seemed to have opened and swallowed the child, so completely had all trace of him vanished. The general opinion was that the little Antonio had been murdered, and more than once the parents had been called upon to identify a corpse as that of their son. But even the relief of beholding him dead was denied them, or the consolation of thinking him so. In spite of all probabilities, they thought of him as living, wandering, suffering; and suffered without respite for him.

The mother passed her days in feverish work, striving ever to toil and hoard, that more might be spared for the search for her lost child, whom at night she wept and bemoaned. Other children were born to her, to whom she clung with a wild fondness, but in whom she took no comfort, fearing to lose them for a moment from her sight. Her neighbors thought her brain turned with trouble; yet she developed wonderful capacity, managing her husband's affairs in his frequent absences with signal ability. Sometimes she had taken long journeys herself, regardless of inconvenience or danger, ever

buoyed by the hope of again clasping her child to her heart.

Always grave, yet never despairing, she inspired her husband in his life of toil. His business suffered nothing from the feverish anxiety and incertitude in which he lived. To gain money for his quest, he put the fetters of an iron will upon his rebellious heart, and in spite of its pangs worked on; at each fresh rumor leaving his work to his wife or assistant, and returning after each disappointment to take it up again with desperate and invincible determination.

So seven years had passed, scattering the snows of three times their number on his head; when one day a dirty piece of paper was found on his office desk, bearing the words, "Anacleto Ruiz, who is at the point of death at No. 12 Calle de la Inquisicion, can give Don Pablo Vicente information by which he may recover his lost son."

Don Pablo turned the paper over and over in his hands, hopelessly and incredulously, scarce wondering how it had come upon his desk—so many messages had been sent him by mysterious means, especially just after the loss of the child, when he had found notes even in his own bedroom naming terms of ransom, and bearing threats of vengeance should they not be complied with. How many long journeys had he undertaken on messages equally vague! although, it is true, most of them had been delivered in person, by people who had supposed they had in truth traced the lost child. Many a clue had Don Pablo followed, to find himself confronted by children of entirely different type, age, and sex from his own; and in his bitter disappointment he had vowed again and again to leave all future journeys and inquiries to agents, and not subject himself to the anguish which each fresh deception caused him. Upon one thing he was fully resolved: he would never again torture his wife by reviving hope in her bosom, only afterward to destroy it; and thus, though instantly resolving to go to the place designated, one of the poorest and most disreputable of the city, he thrust the paper into his pocket, and mounting his horse, without a word of his destina-

tion to any one, rode into the town, and soon alighted before a miserable adobe hut, which, it being the rainy season, seemed a mere mass of mud, ready to float off upon the turbid and filthy stream near which it stood.

A half dozen half-clothed women and children were huddled around the low doorway as he paused before it and inquired for Anacleto Ruiz; and as many more moved away from the farther corner of the dark chamber as he entered, disclosing to his view a wizened figure crouched upon a poor pallet of sheep skins. Don Pablo had often been in such abodes of wretchedness before, and stepped, without stumbling in the gloom, across the muddy floor, where the water lay in the hollows, partly absorbed by fragments of coarse reed mats, reeking with wet and nauseous odors. There was a low chair in the room, and this one of the women placed for him as he approached the object of his search, and looked with curiosity and loathing indescribable upon the hideous, bleary-eyed, toothless crone.

Her head was half buried in her greasy and tattered *reboso*, but at the sound of his spurred boot upon the floor, and the jingle of the metal ornaments upon his clothing, she raised it, and looked at him long and earnestly.

"Well, what have you to tell me?" asked Don Pablo, impatient of her gaze. "Remember, this is the hundredth time I have gone upon the same errand, and all have ended in nothing. Tell me quickly then, where hast thou heard of my child?"

"I have heard nothing," muttered the old woman huskily. "This is no second-hand tale I bring thee."

"How then? What then?" cried Don Pablo still more impatiently, yet sinking into the chair, arrested by the tone of her voice, which carried conviction in every inflection.

"Promise me," muttered the old woman, "a mass after I die, and I will tell thee all. I am so near death I care not for thy vengeance; but I will not give my news for nothing. A mass, then, for the repose of my soul!"

"I promise thee a dozen," answered Don

Pablo, "if thy information leads to the discovery of my boy, even if it be to prove him dead!"

"Bah!" cried the old woman contemptuously: "You have begged for the cross too long not to carry it at last. The boy is living, as you'll find to your sorrow."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Don Pablo, starting to his feet, full of frightful apprehensions. "What have you made of the boy—murderer? *ladron*?"

"Neither, for aught I know," replied the wretch tantalizingly, "but there never was a child yet but that caused more tears than smiles, and more anguish than joy. But listen"; and without further delay the old woman told him how, when it was found that the ransom could not be paid, and that the city government had sent out troops in search of the abductors, and had offered a greater reward for their capture than for the recovery of the boy, while scouts were out in every direction, and traitors in their own camp feared, they had decided they must give up all hope of gain from the *plajio*; how some of them wished to end the matter by taking the boy's life, and dropping his body in some mountain pass or into some old mine-pit, but the majority thought he was too young to be feared; how he had therefore been brought to her hut in the mountains, and left in her care for many months—her own son, who had plucked him up from before his father's door, having overruled his companions, who, in their disappointment of gain and fear of discovery, had wished to murder him.

The hut was far from the public road, the rendezvous of highwaymen, and but seldom visited by travelers. On one or two occasions, however, wayfarers had stopped there, and looking curiously at her supposed grandson, had told the story of the loss of Antonio Vicente. Her son and his comrades, too, told of vague rumors that reached them of journeys made in the immediate vicinity by the father or mother, and more than once the project of killing the child was reopened. And finally, unwilling to see him sacrificed, and yet anxious for her own sake and that

of her son that all trace of him should be lost, she took him by a circuitous route to the city of A—, and left him with Doña Mariana; returning to her hut to swear solemnly to her accomplices, when they questioned her, that the boy had died of fever, and been buried by her own hands deep in the dry bed of a stream, where in the rainy season a raging torrent swept.

They were well content to be thus rid of him, and the old woman had soon thereafter removed to a distant part of the country, and had studiously avoided all inquiries about the child, lest she should arouse suspicion, being fully as fearful of her own companions as of strangers; and thus had heard nothing more of the boy, who she, however, felt well assured would be found with Mariana or her friends in A—.

Here at last seemed some certain information. "If thou hast not deceived me, the masses shall be said for thee," said Don Pablo, "whether I find him or no, for thou didst save his life; but why, wretch, didst thou not bring him to me?" and in an access of rage, Don Pablo stamped his spurred foot, having much to do to prevent himself from laying violent hands upon the shivering, cowering wretch, who had begun to bewail her poverty, and extol the goodness of her heart and her devotion to the child.

Don Pablo was in no humor to stroke the hand that had helped drive the dagger that still rankled in his soul. He rushed from the house, sprang on his horse, and spurred back to his hacienda. There, reeling as one drunken into his office, he had met the messenger from Josefa, and scarce heeding what he said, supposing it to be one of the unfounded suppositions to which he had so often listened before, his mind wholly bent upon A—, he was absolutely incapable of contemplating a movement in an opposite direction, and so dismissed the *ranchero* with a curtness which he had ample cause to regret upon his way home, after the minute and fruitless inquiries which only elicited the fact that a child, answering to the description of Antonio, had been left in the town years before by an unknown woman,

and upon the death of his protectress had suddenly and completely disappeared.

One faint clue was, indeed, given him which he eagerly accepted, though it was scouted as incredible by all others. An old man said he had seen the child a few days after Mariana's death in company with the drunken soldier who had occasioned it. But the strictest inquiry in the direction indicated failed to elicit the slightest confirmatory tidings; and, weary and sore at heart, Don Pablo returned by diligence to L—.

Before going to his home he turned his steps towards the hut where the old woman had lived, and in utter despair looked upon her dead face. From her lips he might, he unreasonably thought, have gained some word that might have guided him; but they were closed forever. The only human being who had given him positive information of his child was silent forever. Relentless fate, he felt, had utterly crushed him. He leaned over the dead woman and gazed upon her impassible face. Death had softened its bronzed and hardened lineaments. Bitter as was his heart, he remembered that at the last moment she would have restored to him the child; that she had once, perhaps, saved his life. "For my promise," he muttered, "and that for thy mercy, mercy may come to thee!" and slipping a gold piece into the dead hand for masses on her soul, he went out and rode homeward, soothed by the charitable act, however useless, and revolving in his mind how he should disclose to his wife this last and most terrible disappointment.

As he rode up to his gates, and the porter threw them open, he caught sight of a dirty and ragged figure standing just within them. "Have I not told thee, Juan," he said, after the first salutations were past, "not to admit *leperos* such as this within the walls! Thou knowest—"

"A thousand pardons, Señor. I did not know he was there," cried the man. "A pest upon thee, *muchacho*! Have I not warned thee hence a hundred times within the last three days? Well, here is the master; what wouldst have?"

"One word," answered the ragged and

travel-stained being thus addressed, and whom Don Pablo saw to be a miserably squalid boy of perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age. His heart began to beat chokingly. What was there in the boy's voice, in his movements, that so cruelly agitated him? He stood still, leaning faint against his horse, as the boy came up to him and pulled off his ragged hat. The sunlight fell full upon his matted locks and haggard face, and at that moment, in that hollow-eyed, gaunt-visaged beggar, Don Pablo saw his long-lost son.

Not even one word spoke he; he fell upon the boy's neck weeping like the child himself. The men around pulled off their hats; the truth flashed upon them like lightning. They broke out into wild cries and exclamations.

"Hush! hush!" cried Don Pablo, "the mother! the mother! where is she?" He led the child to an inner court, to the foot of the staircase that led to the private rooms. "Go up, my son," he said, "and find her. She must recognize thee, and so be free from doubt forever."

The child went up the stairway, cautiously

and slowly at first, then with a sudden glow of recognition rushed forward, and opened a door—it was that of the mother's room.

She was on her knees, the names of her husband and child upon her lips. She looked up as the door opened. "Antonio! Antonio!" The mighty cry rang through the house, and rushing up, for none could be restrained—husband, children, and servants—they found her wildly clasping the wanderer in her arms.

"It is he," she gasped, "my son, my son! My little child! my tender one! my Antonio! Ah! God be praised!"

The boy burst into a long, hysterical laugh. He, the weary, the tattered, the filthy, her son! the darling of this sweet lady? He shook himself free incredulously, then looked into the tender eyes above him. Ah! yes; they were the eyes that had looked upon him in infancy, that had haunted him all these years. And the face! It was the same he had seen upon the highway years before. He fell sobbing at her feet. The servants stole out and left them alone. She lifted him up, and the little wanderer found rest upon his mother's bosom.

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*

---

### LETHE.

IN that still air which knows nor day nor night,  
Where death itself is but a shadow thrown  
On the gray surface of a burial stone,  
No bird-song thrills, no rustling wing takes flight.

The sluggish stream catches a purple light  
From its low banks with asphodels o'ergrown;  
And ever stealthy shapes, unnamed, unknown,  
Stoop to drink thirstily, then fade from sight.

These ghosts swing clear alike from Heaven and Hell,  
Draining forgetfulness with leech-close lips,  
Until the old life, with its ebb and swell,  
Out of their nerveless clasp forever slips.—  
But when *we* seek the sweet Lethean well,  
No tiniest streamlet from its darkness drips.

*K. M. Bishop.*

## MADAME DE GENLIS.

ONLY France, that land of fascinating women and phenomenal individualities, could have produced a Madame de Genlis. Brilliant, yet tedious; sensible, absurd; amiable, resentful; eccentric, conventional; the author of nearly one hundred volumes—sober works on education, and worldly novels of very questionable influence, poems and history, biography and botany, natural history and etiquette, religion and malicious scandal; alternating between court and convent for nearly a century; adored and hated; praised and vindicated; regarded as a saint and sinner; a shameless *intrigante* and a French Hannah More! Was she not a captivating bundle of opposite qualities? I cannot claim genius for my heroine, nor a large amount of the piety and prudery she professed; but as the Governor of Princes (for Governor she would be called) while a most successful writer for children, when stories for children were almost unknown; as a popular novelist; as an extraordinary and entertaining person, whose life affords both amusement and instruction—she is a marked character, a power in her day, a type of the ancient nobility of France; as regards her social life, of a vanity that was at once sublime and ridiculous.

She was born on the 25th of January, 1746, on a little estate in Burgundy, such a puny infant that it was not thought worth while to dress her; so she was sewed up in a down pillow, and the atom was laid in an arm chair, to struggle with life or die. In a few moments the corpulent Mayor, almost blind, came to pay his visit of congratulation, and separating the huge flaps of his overcoat, was just about to sit down in that very chair, when the nurse screamed and pulled him away. And in her Memoirs she remarks, with her usual conceit: "It was not the good nurse who saved me; no, it was God himself, acting by her instrumentality. He had given me a mission upon earth, which he decreed should be fulfilled."

She had the usual joys, sorrows, and hair-breadth 'scapes of childhood—was nearly drowned at eighteen months—soon after tumbled into the kitchen fire—had a dangerous fall at five—but bore a charmed life.

Her father had purchased a large estate, beautifully situated. Its chateau resembled those described by Mrs. Radcliffe: ancient and tumble-down, with old towers and immense courtyards, on the opposite side of the Loire, near the famous Abbey of Sept-Font's, where perpetual silence reigned; and her father, when the children were too noisy in their evening games, would propose they should play here the holy fathers of Sept-Font, which changed the riotous frolic into peaceful pantomime.

When the little girl was six years old her mother took her to Paris, to visit an aunt, and she describes graphically the horrors to which she was subjected, in order to be made stylish and graceful. She had two teeth pulled out, was squeezed into stiff corsets which pinched her terribly, her feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, so that she could not take a step without pain, three or four thousand curl papers (this is *her* estimate) were used to twist her hair, and she wore, for the first time, a hoop. Then, in order to get rid of her country attitudes, she had an iron collar put round her neck; and as the unfortunate little tot squinted slightly, she was obliged to wear goggles four hours each day, and was, besides, forbidden to run, jump, or ask questions! Paris was anything but a paradise to her then; but soon came the great ceremony of her public baptism, after which (loaded with candies and playthings) she was taken to the opera, and life looked bright again. She was, she tells us, "a child of remarkable sweetness of disposition."

The next great event was her being received as a Canoness of the noble chapter of St. Alix, as an honorary novitiate; the Grand Prior having discerned the "aureole

of moral grandeur upon her youthful brow." This dignity confers the title of Countess. Madame la Comtesse de Lancy was conducted in pomp to the church, a consecrated ring placed on her finger, and she was decorated with the signs of the order.

Her education was almost totally neglected, for her governess had, as she expresses it, "nothing of profane knowledge"; so history and other serious studies were soon abandoned, and she was never taught to write at all. Her mother was busy with society and her own interests, and never saw her except at meals. Her father, a handsome man, fond of music and philosophy and hunting, seemed only anxious to conquer her womanish antipathies to mice and toads and spiders, he insisted on her taming a mouse, and frequently obliged her to catch spiders with her fingers and hold toads in her hands, but never succeeded in removing the aversion.

At eight Felicité dictated romances and comedies to Mademoiselle de Mars, when she did not know how to form a single letter; and she remarks: "Even in the reveries of my infancy there was a foundation of love, of glory, and of virtue, which in a child must be thought remarkable." Her brother, she says, was far from being so brilliant and remarkable a child as she was!

A fondness for music and for teaching was inborn. She used to get out of her window by a rope, and sliding down to the terrace, gather the boys of the village about her to teach them the little she knew—poetry she had committed to memory, and bits from the Catechism. In after years she was ambitious to officiate as schoolma'am in general to all France, and felt abundantly able to fill the position.

In 1755 her father, of whom we hear little, went to Paris and remained eighteen months. Her mother resolved to prepare a *fête* to celebrate his return, and composed a comedietta in the pastoral style, in which the pretty daughter took the part of Love. Tragedies were also performed, and we imagine the fashionable wife was more anxious to enliven the dull monotony of the country

than to honor her husband, whose long absence was endured with great composure. As Iphigenia, Felicité was gorgeously arrayed in cherry silk and silver, trimmed with sables; but her costume as Cupid was so becoming that she wore it regularly. The wings were suppressed on Sundays, and she adopted a red riding-hood cloak; but during the week she rambled and danced over the fields with a short rose-colored dress trimmed with lace and artificial flowers, blue wings, long hair floating, quiver on shoulder and bow in hand; and this chronic masquerade was indulged in for nearly a year. This alone was enough to tinge her whole life with romance. Her talent for acting was always remarkable.

Her next attire was a regular boy's dress, and she took daily lessons in fencing, as in dancing. She praises her own agility, grace, and musical skill at this age, and also declares that she could read character from the face with unerring instinct. She delighted in building air-castles, figuring for herself an extraordinary and brilliant destiny, with persecutions and reverses of fortune no stranger than those which actually occurred.

Lovers came while she was in short dresses, and kept coming in crowds till she was quite an old lady—she, of course, always surprised, always cool and cruel, with often fatal effect. "I was but eleven years old," she writes, "and small of my age, when I inspired the first passion—at least, the first *avowed* passion—quite unconsciously. I even felt shocked, grieved, when the son of one Pinat, an apothecary, proclaimed a devotion which he could no longer conceal, in verses glowing with a Sappho's fire. If there was no other proof of the distraction of mind, the delirium of love, with which Louis Pinat was afflicted, it would be manifest in the fact that he had overlooked the impassable gulf which must ever separate noblemen and apothecaries." She advised him to leave that part of the country before the mischief already done was irremediable. He yielded, and departed for Paris. Another, conscious of the hopeless disparity in years, sought safety in flight, and ultimately suc-

thirty *sous* after each bleeding. As was natural, she soon had a great number of patients, all anxious to be bled. Phlebotomy was the rage until the Count complained of the expense of this treatment. With all this she learned the game of billiards, and painted flowers and practised on some musical instrument every day. She played well on half a dozen—was a performer on the bagpipe, besides harp, guitar, violin, harpischord and organ.

She had real genius for entertaining her friends, and on one occasion planned a quadrille, called the Proverbs, in which each couple formed a proverb by their costume, while the figures also represented a proverb, "Run backwards before you leap." She composed the air herself. Unfortunately for the success of this novel diversion, some envious gentlemen who were not invited to join the dance sent a Savoyard dressed as a cat into their midst, creating a great excitement. *His* proverb was, "Beware of waking a sleeping cat."

With the birth of her daughter Caroline, the young mother became more serious, and her first real work was, "Reflections of a Mother Twenty Years of Age." This manuscript was lost, but many of its thoughts were transferred to her book, "Adèle and Théodore," which was translated into English by Misses Edgeworth and Holcroft. Soon after her twentieth birthday, she was presented at Court by the stately uncle and aunt of her husband now, completely reconciled.

Her eight volumes of autobiography, written after she was eighty, although absurd from her constant habit of self-adulation, are full of interesting sketches of distinguished men and women, and illustrate the history and social life of a century ago. In these recollections she confesses every one's faults—but her own. The second volume opens with a ludicrous mistake of hers in regard to Rousseau. Prenéle, a famous comic actor of that day, who could imitate Rousseau to the life, confides to Count de Genlis his intention of calling on Madame as the eccentric philosopher. The little lady was told

of the coming joke, when, strange to say, both gentlemen forgot all about it; and when she heard that Rousseau was anxious to make her acquaintance, and hear her play on the harp, she was in great glee, received the actor with a merry laugh, sang several of Rousseau's songs with careless ease, and urged him to come next day to dine. It was not till his departure that the misunderstanding was explained. Then her husband had *his* turn of laughing immoderately; and it was decided that the great man should never know her mistake.

In speaking of his works, he said: "I am not a Catholic, but no one has spoken of the gospel with more *conviction* and feeling." He talked admirably of music, and was a real connoisseur, yet his own compositions were not good. His sole means of subsistence was copying music, which he did with singular skill. He must have been extremely unreasonable and immensely conceited. One evening, when Madame de Genlis had the loan of a grated box with private staircase at the opera, she persuaded Rousseau to go with them. He said that he carefully avoided showing himself in public, but consented. On entering the box he would not allow the grate to be put down, saying he was sure Madame would not like it. She was too prettily dressed to remain hidden, and as she insisted, he actually held it up, saying he would conceal himself behind her. In a moment he put his head forward, on purpose to be seen, and again and again, till several persons called out, "There is Rousseau!" and the cry passed through the house, but no applause. He left as soon as the curtain fell, in a furious and implacable state, really enraged to think he had not produced a sensation; but asserting that he would never see Madame again, as she had taken him there to be shown off, as wild beasts are exhibited at a fair. And she really never met him again. The Marchioness of Pompadour having succeeded in putting Voltaire and others at her feet, tried, as she said, to *tame* Rousseau; but a letter she received from him disgusted her from making any more advances. "He is an owl," said

she one day to Madame de Mirepoix. "Yes," said the Maréchale, "but he is *Minerva's*."

At twenty-four Madame de Genlis was made a lady of honor in the household of the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans, known during the revolution as Egalité, a profligate patron and dangerous mischief-maker. The society of the Palais Royal was of course the best in Paris, and Madame de Genlis was a great favorite with all the gentlemen, and with the ladies who were not envious. But she kept up her studies with marvelous enthusiasm, always making extracts as she read. She persuaded the Duchess of Chartres to learn geography, and even taught her to spell, afterwards giving her lessons in history and mythology. She had also her secretary writing her notes and letters. Still, she kept up her own embroidery, painting, and music. She kept up her practice on the harp and instruments, and collected a fine cabinet of shells, minerals, and stones, which was afterwards confiscated and sold for the benefit of the nation; and she continued to write comedies. Was there ever such a versatile and busy woman?

When Glück went to Paris to have his operas performed, he completely bewitched Madame de Genlis, who was such an enthusiastic musician. She went to all the rehearsals, and every evening to the opera, and had Glück and other famous performers come to her *soirées* twice a week. She sang for them, and played his overtures on the harp; but at last felt that "music, Glück, and the opera had acquired too great a power over her." So she made a resolution never again to go to opera or theater, and she kept her vow faithfully, great as was the sacrifice. She makes this frank comment: "I sincerely wish now that religion had been my motive in this, but it was only the taste for study and the pride of being distinguished."

She now took up the study of the English language, and avers that she could read the poets easily in five months. Determined never to lose any time, she would read in the coach while traveling, and carried one of her

little books of extracts in her pocket to read in odd moments. In traveling, she would lead into conversation any one she met who could teach her anything, and then write down what she had collected. Having heard that one gentleman had written in a few years four quarto volumes by employing the ten or fifteen minutes before his wife came to dinner, she copied one thousand verses from various authors while waiting for the Duchesse de Chartres, who was always a quarter of an hour late. It was a curious and valuable collection, beginning with the oldest poetry known in France. She went often to the Jardin des Plantes and the Cabinet of Natural History, and met there Buffon, who became an intimate friend.

In 1774 Louis xv. died, and the unfortunate Louis xvi. was king. The next year Madame de Genlis spent in traveling. While at Geneva she visited Voltaire; she had from a child disliked him for his infidel sentiments, but still desired his admiration. "It was the custom for ladies to become agitated, grow pale, and even to faint on seeing Voltaire; they threw themselves into his arms, stammered and wept and adored." This was the etiquette of a presentation at Ferney, so that ordinary courtesy seemed almost a slight. But Voltaire, perceiving her perplexity, kissed her little hand, and the agony was over. She writes: "During the whole time of dinner Voltaire was far from agreeable. He seemed always in a passion with his servants, crying out to them with such strength of lungs that I often started involuntarily." But it was the result of habit, and the servants did not mind it in the least. He gave her a drive through the village, to see the houses he had built and the benevolent establishments founded by him. Such gross flattery as he had received had spoiled him. He regarded himself as an oracle, and could not brook contradiction or criticism. Imagine, then, his feelings when reduced to absolute subjection by a page whom he had vexed. "When Frederick the Great made short excursions, he often asked Voltaire to accompany him. On one of these trips, Voltaire was alone in a post chaise fol-

lowing the royal carriage. A young page whom Voltaire had severely scolded, as he thought unjustly, resolved to be revenged: accordingly, when he was sent in advance to have horses ready, he told all the post-masters and postilions that the king had an old *monkey*, of which he was so very fond that he delighted in dressing him up like a person belonging to the court, and that he always took this animal with him; that the monkey cared for no one but the king, and was extremely mischievous; and that, therefore, if he attempted to get out of the chaise, they must prevent him. After receiving this notice all the servants of the different post-houses, whenever Voltaire attempted to leave his carriage, opposed his exit, and when he thrust out his hand to open the door, he always received two or three sharp blows with a stick upon his fingers, followed by shouts of laughter. Voltaire, who did not understand a word of German, could not demand an explanation of these singular proceedings; his fury became extreme, but it only served to redouble the gayety of the post-masters, and a large crowd constantly assembled, in consequence of the page's report, to see 'the king's monkey' and to hoot at him. What completed the anger of Voltaire was that the king thought the trick so good that he refused to punish the inventor; so the vengeance of the young page was complete."

Madame de Genlis's first book was a collection of her plays and poems, published entirely for the benefit of a noble man, who was most unjustly imprisoned for life if he did not pay a much larger sum than he or his friends could raise. One gentleman, unknown to her, but touched by the generous effort, paid three thousand francs for one copy; the others sold so well that in six days all were gone, with a clear profit of forty-six thousand francs. The injured party accepted the sum, the prisoner was set free. This work was translated into all the modern languages, and the Empress of Russia had a version made with Russian text opposite the French.

And now comes a very marked change. The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres proposed that Madame de Genlis take the entire

charge of the instruction of their children. With her mania for teaching, and the honor of being offered a position which the wisest men of the realm desired and coveted—which Fénelon had filled in another reign—she could not refuse the offer. M. de Genlis, who had not accompanied her to Paris, being informed of the Duke's proposition, demurred, and requested his wife to join him in the country. She refused to do so, and they never saw each other again. It is necessary just here to allude to the shadow on Madame's character in her supposed intimacy with the Duke. Her affected unconsciousness of any scandal and her display of prudery is in strange contrast to the convictions of the public. The Queen, prejudiced by the complaints of the wife, excluded her from the opportunities of display at court which she would have gloried in, and she never could obtain either a private or public audience. After accepting the position she at once left the Palais Royal, and retired to a pavilion built on her own plan at the Convent Belle Chasse. She was then thirty-one. She gave up dancing and rouge, then universally worn. With her usual frankness (on all subjects but one) she says: "It is singular that though I had always possessed religious sentiments, all the sacrifices of a *dévote* which I have made have not been inspired by religion; and this is a reflection which afflicts me." She gave up rouge, because she had said it would be no sacrifice to her, and no one seemed to believe her; so she made a bet with the Duke that she would renounce rouge on the 25th of January, 1776, and kept her word.

Now began her earnest life-work with the four children of the Duke, a daughter and three boys, the eldest being Louis Philippe, afterward King of France. Like Madame de Maintenon, she was extremely practical—a model housewife—and with an eye to every detail, settling the accounts daily, while everything was rendered useful as a means of education. The tapestry of the princess's rooms was painted in oil, and on a blue ground were represented busts of the seven kings of Rome, and the emperors and em-

presses down to Constantine the Great. Over the doors were historical scenes. The staircases were covered with maps, which could be taken down for lessons. Even the fire-screens, hand-screens, and tops of the doors had lessons engraved on them; while in letters of gold, over the grate which shut them out from the world, were these words of Addison, taken from the *Spectator*: "True happiness is of a *retired* nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise." Her own daughters, two beautiful girls, were educated with the Prince's family.

During the first eighteen months in this sheltered retreat she published several volumes of her Theater of Education, all highly praised by the press and critics of that time. Madame d'Epinay was especially delighted, and urged a visit. Here she met Saint Lambert and Madame du Deffand.

She was now thoroughly in her element, and led, as she says, a delicious life. She was the first governess or tutor of princes in France who taught the languages by means of conversation. There was an English and Italian maid, and the little princesses had an English child for a playmate; one of the valets was a well-educated German, another Italian, and the princes were given a good teacher of English. They now removed to St. Leu, a charming residence, with a fine park. A small garden was laid out for each of her pupils, and they dug in the dirt like ordinary children, and planted flowers and vegetables. A botanist and chemist were attached to the house, also a teacher of drawing. A theater was built, where the children played pantomimes and her own pieces. She says: "In the winter at Paris I had a turning machine put into my ante-chamber, and in recreation hours all the children, as well as myself, learned to turn. I thus acquired, with them, all the trades in which strength is not required; making, for instance, pocket books and morocco portfolios, which looked as well as those of English manufacture." They also made baskets, tapes, ribbons, gauze, pasteboard, and plans in relief, artificial flowers, gratings for libraries in brass wire, marbled paper, gilt frames, all sorts of work in

hair, and even tried their hands at wigs, and the boys learnt cabinet-making. The Duke of Valois, with the aid of his brother, made a large press and a table with drawers for a poor peasant woman of St. Leu. This was their amusement. "Beside their palace of the five orders of architecture, which they could build and take down at pleasure, I made them make various tools and utensils, the interior of a laboratory, with retorts, crucibles, and alembics, and the interior of a cabinet of natural history. These were afterwards displayed in the gallery of the Palais Royal, and have since been placed in the Louvre. I was very proud to see the public admire the playthings I had invented for my pupils." The princes were taught to swim and row, and the Duke of Orleans bought an estate by the sea, where six months were passed studying shells, fishes and sea-plants, and learning in a practical way about ships. During one winter they were taken to a hospital, to dress the wounds of the poor.

Then her husband inherited a large estate, 100,000 francs a year. He urged his wife to leave her pupils and return to him; but ambition, and sincere attachment to the children, and self-love carried the day, and she refused, which was afterwards a deep grief to her. In her words: "In spite of the arguments of M. de Genlis, I persisted in a resolution which has cost me dear. If I had fulfilled my real duty, which was to rejoin him, especially when he desired and entreated it so earnestly, I might easily have induced him to leave France; we should have lived comfortably in a foreign land, and he would not have perished on a scaffold! This terrible reflection causes me eternal remorse; since his death it never leaves me."

The assembly of the French Academy in 1783 gave the "Prize of Utility" to Madame d'Epinay's "Conversations of Emilia" in preference to Madame de Genlis's "Adèle and Théodore," a manual of education—a matter of intense surprise to the latter; but she consoled herself by attributing the decision to her having spoken too favorably of religion and too lightly of philosophy. "But

how," says Grimm, "could the vengeance of philosophy wound the high piety of our illustrious governess? Can she who renounces the toilet, rouge, and all the pleasures, all the vanities of life, still regret its frivolous and profane laurels?" The Duchess of Grammont said with her usual frankness that she was overjoyed at the success of Madame d'Epinay, because she hoped that Madame de Genlis would die with envy, which would be an excellent thing; or that she would revenge herself by a good satire, which would be good again; and lastly, because she wished all the world to perceive, what she had for some time suspected, the Academy to be falling into dotage.

At Belle Chasse an intimacy was formed with Madame Necker. She made the first visit, bringing her daughter, then sixteen. Madame de Genlis never liked Madame de Stael. This is her first criticism: "This young lady was not pretty, but she was very animated, and though she spoke a deal too much, she spoke cleverly." Madame Necker had educated her on a poor plan, permitting her to pass much of her time in her *salon*, among the crowd of *beaux esprits* who were constantly to be found there, while the young miss discussed with them on love and the passions. The solitude of her chamber and a few good books would have been more to her advantage. She learned to talk fast and much, without any reflection, and has written in the same manner. She had read little, and all her knowledge was superficial. She had collected in her works not the result of sound reading, but an infinite number of recollections and incoherent conversations. Madame Necker was a virtuous, calm, reserved person, without any fancy. She was *studied* in all she did, and arranged beforehand a part for all situations. The Chevalier de Chastellux picked up a little book while waiting for Madame Necker to appear—as he was too early for dinner—and found a careful preparation of her subjects for conversation during the dinner. His own name caught his eye, and he read: "I must talk to the Chevalier de Chastellux about Public Happiness and Agatha"—two of his works.

All were to be complimented in some skillful way. The dinner was peculiarly enjoyable to the amused chevalier, as he saw that Madame repeated word for word the remarks in her book. Madame de Genlis, throughout her memoirs, gives the idea that Madame de Stael was a failure, but that if she had been allowed to educate her, it would have been vastly different, saying: "I have often regretted sincerely that she had not been my daughter or my pupil. I should then have given her good literary principles, just ideas, and unaffected manners. With such an education, joined to her own talents and generous mind, she would have been an accomplished person, and the first female author of our day."

A short time before the Revolution, in 1785, she visited England, and was received, by her own account, with unusual honor, which she writes of as frankly as of her failings. She says: "No woman is allowed to enter the House of Commons, but that assembly, by a special order, invited me to be present at one of the debates. I was not allowed to introduce any other woman." This was one of Sheridan's practical jokes. "Tragedy was not played in the summer, yet in honor to me, Hamlet was performed at one of the theatres. An account of all these things was inserted in the English newspapers, with the most complimentary notices of myself. There appeared also in the journals an infinite number of verses in my honor. I received many marks of interest and esteem from the most distinguished persons in England; among others, Fox, Sheridan, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Burke, and Miss Burney. The Prince of Wales invited me to an entertainment, and the Queen invited me to Windsor. This was a great distinction, for she never received foreigners there. Lord Mansfield, the celebrated English judge, requested permission to visit me. Mr. Horace Walpole invited me to breakfast in his Gothic priory.

"I read a great many English works, and was struck with the absurd contempt which the writers of this country affect for other nations. With what injustice have they crit-

icised our literature, at the same time they were stealing from or copying our writers! How are we represented on the English stage? The French are always treated there as weak fops, and what seems still more singular, as cowards. Let us compare this with the generous good feeling of our authors, who have so highly praised English writers and the English nation."

Walpole writes: "I will read no more of Rousseau; his Confessions disgusted me beyond any book I ever opened. His Hen—the schoolmistress, Madame de Genlis—is arrived in London. I nauseate *her* too: the eggs of education that he and she both laid could not be hatched till the chickens were ready to die of old age. I revere *genius*; I have a dear friendship for common sense; I have a partiality for professed nonsense: but I abhor extravagance, that is given for the quintessence of sense, and affectation that pretends to be philosophy." But when he met her, the prejudice vanished, and he says: "Her person is agreeable, and she seems to have been pretty. Her conversation is natural and reasonable, not precise and affected, and searching to be eloquent, as I had expected." But he joins with other men in ridiculing the office she held. "The Duc de Chartres has made Madame de Genlis governess of his children. Why should not Madame de Schwellenberg be governess to our prince, and Bishop Hurd wet-nurse?"

In Fanny Burney's Diary (1785) there are many allusions to Madame de Genlis. She speaks of her at first as the "sweetest and most accomplished French woman she ever met with," and is for a long time completely charmed; but tales, true or false, were so often forced into her unwilling ears, that she says: "Notwithstanding the most ardent admiration of her talents, and a zest yet greater for her engaging society and elegantly lively and winning manners, I yet dared no longer come within the precincts of her fascinating allurements."

The biographer of Burke, describing Madame de Genlis's visit to Butler's Court (1792) gives an unpleasant anecdote: "Her great ambition was to do, or be thought to do, ev-

erything; to possess a *universal* genius both in mind and mechanical powers beyond the attainments of her own or even the other sex. A ring which she wore, of very curious, indeed, exquisite workmanship, having attracted the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he inquired by what good fortune it had come into her possession, and received for answer that it was executed by herself. Sir Joshua stared, but made no reply. "I have done with her," said he, the first time he was alone with Mr. Burke afterwards. To have the assurance to tell *me* such a tale! Why, my dear sir, it is an *antique*; no living artist in Europe can equal it."

She carried back and introduced into France, where it was unknown, the moss rose, as Pope introduced the weeping willow into England by planting some shoots which were sent him with a basket of figs.

Soon after her return the Revolution began, and her life was full of troubles—charges of sympathy with the Liberals, and serious danger from association with the children of the Duchess of Orleans, whom she was accused of estranging from their mother.

To all these attacks she pleaded "Not guilty," and wrote a book to prove it, insisting that she was at all times a Royalist. From her account, you judge her to be peculiarly conscientious and pure, resisting all admirers, and looking with severity upon damaged reputations. Mr. Stoddard tells me that after reading all he can find on either side, he does not know whether to think her a hypocrite or grossly slandered. Let us give her the benefit of the doubt.

Her husband, who fearlessly expressed himself opposed to the execution of the king, was punished on the scaffold. The Duke also was killed. After Madame de Genlis had wandered about with Mademoiselle d'Orleans for a year or two, the princess was recalled, and her lonely governess went to Berlin, where she gave lessons in literature, and designed patterns for a print factory, and wrote novels, thus supporting herself very comfortably. She said she knew fifty-two trades by which she could earn her living. Talleyrand, also an *émigré* with Ma-

dame de Stael, writing to her from Philadelphia, says of America: "This country is a place where honest men may prosper, though not, to be sure, quite so well as rogues, who, as may be expected, have many advantages on their side." She remained in exile for nine years. At Hamburg she received a visit from Klopstock, who talked at her steadily for three hours, mostly of himself, and retired highly pleased with her conversational ability.

In Paris, when she was allowed to return, in 1801, everything had strangely, sadly altered. She said: "Everything seemed *new* to me. I felt like a stranger who stops at every step to look around. I could scarcely recognize the streets, of which all the names were changed. I found philosophers substituted for saints. I saw passing hackney coaches, which I recognized as the confiscated carriages of my friends; and in walking, I saw on the stalls books which bore on their bindings the coats of arms of my acquaintances, and in shops their portraits exhibited for sale. Three-fourths of the unfortunate nobles whom these pictures represented had been guillotined, and the rest, despoiled of everything, were wandering in foreign lands. Even the language was changed. The Bureaux d'Esprit, ridiculed by those who were envious or unable to rival them, such as the Hotel de Rambouillet, were gone forever. Suppers were no longer in fashion, for our customs had changed as well as the language. Formerly the ladies, after dinner was over, rose and left the table, in order to wash their mouths; the gentlemen went into an antechamber for the same purpose. Nowadays this part of our toilette is performed at table in many houses, where Frenchmen seated by the side of ladies wash their hands and spit into a bowl. This spectacle would have been truly astonishing to their grandfathers and grandmothers."

As she was seriously in need of money, she wrote the "Romance de La Vallière." This story was greatly liked. Napoleon, who was inordinately fond of novel-reading, read it through without stopping, and was affected by it even to tears. It went through eigh-

teen editions, and brought the age of Louis XIV. into fashion. Sir James McIntosh said, "It is surely a most fascinating book." Some months after this success, "Madame de Maintenon" appeared. Fontanes, in his letter acknowledging the receipt of this book, closes by saying: "I doubt, even in an age more worthy of you, whether the Mesdames de Sevigné and La Fayette would have pardoned you for surpassing them. It is true that the La Rochefoucaulds, the La Fontaines, and the La Bruyères would have been at your feet, but where are they at this day?"

Then followed novels and plays thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa. The Emperor now requested from Madame de Genlis a letter once a fortnight on "politics, finance, literature, and morals," as well as on any other subjects that might occur to her. He allotted to her handsome apartments in the Arsenal, and a pension of six thousand francs. After telling her readers how highly these letters were valued by the First Consul, she adds, "It was not my fault if he did not become religious."

The Queen of Naples desired her as governess for her family. She did not accept the position, but was granted a pension of three thousand francs by the Queen, who admired her greatly. In consideration of this compliment, Madame de Genlis prepared a written course of history and literature, as a guide for the Queen's children.

Her drawing-room was crowded every evening during the winter of 1812. Lady Morgan was often seen there, fascinating all with her sparkling manner, warmth of heart, and good nature—not beautiful, but always attractive. Madame Recamier was a constant visitor. She is usually spoken of as a beautiful lay figure, or a soulless coquette, so that it is pleasant to hear a better opinion from one who knew her well, and who was peculiarly quick to notice defects. She says: "The more I conversed with her, the more talent and interest I found in her conversation. Had she not been so handsome and so celebrated for her person, she would be ranked amongst the most accomplished women of society. The world never grants but

one species of renown, and only lavishes its praise for one darling quality. If Madame Recamier had not been so *beautiful*, every one would have praised the accuracy and discrimination of her mind; *no one listens with more attention* (an important trait where you wish to charm), for she feels and comprehends everything. The delicacy of her sentiments gives an inexpressible charm to that of her mind. Her opinions on every subject indirectly connected with morals are never calculated beforehand, and are extremely accurate. They are the free, happy emanations of a pure and feeling heart. Notwithstanding all the troubles and misfortunes with which her life has been checkered, there is so much sweetness in her temper, so much calmness in her heart and conscience, that she has preserved nearly all the fairness of her complexion, and all the charming appearance of her early youth. The round of pleasure in which she has lived has rendered her completely unable to apply herself to serious occupations. Disgusted with frivolous amusements of every kind, tired of trifling, she now only gives herself up to them through habits of idleness; but she is a proof that it is the most disagreeable situation any one can be placed in who possesses judgment and talents. In her most intimate chats she rarely speaks of herself, for the interests of her life have never been but relative. She has long possessed friends, who are deservedly devoted to her, in elevated stations, but has never profited herself by her influence with them, although always suggesting beneficent plans for others. There does not exist a woman who has rendered more services than she without cabal or intrigue, and there is not one who, after the loss of a great fortune, has possessed more dignity under reverses."

The remaining years of this long and busy life were spent in publishing a number of volumes—so many that it would be fatiguing even to enumerate the titles—in entertaining her friends, and in attacking the new ideas of the philosophers. At one time, in the winter of 1820, she was writing five books at the same time.

It is not strange that she was always looking back regretfully to the good old times, when cultivated women queened it in their *salons*, and politics were kept out of general conversation. She says:

"Our profound thinkers, our great statesmen, are continually talking with contempt of the 'frivolity' of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth century. It is said again and again that society is no longer 'frivolous.' Alas! it is true, and it is a great misfortune in my opinion. There is a great pleasure in being able to argue well in a serious conversation, or to talk trifles gracefully in a select private party; and the French, in former times, seemed to have the exclusive privilege of wielding this double power with success. Previous to this horrid period, where impiety, licentiousness, and pride run mad, combined to give birth to all the scenes we have witnessed, the frivolity of the French was not a national defect. It was, on the contrary, the preserver against pedantry, affectation, and a thousand ridiculous and dangerous pretensions. It was found where it ought to be to form the charm of society, in the conversations of men of the world, in letters, and the gayest amusements. It excluded from our parties a positive and dogmatic spirit, metaphysical discussions, politics and dissertations; and was, in its turn, excluded from important affairs and serious works. Men never thought more profoundly or wrote more elegantly and correctly than when society was adorned by the most amiable frivolity, which was nothing else but a relaxation of mind, and a gaiety full of wit, feeling, and grace. Were we to expunge from the letters of Madame de Sevigné everything that is frivolous, we should take away their principal charm.

"Such was frivolity amongst us in the times of old. The following incident will show what modern politeness is:

"Towards the end of June, 1821, I dined with thirteen persons, amongst whom were four peers, four marshals of France, and three generals; among the peers there were two dukes. Before dinner they were in their own way very polite to me, and I had no

trouble in taking my share of the conversation at dinner, for the peers on either side spoke of nothing but politics, and addressed their conversation to gentlemen at the other end of the table. We returned to the drawing-room after dinner, and at the moment I was sitting down I saw with surprise that all the dukes and peers had *escaped* from me; each of them took hold of an arm chair, dragged it after him, approached his neighbor, and thus formed a circle in the middle of the room. I was thus left quite alone, with a semi-circle of backs turned towards me. To be sure, I saw the faces of the other half of the party. I thought at first they had seated themselves so to play at those little games that require such an arrangement, but it was no such thing; it was solely for the purpose of discussing the most difficult questions of state policy. Every one became a noisy orator, bawled out his opinions, interrupted his neighbor, quarreled and talked till he got hoarse; they must all have been in a precious state of perspiration. It was a correct picture of the Chamber of Deputies—in fact, it was a great deal worse, for there was no president. I had a great mind to play the part of one, and to call them to order, but I had no bell, and my feeble voice could not have been heard. This clamor and confusion lasted for more than an hour and a half, when I left the drawing-room, delighted with having received the first lesson of the new customs of society, and the new code of French gallantry—of that politeness which has rendered us so celebrated throughout Europe. I confess that down to this moment I had very inadequate notions of all these things.

"I now met with women who naturally hated all kinds of interesting or witty conversation, because they could take no share in it; tittle tattle, or scandal, formed all their talk; they had produced a coolness among all their husbands' friends by their insipidity, their dryness, and their aptness to take offense—the ordinary defect of women who want talent and education. The most of these persons, ridiculously vain, reckoned their reciprocal visits, and bid (as it were) for

a courtesy; they were always on the *qui vive*? always uneasy with regard to the manner in which they were treated, without knowing positively how they ought to be treated; so that they were generally irritating themselves by imaginary failures in politeness and ideal impertinences."

Youth and charm lingered with this inscrutable little woman until the very last. At eighty she had perfect health, required no glasses—hearing as good as at twenty, memory and mental faculties unimpaired. The novel which is now most read of all her works is "*Mademoiselle de Clermont*." Belisarius was written simply to outdo Marmontel, who had published a book on the same subject. She revived in France the "*Historical Novel*," much in the style of Madame Mühlbach. Like Ruskin, who has planned more than seventy works which he wants to give the world before he leaves it, she closes her Memoirs with a hint of a dozen more books which she hopes to publish. She had many chimerical plans, such as the attempt to purify history and philosophy by omitting everything irreverent, skeptical, or untrue; just as some in our day indulge the delusion that the drama would still be attractive if raised to the moral standard of the church. In short, she embraced the entire *Cosmos* in her schemes of reform, and wondered that all thinkers did not turn round and follow meekly in her train. In the long sketch of her in the "*Universal Biography of France*," they say: "The world was by her divided into two parts—her friends and her enemies, or rather, those who *admired her* and those who *criticised*. Her Memoirs were an apology, a compilation, selections from her works, a collection of anecdotes—in a word, they are anything but memoirs." Call them what you will, they are full of interest to this day.

A more conceited woman never lived, and her frankness in quoting her various compliments, poetical tributes, and constant conquests is weak but amusing. She felt herself capable of gracing any position, of instructing and guiding any who came in her path; no subject so abstruse or profound that she could

not master it ; no one escaped her criticism, yet she always spoke of herself as thoroughly impartial, never malicious, abused by critics, robbed by plagiarists. As the instructor of Louis Philipie, she deserves great honor. You remember that during his exile he supported himself by teaching, rising at half past four and walking miles to teach the higher mathematics in a Swiss college. When a civic crown was presented to him for saving a man from drowning, he wrote at once to his old teacher : " Without you, what should I have been ? "

Her works were wonderfully popular in their day. By the way, it is a curious fact that W. S. Gilbert, author of the irresistible " Bab Ballads," and " Pygmalion and Galatea," to say nothing of " Pinafore," borrowed wholesale from Madame de Genlis's " Tale of an Old Castle" for his " Palace of Truth," which is so much admired. It is little more than a paraphrase of her story.

She had a slight, graceful figure, was rather *petite*, with curling brown hair and " soft, spiritual eyes." But her *nose* was her pride. Its praise had been sung by several of her admirers. In her seventieth year she stumbled over a trunk, broke two teeth, scratched her face in three places, and broke that beautiful nose—that nose so delicate, so perfect in outline. Her wailings over this calamity and her rhapsodic reminiscence of her nose as it used to be, are serio-comic in the extreme.

Her last days were rather sad ; her means were reduced, old friends gone, the glory of her nose among the things that were ; yet Mrs. Opie, who called upon her in her last year, speaks of her as a really pretty and lively little old woman. She was found dead December, 1830—the last morning of the year—aged eighty-four.

Men have reviewed her life and writings with great severity. In the " Quarterly" for 1826 we find this sentence : " If we may be allowed thus to express ourselves, we should say Madame de Genlis has a very large portion of a very small mind, and that portion is particularly active. Her intellectual arsenal is boundlessly stored with sparrow-shot."

In her eighty-third year she expressed the opinion that the value set upon the opinions of old women is the surest, if not the only, test of the moral, religious, and intellectual state of a country ; and in the " Suppers of the Maréchale de Luxembourg," gives a picture of society under this government ! This, of course, made her ridiculous, and reviewers were merciless. Yet Miss Kavanaugh says in her sketch : " No woman who has written so much, has written so well." St. Beuve says of her : " She was above everything an author, and would certainly have invented writing, if it had not appeared before her time. Her acquirements made her a living encyclopedia, which prided itself on being the rival antagonist of all other encyclopedias. But she was the most gracious and gallant of pedagogues. Very beautiful, very fascinating when she chose, knowing the strength and the weak points of each one, and knowing how to cast her spell of enchantment upon you, she became cold and indifferent when you did not respond to her enthusiasm ; of an infinite grace when admired, she was hard and severe when one dared to disagree or failed to please."

To judge her impartially she must not be taken from the circle where she lived. She wrote for the luxurious *habitués* of palaces and *salons*. Let me quote a few of her good thoughts :

" Constant and varied occupation is much more powerful than amusements in dispelling sorrow and anxiety."

" There are but two suffrages worthy of desire by a feeling and upright heart : one's own conscience, and the voice of friendship."

" Virtue may be acquired, but goodness is a gift of nature."

" A man declares his love, a woman confesses hers."

" Evil-speaking always spoils the manners of a woman."

" With the exception of the loss by death of those we love, almost all our misfortunes and sorrows are in part our own fault."

" Let musical teachers be given to those young ladies only who have a musical voice and ear, and a feeling for music ; let draw-

ing be taught to those only who have a taste for the art, and the number of amateurs would be diminished; and we should no longer meet with that crowd of women with trifling acquirements and high pretensions, which throws so much ennui over the surface of society."

"Criticism at the present day is nothing but a continual system of sneering and ridicule, more or less witty and more or less worn out; such a continual shower of irony becomes monotonous."

"Sleep, which flies from luxury and indolence, is the sure reward of real fatigue."

"Men of letters have an actually existing superiority over female authors that is perfectly evident and indisputable. All the works of women put into one scale will not weigh some fine pages of Bossuet or Pascal, some scenes of Corneille, Racine, or Molière; but it must not be concluded from this that the mental constitution of women is inferior to that of men. Genius is composed of all the qualities they are admitted to possess, and which they may be endowed with in the highest degree—fancy, sensibility, and eleva-

tion of soul. The want of study and education having at all times kept women apart from the career of literature, they have shown their greatness of soul, not by describing historical facts in their writings, or by bringing forth ingenious fictions of fancy; but by real actions they have done better than describe, and have often by their conduct furnished the models of sublime heroism. No woman in her writing has described the lofty soul of Cornelia; what matters it, since Cornelia is not an imaginary being?"

French women of that early period, always excepting Madame de Sevigné, seem to be either fanatics or flirts. We fear our eccentric friend is no exception; yet it is difficult to read her own story and not believe in her innocence. Madame always ended with a moral. In imitation, we regret that her character and talents were ruined by excessive vanity. This fault led her into a dangerous position, and kept her there; it shadowed every virtue, every accomplishment, and makes us not unwilling to say good bye to Countess de Genlis, Jack-of-all-trades, Paragon of Perfection, "*Gouverneur du Roi*."

Kate Sanborn.

---

### A MORNING THOUGHT.

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were paling,  
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,  
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,  
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;  
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—  
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,  
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,  
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

E. R. Sill.

## A HUNCHBACK.

DON JOSÉ DE MADERO had in his youthful days issued the first newspaper ever published in St. Sebastian. As it had its birth at a time when all Spain was struggling in fierce revolutionary throes, its tone was strongly conservative—for de Madero was an anti-Carlist, and one of Queen Isabella's staunchest allies. Upon the victory of the Carlists, Her Majesty was exiled, and as a dangerous enemy of the new government, de Madero was banished too, and his property confiscated. He went at once to his brother Enrique, who lived at Paris. Don Enrique gave him enough capital to buy a small plantation in Guatemala.

It was during the first year of his residence in Central America that a son was born to him—a hunchback. The mother abhorred Jorge, but the father conceived a strong affection for the little fellow from the first. As soon as Jorge could walk, his mother sent him to her brother, the Archbishop Vechia, in order that he might be brought up well, and yet that she might not be compelled to see him.

As time flew by, the Archbishop found that even if the hunchback's figure was stunted, his intellect was not, for the law of compensation had gifted him with keen wit. When Jorge was nine years old his uncle died, and threw him back upon his family. After much consideration they sent him to the Collège Stanislas in Paris, an old established institution conducted by the priests. Jorge had not been in his new school twenty-four hours before the students had named him "*Le petit singe chetif de Guatemala*."

"Dwarfed monkey, indeed!" he resentfully retorted. "If I am a dwarfed monkey, you must all be chimpanzees."

Some of the boys tittered uncomfortably. Clement Bennett, the bully of the class, took up the case, and tried to imitate Jorge's painful walk, saying, as he did so:

"*Hein ! petit singe*, where did you steal your beautiful back? Isn't it lovely?"

"*Bien ! bien !*" cried some of the boys approvingly. "The hump is perfect, Bennett."

Madero's eyes blazed with wrath, as he darted stealthily behind the cruel English boy and straightened him out with a furious blow aimed at the small of his back. Bennett, as soon as he recovered his breath, turned upon Madero, and clinched his fists. Perhaps it was the flame in the hunchback's eyes, or perhaps it was the uncomfortable lameness in his back, that made Bennett hesitate to renew the attack.

"You are a gorilla," snapped Madero defiantly.

"And you, little monkey, too small to fight," retorted Bennett, walking away.

The other boys grasped the situation at once—their bully had found his match; and they looked eagerly forward to further encounters.

However, Madero had but little to say to any of the students. He received the taunts and insults heaped upon him with an air of exasperating reserve. Not being equal to the others in physical strength, he abided his time, and retaliated in a way that was a thousand times more humiliating to them than open defeat would have been. His practical jokes were the very ingenuity of cruelty. On the cold winter nights, when a red-hot furnace was an absolute necessity in the dormitory, Madero would throw a handful of red pepper just where it would burn the worst. By the time Father Dupanloup came in to investigate, Madero would be lying in his little bed, grumbling discontentedly about the rascal who was spoiling their night's rest. Then Henri Colombière began to laugh at the discomfort of every one else, so he was punished instead of the real culprit. Madero waited until Father Dupanloup had dragged Colombière away; then he chuckled, for he cared but little who was punished, so long as all those who had taunted him were made to suffer. Some days after this he wrote a note, imitating perfectly the penmanship of

one of the students who had that morning insulted him, and placed it in Clement Bennett's desk :

"All those fellows who would like to have some fun, will meet in the bell tower tonight at eleven o'clock. The door on the right will be unlocked. The password is '*Liberté*.' Each boy will pull the bell-rope once, then run down into the cave. The panel in the chapel altar will be open. De Bébian will act as door-keeper. Please pass this on to the other U. B. C. boys. By order of the secretary."

The mysterious paper was handed around, and at eleven o'clock that night the members of the secret society, in snowy garments and bare feet, stole out of the dormitory. Creeping softly along the corridor, they descended the stairs leading to the dark tower. Each boy, after giving the magic password and the society grip, was permitted to enter the impenetrable shades beyond. Giving a sharp jerk to the bell-rope, he flew down through the trap-door into "the cave," as the secret passage leading from the bell tower to the chapel altar was called. When they were all crouching behind the altar, Clement Bennett slid aside a marble slab and bounded out into the chapel, followed pell mell by the other boys. The large sanctuary was dimly lighted by a hanging lamp, but notwithstanding that, the boys showed a terrified anxiety to get back to the dormitory. They rushed to the massive iron doors, and found them securely locked. What was to be done? Retreat was dangerous, for even then some of the priests might be in the belfry.

"I'm nearly f-f-frozen," shivered one.

"I bet that you did this just to trick us," said André de Bébian, aggressively eyeing the president of the society.

"I didn't, either. You wrote the order yourself!" retorted Jules Cliquot in surprise.

"I didn't write it. You wrote it; for I guess I know your writing,"

"Indeed, I didn't. You're lying just to skin out of this."

"You're a coward not to own up, that's what you are!"

As André said this, Jules sprang at him

like a maddened tiger, and the two boys closed in a desperate grapple. The others no longer mindful of the damp, chilled air, climbed upon the backs of the pews, and dividing into two parties, were soon eagerly encouraging their man. "Go it, André!"—"Give it to him, Jules!"—"I say, why don't you hit him a good one?"—"André hit below the belt; that wasn't fair."—"Good! Good!"

While their enthusiasm was at its height, and the two gladiators were panting and gasping for breath, the chapel doors swung back to admit the solemn procession of priests, who, roused by the bell, had come in to recite the midnight mass. The culprits would have hidden under the benches, but it was too late for that; so they stood with downcast eyes, until the monks dismissed them to bed.

The following day, all the students were summoned to the assembly-room, where the tutors sat upon the platform in solemn state.

"Those young men who were in the chapel last night will please stand."

One after another of the culprits reluctantly rose, while Father Dupanloup continued :

"I see the same young men before me who are always concerned in these affairs. This time the punishment will not be light. Who wrote this?" he asked, holding up the fatal order. No one responded, so the Father said :

"If the young man who suggested this escapade does not stand, I shall be forced to call him by name."

For the first time since the investigation began, the innocent smile left Madero's face. His heart palpitated violently when the priest opened his lips to pronounce the culprit's name, "Jules Cliquot."

Madero's mind was mightily relieved as he sank back in his seat with an inward laugh. It was in vain that Cliquot denied his guilt; the proofs were before him in black and white. "Do not add falsehood to the guilt of desecrating the chapel, Jules Cliquot," was the reply he received when he protested his innocence. When the sentence

of solitary confinement for one week had been passed upon the U. B. C. boys, the rest of the students filed back to their respective recitation rooms. Madero brought up the rear, and Father Pietro was saying to him :

"I am glad, Madero, that you have sense enough to keep out of these scrapes. You are a good boy."

To tell the truth, Madero's conscience did feel slightly nipped at this remark, but on the whole he was relieved to think that his tormentors were in a safe place for a few days.

Ten years passed rapidly by in very much the same way. When the final examinations came, Madero found himself the proud winner of every prize the college offered, including the one for deportment. Father Dupanloup made a very eloquent speech at the public exercises, in which he spoke of Madero's unflagging industry and perseverance.

A hush fell over the assembly as the pitiful figure of the hunchback limped up on the stage. All bent forward eagerly as he bowed his head to receive the medals and the class wreath of laurel leaves. Those among the students who had bragged for weeks about the prizes they expected to carry off, looked crestfallen. Madero stepped forward, and, throwing his fine head proudly back, he delivered the valedictory poem. As the last word died away, voice after voice rang out in hearty congratulation. He stood for some moments spellbound; then, throwing a glance of grateful acknowledgment at the people, he bowed. At the boys he cast a look of triumph that seemed to say, "Now, will you ever call me '*Le singe chetif*' again?"

The exercises over, the boys all pressed around him, shaking his hands and clapping his back with an air of hearty good fellowship that choked him a bit, as he realized for the first time the gratification which follows upon victory. Even Bennett sauntered up, and said :

"See here, Madero, I return to England today, and I may never see you again, so I want to tell you how sorry I am that I have ever plagued you. Will you forgive me for being such a—chimpanzee?"

Madero laughed at this reference to their first encounter, but a slight tremor shook his voice as he replied :

"You better believe that I will forgive any fellow that comes to me like a man and asks me to. I shall be glad to call you my friend—I have so few, you know. Good-bye, old boy, and remember that if the handsomest fellow always won the laurels, you would be in my boots today."

The next day Madero received a letter from his father, full of affection and grieving to think that his wife could not tolerate her son's presence. He placed a moderate income at Jorge's disposal, and wrote that if he needed more he must earn it.

## II.

A YOUNG man must have great moral stamina if he can, at the age of twenty, dive under the billows of Parisian life and come to the surface again uninjured. Existence in Paris is such a riddle. The people rush headlong into every diversion and industry, seeming to take an intense interest in everything; while in this frantic desire to have a finger in every pie they overshoot their mark, and become an insincere, worn-out, *blasé* people while yet in their prime. Is it not Honoré de Balzac who says that "Paris may be rightly characterized as a veritable hell, where all smokes, burns, broils, boils, grows dim, is extinguished, relighted, sparkles, glitters, and is finally consumed by itself?" No sooner does one work near completion than "*Pouf! en avant!*" becomes the pass-word. No repose, no real recreation. One piece of work is crowded upon another, until it seems as if the weary butterfly must faint and fall in its long, rapid flight. For a young man there is no social circle like that in America, where he can spend the evenings harmlessly and pleasantly with the mothers and daughters of his acquaintance. One can scarcely call it an amusement to go to balls given by the *haut ton*; for it is only a bore to make yourself agreeable to ladies whose husbands are jealously watching every move you make. The only amusements, then, are the theaters,

operas, gambling-houses and the popular resorts of the demi-monde.

Young Madero was at first dazzled by this gay life. Being young and impressionable, he looked upon the vast arena of gaiety and pleasure, his inexperienced eyes seeing only the rose-colored mask that everything Parisian wears. The misery, feebleness, hypocrisy, dishonesty, and shame remained like a sealed book to him. For a time he gave himself up to the exquisite intoxication produced by his first taste of this illusory existence. He fluttered hither and thither, from one exciting pleasure to another, dazzled and bewildered.

One night, in a gambling parlor of the Rue St. Lazare, he played away the whole of his year's allowance. It was a lesson that brought him to his senses. He gambled no more, although, at times, the temptation to do so was almost overwhelming. Only a gambler can realize the strength of character one must have to overcome this terrible infatuation for play. His money gone, Madero sacrificed his watch and other valuables at a well-known *Maison de Confiance*. He moved into humble quarters on the sixth floor of a tenement house in the Rue Torton. Something had to be done—but what? That, indeed, was a poser. He reflected.

"I have a fine education, but who in the devil wants a hunchback for a tutor? I could keep a set of books, but those friends to whom I could apply know me only as a gambler, and would never trust me. If I had but capital I would start in some business; then, who would patronize a hunchback?"

Depression pressed its heavy hands down upon his heart, but in spite of everything, hope, that feeling which is so strong in youth, came to the front, and the boy burst out into a gay Tyrolean carol. As his voice rang out so clearly in the room devoid of furniture, he thought to himself:

"*Hein!* why should I not be a singer? Music is my life, my passion. The opera—how grand I should feel. *Diable!* how people would sneer at my fascinating form on the stage!"

His rollicking song ceased, and his head drooped dejectedly upon his breast. A sudden idea seemed to renew his hope. Rising from the edge of the bed where he had been sitting, he jammed his soft cap down over his forehead, lit his last cigarette, strode out of the room, banged the door after him, then walked heavily down the five flights of bare, rickety stairs.

"The Marquis of Candia—is he at home?" he asked of the stately butler who opened the door of the house where Mario, the great tenor, lived.

"He is," said the butler, ushering Madero into a warm, cheery reception-room.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" began Mario, as, clad in a long garnet velvet dressing gown, he lounged into the room and took his guest's hand.

"*Bon jour.* Your name is not familiar to me, but I have frequently noticed your eloquent face in my audiences—one cannot forget it. You like music?"

"With my whole soul."

"Madero—Madero," thoughtfully repeated Mario, scrutinizing the young man's card. "I once had a friend of that name. He is in Guatemala now, on a coffee plantation—Señor José de Madero."

"My father!" exclaimed Madero.

"Indeed! Well, Monsieur, your father is a friend that I never can forget. We used to have jolly times together when we were 'Spanish Students.'"

"Monsieur, I came to you today in regard to my voice. I wish to become a singer; and—though I hardly dare to ask it—but I am in hopes that you will teach me yourself. I know that the path is a thorny one—I realize the difficulties in the way—but—just try me."

"*Mais, Monsieur,*" pointing significantly to the bent form, "you will never be able to sing in public, so why will you waste your time and money upon that which is of no practical value to you?"

"After you have taught me your art, Monsieur Mario, I shall sing, and in public, too."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Madame Grisi, who had quietly entered the room, and was lean

ing against the mantel. "*Le petit Monsieur* will find it very hard to captivate a Parisian audience—his stage presence is not in his favor."

"Madame, I will succeed—pray listen to me."

"No, no!" interrupted Mario, emphatically. "It is of no use—no use. You are only wasting your time."

Not to be daunted, Madero struck his key-note upon the piano, and burst out into one of Mario's favorite arias, the "*Spirito gentil*," from "*Favorita*."

"*Onais!*" ejaculated both Mario and his wife, when Madero had finished. "Who is your master?"

"I have learned all that I know at the Collège Stanislas."

"I will take you for a pupil. Let us begin at once."

"And your price?"

"No price. I cannot take pupils, but I will teach you what I know."

"That is lucky," thought Madero, "for without a sou in my pocket, I could not pay him until next year."

He now dropped the gay Parisian world, and devoted himself to his work, practising during the day, and at night singing wherever he could earn a few francs. Queen Isabella, to whom Jorge's father had written, took the young man under her patronage.

"I can never repay your father for his loyalty to me at a time when I needed just such devotion," she used to say in explanation of the many favors she heaped upon Jorge.

Mario had always felt a great aversion for deformity of any kind, but he and his pupil were in perfect sympathy. After a few months' teaching, Mario obtained a place for Madero in the choir at the cathedral of Notre Dame. At the end of three years Mario suggested to his wife that she take the part of Leonora in *Trovatore*, while Madero made his debut as Manrico. Madame Grisi laughed immoderately at the very idea of a hunchback in a lover's rôle, and refused point-blank to sing. Mario was firm, however, and she was compelled to yield to his wishes.

Had it not been for Mario's untiring persistence the theatrical managers, who were all champions of Grisi, would have hooted at the idea of producing any opera with a hunchback in the leading part. As it was, the great *Maestro* made a conditional engagement for his pupil with the manager of "*Les Italiens*." At the rehearsals the other singers giggled, and passed cutting comments upon the distorted figure of "*le beau tenor*," as they derisively called him.

The night of the experiment came. Society was there *en masse*, to either hiss or applaud the débutant. Mario, with his daughter, Mlle. Rita di Candia, occupied a prominent box on the right of the stage, and Queen Isabella, with her son Alfonso, occupied a box on the left.

The curtain rose, and although the chorus sang beautifully, the audience was visibly impatient to see the new tenor. He entered, and began to sing the opening recitative. A complete revulsion of feeling seized the whole audience. From being impatient and ready to praise, they sank back in their seats, thoroughly disappointed. A few hisses rose here and there, principally coming from those journalistic critics who occupy orchestra seats, and who are so merciless on a first night. But it was not long before the assembly began to feel the powerful sympathy of the singer's voice. As he burst out into the aria itself, surprise and interest lit up every face. The pulse of the people quickened. When he shot his voice up to a very high note, lingered upon it for some time, then with the same breath rippled downwards with a sweet but brilliant roulade, the characteristic French enthusiasm could no longer restrain itself. From the people came cry after cry of "*Bis! bis! Madero! Vive le tenor! Le roi des chanteurs!*" etc. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and flung their bouquets at this remarkable dwarf. The volatile Frenchmen were not to be stilled. They stood upon the seats and fairly yelled for the marvelous singer.

In spite of his small stature, Madero's dramatic power was as great as his vocal execution. He spoke and sang without an

effort, each note and each sentence that came from his lips being a perfected jewel of sound. The pathos of his voice sent a strange thrill to every heart, and brought the tears to many an eye. Madame Grisi, inspired by the enthusiasm of the people, sang as she had never done before, and yet she had no power to sway them that night.

After that Madero's triumph was assured. Certain less fortunate singers bought up a well known newspaper, and published in it scathing articles against him, illustrated by heartless caricatures. A celebrated rival wrote an insulting novel called "*Morge de Jadero*," purporting to be a biographical sketch of the new singer. The work was so vindictive and scandalous that the government speedily stopped its publication. Madero's triumph was such that the pen of the most caustic critics had no power to lessen his glory.

### III.

THE evening appointed for Madame Godchaux's reception was warm and delightful. Society had chafed impatiently for weeks in eager anticipation. The beautiful home was situated to the right of the Bois, and from the terraces and marble promenade surrounding her miniature palace a most entrancing prospect stretched itself before the eyes. But few of the guests had arrived, so Madame Godchaux was chatting in an ante-room with Madero.

"There is a charming little woman—my next door neighbor, in fact—whom I wish to introduce you to this evening. *Ma foi*, if it is intellectual women that you like, she is one. Her taste is simply perfect—and yet she is making a revolution in all our time-honored styles. You should see her house—it is a marvel. *Bien!* there she comes."

Madero looked towards the door, and saw a trim figure enveloped in cloudy wraps glide past. Before he had time to think she had removed her wraps, and, leaning on Madame Godchaux's arm, she was approaching him. "Madame de Sortis, Monsieur de Madero." The two people bowed, while Madame Godchaux said :

"Now, my friends, you must try to amuse each other, for I am needed elsewhere. *Au revoir!*"

"Ah, Madame," began Madero, "your face is not a strange one to me. You and I must have met already."

"Not until tonight," she answered, looking at him with a frank, easy glance.

"Stop—I know—it is at the opera I always see you. Do you not occupy one hundred and eight every evening?"

"I have tried not to be absent a single night since you began to sing."

"You like music? I have often been inspired to better efforts by your absorbed attention. There is nothing like a sympathetic presence to move the soul."

They had not known each other five minutes, and yet they were already speaking of sympathy and inspiration.

"Come, come, Monsieur, no flattery. Leave that to the brainless knights of the heel. A genius should rise above such remarks.

"Do you dance?" he asked.

"Being still in mourning, I do not. Let us go into the music room. Thank you, it is too bad to burden you with the care of my fan and bouquet."

"Only a pleasure," he replied. Then seeing her deprecatory glance, he added : "You need not accuse me of flattery—for who would care for flattery from one of the ironies of creation like me?"

"'Irony of creation' is a bitter term, and you have no right to use it, for God has given you marvelous powers that many a man more physically favored would sacrifice all to possess."

"At school they called me a monkey. Do I really look like one? Tell me the truth, and let me know myself," he said with an uneasy laugh.

"Monsieur, cease your sarcasm. You are cruel to yourself and to those around you. Why do you think of your figure so much?"

"Because people never let me forget it for an instant—not one instant," he replied, flashing his eyes resentfully at some of the

guests who were gazing at him with mingled glances of intense pity and devoted admiration.

Some one now came, and asked him to sing. The waltz was finished, and the tired dancers were fanning their heated faces, or seated languidly in the chairs, were flirting behind their fans.

Looking at Madero, as he stood by the piano to sing, Madame de Sortis thought, "‘Irony of creation’ he calls himself, but he is not at all ugly. His well poised head is beautiful. The dark hair, clear olive skin, the wonderful eyes, the mouth so used to bitter speeches that it has acquired a scornful contraction—all these points might make one forget the bent back. It is not badly bent. *Ciel*! such a genius to be burdened with such a deformity—and yet how he sways people. Even I feel his mastery. How divinely he is singing. Ah! Messieurs—wait a moment until the singer has finished," she said, addressing some gentlemen who could scarcely refrain from speaking to her.

Madero turned towards her when he was done, but she was already surrounded by an admiring coterie of gallants, so he found no further chance to converse with her. When he went home that night, he could think of nothing but Madame de Sortis. He scolded himself soundly for being such a fool as to permit a single thought of this fascinating widow to enter his mind.

In spite of all efforts to the contrary, the world for him was now peopled with but one person besides himself—Madame de Sortis. In the morning he arose early, and took a long walk. Then after a light breakfast he sauntered in to a rehearsal. A restless impatience made the day seem interminably long. Evening came, but for the first time in months box one hundred and eight was vacant—and Madero’s acting and singing both flat.

The next morning he walked out through the Bois. He did not dare to cast his eyes up to Madame de Sortis’s windows, so he strode rapidly past, with his eyes bent resolutely on the ground. When he had gone a quarter of a mile a carriage rolled slowly towards

him. As it neared, a sweet voice said as if to itself, "Madero."

It was as if an electric shock had bounded through his veins. With a flush of pleasure he wheeled around, and lifted his hat to Madame de Sortis and her father. Stepping to the side of the carriage to exchange a few words with them, he was invited to get in and drive with them.

They chatted gaily on all the topics of the time, and Madero said to himself, "What can be more delightful than this early morning drive through miles of leafy arches, a charming woman opposite, and a witty old army officer relating racy stories?"

At the Hippodrome they stopped to watch the speeding of a famous American trotter, who was entered for the coming races. A bracing breeze blew through the trees; the rain of the night before had laid the dust, washed the luxuriant foliage, and purified the air. In the woods myriads of birds twittered in the warm influence of a sunshiny morning. The waters of the cascade rippled and purred fitfully down over the rocky ledges, while in the *café* opposite knives and forks clattered, and an aromatic smell of onions and coffee rose from the steaming kitchen.

The ride ended too soon. Madero secretly wished that Madame de Sortis lived at the other end of Paris, in order to make the drive longer. Arriving at her house, she said with a slight embarrassment, as if she felt it presumptuous:

"Will you not join us at dinner this evening? I do not wish to trespass on your overcrowded time, but—father and I would be delighted to have you come."

"Bah! Madero, you must come—a negative answer I will not listen to."

"Very well, I will come. You know, though, that as a professional man my time is limited. Time waits for no man, but we will make him wait tonight for a beautiful woman."

"Sh!" said Madame de Sortis, looking really pleased. She was not a pretty woman, and yet she was one that men and women alike found "just right." Remarka-

ble taste, a winning temperament, a fine intellect, and a delightful, sparkling vivacity made her attract every one.

As for Madero, had he been as beautiful as Apollo she could not have been mastered by his power any sooner than she was. They both felt that they had been created for one another. This would have been all right, had Madero been a well-formed man. As it was, he felt his position keenly, and was maddened to think that his back should place happiness beyond his reach.

"Here is a woman that I adore. But what folly for me to ask her to love me—me, with my back. . . *Mon Dieu!* What is all my triumph worth if I am barred from the greatest happiness that the earth affords man—a loving wife? I will leave her."

Until the very final moment, he really did make up his mind not to dine with Madame de Sortis. But temptation assailed him at the eleventh hour, and he went. As the days went by, the chain grew harder to break. At first he allowed himself the pleasure of her society but once in the week; then his weak heart let him go twice; and finally, every day after the rehearsals were finished he went to her house, and spent the rest of the afternoon in the half-darkened room, filled with fragrant flowers and beautiful works of art. Monsieur Lacour was nearly always present during the first part of the visit, but after an hour or so he would discreetly withdraw to the library, "to finish a little writing."

Madame de Sortis was a fine musician, and many a time when conversation flagged she seated herself at the piano, and played snatches from the weird Chopin or the eccentric Rubenstein. O, those wonderful, ever-varying minor strains which her deft fingers produced!—what a delicious intoxication they brought with them! Madero found that if the tie between them was ever to be broken, it could not be done in this enchanted terra cotta and crimson *salon*.

Powerful ills need powerful remedies. He sent her a formal little note, inviting her to spend the day with him at Versailles. The appointed hour came, but Madero did not.

A feverish impatience seized her. What could it mean? Had anything happened to him? For two hours she sat at the window, her bonnet and gloves on, awaiting the rec-reant. At the end of that time, she removed her wraps, and going to the piano tried to drown her disappointment in music. An hour flew by; then a servant brought her a note.

"*My dear Eugénie:*

"Good bye. We have been friends; we are still friends. Hard as a separation will be for me, it must come. What am I? A hunchback! And you? The most charming woman in Paris. Eugénie, Eugénie, good bye, and try to remember me.

"JORGE DE MADERO."

She bit her lips, and seated herself rather too vehemently upon the piano chair. Her eyes were glistening, but she crushed back the indignant tears and tried to collect her thoughts. What should she do?

Which always conquers—pride or love? She ordered the carriage, and sending for her father to accompany her, she was driven to the house of the Marquis of Candia, where Madero lived.

"Papa, you can stay in the carriage while I see Madame la Marquise a few moments." She tripped up the stairs, and was ushered into the reception room.

"A lady in black," announced the servant to Madero.

The great tenor lifted his head from the table upon which he had been wearily leaning.

"Why need pupils come at such an hour? always at the wrong time—the wrong time," he growled, as he sullenly went towards the little *salon*.

"Eugénie! you here?" he cried in surprise. With a fierce look of determination he turned to leave the room. Alas! she spoke, and he stopped to listen—made one step out of the room for every two steps towards her—and ended by remaining.

"Monsieur," she began, her voice choked with rebellious sobs, "Jorge, I demand an explanation of your cruel note. 'Hard as the separation will be for me,' you say. It is just like the selfishness of a man, to think

that he endures all the suffering. *Ciel! mon chër, I am no wooden post!*"

He seized her hand, and gave her a long, searching look, and all he found was a deep, throbbing, hungry love beating against the bars of an iron cage to free itself, to plead for its liberty.

"Eugènie, for God's sake do not play with me. Do you know what you are doing, when you ask me to return? I can never come back as your friend; if I return it must be as your husband—your husband, Eugènie, do you understand? Do you realize what I am? Look at me well—a hunchback."

"A hero," she said tenderly, winding her arms around his neck, and putting her sweet lips temptingly near his.

"A hunchback, Eugènie, a hunchback," he repeated grimly, drawing aloof from her.

"You wish to kill me? *Ciel!* I will go to my death," and she moved impetuously towards the door.

"Eugènie—mine—"

Madame de Sortis would never have stooped to one as well favored as herself, but she did not feel as if her action was, in this case, unwomanly. And what years of happy reward she gained!

*Ygnace de Urviera.*

#### ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

*O, Naples Bay, O, Naples Bay,  
To other lands we sail away.  
Tonight we say, farewell to you,—  
Farewell to skies of tender hue,  
And to these waves of richest blue.  
For lo! within your faithful breast  
Intensified the heavens rest.  
On that soft breast how sweet to be  
Borne out upon the mystic sea  
That sweeps along the golden strands  
Of dreamful and volcanic lands!*

Farewell, O land of dark romance!  
The waters lap the vessel's sides,  
And we are bound for southern France  
On blue and buoyant tides.

'Tis midnight on the magic shore,  
What is there here for modern me?  
For ancient ships are gliding o'er  
The Mediterranean sea.

Lo! thick on these historic waves  
The ships of centuries ride free.  
A ghostly galley filled with slaves  
Slides o'er the shimmering sea.

Within that barge (O Fate! my fate!  
What spell is this upon me laid?)  
White-robed she stands, so tall and straight,  
A proud, defiant, captive maid.

Her eyes are filled with bitter tears,  
And sadly beats her homesick heart.  
For her—a princess—wait the jeers,  
And rude exposure of the mart!

And close against this modern ship  
The ghostly galley drifts apace.  
I see the quiver of her lip,  
I gaze into her perfect face.

And lo! her eyes are bent on mine!  
Can I resist that pleading gaze?  
O could I save thee, maid divine!—  
But I am set in later days.

And I who never knew love's smart,—  
That mystery of mysteries—  
I find the mistress of my heart  
A girlish ghost on ancient seas!

And have you waited all these years  
For me to come and set you free?—  
Ah, Death has dried those shining tears,  
A thousand years ahead of me.

But what are a thousand years between?  
Love bridges time and space, I vow!  
Though a thousand centuries intervene  
Sweetheart, sweetheart, I claim you now!

Blows a breeze from the dying morning star,  
And the strange old ships are fading back  
To ancient anchorages, far  
Adown Time's mellowed track.

I pledge my faith 'neath these dreaming skies  
To the love, as strange as a love may be,  
That flashed to life at our meeting eyes  
On the Mediterranean sea.

Now fade, you too, oh, Love! but I  
Shall never forget your tryst with me,  
As fatefully you drifted by  
My soul, on the Mediterranean sea.

*John H. Craig.*

### THE BUILDING OF A STATE—III. EARLY CONGREGATIONALISM IN CALIFORNIA.

ABOUT forty years ago one of the grand army of preachers, now gone silent, delivered a Home Missionary discourse, the doctrine of which was "Emigration tends to Barbarism." The argument was strongly put, but the case was not proven, because it was an attempt to exalt a too frequent incident into the place of a law. That the moral tone of individuals and communities often suffers under the cares, hardships, deprivations and loosening of ties which accompany emigration, is a fact of human experience that must be conceded. That the moral tone *necessarily* suffers in such circumstances does not appear, either from the nature of the case or from the wider study of actual movements of people.

The thronging of the multitudes to California in 1849-'50 was not, however, an emigration, in the foregoing sense of the word; because it was not the thought of the surging masses, consisting almost solely of men, to remain on the Pacific Coast as settlers. They were merely going to gather fortunes in a few months or years, and to return to their haunts and homes with the gains of a life-time gotten by an episode in their career, involving trial, peril, sacrifice, and the undreamed ills of a distant and half-mysterious adventure.

In the hurry and bustle of making ready for their swift enterprise, it would not be strange if some forgot to make any proper provision for the life of religion in their souls or their communities. The wonder is that so many of them provided as well as they did for their moral and spiritual necessities on ocean or plain, in coming camp or town. They were in the minority who did not bring with them Bibles and good books in fine editions and of small sizes. Some ship-loads came in with their chaplains. Some companies by land were led by religious men, who observed the Lord's day and worshiped, as did Abraham and his followers. With

the light of the first day of the week the thoughts of other thousands—whatever the outward scene—were busy with home and kindred, and father's house, and the far sanctuary to which the feet of their childhood had so often climbed.

So, while it was not in any sense a crusade or a religious movement which brought the congregated hosts of middle-aged and young men to these shores in the early years of the American era, it was by no means a godless one. The hand of God was in it, and God was in the heart and hope of many that were concerned in it, and mingled with all its changes and experiences.

There was hardly any Sunday at all in San Francisco from 1846 till the advent of the gold-hunters, small as the population then was and few as the diversions were. The gold discovery, early in 1848, first aroused the people of Oregon and the Sandwich Islands; and their movable populations reached the territory of California in the summer and autumn of 1848.

#### I.

WITH some who came from the Sandwich Islands in the fall of '48, was the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, who had been a missionary, and afterward the minister of the Americans and the English residing in Honolulu. Immediately after his arrival in San Francisco, he was hired by the citizens as a whole, irrespective of denomination, to preach in the school-house on Portsmouth Square for one year, every Sunday. He was so occupied when the people began to arrive from the East, early in 1849, and when they came like an invading army in the spring and summer of that notable year.

By his engagements with the public, the Rev. Mr. Hunt felt, for a long time, that he was precluded from taking any immediate

steps toward the organization of a particular church, and did nothing in that direction until mid-summer of 1849. Then, at the urgent request of eight persons, he assisted in organizing them into a church. Thus was formed the "First Congregational Church of San Francisco," July 29th, 1849. Mr. Hunt had been reared in the New School Presbyterian Church, and his ecclesiastical relations were with that body; but as the decided preference of most, if not all, of those ready to enter an organization under him as pastor, was for a Congregational Church, he ultimately united with them in regular form, and was known only as a Congregationalist thereafter, while on this Coast. The labors of Mr. Hunt as chaplain to the town were not intermitted. He preached for the new church for a while Sunday afternoons, at the school-house on the south side of Portsmouth Square.

The new church was soon forced to leave the small, over-crowded school-house, and had no place of worship of its own for a few months; but found itself, ere long, provided with a meeting house of its own, at the corner of Jackson and Virginia Streets, which was dedicated February 10th, 1850. In that structure, on the 26th of June following, the first Congregational Council ever convened in California met, and there the first pastor of a Congregational Church was duly installed, in the person of Mr. Hunt. The sermon for the occasion, the first that its author had ever prepared for such an occasion, was written while table and chair were perched on blocks and boards to hold them out of the water from the spring thaw in the mountains, which covered the ground floor—the floor and ground the self-same—to the depth of twenty inches, in the canvas-covered structure in which he was permitted to make his abode in the Venetian city of the State, not then protected by any embankment. Two Congregational ministers, one "New School" Presbyterian minister, and one Baptist minister took part in the public services. The soul of goodness was in that church. It gradually grew. It was hearty and efficient. It never needed anything it did not

get. Amid the "changes and chances" of pioneer days, it held steadily on its way, kept abreast of the population, and built a commodious house of worship of brick, in 1853, and entered it just as the organization was coming four years old.

The Rev. Mr. Hunt ceased to be the pastor of this church at the close of 1854. During 1855, the pulpit was supplied mainly by the Rev. I. H. Brayton, then connected with "The Pacific." Having already acted as pastor five months, the Rev. E. S. Lacy was regularly installed pastor June 4th, 1856, Dr. Horace Bushnell, for the time resident on the coast, preaching the sermon. And this occurred in the midst of the excitements attendant on the sway of the far-famed "Vigilance Committee." This pastorate, happy and successful, lasted till after the close of the pioneer period, which we may regard as ending with the year 1859.

Just then there was no other Congregational Church than the First actually in existence within the limits of San Francisco. It will account for this in part to say, and it may be due to the fitness of things to say it, that not a few individuals and families in this State, particularly in San Francisco, who had been reared Congregationalists, were less loyal to the sweet, pure, brave church of their fathers (often how militant!) than became them well, and connected themselves, for one reason or another—without any intent, it is likely, to disparage the wisdom of their ancestors—with churches of other denominations, greatly to the advantage of those other churches. A church, known as the Greenwich Street Church, had been planted in 1853, and nurtured for two brief years under the care of Rev. W. C. Pond. But severe financial reverses, the sudden removal of families, and several other circumstances combined to render its continuance in efficiency impracticable, and it was disbanded in 1856. In 1854 an endeavor was made to plant a church at the Mission Dolores. A preaching station was established, a society was formed, and a small brick church erected, and dedicated in 1855. But the promised growth of that

part of the city was not met till ten years afterwards. The seasons were cold and bleak that followed. Few people rallied about the enterprise, and after a gallant struggle for life, the undertaking was given up. In 1854 another small Congregational Church was organized in San Francisco, over in Spring Valley, under the auspices of the Rev. S. V. Blakeslee, in connection with other missionary work which he was then prosecuting. After serving it a year and a half, Mr. Blakeslee became associated with "The Pacific," and the organization languished a year or two, and then expired, having never secured a home of its own, and having held its meetings in a school-house, by permission.

Along the coast, outside of San Francisco, there was organized a Congregational Church in Petaluma, Jan. 26th, 1854, of twelve members, several of whom had removed from Sacramento. The Rev. A. A. Baker was its first pastor. He returned to the East in the autumn of 1857, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Pierpont and others. The church grew and became strong, and housed itself in a good structure within a year or two. The history of this church did not cease with the year marking the limit of the period of the pioneering of the churches.

In 1857, in the month of September, the Congregational church of Santa Cruz was duly organized, consisting of twelve members. There had been, however, some years before, an inchoate organization there, but so poorly fostered that it never became complete. It was, at the time of its efficient organization, under the care of the Rev. J. S. Zelig. The year following it built for itself a church edifice, which stood little altered for a number of years, and was then enlarged.

## II.

In the great interior of the State a Congregational Church was organized in September, 1849. This was at Sacramento. There were two ministers present at one of the meetings which initiated the organization—the Rev. Messrs. Benton and Blakeslee, of

whom the former came by way of Cape Horn, and reached Sacramento in July; and the latter across the Plains, and had just arrived when the meeting for the organization was in progress.

The church at Sacramento had a thrilling history of months, from its initiation, and increased in numbers. But the floods came in December, 1849, and it had no property but a lot, which the waters did not fail to invade. Its prospective pastor was driven from the city in poor health, and all church activities were suspended for the winter.

Early in the spring of 1850, with restored health, the Rev. J. A. Benton resumed his work as pastor; and in the autumn of that year the church entered a respectable edifice with tower and bell. This church building was enlarged in 1853, and burned in 1854. It sometimes occurs to ministers to have a theatrical experience, but such an experience falls rarely to a church. The Sacramento church, however, had one. It worshiped a month in a hall, which many would not enter for fear it would fall on them, and then procured the use of the theater in Third Street (still there, but put to ignoble uses), as a temporary place of worship, and used it five months, morning and evening, with but one interruption. That was because a traveling musical company insisted that its lease included the Sunday evening. It played, and lost money. The pastor played, too, and saved—played in his own room, and saved his "powder." The preacher was never happier nor his audience fuller than in that incongruous place, with a chair and table on the stage, and a select choir by his side. The strangeness and incongruity were most conspicuous when the regular season for "the Communion" came. After all, it was not omitted, but administered in the "pit," in front of the orchestra seats. A commodious brick structure (still in use) was erected in a few months, and pastor and people went on joyfully together through the years. The pastor of the Sacramento church was ordained such by an Ecclesiastical Council March 5th, 1851; no doubt the first ordination of a

Protestant minister on this coast, from Alaska to Cape Horn.

The Rev. Tyler Thacher, a venerable father in Israel, came to this State in 1852, and located himself as teacher and preacher in the valley of the Yuba River. Here he taught, toiled, and preached with remarkable fidelity several years, but his audiences were so fluctuating that he effected no permanent organization near the Yuba. Later, he became the pastor of a small church in Cache Creek, where, after many trials and sacrifices, he ceased from his labors. Not many years afterwards the Congregational Church itself at that place ceased to exist in consequence of deaths and removals.

In 1857, on the 22d of February, a Congregational church was organized at Oroville, consisting of eight members, under the pastoral care of the Rev. B. N. Seymour, who, after 1858, was succeeded by the Rev. H. Cummings. This church did not have a rapid growth, but erected for itself a church edifice of brick in 1858, and gave other signs of life and energy.

The town of Folsom, at one terminus of the first piece of railway ever constructed in this State, and from the capital, having grown to importance, a church was organized in that place, with no small promise of growth and activity, in the year 1859, and held on its way vigorously a number of years, under the care of the Rev. John E. Benton, formerly at Mission Dolores, San Francisco.

So far only did Congregationalism make progress in the great valley of the Sacramento during the most formative period of our history.

### III.

It was not till the spring of 1851 that religion, as ordered in the Congregational way, entered formally and for permanence into the mountains and among the mines. The Rev. J. H. Warren began a labor of several years' continuance at Nevada among the pines in that vernal season. On the 28th of September of the same year the Congregational Church of Nevada was duly organized, and its house of worship dedicated. (The

day after the dedication, four ministers, and one or two others, took horses and spent the day in riding to the various interesting localities of the region, where mining operations of all descriptions were in full blast, and fortunes were supposed to be lurking in all sorts of places. There was a notice of this ride in the daily paper of the next morning. Who can forget the indignation on the face of the San Francisco minister when he saw the paragraph irreverently headed, "Ministers on a Tear!") That particular structure fell before the flames in two or three years, and was succeeded by another, larger and better, in a few months. This structure was also gutted by fire; but, as the walls were of brick, they stood firmly, and were rehabilitated. That reconstructed edifice is still doing service. Mr. Warren became editor of "The Pacific" in 1858, and was succeeded at Nevada after a long interval by Rev. W. C. Bartlett.

On the 16th of October, of the same year, the Congregational Church of Grass Valley was organized by Council, eighteen members entering into covenant. The church's house of worship was dedicated the same day, and under the pastorate of the Rev. J. G. Hale, that church entered on an unbroken career of growth, influence, and prosperity, notwithstanding an unlooked for change in the pastorate, which was followed by several others in a too rapid succession.

At Mokelumne Hill, then the flourishing county-seat of Calaveras County, a church was organized the 28th of August, 1853, consisting at the first of nine members, under the care of the Rev. B. D. Henry. In 1854 this brother went East on some errand, was injured on his way (via Nicaragua), and never returned. He was succeeded in 1855 by the Rev. J. S. Zelig; and he, in 1858, by still another, for a short term of service.

In 1855, in November, a church was formed in Jackson, Amador County. This was ministered to temporarily by the Rev. Mr. Zelig, and his successors at Mokelumne Hill. But it never gathered strength enough to have a pastor of its own, and suffered so much for lack of spiritual oversight when

there were vacancies in the larger church that it was finally left to itself, and became extinct.

In 1856, in the shire-town of Sierra County, at Downieville, a church was organized in December, of twenty members, under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. C. Pond, who ministered to it with untiring perseverance through years of manifold trial, vicissitude, and calamity, and until it ceased to be a field demanding any person's full time and strength, by reason of a decline in population.

In 1858 there were organized, in a kind of inceptive way, churches at Oregon City and North San Juan, Butte County, among the Welsh population. These were ministered to a few years by the Rev. John J. Powell. Afterwards they ceased to report themselves, and gradually passed from observation.

In two regions of promise, measures initiative were adopted looking toward the formation of churches. One of these was in Camptonville and vicinity, where the Rev. W. L. Jones began to preach in 1855, and continued abundant in labors till 1859, but without finding materials with which to effect an organization with the prospect of permanence in it.

During the same year the Rev. Martin Kellogg went to Shasta, the county-seat of the county of the same name. There had, in fact, been Congregational preaching in that town in 1852-'53, but without any visible monument of it left. Mr. Kellogg continued there about eighteen months, with varying encouragements, one of which took the form of a religious society. But no church could be organized then, and he reluctantly accepted a call to minister to the church in Grass Valley, in 1858.

#### IV.

It appears, from these brief annals, that during the formative decade of our history there were organized in California twelve Congregational Churches, of which three existed but a few years each; and that there were four initiative movements looking to-

ward the existence of churches, which, for one reason and another, failed to reach such a consummation. These churches, outside of the two larger cities, were most of them small; and in 1859 the average membership did not exceed fifty each.

As a bond of union, fellowship, and co-operation, the "Congregational Association of California" was originated in the spring of 1852, and consisted of six ministers, all at the time engaged in the work of preaching. It will indicate the appreciative, broad, generous, and loving spirit of Congregationalism to say, that prior to this organization its ministers met regularly with those of the San Francisco Presbytery; and after it, met as an Association regularly in the same town or city with the Synod of Alta California, and held joint meetings with them, daily, for personal intercourse, and to confer regarding the enterprises they were pushing in the heartiest coöperation. Nor did this sort of fine fellowship cease till growths made it rather cumbrous, some of its advantages fell off, the necessity for it ceased, and the logic of events drew on the merging of the two Presbyterian Synods into one. This Association held semi-annual meetings, and was in existence till the fall of 1857; when, after the forming of three local associations (the "Mountain," "Valley," and "Bay" Associations), the "General Association of California" was organized at Sacramento, consisting at the time of fifteen ministers, twelve churches, and three "inceptive" churches. (The General Association then formed still exists, consisting now of about a hundred ministers and as many churches. The "Registrar and Treasurer" of the former "Association," and of the "General Association," the Rev. J. H. Warren, has been in office thirty-two years continuously, and has never been absent from a meeting—a fact probably without a parallel in the history of our American churches, east or west.)

Associated with the pastors of these churches and the other preachers named, were two other ministers, whose labors in their respective spheres were of great value. These were the Rev. Henry Durant, who es-

tablished the College School in Oakland, which grew into the "College of California," and finally into the State University, whose first president he was; and the Rev. J. Rowell, these many years—since 1855—in charge of the "Mariners' Church" in San Francisco, an undenominational body of Christians banded together for a special service. By education and choice Mr. Rowell was a Congregationalist, and his personal relations have been closest with the Congregational ministers.

Of the twenty Congregational ministers mentioned in this sketch, seven have gone to the better land. The memory of all of them is still fragrant among us, and the ashes of four of them blossom from our dust.

"Only the ashes of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom from the dust."

Their ages, at the time of decease, ranged from forty-nine to seventy-four. Of the remaining thirteen, three are living in the Eastern States, and ten (just one-half) are in California, and still in active life in various spheres, all but one or two of them having been in this State continuously since the time of their advent.

A glance at their names and lives makes it obvious that these men came not hither ambitious of wealth or fame, seeking power or place. They were doubtless as little imperfect in motive as the average of men in their calling. One cannot be mistaken who affirms that they labored incessantly, and according to the measure of their ability, to build our nascent empire "four-square," beautiful, and strong, upon the ideas of society, government, education, and religion.

To the casual reader, it may very likely seem that these were rather meager results of the labors of so many ministers, beginning with three in 1849, and closing with sixteen in 1859. To any reader, it may be presumed that they will not appear to have been very grand results. But to those who were mingled with the scenes and engaged in the conflicts of the decade in review; to those who personally knew, "in what a forge and what a heat," by what a strain, under what a stress, over what obstacles, amid what difficulties,

against what hindrances, surrounded by what inexperience, without what precedents, apart from what prescriptions, beneath what strange skies, and limited by what a brilliant haze of futurity, these results were achieved, they seemed at the least very encouraging, assuring, and prophetic. Even now, those who survive have no complaint to enter, no sigh to heave, no regret to record. They are simply glad and thankful for the little they were enabled to accomplish, and that it has proved a seed-grain so vital and strong that its glorious harvests begin already "to rustle infinite around."

Nor would it be just to reckon these church organizations as embracing all the results of the labors of the Congregational pioneers. They laid strong hands upon our social, political and educational affairs while these were yet plastic, and helped to mold them into forms of life, shapes of beauty, and institutions of lasting value, significance and sacredness. They urged and guided the founding of our common school system, as, in spite of defects and abuses, the best practicable means of instructing and training the children of the people as a whole, and of insuring the state against ignorance and vice.

They made the most strenuous endeavors to plant an Academy and a College in the very beginning of things, as has already appeared in these pages, for that special stimulation and discipline of the mind which only the few can take, and for which the public school is not designed. In these respects their work was a success. At the close of the pioneer period we had as successful a public school system in operation as existed west of the Alleghanies, and a nascent College, the "College of California," which was taking on strength and growing great with the promise of adequate endowments and faithful years.

They were interested, likewise, in the phases of the political situation, and eagerly watched the movements of political parties and their managers. By private influence and indirection usually, and sometimes by writing and preaching, they sought to encourage and develop the moral element in

politics, and to place character above party affiliations. They advocated discrimination in favor of educated men, and of men who had not come hither on purpose to secure high office. They early became aware of a scheme, on the part of men zealous for the peculiar institutions and ideas of "the South," first to get control of the dominant political party of the state, which they succeeded in doing, though numerically but a fraction of the party; and then to get another constitutional convention called ostensibly for one reason, but really for a different one, viz, to get the clause prohibiting slavery, in form or fact, dropped out from the organic law of the commonwealth; or, failing in that, to have the consent of the people gained to a division of the state, with the almost assured prospect of making the southern half a slave state.

With the aid of many wise coadjutors these men were able to baffle, beat back and defeat this scheme, until after the flurry of the "American" party had passed by, of the organization and force of which the propagandists took thorough possession from the outset, and until the party itself was cleft in the midst, and the dark scheme fell through between the parts into the void below—and is, no doubt, falling yet.

But they had established, fostered and held in their hands, along with their collaborators, (the Presbyterians) another agency which was even mightier than themselves in such a conflict, and which they pushed and sped to its utmost. This agency was the religious press, and the particular journal was "The Pacific." Without the two or three such papers, widely circulated in the interior and read and re-read far outside of the lines of the church-going public, the scheme referred to would have come far nearer to success than it did, if it had not reached it. When the conflict was really sharpest, most of the secular papers were discreetly silent, and not till later on did they unmask their batteries and insure the retreat of the faltering, wavering foe—a host not so much in numbers as in strategic enterprise and boundless assurance.

This paper, begun in the summer of 1851,

by a handful of men without means, without large churches or wealthy men behind them, and with a confidence that now seems sublime, and with a boldness which would now be deemed a reckless audacity, has come to be the oldest paper but one in the State with a continuous existence. It fell entirely to the Congregationalists in 1864, and has flourished ever since under their auspices.

## V.

IN reverting once more to the embarrassments amid which the earlier ministers and churches wrought, one finds himself in need of a finer historical imagination than he is possessed of, and of a more graphic pencil than he can command, in order to reproduce any fitting picture from the fragments which his memory holds.

The unrest of the people for the first few years was obvious at a glance. They were indulging "great expectations." They were not stable. They were liable to sudden changes in business, in plans, and to sudden removals. They were much pre-occupied. They had no leisure. The number of profitable occupations, away from the mines, was very limited. No one knew at what moment his present labors would terminate. Fore-shadows of the future were of the dimmest sort.

A church might be organized, officered, and supplied with instrument and choir. And then, any week, the choir might disappear; or the officers might disappear; or both might disappear together; or the body of the church might disappear, leaving only an officered skeleton.

A congregation would be unaccountably large one week, and dismally small the following week. Often there would be no woman in the assembly for worship. Society, in the true idea of it, hardly existed. Men were huddled and herded together. Most of them were in boarding-places, where there were long tables in the center, at which they fed by day, in hurried silence; and where there were bunks up and down the sides in which they slept and dreamed by night.

Men had no place of retirement, no privacy for reading or devotion. Those who went to church when Sunday came went clean, to be sure, but went in "hickory" shirts and flannel shirts, or in "store clothes," wrinkled, seamed, and skewed, from having been packed in chests by unskilled hands.

Meetings for prayer or Bible study, after the novelty of the situation passed off, were rare, small, and little stimulating. When a minister entered a community in order to take charge of it religiously, he would very likely find no one whom he knew anything of, and no one who had ever heard of him. He must make known himself and his errand to the first man he met with a good face. Possibly he could tell of somebody in the community known to be a professing Christian. One such person found—if well disposed—a beginning was made. They two could look for a few more. Then, a religious service must be instituted. Who could sing? Who had a hymn-book? Where should they meet? Possibly, some sort of a hall existed; but usually no rooms of any size were procurable. An unfinished structure, a mechanic's shop, a saloon, a bar-room, or a theater was the only place to be gotten. With a parcel of hymn-books, no two alike, they gather for worship amid scenes and associations utterly unfavorable, and where the conduct and conversation of all might not be quite decorous.

But it is agreed that they can go on and get things into shape and order duly. Now there is an endeavor to form a church. A dozen or two are collected for consultation. They have come to California from all parts of the continent. Some do not know what a Congregational church is. Some do not know the difference between a Congregational church and a Presbyterian. Some do not know the difference between an ecclesiastical society and a church. (In one of our cities, a man who had been a Judge in Missouri volunteered to secure a deed for a purchased lot, and brought it made out to the "First Presbyterian Church," when no such body had been organized in the place. Evidently, he did not apprehend

any great difference, and he liked that name the better. A lawyer of some prominence was not familiar with the ideas of "church" and "society"; and, after the matter had been explained to him, still made out his papers for an "Ecclesiastical Church," and a "Congregational Society.")

Coming to the conclusion that a Congregational church may be a genuine thing, a feasible thing, and the best practicable thing; who shall constitute it? One has no testimonials whatever; one has only a certificate of standing; one is a Baptist, one a Methodist, one an Episcopalian, one a Presbyterian, one a Free-will Baptist, one a Lutheran, one is a "Christian," one is a Cumberland Presbyterian, and several are Congregationalists, who have letters of dismission. These few must constitute the proposed church, and vote the others in on parole testimony, if they are willing to unite with an organization that can adopt only some very brief and very general statements of belief. By the time the next meeting occurs (all this having taken a month or two), not more than one-half of those so gathered make their appearance. Some of them are never seen again. Committees are appointed to visit other persons, and solicit their presence and coöperation—as it is known that there are scores of men in the community who belonged to churches in the older states. Some of them respond gladly. Others pray to be excused. It is premature. It will not last. It can do no good. They have no time. They have no money. Sunday is their busiest day for traffic. They are going to pick up all they can, working all the days, and then they will return and resume their religious duties in happier circumstances. (Good old Father Thacher, after he had been in the state awhile teaching school, or toiling on the Yuba, in heat and dust, to get a church into form, life, and action, wrote to his friends at the East, that "California Christians were like Jeremiah's figs—the good, very good; the bad, very bad." And in such an utterance he voiced the experience of nearly all the early ministers of every denomination, not even

omitting those reared in the Roman Catholic fold.)

Fortunately, there would always be in almost every organization one or two men who "staid by the stuff"; who looked after some of its interests; who, in connection with the minister, would manage to "run" the church financially or religiously, or both. In the first-planted mountain church, there was one of these interestingly disinterested men. He was a physician with a large and lucrative practice. One afternoon he chanced to dine with the Home Missionary minister, and he found the diet so frugal and the supplies so short, that he left the house hurriedly, and returned in a few minutes with more than \$200, which he had collected on the street, and placed it on the minister's table. Very soon after that he brought it about that a fair salary was pledged to the minister by various persons, and he ceased at once to draw on the missionary society. (That same good physician went, a few years later, to the First Church in San Francisco, and continued more than twenty years—and till his death—one of the most useful members of that church, so highly favored in many ways.)

For want of men in church or congregation, with time enough, ability enough, interest enough, courage enough, or faith enough to pilot a church enterprise, everything was sometimes devolved upon the minister. He must do the preaching, superintend the Sunday School, conduct the prayer-meeting—not unfrequently doing all the audible praying—get up the subscriptions for a meeting-house, buy the lumber, make the contracts, supervise the erection, pay the bills, and get somebody to help him dedicate it. In the earlier years, it happened that the minister had to be ready to act, if he did not act regularly, as keeper, sexton, bell-ringer, lamp-lighter—an unrelieved factotum. Nor was this the worst. All churches were sustained chiefly by the contributions taken at every service. Sometimes, the weather being fine, the minister very well liked, the town populous, and business prosperous, these Sunday collections would

be ample. But if they did not suffice to pay the monthly expenses of the enterprise, as the months went round, it became the minister's necessity to gather funds. Fancy a sensitive man, compelled by the force of circumstances to solicit moneys, tell his church's necessities, and hint at his own wants; and, when enough had been pledged on paper, obliged to go about every month and collect the different sums, no small part of whose total must apply on his own salary!

Incidents would occur that took the starch out of the minister's dignity and put something else in. At a remarkably interesting and cheering conference meeting in the interior, just as it was time to close, two or three colored men began, after the Southern manner, to go the rounds of the assembly, shaking hands with each one, keeping up meanwhile a kind of recitative or chant in falsetto, and stopping, now and then, to speak in natural tones words of admonition or encouragement. Few of those present had ever seen or heard of anything of the sort before, and most were disposed to be indignant at the colored men for their indelicacy, obtrusion, and presumption. The leader, however, deemed it not wise to arrest the process, lest there should be a scene, or a result like that feared by the negro preacher, who excused himself from dwelling upon the sins peculiar to slaves, because such allusions would "t'row a kind ob coldness ober de meetin'."

Once on a time, in one of the earliest years, a preacher of the interior, of fair abilities, filled the pulpit of a San Francisco brother. At the close of the service several persons gathered about him to say a word of appreciation, pleasure, or praise. The discourse was on the text, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." The preacher evidently regarded the text as pertinent, and his sermon as fitted to the circumstances of many of his hearers. But it was a written discourse and somewhat "finished" in its literary style; and there was a "plain, blunt man" there, a man from the "land o' cakes," where sermons

without seen notes were formerly exacted, who sidled up after a time and expressed his disappointment, not with anything in the discourse, but because he had come expecting "something frash from hiven."

There were several Sundays, in the spring of 1850, when the Sacramento church was allowed the use of the wholesale part of a double-fronted store. The proprietor was one of the kindest, most obliging, and good-natured men that ever lived. He was not professedly a religious man, but the young pastor lived close by, and he took to him in a wonderful way. So he closed up that part of his establishment by nine o'clock every Sunday, got in some very temporary seats, and allowed the miscellaneous gathering to worship there "just as long as they pleased." One Sunday morning the preacher, going in early, looked carefully about. A few men were there, good friends, evidently concealing a smile. He caught the secret, however, without betraying himself. The kind proprietor, in fixing up a "desk" for the occasion, had set a barrel of sugar on end, and atop of that had placed a box-case of goods to bring it up to a proper height. Evidently he had not noticed the mark upon the box, as it faced the audience, nor how it read, for thus it was branded: "First Quality Heidsieck Champagne," in large letters. With a little haste the preacher sat down in the rear, and, as if seeking to adjust things a little, turned that box completely round, so that the "mark" was toward himself; whereat those early comers lifted their eyebrows expressively.

In the summer of 1851, the church in embryo at Nevada had a "theatrical experience." It was allowed, while waiting for a building of its own, to use the theater of the town for worship, forenoons and afternoons. The evenings the proprietor reserved for the "legitimate drama" of the period, which was largely patronized the seventh and first evenings of the week. That year an enterprising money-gatherer had also instituted a series of "bull-fights" Sunday afternoons, three blocks away from the theater, in the heart of the town. Sometimes, if not

always, these were the merest farces, there being little fight in either bulls or men. On a certain Sunday afternoon the preacher at the theater had a full house, notwithstanding the "diversion," and he was in the midst of his discourse, waxing eloquent, and imagining his hearers rapt with the theme, when, with a hurrah, roar, and whoop, the whole street in front of the theater was suddenly filled with an excited multitude. Without ceremony or hesitation the entire audience "vamosed" the building, and left the minister and his wife alone in it, in blank amazement. The matter was, that the animals in the ring at the other place did not show much spirit, and had to be generally stirred up and stimulated. One of the animals, not brooking so much insult, and feeling, possibly,

"He that fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day,"

broke from his keepers, overleaped the barriers, spurned his assailants, and rushed up the main street, with crowds in full cry after him. Hence the commotion which so quickly emptied the theater, and left the bewildered preacher to pronounce some kind of a silent benediction.

There were some noisy and pretentious opposers of religion everywhere. Probably, these were not relatively any more numerous than they are now. Then, as now, they were as much more noisy than good taste would permit, as shallow brooks are noisier than deep ones. Numbers of these managed to get into petty offices, where limited capacity and less learning were almost a recommendation; and some of them would get into the Legislature, by climbing into the back-doors and windows. As this class of men were always "down" upon clergymen, and were at the same time forward to instruct them in duty—being specially fearful that they might soil their garments in a "filthy pool," if they meddled with politics, and might fail to preach with sufficient emphasis "Christ, and him crucified"; so they always sat down upon the proposition to elect a chaplain to either house of the Legislature, and poured out the small vials of their wrath

upon those who wanted "a union of church and state," and were interfering with that which was outside of their sphere. Once, however, there was a man in the Senate who came near having an original thought upon the subject. He averred that he could see no more reason for opening each day's session of the Senate with prayer, than for opening a cotton-mill with prayer each day. Evidently he regarded (if his thoughts ran as deep as that) all legislation as the outcome of "the machine," and himself as simply a greased cog-wheel in the valuable concern.

One of the necessities of the churches in the earlier times was the holding of fairs or festivals once or twice a year. There was no device for getting money for church, pastor, parsonage, or other good object equal to this, in smallness of outlay, largeness of income, and certainty of success. It was not unusual to clear from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a night. They were conducted in harmless ways, and were profitable in other ways than financial ones. Half the income from them was from the pockets of those who were not regular contributors to religious objects. Not a few who came to them made valuable acquaintances, and the social life of all was helped, because one of the misfortunes of the times was that people knew each other so poorly. Then, also, it was a rare satisfaction, a "great treat," to many men, far from home—cabined, exiled, seeing only bearded faces for days, weeks, and months together—to find themselves in fairyland, in the midst of flying feet, and fluttering robes, and gay dresses, and beautiful faces, and all the flash, brilliance, and brightness of a festive scene, where conventionalisms were few. Doubtless we have better ways now, and methods less questioned, of procuring money for special purposes; but, as undoubtedly, those were the best practicable ones then in the financial way, and often happy in results otherwise.

There was one more class of hindrances to the growth and enlargement of churches, which continued long after the coming of families, the increase of population, the general improvement of society, and the plant-

ing of the fruitful germs of a great commonwealth. This class of hindrances sprang from the attitude of many who felt like men sojourning, travelers, season-boarders, on these shores. The country was a mushroom; they were only temporarily in the state, and more temporarily where they were then located. Others were lonely, homesick, disappointed, discouraged, and generally apathetic, and would take hold of nothing. It was a God-forsaken country; they did not like it; they were going to quit it; they would expend neither thought, time, feeling, nor money on its affairs or its people. We were all trying to push things into places where they did not belong, and could not flourish, even if they could be maintained. So, while materials for church growth here and there were not wanting in the persons and households of those who had held church relations formerly, the actual growth did not appear, because, for one reason and another, these materials were not available. However, such down-hearted people as these could only hinder—they could not entirely arrest—growth, activity, and fruition among the early churches. Nor could they help setting off into the brightness, by contrast, the noble self-sacrifices, the generous activities, and the beautiful devotions of scores of men and women just as well educated, just as deserving, just as inconveniently situated as themselves; but who knew how to adapt themselves to circumstances, and had tact and skill enough to take everything by the handle.

Those to whom it fell to minister to these pioneer churches can never forget the "noble lives and good examples" of some who served with them in the now vanished years, and who have already passed into the heavens. Nor, while they live, will their eyes fail to shine, or their faces to glow, whenever they meet the forms of those that survive—who made their past not only tolerable, but memorable and wonderful, by their ways of Christain living and working. These ministers know, whatever may have been or not been in the past, that in their times saints and angels have walked on earth in mortal forms. And their experience has taught them that

all enduring and effective labor must have an element of "play" in it; that all reproof which cures must have an element of wit in it; that all sweetest religion must have an element of good-humor in it; that all truest natures are not too demonstrative; that scolds are the weakest people, and grumblers the most disagreeable; that the meekest

people have the most fortitude, and the humblest the most courage; that the most modest people are the truest, and the least ambitious the grandest; and that no sight beneath the skies is comparable to that of a Christly man and a lovely woman walking life's path together in holy fellowship, with touches of a celestial radiance on them.

*J. A. Benton.*

### ANALYTICAL POLITICS.<sup>1</sup>

"THE structure and development of the state, as an organism for the concentration and distribution of the political power of the nation, form the subject-matter of analytical politics, or of politics as a science; while the determination of what the state should do falls within the sphere of practical politics, or politics as an art."

This is the opening sentence of a book whose authors have undertaken to expound, in its pages, the fundamental principles of analytical as distinguished from practical politics. The distinction here indicated is important. Analytical politics "treats of the mechanism of government, illustrated by its development. It may be properly termed the science of government";—the science of an ideal or hypothetical state, however, not of any particular ones; for it can be a science only in so far as it formulates general fundamental principles underlying all governments, and such principles find their clearest statement through the medium of ideal relations, from which all special and accidental conditions—the irrelevant factors in the problem—have been removed. (Chapter I.)

In the study of the science of government, we proceed exactly as we do in the other sciences from which we borrow our method; we select those elements which are found by

observation to be fundamental to all national organizations, and we are able to predict that, however much they may be obscured or lost sight of, in consequence of their combination with other ingredients of a special character, they will appear in every form of government, and have their due influence or perform their appropriate office—and in particular we may treat any group of states possessing common characteristics in this manner. These elements are examined with reference to their functional characteristics, are fitted together, and out of them is constructed a hypothetical organism—or to use a homely metaphor, the skeleton—whose every part must have its representative or counterpart in all known forms of government. The illustration is, perhaps, a little forced. No such skeleton has ever been constructed, and the authors of *Politics* have not formally described it to us, although they have described many of its parts. Let us enumerate some of the prominent features of such an hypothetical state.

In the first place, we are to know what we are to build, and its name should convey the proper idea of its character. Shall we call it a state, a nation, a people, or a government? Let us say *nation*, and define it "to be a political being consisting of the totality of persons who are subject to the same political sovereignty" (page 8). But it shall be also "an organic social being; a growth, not an artificial creation" (page 6), not a collection of individuals who have organized themselves into a society for the tem-

<sup>1</sup> *Politics. An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Constitutional Law.* By William W. Crane and Bernard Moses, Ph. D., Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of California. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. J. Bancroft & Co.

porary administration of their affairs, not a political organization held together by force of arms, not a confederation of states which are not yet ready to renounce their sovereignties and be constituted as parts of a single sovereignty; none of these things which could be created or destroyed in a day, but a political and social entity which has age and growth, and thereby stability, as its reason for existence. (Chapter II.) Neither is it a necessary evil, its necessity arising out of the selfishness and stupidity of mankind (Mr. Nordhoff's view); on the contrary, man's growth, as an intelligent and social being, is inseparably bound up with the growth of the nation of which he is a part. (Page 49.)

The nation, then, is an organism, and as such it has a will, and is possessed of organs or members—like the members of a physical organism—through which that will is expressed. "When we ascertain who, in any given sovereign state, expresses and enforces its supreme will," whether that power of expression and enforcement be vested in one person or many, then we have found what we define to be the sovereign in that state (pages 38–39). The determination, in any given instance, of where the sovereignty lies is always a question of fact (page 40); whether it be found in a king, a cabinet, or a congress, in an aristocracy or the people, the fundamental fact of its existence remains. (Chapter III.)

The exercise of the supreme will of the sovereign implies the existence of a force, latent or active, which is adequate to the execution of the commands of the sovereign. This is called the physical force of the nation. Without this force there would be no sovereign and no nation; only a form which would fall in pieces on an appeal to force, the ultimate resort. It should be observed, however, that the term physical force, in this connection, involves not merely the physical energy of the individual members of the nation, but also their moral and intellectual energy, as manifested in conduct, which is exercise of physical force. The test of strength as between two contending

armies is quite as dependent on the moral courage as upon the physical strength and endurance of the soldiers. (Chapter v.)

In practice, the power of the nation is distributed through various functionaries and groups of functionaries, which constitute its organs. What are these organs? Or, since we cannot assign names until we know that the things to be named have characteristics to distinguish them, what are the functions of these organs? They are, by a first broad classification, twofold, viz:

1. Those which pertain to internal affairs.
2. Those which pertain to external, or foreign affairs.

"The general functions of a nation's government are, to determine the relations of the nation to other nations of the world-family, and to regulate the actions and relations of the individuals within the nation with reference to one another." (Page 51.)

The next step in the analysis would be to determine what convenient sub-classification can be made under these two general heads. Different schemes are of course possible, but certain ones will be better than others; and those will be best, for purposes of study, which present the most distinctly marked groups of state functions, forces, characteristics, etc., and this grouping may, or may not, be the same as that which any particular state or states have adopted in practice; if it be the same, it should be borne in mind that it is a coincidence, not a necessity. Moreover, according to the point of view from which the state is observed, different classifications will naturally be employed, each in its turn embracing the whole nation within its scope. For illustration, let us refer to the *functions* of the government of the nation under the three categories:

- (1) The Executive; (2) The Legislative; (3) The Judiciary. Let this classification stand until some other is shown to be more serviceable to the scientific study of the subject. It is one which, by a proper definition of the terms used, may be made to include all the possible functions of the national government, and it is also a proper sub-classification under each of the two general

classes of functions above designated as 1 and 2. In general, the administration of both internal and external affairs will be intrusted to the same executive, legislative, and judiciary, with varying power distributed amongst the three. Meanwhile, it should be borne in mind that our classification is one of the functions of government, not one of departments or bureaus. Departments of government lap over into each other, and no strict classification of its acts could be made upon such a basis; while a classification of its functions should enable us to place each act of government in its appropriate category, independently of the propriety or practice of referring it to this or that department. A study of the results which would follow from combining in different proportions the quantity of power to be given to these three divisions of government, would come within the province of our investigations. (Chapter IV.)

Further analysis would bring within our view such topics as constitutional and administrative law (Chapters XI., XII.), systems of the legislature (Chapter XIII.), the initiative in legislation (Chapter XIV.), the tendency of power in different forms of government (Chapters XVII.-XIX.), and so on; and it should not be forgotten that all these things, as we see them in the modern state, are growths, and that their present character is to be studied through the history of their development. The whole subject is, in fact, a study of nation-making, rather than of the nation made.

Thus far we have confined our classification to the activities in the nation's organism, its vital processes—its respiratory and circulatory functions, so to say. But we may also regard the state, as presented externally to our view through its institutions. (Chapter VI.)

"The political movement which we see about us is in wards of cities, or in election precincts, or townships, or counties. . . . The will and power of the nation distribute themselves through these by means of political institutions. The growth of these is to be studied in the history of the expan-

sion or aggregation of the original units to the nation.

"The political institutions of a country constitute the frame-work of the nation. They are the bones, heart and lungs of the commonwealth, but they are not the life-blood which momentarily courses through the arteries and veins." Their classification is into (1) local and (2) national institutions. (Page 66.)

But, in general, the character of these will be special, each nation distributing its activities through a set of institutions peculiar to itself. At this point, therefore, our study becomes a comparative study of particular governments, and the *application* of the more fundamental principles previously established.

It would carry this notice to an inappropriate length to follow out the entire analysis of the book, and it is more important that some illustration should be given of the application of the fundamental principles of government in particular emergencies. Let us select an episode in the history of our own country :

"It is said that the fathers of the Republic invented a new kind of government, a federal state, founded upon a written constitution. However true this may be, we are now able to assert, that in so far as they violated fundamental principles in government, their work has not been interpreted in all respects as they supposed it would be. The intent of the Constitution did certainly violate the fundamental principle that two wills cannot at the same time be sovereign in the same state. The conflict introduced at the very beginning was between the two wills; the one of the state, and the other of the nation. The key to our whole national political history since 1789 is here." (Page 141.)

What was this conflict? Here is a bit of description concerning it, and a commentary which could not have been written without a recognition of the fundamental principles laid down in the opening chapters of the book :

"Strange as it may seem, this long controversy as to the essential character of our in-

stitutions owed much of its intensity to the peculiar fact that the structure of the government was shaped under the eyes of those who commenced the debate, and only one generation removed from those who pursued it most bitterly. Jefferson and Hamilton began it, and Webster and Calhoun continued it up to within a decade of the Civil War. Both sides overlooked the historical truth, that every great commonwealth is made up of an aggregation of what, at some stage, were smaller sovereignties, and that in the ordinary course of normal development time itself, and the operation of universal laws, will bring about the merging of one into the other, or a fusion of all into one. They saw too closely the processes through which the two opposing forces, which always exist at some stage of every national growth, those of repulsion and those of integration, adjusted temporarily their differences in the attempt permanently to arrest the nation at what is, after all, only a transition stage, by establishing a state midway between a confederacy and a nation. They were powerfully impressed with the purely legal questions involved; they were haggling over the debates of the Constitutional Convention, and the very words of the bond, but failed to cast their eyes back over the whole course of colonial growth during the one hundred and sixty-eight years between the landing at Jamestown and the skirmishing at Lexington, and note that every important political change was a step in the growth of a nation." (Page 239.)

Most persons will agree that the picture is here composed in proper perspective. The following application to the present relations of the House of Commons to the English Cabinet is not so clearly drawn:

It is laid down as a fundamental principle, that "where the right to propose the law is in one person or department, and the mere right to approve or reject is in another, the political system where such is the case is in a transition stage, and not in a condition of equilibrium. It is manifest, that under these circumstances there must be a conflict between departments of the government. The creative power, which is the effective one,

the one most eagerly sought for, and without which needed changes cannot be accomplished, must be supplemented by the ability to formulate the power into a command, in order to insure perfect harmony in administration." (Page 188.) In order to show that the English government is now passing through this transition stage, the following facts are adduced; the italics are ours:

"The old power of the monarch to prepare the law and propose it to Parliament is now exercised by the Cabinet, which consists, as we know, of the leaders of the party in power for the time being. They prepare the law, introduce it to the Commons, and the *obedient majority* approves it. . . . The initiating power is then, practically, solely in the hands of the few leaders, and sometimes the single leader, of the party. . . . This practice is one of the distinguishing features between party government in Great Britain and this country." (Pages 187-8.)

Mr. Bagehot's answer to this would have been, that the *obedient majority* elects whom it likes as leaders, and it dismisses them when it pleases.

"The House only goes where it thinks in the end the nation will follow; but it takes its chance of the nation following or not following; it assumes the initiative, and acts upon its discretion or its caprice. When the American nation has chosen its president, its virtue goes out of it, and out of the Transmissive College through which it chooses. But because the House of Commons has the power of dismissal in addition to the power of election, its relations to the premier are incessant. They guide him, and he leads them. He is to them what they are to the nation. He only goes where he believes they will go after him."<sup>1</sup>

But it is not our purpose in this notice to exhaust, or even to classify or enumerate, all the topics which may properly be embraced within this subject. We have merely tried, by actually reproducing portions of the analysis, to give the reader an adequate idea of its scope, as presented in the book before us, and particularly of its method and spirit.

<sup>1</sup> The English Constitution, pp. 164-5.

And, indeed, the method and spirit are very important features of the work, and are the prime sources of all the good things contained in it. But, though doubtless admitting that the subject is susceptible of treatment by the method herein described, those who adhere to the so-called historical method in political science will probably deny the importance of the fact. We have only to remark, that the new method appeals solely to such people as have acquired, either by inheritance or actual contact with scientific study, a thorough appreciation of the methods by which modern scientific investigation is carried on.

In conclusion, it is well the reader should

be reminded that the book, in respect of its subject matter, is no more than it purports to be, an *introductory treatise*, and does not by any means exhaust the subject of analytical politics; and while there will be a difference of opinion as to what principles, in certain instances, are most fundamental and most worthy of consideration, it will be generally recognized as one of the merits of such a book that it confines its discussions to fundamental principles only, stated as concisely as possible, and encumbered with few illustrations. The student's work is here only formulated; it must be supplemented by research in many historical fields.

*Irving Stringham.*

### ETC.

"THE year is going—let him go," "Ring out old forms of party strife," "Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,"—surely, never could we take down our Tennysons and read that magnificent lyric with more appreciation than as this old year of our Lord 1884 turns to New Year 1885! It has been a feverish, hard-living, uncomfortable old year. Six months of it—actually half a year!—have gone to a political struggle and to getting breath back after it; and about three months more went to girding up loins for the struggle. It has brought us a change in the national administration, and many signs of new political experiences; it has brought us hard times, and a close threat of what has seemed to many a far-off and speculative danger—over-production in all lines, agricultural and manufacturing; it has brought little that was great in letters or art or science. Yet, even leaving out of account the rest of the country, on our own coast there have been occurrences of the greatest public value. During the past year has been made public the announcement of Governor Stanford's splendid University plan, which may be said without exaggeration to promise, if carried out according to the wisest judgment and by the wisest hands, a greater benefit to this coast than any other one incident that has ever befallen it. Years ago, when the State went wild with enthusiasm over the completion of the first trans-continental railway, people looked with wonder, almost awe, on the gift that the genius of this man, with a few others, had given to the State. Yet how few years were required to dash with rue that gratitude, that enthusiasm and mutual cordiality! how marred with political complications, class-hostilities, jealousies, suspicion, has that achievement—the crown of an able man's younger and most hopeful

years—become! And how fair and perfect and fruitful of all peace and good-will may be this future achievement, born of a peculiarly pathetic private loss, transmuted into a public good! The year has brought a minor incident that suggests much the same train of thought: that is, the announcement of the final casting, after many failures, of the great lens for the Lick telescope. It is strange and even awe-inspiring to see how a few years after his death this rich man's life recedes from people's memories, the water closes about the place where it went under, in all connected with his business energies and action, which took up the major part of his years; while in this one direction to which, as a brief afterthought, he turned a part of the fruits of that life-long energy, every year makes him more conspicuously a living force in the world's movements, a larger element in people's thoughts. Let it be noted, too, that of the various public uses to which Mr. Lick devoted his money, not one is designed to crown his memory as this telescope will. By this his name is already known to distant countries; to this, pilgrims from the ends of the earth will come; through this, his name goes into history. If Mr. Lick could have foreseen this living and growing result of his act! if all men with the means of action that he had could see which are to be their forever living and growing acts! It is too little understood by public benefactors, that there is a thing still greater and more useful than charity. The relief of suffering appeals to the natural kindness of the heart; yet a hundred years, a thousand years, go by, and the donations to charities have been long gone underground with the forgotten miseries of forgotten peoples; the endowments of charities stand as they began, unless

as often happens, years make them actual instruments of harm, like the Tichborne dole; but the endowments of education, letters, art, science, go spreading and growing through the ages. The reason is, that the improvement of the *quality* of mankind is good in its nature reproductive and radiating; the improvement of the *condition* of mankind is a barren good, self-limited and temporary. The one is the planting of a seed, to grow and increase and multiply forever; the other the placing of a monument to fill its own place, but never grow. It would be well if every rich man with money to give to public uses, every one, rich or poor, moved by public spirit and the desire to serve, would always, so far as it was open to him to choose, make it his guiding rule that *the improvement of the quality of men* is the vital thing, not the improvement of their condition.

AN amendment to the constitution of California has just been adopted which we cannot but regret. It removes the selection of text-books from the hands of the County Boards of Education, and places it in the hands of a State Board created by the same amendment. This provision we think wise; though we do not think the Board well constituted, and some wise steps have already been taken under it, in the way of reducing the number and simplifying the system of text books. The general principle of local management of schools is doubtless sound, but under our Californian conditions it seems well to have some competent central authority select the text-books. But there follows a surprising provision: viz., that the text-books adopted by this State Board are to be produced in California! Now it shows a very low conception of what a text-book should be, to suppose that enough good ones to supply the schools can be picked up within the borders of any one State, or ground out to order. A good text-book is a rarity; a satisfactory one well-nigh a miracle. Our State Board should be authorized—nay urged—to search the world over for the very best that it can find, to put before our children's minds; to ransack not merely the English language, but to seize upon anything good that any foreign language has to offer, and make use of translations from German, French, or Swedish Choctaw, or Arabic, or Kalmuck Tartar, or Sanscrit, if any help is to be found there toward choosing out the world's *best* for our schools. And if by searching the world over they succeeded in finding a perfect geography or grammar or history, they would have cause to call upon their neighbors to come in and rejoice with them. It is the merest demagoguery to say, "Oh, California can produce as good books as any of the effete monarchies or States." Undoubtedly, books can be written here of a fair mediocre quality, which a careless critic, or one himself of mediocre information, might suppose to be quite good enough. But the really excellent text-book demands a rare combination of qualities: the author should have excep-

tional knowledge of his subject, exceptional knowledge of children, genuine literary ability, and enough familiarity with the actual methods of the school-room and the average mind of teachers to adapt the book to its practical use. Now we have a literary group of very respectable quality in California, but it is limited in number, and the chances of finding in it, in even a single case, this rare combination of qualities seem small, when we remember how seldom it has appeared even among the numerous writers, the colleges and journals and literary and scientific associations, of older communities. We hope that the amendment will be so construed as to require only that the special editions of the books shall be manufactured in California for the California schools, but that *any* book may be chosen for this reprinting. Otherwise, the amendment is Protection run mad indeed! The next step should be to revise the list of books for school libraries, and cut off Shakspeare, and Milton, and Robinson Crusoe, and Longfellow, and Hawthorne, and allow only Bret Harte and Stoddard and Miss Coolbrith and the files of THE OVERLAND upon the shelves; or perhaps to employ some of our leisure poets to write up a California Shakspeare and Longfellow, while some of our professors at Berkeley might be asked to lay aside their work long enough to rewrite the material of Tyndall on Heat, or Bancroft's United States, that we may have our school libraries supplied, without having to depend upon extra-State sources.

#### Our New Stove.

AUNT Samantha gave it to us, and we were very grateful—at first. We had been shivering in our dining-room for two winters, the kitchen stove on one side and the "sittin' room" fire-place on the other merely acting as irritants to the cold; and unless our chattering teeth aided in mastication, no good came of it all. This had not been so much a matter of economy with Drusilla, as that she "made haste slowly." In fact, it was fully two months after we got the stove before it was put up, so we all had time to admire it.

It was rather a pretty affair, tall and slim, something like an exaggerated stove-pipe. It had machicolated battlements, a little inverted cupola, and Queen Anne windows in front, through which the flames showed with a weird glitter; and by a sharp antithesis to Queen Anne, it bore the name of "Flirt."

Aunt Samantha got it in the city for a dollar less than she could have done in Lemonia, our supply village, and she hugged herself over her bargain. To be sure, there was the freight, but that didn't amount to much.

In the first place, a little platform had to be built and covered with zinc, for the stove to rest on. It took time and diplomacy to get *that* done. Then we had to wait a matter of three weeks, till the mason came to build a chimney for our rich neighbor, before

we could get a stove-pipe hole made in *our* chimney. In the meantime, Reuben, who, being a man, had a natural aversion to stoves, had bought a pipe with two elbows; but Drusilla objected that the elbows were square, and would bring the stove too far from the wall. Another trip to Lemonia returned the obnoxious pipe, and left orders for a *curved* pipe, which, in turn, had to be ordered from the city. When it came it was too small to fit on the stove-joint made to receive it. It was also found that the platform was about half a foot too high. Long before this, pleasure in our new possession had given way to wrath, wrath to despair, and despair to resignation. Gratitude, which is always or cowweb flimsiness, was scattered to the winds. It finally became necessary, after divers misfortunes, to take the stove itself to Lemonia to be fitted to a pipe, as if the "Flirt" were a capricious dame, whose whims of toilet had to be humored.

At last the time came when we might, with propriety, kindle a fire in our new stove. Reuben and Drusilla had compromised on one curved and one square elbow. Reuben had, with the help of a dull saw, a duller hatchet, a butcher-knife, and keen-edged remarks, managed to cut down the platform.

We came down to breakfast one cold morning, and lo! a grateful warmth filled the room; the upper half of the stove and the pipe glowed with a red heat. But when we opened an enthusiastic praise chorus, Drusilla said sternly, "Look there!"—and sure enough, the nice, clean paint we had put on ourselves with infinite toil, was standing up in ghastly blisters, and browning as delicately as a piece of toast!

Reuben rushed out and fetched in some thick pieces of plank, which, for several days, gave the wall the appearance of a stockade. *There was no damper.* To tell the truth, we knew so little about stoves that we took a funny little handle near the bottom to be a damper, until experiment discovered that it was merely a lever for letting down the ashes.

Polly was going to Lemonia that day, so the offered—not too unselfishly—to take one of the peripatetic elbows to the tin man and have a damper put in. She wore a pair of English dog-skin driving gloves, of which she was very proud. They had

been presented by an aristocratic English friend, and Polly put on little airs in consequence; but in her enthusiastic explanation to the tin-man, she unwittingly seized the pipe, first with one hand then with the other, and did not discover what she had done till the gloves were well coated with soot and stove-polish. A hasty attempt to rub it off only produced a fine gloss. The gloves were a sort of terra cotta red, so the contrast was startling. By this time Polly's cup of bitterness was almost full, and it quite overflowed when the tin-man charged a dollar for putting in the damper. She came home in a "frame of mind." Reuben was called into requisition for the last time to put the pipe together again, and as the poor thing had got jammed in its travels it was an awkward job, which we discreetly left Reuben to complete alone.

It was with some anxiety and more skepticism that we built the fire the next morning; but it burned, the damper worked, and we said "Victory!" and sat down to breakfast with a glow of satisfaction mingled with the glow from hanging rapturously over the stove.

Since then our comfort has been secured. We eat in calm content, we linger over the table after meals. The "Flirt" not only warms its own room, but it takes the chill off the neighboring rooms and keeps Drusilla's plants from freezing; in short, she is quite a success. Her resemblance to her animate namesake is shown in a tendency to cool off as quickly as she grows warm, and a constant supply of fuel is required to make a blaze; but that is only typical. Our gratitude has returned to us. We bless Aunt Samantha every day of our lives. Drusilla, who is hypercritical, says the elbow *does* come too near the wall, and that the stove would have been better a little lower or a little higher; while we all have to acknowledge that "Polly's damper" is erratic, lying down when it ought to stand up, and *vice versa*: but these are trifles light as air. The top of a packing box has taken the place of the stockade behind the stove, and when Reuben gets a piece of tin from the shop and some sharp tacks from Lemonia, and has time to fix it, it is to be made a thing of beauty. If we ever have another stove we shall know just how to "put it up," so we accept our experience gratefully, and have it stored away with others of the same sort.

K. M. B.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Maryland.<sup>1</sup>

THE sub-title of this volume is "The History of a Palatinate." It is a history of Maryland from its

<sup>1</sup> Maryland: The History of a Palatinate. By William Hand Browne. (Third issue in the series of "American Commonwealths.") Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

settlement to its union with the other British colonies in America. A peculiar feature of this colony was the ample rights and privileges which were conferred by the Crown of England upon the Proprietary.

It was "equivalent to a principality"; only a feudal supremacy was reserved to the Crown. "The Proprietary was made absolute lord of the land and water within its boundaries, could erect towns, cities,

and ports, make war or peace, call the whole fighting population to arms and declare martial law, levy tolls and duties, establish courts of justice, appoint judges, magistrates, and other civil officers, execute the laws, and pardon offenders. He could erect manors with courts-baron and courts-lect, and confer titles and dignities, so that they differed from those of England. He could make laws with the assent of the freemen of the province, and, in cases of emergency, ordinances not impairing life, limb, or property, without their assent. He could found churches and chapels, have them consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of England, and appoint the incumbents. All this territory, with these royal rights—*“jura regalia”*—was to be held of the Crown in free socage, by the delivery of two Indian arrows yearly at the palace of Windsor, and the fifth of all gold or silver mined.”

The first company of those over whom Lord Baltimore exercised these extensive powers landed in February, 1834, and in the same month of the following year met in Assembly at St. Marys. Here was the primitive germ of a commonwealth. To trace its growth till it became united with others in the formation of a nation, is the special task which Mr. Browne has undertaken in this third volume of the series of *“American Commonwealths.”*

If all the volumes of this series are intended for the same readers, it is evidently presumed that these readers have very liberal tastes; for, between the last and the two earlier volumes, there are marked contrasts, not only in point of view, but also in manner of treatment. *“Virginia”* and *“Oregon”* are noteworthy for the skill displayed in the arrangement of their subject-matter, and for the attractive style in which they are written. They appear to be addressed to those who need special inducements to make them read history. *“Maryland,”* on the other hand, is constructed with less regard to clearness of arrangement or excellence of style. It appears to be directed to those who will find out the contents without special aids; for, while *“Virginia”* and *“Oregon”* are furnished with ample chapter headings, from the first to the last chapter of *“Maryland”* there is no indication of the contents of any given part of the book except that contained in the text itself. And this lack must be set down as a defect of this, as compared with earlier volumes. Advantageous variations from the first volume are possible, but they are not to be looked for in the omission of conspicuous aids to the reader. Many books are published in Germany without either chapter headings or index, and the subject-matter of them is frequently so ill-digested that it would be impossible for even the writer to give appropriate designations to the parts. *“Maryland”* is furnished with an index, but the approach to the carelessness of German book-making which it indicates should be checked at once. More critical research and greater soberness of judgment, on the part of the author of *“Vir-*

*ginia,”* would have improved his work, but in these particulars Mr. Browne appears to have an advantage over his neighbor. This narrative is sober and thoughtful, and is the product of diligent research, but its historical perspective is weak. The student to whom the early history of Maryland is familiar, will find no difficulty in assigning to each event, as he reads, its proper relation to the other events; but the sketch before us is not made for students alone. A history is not merely a narration of a series of events; it is something more than this, and that something more is essential; and its effect on the mind of the reader is an impression of the relative importance of the scenes that have been revived before him, or of the topics to which his attention has been directed.

In the matter of religious toleration, the author gives Lord Baltimore ample credit for the attitude assumed by the colony. Calvert, he says, had not “planted English institutions in Maryland simply as he found them. He went back to a better time for freedom of action, and looked forward to a better time for freedom of thought. While as yet there was no spot in Christendom where religious belief was free, and when even the Commons of England had openly declared against toleration, he founded a community wherein no man was to be molested for his faith.”

But *“Baltimore was no indifferentist in matters of religion. That he was a sincere Catholic is shown by the fact that all the attacks upon his rights were aimed at his faith, as the most vulnerable point. That he was a papist, and Maryland a papist colony, a nursery of Jesuits and plotters against Protestantism, was the endless burden of his enemies’ charges. He had only to declare himself a Protestant to be placed in an unassailable position; yet that step he never took, even when ruin seemed certain. But he was singularly free from bigotry, and he had had bitter knowledge of the fruits of religious dissension, and he meant from the first, so far as in him lay, to secure his colonists from them. His brother Leonard, and those who were associated with him in the government, shared his spirit; and from the foundation of the colony no man was molested under Baltimore’s rule on account of religion. Whenever the Proprietary’s power was overthrown religious persecution began, and was checked so soon as he was reinstated.”*

This is, no doubt, all true as an expression of Baltimore’s views on the religious question. At the same time, it should be noticed that had he possessed other views he would have been powerless to carry them out. The Catholics were but a small minority of the population, and the Proprietary’s influence, for the greater part of the time, was only adequate to prevent the Protestants from overriding those of his own faith. All honor should be accorded to any one, whether Catholic or Protestant, who may be discovered in the seventeenth century endowed with an

enlightened conscience. But the toleration of Maryland finds an historical explanation not more in the tolerant spirit of Baltimore than in the fortunate balance of opposing factions, taken in connection with the fact that the attention of the people was necessarily largely absorbed in efforts to promote their material well-being.

When this series of books was announced, hopes were entertained that it would be composed of real contributions to the history of the several commonwealths. The "popular" character of the first two volumes was not encouraging; but the present volume, notwithstanding certain defects, is decidedly reassuring.

#### Recent Fiction—I.

A BOOK that has been, so far as we have seen, somewhat coldly received, is *The Shadow of the War*,<sup>1</sup> a reconstruction story. It is rather instructive to compare its reception with that of Tourgee's stories, for it is hard to suppose there can be any reason for it save the difference in the demand that they found prepared. The present story is evidently written by a Northerner—the tricks of expression are unmistakable, and so also is the total failure to reproduce the negro dialect, and the evident distaste for intimacy with the negro. The author has, also evidently, sojourned in the South, in a State which it is not difficult to identify as South Carolina, and made some study of its politics. As far as internal evidence goes, the author writes from as close acquaintance with the people and times as ever did Tourgee. The literary quality of the story is a trifle higher than that of Tourgee's—less ambitious, but at the same time less affected and self-conscious, less "intense," but more serious. But this Northern sojourner did not take just the same view of carpet-bag governments that Judge Tourgee did; and instead of the sins of the South and the persecuted negro, he has given his view of the negro government of South Carolina during Grant's second term. Governor Chamberlain—as we suppose—figures in it as Governor Northborn; Wade Hampton, as General Peyteinte; and a close comparison of the characters with the record of the last days of the carpet-bag government there would doubtless reveal other historic characters. It is not worth while to criticise the book as a work of literature, beyond saying that it is a fair enough story, and might easily be worse and still be not a serious discomfort. It is as a study of a most significant historic period that the book is entitled to attention. It is certainly of the utmost importance that Northerners should get a true idea of what the Reconstruction period really was—of what the New South really is; and it is a point on which one may despair of getting any satisfactory knowledge. It is certainly a deplorable state of affairs, when the true

state of a section of our country cannot possibly be got at because we do not know what to believe; it is deplorable that one set of people in the North simply and openly disbelieve as falsehoods devised for personal ends, the great mass of stories that tell one tale as to the South; while another set of people, believing every word of these stories devoutly, should consider too impossible to be received on any proof whatever the refutations that tell another tale. Some evidence is attainable from unquestionable sources as to the behavior of the South to the negro, and the relations of the parties in the South. Colonel Higginson may be taken as unquestionable authority; the United States Bureau of Education may be; the contributions with regard to southern matters of southern students to the Johns Hopkins University Studies may be; the investigations of the clergyman who traveled on horseback through the South for the "Atlantic Monthly" may be. For the rest, there are Tourgee's stories; and there is this recent story. Both authors can be taken for what they are worth. There seems no reason why one should not be as good as another, except that, in Judge Tourgee's favor, he signs his name, which this author does not; and in Judge Tourgee's disfavor, he makes, in the guise of fiction, accusations against a class that no man ought to make without producing his facts, and this he has never done; that he obviously strives for sensation and times his books to election periods; and that he, who is certainly not the only respectable carpet-bagger of the South, never seems to have been able to get the voice, in corroboration, of any other. As for *The Shadow of the War*, we advise people to read it, especially if they have read Tourgee—and remind them that, as a historic fact, the description of the carpet-bag government is at least partly true; how much so, we must wait for farther light to know.

SOME months ago, attention was drawn to an unnoticed western book by some very cordial words spoken of it by Mr. Howells. It does not appear to have pleased others as much as it pleased him, and indeed, it is probable that Mr. Howells did not so much enjoy the book as perceive, by virtue of a critic's eye, its possession of several rather notable qualities. *The Story of a Country Town*<sup>2</sup> is a simple, sad, forlorn sort of book. It is probable there is a no critic living who would be severe with it after reading the preface. Not but that, as every one knows who has had anything to do with book making or journal making, it is the commonest device in the world to try to disarm criticism by explaining that the production was written by night in the weary hours of a hard-worked man; but this is different; the writer's anxious appeal for his book is so straightforward, so naïve, and so pathetic, that it goes to the heart. The sensitive and nervous man is revealed in preface and book. Mr. Howells praises the realism

<sup>1</sup> *The Shadow of the War. A Story of the South in the time of Reconstruction.* Chicago: Jansen & McClurg. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Story of a Country Town.* By E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

of the story. There is a good deal of realism, but it is all steeped in the color of the writer's own mind. There is very little of Mr. Howells's sort of realism—the entering of the writer into the personality of each character; Mr. Howe stands outside and notes with a curious modesty the ways of his people, without attempting to understand them. There are novelists who make all their characters become merely different masks of themselves; there are novelists who make themselves into their characters, entering into and so comprehending the character of each one; but Mr. Howe does neither. Yet the same tired, patient, sad tone runs through everybody. They all talk in a quaint, old-fashioned, somewhat prim way, which it is hard to believe is realistic. But the picture drawn of the "country town" bears on its face the stamp of truthfulness. It is a pity Mr. Howe did not locate his scene more exactly; when we learn of any special phase of American life, we like to know where it is. A dismal sort of phase this is, and the book leaves one sad. Yet, after all, such methods of life must be temporary incidents of settling up the frontier, and be growing rarer every day. There are occasional slips of grammar that make one suspect the book was crudely written and carefully edited; yet it abounds in good and effective and even very intelligent language; and most of the talk put into the mouth of the "philosopher," Biggs, is good and pointed, and as well-phrased as could be.

IN A recent review of Mr. Marion Crawford's *A Roman Singer*, we made the remark that if he should prove able to bring to the treatment of American subjects the same pure and pleasant style, the same truth and human interest, that he showed on Italian ground, his name might fairly be added to those of our standard novelists. It is, perhaps, not surprising that our young novelists find laurels easier to win with foreign subjects: it always requires more imagination to shake the mind free of the trivial associations of every day life, and make the ideal out of the familiar real, than to make it out of a life less dulled by association. To Mr. Crawford, however, the European is probably the familiar life, and our own ought to have a certain freshness from his point of view. One might add, that Europe affords more opportunity to any one whose natural turn happens to be for the quaint and mellow, or idyllic; that the unsentimental realism of Howells or James is the sort of treatment adapted for modern American life, but Hawthorne had to resort to colonial history for his subjects. But this would not be strictly true. Wherever there is human life, there is material for the idealist no less than for the realist; it may be—doubtless is—less easily picked up on the surface here than in older countries, but we are not without work that shows its existence. It is, therefore, with high hopes that one takes up *An American Politician*,<sup>1</sup> thinking that Mr. Crawford's

touch may bring some new and pleasant chords out of the strings of American life. The book will be laid down, not merely with disappointment, but with astonishment. It does not simply fail to be very good: it possesses positive crudities, culminating in a final chapter that is absolutely juvenile. The characters are agreeable and probable people, the social behavior pleasant, the love affair gently interesting—for you feel that the two people are well-matched, and affect each other much as they would do in life, and the girl is an interesting creature, who makes you feel it due to misrepresentation of her by the author that she occasionally verges perilously near ill-breeding. Moreover, Mr. Crawford is by no means the man to be guilty of using the English language in a crude or clumsy way. But when we have said these things, we have left little more to be said for the story. His "American Politician" is a perfectly reasonable and possible person, but after a certain point he does not do perfectly reasonable and possible things. Least of all does he deliver himself upon political subjects in a way that justifies his reputation for cleverness. He finds no cooperation round Boston and Cambridge in his efforts for civil service reform and tariff reform—whereas, at any time in the last twelve years he would have found a growing band of sympathizers there; some very ordinary newspaper abuse is quoted as a peculiarly able and stinging attack; he is the *protégé* of a mysterious triumvirate which has secretly perpetuated itself since the foundation of the Republic, and by means of money, reservoirs of private information, and superhuman ability, watchfulness, and disinterestedness, has always kept a decisive control over national politics; and finally, in the crisis of a presidential election, when the selection has been thrown into the House, and several sections of the country propose secession if their candidate is not chosen, this rising hope of American politics (though a senator) rises to address the House with regard to its choice, and delivers as his great speech, for which he has been saving up all his tremendous abilities, twenty pages of the sheerest juvenile platitudes. It is amazing that any intelligent man was willing to put into print this stuff as his idea of a great and eloquent speech that would stir the hearts of veteran politicians, overrule passionate partisanship and personal interest, and influence action. It is a disquisition on the nature of patriotism as compared to partisanship, and an appeal to the House (or Senate, or all Congress—for the question whom a senator giving advice as to the action of the House *would* appeal to is difficult) to choose as patriots, not as partisans. To this end he gives them his views on the theory of Republican government, the nature of civilization—in fact, on the whole field of American politics, as though he had been fortunate enough to catch an audience whom he might never get hold of again—very much after the fashion of a college Commencement speaker. Indeed, the whole speech sounds very much like that of a Commencement speaker; and that its ideas are,

<sup>1</sup> *An American Politician*. By Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

in the main, sound and true, makes it seem all the greater pity to expose them to ridicule by putting them forth in this youthful and ineffective way, and then narrating the tremendous effect produced upon our hard-headed—and we may say hardened—Congress. College orations are usually perfectly sound in doctrine, and often contain a very honest earnestness in spirit: but if they were delivered in the most thrilling manner imaginable before the United States Congress, in the crisis of a disputed election, that body would not be converted thereby. It savors of the remarkable transformations of character effected in Sunday School books by the chance perusal of a Scripture text in a railroad waiting-room. Mr. Crawford has seen clearly enough—perhaps the more clearly coming from abroad to receive fresh impressions of American society—that partisanship is the curse of our politics, and is at war with patriotism; but in spite of all sympathy with his motive, we cannot see that he has done this truth much good by putting it so weakly into fiction.

W. H. BISHOP has collected half a dozen of his short stories into a volume, in which the last is first, the title, *Choy Susan and Other Stories*,<sup>1</sup> being given by a story printed only a few months since, while the others are all of older date—unless one or two which we fail to recognize are new; we believe, however, they are all former magazine stories. Mr. Bishop is a very satisfactory author to read, because he improves all the time. “Choy Susan” certainly shows a freer hand and more feeling of the picturesque than any of the others. It is a reminiscence of his Californian visit; and it is rarely enough that any Californian, even, catches the manner, speech, and character of the Chinese as well as he has done in Susan herself, or even in the glimpses of her country-folk around her. In fact, we do not know that we may not say Choy Susan is the most life-like specimen of the Californian Chinese we have seen on paper; for Bret Harte’s Chinese, though their way of looking and speaking is vividly caught, are, both for good and for ill, idealized a little—touched up with high colors to make them more striking. It must have taken careful study—and, we suspect, a careful note-book—to enable an eastern visitor to reproduce Choy Susan’s language so well. There is a particularly pleasant tone pervading all these stories—light without being trivial, gently humorous, without ever incurring the danger of distinctly “trying to be funny.” They are evidently the product of careful work, yet they escape self-consciousness; they have a sincerity of feeling, yet never come near “intensity.” Indeed, they keep much farther away from this than do Mr. Bishop’s novels—and the discrimination is on the whole wise: a novel must have some strong feeling about it; a short story can get along very well without, and it is always safer to keep to the objective and serene tone. The story of strong feeling, short or long, will forever be the greatest; but to attempt it and fall short produces a far more ridiculous result than a

poor attempt at a story of mild feeling, and Mr. Bishop may be wise to keep to the lower region—in which he does not fall short at all. None of the girls in these stories are nearly as lovable nor as interesting as his Vassar girl in “The House of a Merchant Prince”; but they are all pretty and amiable creatures, all but one well-bred, not embarrassed with brains, two or three the ordinary society girl to a nicety, two or three people of rather more originality; Mr. Bishop evidently feels very friendly towards them all. They are all very real and very delicately done—the shop-girl is a real shop-girl, the Mormon girl exactly what one would expect of a Deseret University graduate under Gentile influence. In “The Battle of Bunkerloo” the talk and manner of a nice boy, who is neither a little rowdy nor a prig, is caught as neatly as that of the girls. Indeed, admiration for Mr. Bishop’s workmanship must grow with examination of it. Nor has he found the picturesque and idyllic incompatible with American life. There is always something in everything he does that wakes the expectation of something more and better yet to come from him—instead of, as with most writers of his rank, the misgiving that any good thing was an accidental hit and may never be equaled afterward; so sound and genuine is everything he does. He makes no “hits,” however; his excellences are not of a popular sort, and he lacks both the vices and virtues that win great favor:

THREE novelettes by Mr. James, his latest magazine contributions, are published together under the title of *Tales of Three Cities*.<sup>2</sup> They are, “The Impressions of a Cousin,” “Lady Barberina,” and “A New England Winter.” The “three cities” are London, New York, and Boston.

There is so evident in every page and word of these stories the hand of the novelist who knows what he is about—the faithful student and correct annalist of human nature, the experienced literary artist—that, comparing them with the bulk of work that comes into his hands, the reviewer feels as if they ought not to be dispraised. Nay, more, he turns the leaves again, hardly willing to believe the evidence of his own perusal, that a writer so familiar with the canons of his art—a writer who has himself given assent to the principle that dullness is the unpardonable sin in fiction—should himself have put forth stories that cross the frontier line of dullness. We know that for some years—ever since “Confidence,” in fact—many readers have found Mr. James tedious. Certainly, he is very prone to a monotony of epigram, and his characters express themselves with a uniformity of cleverness, and even of turn of speech, that is not true to life. There are exceptions to this rule, notably “Daisy Miller,” and “A

<sup>1</sup> Choy Susan and Other Stories. By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Chili-on Beach.

<sup>2</sup> Tales of Three Cities. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

Bundle of Letters"; but as a rule, Mr. James is singularly inapt in catching and reproducing the different modes of speech and thought of his characters. One voice speaks through them all, except in the few cases in which the author has evidently bestowed an extreme amount of painstaking care on this very point. In this respect he differs most widely from Mr. Howells, who is in nothing more happy than in the pleasant facility with which he catches and reproduces the characteristic tone of each speaker—in deed, excepting Rose Terry Cooke and Miss Jewett, we do not know of any one who has done this so perfectly, and they have done it only in one line, to Mr. Howells's many). This peculiarly pervasive presence of Mr. James in all Mr. James's characters has always been an element of dullness in his stories; but in most of them there has been plenty of interest to counteract this. There are books—and many of them—as to which difference in opinion means difference in correctness of taste; the "*De gustibus*" proverb is misunderstood when it is popularly taken to deny the existence of such a thing as truth or error in the estimate of literary or other art; but as to several of Mr. James's stories, the question whether they are dull or interesting is as really a matter of personal taste as anything can be. This is certainly the case as to "Confidence," "The Europeans," "Washington Square," "The Portrait of a Lady." For our own part, we find in the last two a quality of real passion that more than atones for any length in the telling, and makes them stand out from all the rest of the writer's work; yet it seems established that "The Portrait of a Lady" has been to most readers found nearest of all to the perilous borders of dullness. It seems to us, however, that even the readers who take most pleasure in them must find these last stories rather slow, and even a little hard to read.

Hitherto, when Mr. James has paused and dallied, it has been with some good reason; he has something to say that, if not interesting to the lover of pure narrative, has been welcome to the reader who cares more for character study, clever talk, and finished pictures of men and manners than for the story. But much of his delaying in these three stories is simple garrulity. Here he analyzes a motive perfectly obvious to the reader; there he repeats to insistence a point already made; in a more skillful and experienced way, he commits the same faults that such young writers (probably in part imitators) as Robert Grant more crudely follow. Not that we would by any means say that all his lingering is of this sort; on the contrary, a great deal of it is in every word and sentence good, in itself regarded, but has no especial mission in that particular place. Now Mr. James is himself an excellent critic, and knows better than any critic can tell him, that (as we believe it was Trollope who said) in a story nothing that is not essential to the story—that has not some bearing on it, however concealed, if merely as back-

ground or foil—should be left in. He is, again, too good a critic to have fallen into the decline that overtakes many authors, from imitating themselves and thereby exaggerating all their faults and losing their inspiration, which can only come from incessantly renewed study of life. On the contrary, these three stories are evidently very painstaking copies from life. They are well conceived, too, every one of them, and in "The Impressions of a Cousin" there are splendid possibilities for feeling and force. The author shows himself fully aware of these, fully alive to the intensity and pathos of the situation he has created; but it takes a second reading to enable the reader to catch it. He is too labored, too anxious, too resolutely objective; an author may be permitted a little more sympathy with his people than this without danger of falling into subjectivity. The situations in this story are too good, the people and their mutual relations too remarkably well conceived, and the author too well aware of all this,—the chance of a really powerful story, in short, too good, to have been thus lost for lack of a little more concentration, feeling, and spontaneity. The other two require no feeling and no great spontaneity; they are simply social studies, one more, and the other less, international. But they both need more concentration very much; and it is unaccountable that Mr. James should not have known this. They, far more than the other story, are open to the charge of tediousness, and without the excuse that every sentence in them is good, though it be too diffusive. "Lady Barberina" is even cumbrously told, and "A New England Winter" scarcely less so, though its subject gave so much opportunity for sprightliness—even demanded it. This, in face of the fact that Mr. James is perfectly capable of a light touch, is perplexing—nearly as perplexing as was his curious and apparently perfectly serious travesty of his own excellent work in "Daisy Miller." We can but hope that in his next work he will employ the simpler and stronger manner that he is perfectly capable of.

Yet after saying all this in disparagement of the *Tales of Three Cities*, we must add that we are criticising according to high standards, and that it may be taken as of course that anything Mr. James writes is in many ways excellent, and cannot be devoid of interest to an intelligent reader, even if the intelligent reader *does* have to make a slight effort in reading.

A FEW months ago an anonymous novel appeared in England that scored something of a success in the old-fashioned romance line. Encouraged by this, the author has put out another book, this time signed "Florence Warden." *At the World's Mercy*<sup>1</sup> is the title of this little romance, of which it may be said in the cautious English phrase that it is "not half bad." Not that we would advise any one to read it by way of self-improvement, nor would we deceive any one

<sup>1</sup> *At the World's Mercy*. By Florence Warden. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White & Co.

into taking it up with the expectation of finding anything very exciting. But it is lively and perfectly well-bred and picturesque, the people talk naturally, the lovers are very much in love, and express themselves with an agreeable sincerity and naturalness, the good people are frankly and unboundedly good, and there is more life and feeling in the story than in ninety-nine out of a hundred. It does not trouble itself much about realism, yet the two sisters in it talk together in a very life-like and pretty way, and there are other life-like traits in the book. The story itself is far enough from life, yet not absolutely outside the possibilities of human nature—including the reformation of a family from hereditary drunkenness by means of their adoration for their governess.

*The World We Live In*<sup>1</sup> is an unimportant little novel, which, if it has no special virtues, has no special vices either. There is an American young lady in it who might provoke some irritation in the American reader, if he did not pause to observe that she really approximates about as nearly to the sort of girl she is intended for as the English people do to the types they are intended for. Her dialect, however, is something droll. We waste a good deal of indignation on the English renderings of American speech, not reflecting that a turn of speech is a thing that cannot be caught except by long and intimate acquaintance. Mr. Oswald Crawford has no doubt heard one or two American girls talk, and reproduced, blunderingly, his impression. At least one of these must have been of pretty low social grade—possibly a suddenly enriched shop-girl—to judge by her language; but neither is this any just cause for irritation toward the novelist, for how in the world *can* an Englishman know what the social rank of a rich and well-dressed American girl may be? There are no titles to guide him; our distinctions of honorable or mean descent are not understood by all of the residents of our own country, even, and must naturally be mysteries to a foreigner; and the infallible distinction of intrinsic refinement and breeding, which counts for so much in fixing a person's status here, it would, perhaps, not occur to the European to observe, accustomed as he is to more conspicuous distinctions. There are, unquestionably, people in America, who say "European"; we understand there are people in England who say "Lunnon." We believe there are some quaint old country women here who say, "Do tell," though we have never chanced to meet any. If any American girl has, with apparent good faith, told Mr. Crawford that "not much on the walk" was the regular American phrase, that guileless Briton has unquestionably been taken in by the complexity of American humor: there is not a shop-girl or stable-boy in America who supposes the phrase to be legitimate English. "To gun" is not a verb extant in any American speech we have ever heard, or heard of; the phrase "to go gunning" is undoubt-

edly what the writer is thinking of, but it is not as common here as "to go shooting"; in the connection in which Miss Langham uses the word, no American or other sane being would say anything but "to shoot." "Dress," not "frock," is the usual American word, though we have heard critical ladies make a point of saying "gown." "Leastways," if American at all, belongs to a state of unsophistication that we should not know where to look for in American society. "On'y" is impossible. "No, ma'am," and "Do let's" are quite possible; it is, indeed, upon the strength of these two phrases that we conjecture that Mr. Crawford *has* at some time heard an American girl talk.

### Holiday and Children's Books.

THIRTY poems of Holmes have been selected and illustrated to make one of the leading holiday books of the year.<sup>2</sup> The artists are Barse, Crowninshield, Frances, Houston, Halsall, Helen M. Hinds, Francis C. Jones, Hugh Bolton Jones, Maynard, Mills, Murphy, Pyle, Ritter, Shelton, Smedley, Lawton Smith, Stiefel, Charles J. Taylor, William L. Taylor, Turner and Vinton. A curious and very interesting feature in a book like this is that it should be introduced by a new poem from the author himself, written for the express purpose. This poem, "Ave," appeared, however, almost simultaneously in the "Atlantic Monthly." It is very appropriate, even though somewhat sad—in the tone of Longfellow's "Aftermath." The illustrations are good, and the make-up of the book sumptuous. An interesting one is the portrait of "Dorothy Q," evidently a copy of the original to which the poem was addressed. — Another illustrated gift-book is Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.<sup>3</sup> This has already been printed in a series of papers in the leading child's magazine of its publishers. There are two excellently reproduced pictures of Wordsworth, one of which he himself preferred to any other (of some twenty-seven); it does not represent him as at all inspired in look, but as a rather formal old gentleman; as idealized, however, by Mr. W. L. Taylor in the illustration of

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction."

it is everything one would wish it to be. There are nine full-page illustrations and three vignettes by different artists. The most notable quality of the five out-door pictures among the seven, all full-page, which directly illustrate the words of the poem is the admirable effect of spring light and atmosphere that pervades them. Even "appareared in celestial light," is very satisfactorily illustrated as regards the light, and the "meadow, grove, and stream," the young

<sup>2</sup> Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> Ode. Intimations of Immortality. From Recollections of Early Childhood. By William Wordsworth. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

<sup>1</sup> *The World We Live In*. By Oswald Crawford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

lambs bounding, the "sweet May morning," the sunshine, warmth, and flowers are all good; the figures, however, do not seem as satisfactory, except the one already referred to,

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction."

in which the poem is admirably expressed in the face and attitude of the poet.—By stretching a point, we may, for convenience's sake, mention under "Holiday Books" the *Holmes and Emerson Calendars for 1885*.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, their difference from books is merely one of form: a birthday book, or book of selections for each day of the year, is exactly the same thing between covers; and they are issued by regular book publishers. The Holmes calendar is the first one made from the works of this poet; the Emerson one newly arranged. Both are mounted on decorated cards, with portraits of the authors; the Holmes card is decorated in bright colors and gold (a bevy of white-robed maidens crowning the portrait with rose garlands); the Emerson card in richer colors.—One of the prettiest children's holiday books we have seen in a long time is Mr. Wheeler's *Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time*.<sup>2</sup> The rhymed stories are sprightly, the pictures good, and the morals pleasantly smuggled in. It is in about the style of the best children's magazines, and one of the more ambitious books of the season—large and handsomely printed, and sprinkled with abundant pictures, distributed through the text.—One of the best of the children's books of the season is a series of papers upon various schools, gathered together under the somewhat fanciful title, *How to Learn and Earn*.<sup>3</sup> There are sixteen of these papers, and an idea of their scope can be given by half-a-dozen specimen titles: "Cadet Life at West Point;" "Boston Whittling Schools;" "Lady Betty's Cooking School;" "At a Day Nursery;" "The Carlisle School for Indian Pupils;" "The Blind Children's Kindergarten." They are by different authors, but every one is written with sympathy and appreciation of children's likings, within the child's comprehension, but not babyish. Mrs. Jessie Fremont, Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt, and Mrs. John Lillie are the best-known names among the writers. The book is lavishly and well illustrated, after the fashion of the most luxurious children's magazines of the present day.—We experience a real touch of sadness to find at the end of *The Viking Bodleys*<sup>4</sup> Mr.

Scudder's last farewell to these agreeable young people, and resolute refusal to write any more Bodley books. It is surprising to think how many years have passed since the first generation of Bodleys were the literature of children who are now reading Herbert Spencer and Blackstone, or writing books themselves, or reading the Bodley books to their own children. They are decidedly the best thing that has ever been done in the way of narrative travels, where the information is given by the conversation of parents. The latest of the series is in some respects the pleasantest; that is, the talk is brighter, and the impression of charming and cultivated society more predominant than ever. We do not at the moment call to mind any child's book in which one enters quite as good American society as the Bodleys and Van Wycks; and that is a most admirable trait in a book that one is to put into the hands of his children. In this final book of the series, *The Viking Bodleys*, the traveling party "do" Norway and Denmark, with a little Sweden thrown in.—*Perseverance Island*<sup>5</sup> narrates the adventures of a modern Robinson Crusoe, who, cast ashore with no provision but the clothes he wears, an anchor and rope, a few cans, and two books—"Bowditch's Epitome," and a "Compendium of Useful Arts and Sciences"—is enabled by these means, and by a previous mechanical training, to provide himself in the space of nine years with all the apparatus of civilized life, including a steam yacht, a saw-mill, and firearms of all sorts; not to speak of the more than present civilized possessions of a submarine boat and a steerable balloon. The island provided coal, iron, sulphur, saltpetre, besides birch, cedar, pine and spruce trees, silkweed, and other unusual growths for a Pacific island. There is much that is very instructive in showing how, given coal, iron, sulphur, and saltpetre, much of the present material achievement of the race could rapidly be reproduced from the ground by one who possessed the requisite knowledge and skill; but the present book is rather a suggestion of what a more thoroughly informed writer might do with the subject than itself a success. It romances a little too much. Such a book gains not only in utility but in interest, to an intelligent child, by being kept rigidly to possibilities in every detail of the mechanical achievements and of the resources of the island. The extra touch of romance, however, thrown in, in the discovery of pearl oysters, gold deposits, and pirates' treasures, purely for narrative purposes, is quite legitimate. The affidavits as to the truth of the narrative, and other devices for giving an air of reality, are calculated to be misleading to children.—*Two Compton Boys*,<sup>6</sup> an abundantly illustrated narrative of boys' doings in a New England sea-board village at the beginning of

<sup>1</sup> Emerson Calendar for 1885. Holmes Calendar for 1885. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time. By Edward Jewett Wheeler. Illustrated by Walter Satterlee. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

<sup>3</sup> How to Learn and Earn: or Half Hours in Some Helpful Schools. By Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Mrs. Ella Harman Pratt, Mrs. John Lillie, E. E. Brown, and others. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Sidney L. Strickland.

<sup>4</sup> The Viking Bodleys. By Horace Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>5</sup> Perseverance Island, or The Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century. By Douglas Frazer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

<sup>6</sup> Two Compton Boys. By Augustus Hoppin. With Ninety-Three Illustrations by the Author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

the century, is readable, and will probably be very entertaining to boys. It has a faint flavor of second rate about it, however, that is a real defect, and will keep it out of the hands of children whose parents are fastidious, in spite of the very attractive printing and binding, and the many lively pictures—which have, however, the same frequent touch of something unrefined.—Still another is added to the many successors of “Little Prudy” in *Flaxie Growing Up*,<sup>1</sup> the sixth of a “Flaxie Frizzle Series.” It cannot be said that the later books of this long succession are at all equal to the early ones, but they manage to keep still well to the front among children’s books, and that in spite of the increasing competition in that line.—*The Children of the Bible*<sup>2</sup> is a series of familiar talks to children about Bible children, from Ishmael to Timothy. They are in the main pleasantly written, and will be found readable by children who are willing to read anything but stories; and their spirit is very devout; but they are so absolutely deficient in any critical knowledge, either historic or exegetic, of the subjects treated, as to be more than useless. We should ourselves, in spite of its merits, rule it out of a Sunday School Library lot.—In *Natural History, Plays and Dialogues*<sup>3</sup> the children are to personate bears, beavers, butterflies, birds, or flowers, grouped according to proper classification, and address each other in flowing verse, conveying facts of natural history. By means of careful explanation on the part of the teacher and elaborate attention to costume, the children will get a few crumbs of information—perhaps a fiftieth part of what they would get in the same time from direct study of the animals by pictures, stories of travel, descriptions, etc. Perhaps they may enjoy the dialogues a little better. Some miscellaneous recitations are annexed. The verse is fluent, and in the more serious stanzas of fair poetic quality.—*Pretty Lucy Merwyn*<sup>4</sup> is a very innocent and pointless recital of the sayings and doings of a set of young girls—something after the manner of children’s books that narrate how Harry and Susy went to see the lambs, and Rover swam the brook, and papa gave them good advice about heedlessness. The book is goody-goody, but by some unaccountable saving grace the girls are not, but are nice, sensible, well-bred girls—save for an occasional slip of taste, which belongs rather to the author than to her characters.

<sup>1</sup> *Flaxie Growing Up*. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Children of the Bible*. By Fanny L. Armstrong. With an introduction by Frances E. Willard. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Natural History, Plays and Dialogues*. By Louisa P. Hopkins. Boston, Mass.: Lee & Shepard. 1885. For sale in San Francisco, Cal., by Chilion Beach.

<sup>4</sup> *Pretty Lucy Merwyn*.

### Briefer Notice.

An observant reader, unacquainted with the fame of Henry James, if so unusual a person could be found, would be struck before he had turned many pages of *A Little Tour in France*<sup>5</sup> with the fact that its author is a master of expression. Hardly a page is met that has not its one or two felicitous phrases, morsels that are rolled over and over on the mental tongue to enjoy their piquant flavor. The reader is led into the pleasant fields of central France; he views its ruined chateaux, rich in fair carvings and gloomy legends; he wanders into its old cathedrals, and is moved by their massive proportions and gorgeous coloring: and yet, in these places, no less than when he sits by his guide sipping wine in the humble inn, or strolls with him by the gently flowing Loire, his interest is concerned not more with the places visited than with his conductor, who chats about them so charmingly with an air of being entirely unembarrassed, because he is sure of pleasing the listener. To the reader already familiar with “Daisy Miller,” “A Bundle of Letters,” and “The Europeans,” these qualities are none the less pleasant for being expected. There is the honor of being taken into the confidence of the first (or is he second to Howells?) of the present generation of American writers of fiction. It is delightful to be the close companion of his rambles, to watch his opinions as they form themselves, until you feel something like a claim on them yourself, as you look over his shoulder while he jots them down in short and vigorous words in his note-book. This sense of comradeship is the greatest charm of a charming book.—*Bread-Making*<sup>6</sup> is a small book with a good deal of blank paper. Its instructions are plain, and on the point of baking more full and exact than we remember to have seen elsewhere. It is singular that in a book devoted entirely to bread and yeast, Graham bread does not appear at all, and no form of yeast but that made with hops.—*The Divine Authority of the Bible*<sup>7</sup> is a brief but good discussion of the subject by one who has before written on “The Logic of Christian Evidences” and “The Infallibility of the Bible maintained in the Presence of the Discoveries of Modern Science.” He is not only a theologian but also a very respectable scientist. The same society that publishes this sends us its *52d Annual Report*, showing a large business and a valuable list of periodicals and books. Also a *Handbook* in German for Free Evangelical German churches, and a Catechism. Also *The Duties of Church Members*, by Rev. Geo. R. Leavitt, of Cambridgeport, Mass.

<sup>5</sup> *A Little Tour in France*. By Henry James. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

<sup>6</sup> *Bread-Making*. By T. K. T. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

<sup>7</sup> *The Divine Authority of the Bible*. By G. Frederick Wright, Prof. in Oberlin Theological Seminary.—*52d Annual Report*.—*Handbook*.—*The Duties of Church Members*. By Geo. R. Leavitt. Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society. Boston. 1884.

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

---

VOL. V. (SECOND SERIES.)—FEBRUARY, 1885.—No. 26.

---

## THE LATE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—VI.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN AND CHORILLOS, JANUARY 13th, 1881.

THE earnest eloquence which characterized the harangue of their Commander-in-Chief—that veteran officer, who, by his patriotic and self-sacrificing example, had become the idol of the army—made a deep impression on the gallant Chileans, about to set out on an errand which the Peruvian press, in pompous terms, had proclaimed doomed to disaster, and foreign officials had declared to be audacious and hazardous in the extreme. The only exception to the general opinion expressed was that of Rear-Admiral Stirling, of the British Navy. When Piérola, to convince the foreign officers and diplomats who urged upon him at the last moment to make peace, gave them an opportunity of inspecting the fortifications, Admiral Stirling recalled to their memory the dash and determination with which the Chileans had taken Pisagua, against similar odds.

It was about 5 P. M., on January 12th, 1881, the same day on which the address to the army was issued, that the first Chilean division, headed by Naval Captain Don Patricio Lynch, led the advance, with colors flying and band playing. Then followed the other divisions in numerical order, proceed-

ing by parallel roads. The first division took the road leading over the arid rolling plain immediately bordering the sea, being the direct line to La Villa; the second took the one winding through the ravine of Atocongo, among the sandy ridges skirting the coast plain; while the third division proceeded along a track a little further inland. The cavalry was not to set out before midnight, as the dust clouds raised by the horses might warn the defenders of the approach of the army.

At about 10 P. M., after wearisome marches over heavy sandy roads, the respective divisions halted at the localities pointed out to them beforehand by the commanding general, as the last resting-places before the attack. Accordingly, the first division halted opposite La Villa, while the second and third ones met and rested on the plateau called La Tablada, shooting off from the very same heights upon which the hostile line of defense was constructed, the resting-place being distant about seven miles from that line.

Meanwhile, the men of the Peruvian army, laboring under the impression that the

Chileans were on the retreat—an idea derived from the ever deceptive Lima press—had neither reconnoitering troops nor scouts out, and passed the night in blissful ignorance of the fact that the foe was almost within gunshot range of their positions.

The full moon, which, until midnight, had shed a favoring ray upon the advance, now hid herself behind a heavy veil of mist; the darkness became intense. At 3.30 A. M. the march was again continued. In deep silence, and under cover of the dark, the Chilean army advanced, in order of battle, upon the formidable line of defense. On the left Lynch led his division, 7,000 strong, against the right wing of the enemy, extending between the Morro Solar and Santa Teresa. General Don Emilio Sotomayor directed his division, 6,000 strong, against the central positions between Santa Teresa and San Juan; while Colonel Don Pedro Lagos proceeded to place his division of 5,000 men opposite the hostile left, between San Juan and Tebes, his instructions being to prevent that wing from cooperating with the center. The reserve, numbering 3,000 men, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Don Aristides Martinez, kept close to the general staff, ready for any emergency.

The darkness at first favored the advance of the Chileans, but later it became the indirect cause of warning to the enemy. A servant of the ambulance went astray at Villa, and fell into the hands of an outpost. The incident was instantly reported to headquarters, and the alarm given in camp: "The Chileans are coming! They are close upon us!" The startling intelligence passed with the speed of lightning along the whole line of defense. It aroused from a sense of security to one of extreme danger, the men who had believed that the invader had decided upon a retreat. What a deception! However, in this supreme moment to all Perú, when the fate of its capital was at stake, a spirit of determination to gain the day or die in the attempt took possession of the poor deceived people. Had not Piérola himself—the mighty dictator, the man of foresight and iron will, the protector of the

poor—promised a glorious victory to the arms of Perú before Lima? Had he not predicted the complete annihilation of the hated Chileans, if they dared to appear before this line of formidable fortifications, studded with a hundred guns, the very approach made dangerous in the extreme by infernal machines? Between the breastworks, aim could deliberately be taken upon the assailant; the situation on the heights was commanding; the odds against the Chileans many. Still, the most sanguine could not very well omit to consider the many odds the Chileans already had fought against and gloriously overcome. The very audacity of the foe inspired awe; and thus it was with mingled hopes and doubts, that the defenders fell into ranks, and took up their positions at the breastworks and guns.

A few moments later dawn spread its gray light over the dismal surroundings. And now, looking southwards, the Peruvians vaguely discerned the dark moving columns of the Chileans steadily advancing upon them, the hostile left within range of shot. This was the division of Lynch. Along the Peruvian right the word to open fire was passed.

At this moment the Chileans witnessed a most impressive sight. The crest of the somber mass of hills and ridges, frowning upon the assailants with its dark brow of redoubts, hardly visible in the dim light of the morning, suddenly became a line of flashing fire. Then followed the roar of the hostile artillery, and while the heights became wrapped in dense smoke, shot and shell fell among the advancing troops. The battle had begun.

The tremendous fire opened upon them did not in the least check the advance of the gallant Chileans. Onward they pushed. Soon the first division arrived within range of shot. Undaunted by the shells falling among them with messages of death by the score, and the withering fire of rifle and mitraille which thinned their ranks, the men rapidly gained ground. When within about four hundred and fifty yards from the Peruvian line of defense, and while scaling the heights, Lynch

ordered his troops to double, firing as they advanced. In this manner the trenches before the redoubts were reached. It was now nearly daylight. The real action on the part of the Chileans was about to begin. Lynch led his men to the charge with the bayonet.

On an eminence of the plain extending before the hostile line of defense, and in the rear of the attacking columns, halts, mounted on a fine charger, the Chilean Commander-in-Chief, General Baquedano. He is surrounded by a knot of distinguished officers, foremost among whom is noticed the tall figure of the chief of his staff, General Matu-rana. Here, too, is Señor Lira, one of Chile's noted men of letters, acting as a secretary to the leader of the army. And yonder, a little aside from this knot of officers, is another. It is the minister of war "in campaign," Colonel Vergara and his adjutants.

The divisions of Sotomayor and of Lagos having as yet not come within range of shot, the entire attention of the Chileans on the hill is thus centered on the charging division of Lynch. It is evident that in order to carry the formidable redoubts towering overhead, a tenacity of purpose defying all obstacles must animate completely one and all engaged in that daring enterprise. The active spirit of the Commander-in-Chief is on the alert. With the eye of an experienced soldier he watches and measures the effect produced upon his troops by the incessant fire to which they are exposed while scaling the steep bank of the heights at La Vella. In the event of a reverse, the General is prepared to meet the emergency in a manner calculated to secure final success.

Though not present in any official character on the battle-field where the commander of the army wields absolute supreme authority, Colonel Vergara, intent upon leaving no stone unturned on his side to assist gaining the day for his country, contrives at least to throw his influence as Minister of War into the balance in favor of victory. When the trials of the first division appeared hardest, when an encouragement to the weary soldiers was most needed, the Colonel, aware of the immense importance of rendering the

first blow a complete success, dispatched the message to Lynch that a captainship shall be awarded the man who first raises the Chilean colors over the redoubts of the enemy. On swift horses the message reaches its destination, and midst the storm of shot and shell the promise of the Minister is announced to the soldiers. The intelligence is received with cheers of enthusiasm. "Forward!" shout the officers. "Forward, to win the prize of military distinction! Forward to the glory of our arms! *Viva Chile!*"

The hostile artillery roars overheard in defiance. But in defiance, too, the shout of "*Viva Chile!*" bursting from the lips of determined men, is borne up to the redoubts.

The small Chilean flag which each soldier carries in his breast-pocket, according to ordinance, for the purpose of placing it on his bayonet should circumstances call for it, are held in readiness.

Under a withering fire the trenches are cleared. The assault is made with such vigor that neither shot nor shell from the breastworks, nor the explosion of the treacherous mines over which the soldiers must pass, can stay their onward course. The redoubts are reached. The Peruvians, having taken aim deliberately at the approaching foe, at this moment fire a full volley into his ranks. But the human wave, though diminished in bulk, is not for that detained. The resolute Chilean soldiers launch themselves at the breastworks, tear to pieces the sacks of sand which partly constitute them, and through the breach thus effected the human tide finds its way. Sergeant Rebolledo of the Atacama Regiment is the first to plant the Chilean colors on the redoubts of the enemy. But so eager have the men been to win the palm that almost simultaneously more than a score of Chilean flags are observed to wave over the goal arrived at. The work of the guns must cease. It has come to close quarters. One more volley of musketry, and the Peruvians fall back, leaving the first Chilean division in possession of the redoubts at Villa.

When the Peruvians on the right wing of

defense fell back, it was with a strategic purpose in view. Behind, and at no great distance from the redoubts just carried by the Chileans, was an auxiliary line of defense, masked by the heights at Villa when south of these, and consequently not visible to the assailant before he had possession of the first line of defense. Simultaneously with their retreat behind this auxiliary line, the Peruvian right wing received a strong reinforcement. Thus, no sooner had the first Chilean division taken possession of the redoubts at La Villa, than it found itself attacked most vigorously anew. Greatly thinned by its effort to carry the positions which it already held, and now finding itself before a much greater force of the enemy than the one it had beaten off the field; exhausted as the men were after the work already accomplished; it became necessary to adopt defensive tactics, until reinforcements could arrive on the ground, and a second charge be ventured upon. But the hostile line with which the division interchanged fire rapidly increased in strength, and the situation of the first Chilean division became indeed most critical.

But General Baquedano had promptly taken in the situation, and instantly ordered the reserve to the front. At a double-quick the men of Martinez advanced between San Juan and Santa Teresa, and arrived on the ground. It is about 6 A. M. And now, with an enthusiastic "Viva Chile!" the battered division, seconded by the fresh troops which attack on the flank, is once more led on to the charge by the gallant Lynch. Like a mighty wave the assailants sweep over the ground toward the fire-emitting obstacles before them. Trenches are cleared as before, in spite of a hail of deadly lead, and the actors in this bloody game are once more brought face to face. The breach is made; the work of the bayonet is at hand. The Chilean steel-pointed wave dashes itself against the Peruvian wall of human flesh, steel-pointed, too. The effect of the shock is most terrible. The resistance of the defenders is tenacious. But the strength of opposition is not equal to the force applied

against it. After a most desperate struggle, the Peruvians succumb and take to flight.

To accomplish the complete rout of the hostile right wing, the men of Lynch and Martinez had occupied two hours. It was now about 8 A. M. The fragments of the wing fled to Morro Solar, on the brow of which the division of Iglesias, five thousand strong, formed the extreme right of the wing.

Owing to the greater distance which it had to march over in the morning, the second Chilean division, under General Sotomayor, did not come into action before an hour later than the first division, or simultaneously with the reserve, at six o'clock. Its task was to carry the hostile center, defended by the division of Caceres and two battalions, headed by Colonels Marino and Ayarza, respectively. Seconded by the powerful artillery of the Krupps, which engaged the hostile batteries, creating confusion and doing its fell work in the camp, the advance was made under a tremendous fire from the strong central position of the enemy on the heights at San Juan. The first brigade, attacking on the left flank, is led by Colonel Don José Francisco Gana; the second, attacking on the right, by Colonel Don Orozimbo Barbosa. To get over the ground with the least delay and loss possible, the Chileans did not open fire on the defenders before arriving at the trenches close under the positions. Then, heedless as were the men of Lynch of the storm of shots which beat against them with deadly effect, the men of Sotomayor clear the trenches, and the redoubts are carried at the point of the bayonet. The strong central line of the Peruvians is broken. In great confusion the defeated party fall back to Chorillos. But their extreme left is cut off and completely scattered by a movement successfully made by the men of Gana, over the field infested with mines and automatic shells. San Juan is ablaze, and the rout of the hostile center complete.

Meanwhile, the third Chilean division, under Lagos, has accomplished its task, too. Facing the left wing of the hostile line, defended by the division of Davila, it had indeed prevented that wing from reinforcing

the center. The most effective part in the engagement on this point was taken by the regiment of Navales, men of Valparaiso, led by Colonel Urriola. Spread in skirmishing order, the regiment attacked the wing with such telling effect that the battalion which was most exposed to its fire, the men under Colonel Canavaro, after suffering very heavy losses, fell back toward Tebes. It was about 7 A. M. when the hostile center was broken. At about 7.30 A. M., General Baquedano, to hinder the retreating troops from forming anew, now ordered the commander of his cavalry, Colonel Letelier, to charge the fugitives with two of his regiments. In spite of the difficulties presented on its way by the dangerous ground, the Chilean cavalry dashed off on its bloody errand. The ground was infested with mines and automatic shells. Their explosion among them infuriated the soldiers, and on clashing with the retreating troops there was sabering without mercy. When the charge had ceased, the field was covered with dead and wounded. Thus, the effect of these infernal machines turned against their own constructors. At 9 A. M. the battle had ceased between Villa and Monterico, and the Chileans were in possession of the formidable line between these points.

The culminating point of the Cape of Morro Solar is about seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Besides the ridge, trending eastward, upon which the line of defense just carried by the Chileans was located, there was another trending northward, and skirting the beach with precipitous walls on the ocean side. At the foot of the terminus of this ridge, only about one mile from the highest point, is Chorillos, the summer resort of the rich Limeños, famous for its excellent surf-baths. On the crest of the ridge were six redoubts with batteries of heavy guns, capable of opening a very effective fire, both upon the Chilean fleet off the cape and town, and upon the enemy breaking through the principal line of defense. These redoubts on the brow were, moreover, protected by a broad ditch. The position constituted the extreme right

of the first Peruvian line of defense, and was defended by a division five thousand strong, composed of picked troops, commanded by one of the country's most worthy soldiers, the minister of war at the time, Colonel Don Miguel Iglesias. Chief of his staff was patriotic young Billinghurst, colonel of volunteers, a native of Iquique. In command of the three brigades constituting the division were the veteran Colonels Noriega, Valle-Riestro and Arguedas. Among the prominent officers in command of battalions might be mentioned the brother of the dictator, Don Carlos de Piérola, leading the Guardia Peruana of Lima, Colonel Rosa Gil, of the Callao volunteers, Don Manuel R. Cano, leading the men of Cajamarca, and Don Justiniano Borgoño, at the head of the men of Trujillo. In charge of the artillery was Colonel Don Arnoldo Panizo, late from the battle of Tacna. The division on the Morro had as yet not been brought into action when the battle at San Juan ceased. Greatly reinforced by the fugitives, it now prepared to take a decided stand against the advancing foe.

It was of the greatest importance to the Chileans to carry the extreme right of the hostile line at once, so as to complete the victory already gained. Therefore, though the troops were exhausted in the extreme after their late efforts, immediately upon a night passed on a wearisome march and with but little rest, General Baquedano decided upon an immediate attack on Morro Solar and on Chorillos, where Colonels Recabárren and Caceres had assembled some three thousand men. The first division and the reserves were launched against the positions on the Cape at separate points; the second division against the town by the road of San Juan; while the rest of the army took up its position at the buildings of the *hacienda*. Lynch advanced first to reconnoitre the hostile line, and finding the defense too strong for him and Martinez to risk a decisive charge with their battered commands, he sent for reinforcements to headquarters, while keeping his ground, as did Martinez, bravely, under a most withering fire of rifle, gun, and mitraille. For several hours the fire was kept

upon both sides. Exposed as they were, the men of Lynch and Martinez found themselves in most trying circumstances. At last, reinforcements arrived on the ground. It was the brigade under Colonel Barceló, of the third division. This brigade now led the charge up the hill, followed by the first division and the reserve. The Chilean fleet, which, until then, had engaged the hostile batteries, then ceased firing on a given signal, to prevent havoc among the charging troops. Admiral Riveros then seconded the attack on Chorillos by letting his steam-launches run in close, and open fire on the town with gunshot and mitraille. The fight on the Morro became now far more fierce than that during the morning. The scaling of the steep and rude slopes under a brisk fire from above, presented to the assailant almost insurmountable obstacles. Cheered by their commanders and officers, however, and seconded by the field and mountain artillery stationed below, the Chilean soldiers gradually gained ground, leaving heaps of dead and wounded behind. But no sooner had they reached the summit of the heights, than they launched themselves at the enemy with irresistible force. The resistance is, however, most tenacious, and for every point they lose, the Peruvians fall back only to take up a stand on another. At last they retreat to the Point above Chorillos. A desperate struggle is here made by Iglesias and the brave hearts who have rallied around him. But the day is lost to Perú, and the gallant minister of war, to save the remnant of his men, surrenders at last. The hand-to-hand fight had been so terrible that many of the Peruvians were hurled down over the precipitous coast toward the ocean.

While this took place on Morro Solar, the town of Chorillos had become the scene of a similar bloody drama, if possible, even more terrible in its outlines. As before said, the small town—of about 4,000 inhabitants in normal times—served as a summer resort for the rich families of Lima. The Dictator had changed this place of rest and frolic into a military dépôt, and finally made it the

center of the last and most tenacious resistance. Piérولا, on retreating to Chorillos from the battle-field of San Juan, organized with all speed the defense of the town, turning the houses into so many fortresses; windows, balconies, and the flat roofs were studded with sharpshooters of the troops rallied around Recabárrén and Cáceres. They were to open fire on the Chileans as soon as these appeared in the streets. The ground was then strewn with automatic shells hidden from view by a layer of sand. But Piérولا did not stay in Chorillos to direct the defense. When the Chileans were observed to approach steadily, the Dictator, promising to hurry up reinforcements, departed with his staff by the road leading along the beach to Miraflores, the principal point in the second line of defense, where stood the reserve under Colonel Don Belisario Suarez. The second Chilean division, on nearing Chorillos, took up the combat with the defenders of the town; and finally, after some hard skirmishes, when the assailants effected an entrance, they were greeted with a tremendous storm of shots from roofs, balconies, and windows. It became necessary to assail house after house; and in several of these were placed infernal machines, which exploded upon the doors being opened. Where the staircases were not cut off or destroyed, those who attempted to scale them met with a brisk fire from above. The Chilean artillery opened fire on these houses and ignited them. The Chileans then forced their way through the streets. Each foot of advance is met with a tenacious resistance. Gradually the streets and houses become strewn with heaps of dead and wounded. The town is in full blaze, but as nobody attempts to check the fire, it increases, and together with the buildings, the soldiers who defend them are destroyed. At 2 P. M. the Chileans find no more resistance.

The struggle has ceased; both on the streets and in the houses lie heaps of dead and wounded, mixed with ruins and fragments of all descriptions. In the midst of this chaos, infernal machines are heard to explode time and again, accompanied by cries of

rage and despair, groans and guttural sounds. The flames, meanwhile, follow their destructive course. Nobody attempts to stay the fire: it could only be accomplished at the risk of being buried beneath the falling ruins, or struck by the exploding shells. Nor did it come into the minds of the soldiers, who had become infuriated by these same shells and mines; on the contrary, it seemed as if they strove to help the fire to accomplish its work of destruction. The atmosphere became indescribably tainted with the odor of the roasting bodies and the hot blood, and the smell of powder and smoke from the burning houses. Officers riding through the streets passed literally over a mire of human flesh, intermixed with fragments of all kinds, at which the horses would rear, groan, and take fright.

The victory cost the Chileans about 3,309 in dead and wounded. Among these were several field officers of great merit: Lieutenant-Colonels Don Baldomero Dublé, Don Belizario Zañartú, Don Carlos Silva Renard, and Don Tomás Yáver. They fell mortally wounded at the head of their troops. Two foreigners, also, bled and died for Chile on that day. These were Colonel Robert Souper and Captain Otto von Moltke, the first an Englishman, the other a German Count from the Duchy of Holstein. Souper had been settled in Chile for many years, and had served gallantly on the general staff of its army ever since the beginning of the war. He took part in the charge, and fell pierced by a bullet at the very moment his horse leaped over the trenches. He died with cheering words and love for his adopted country on his lips. Count Otto von Moltke served as captain in the regiment of Esmeralda. He had taken part as Lieutenant in the Franco-Prussian war, and wore the iron cross, and a medal gained on the battle-field of Tour le Mars. The incidents connected with his death are as follows: While charging, his command had outstripped the rest of the regiment, and found itself all at once alone, and close in upon the hostile positions. Then he ordered a temporary retreat in or-

der to fall in line with the rest, and charge together with them. The ground to be abandoned for the time was, however, strewn with several of his men, among them officers who were his personal friends. Heedless of his own safety, he hurried to their side, to check with his handkerchief the blood flowing from their wounds. When he, at last, had accomplished his charitable mission, and prepared to join his company, he found himself cut off by the enemy, and surrounded. He would not be taken prisoner, but defended himself bravely, with revolver first, and then with his sword; but, at last overpowered, after killing several, he fell himself, mortally wounded. The Peruvians, excited by his tenacious resistance and the loss he had inflicted upon them, threw themselves upon the prostrate nobleman, tore the decorations off his breast, and stabbed him with their bayonets until life was extinct.

The total loss of the Peruvians was hard to calculate, but more than five thousand lay slain on the battlefield, and probably as many more wounded. Among these were Major Don Juan Castilla, the only son of Perú's most distinguished President, Grand Marshal Don Ramon Castilla. He served on the brigade of Canavaro on the left, and fell, sword in hand, while gallantly rallying his men. The Chileans took about two thousand prisoners, among whom were seventy-one colonels, eight lieutenant-colonels, and a long list of subaltern officers. Of the rest of the army defending the first line of defense, only about five thousand to six thousand gathered at Miraflores, at the second line of defense, where stood the reserve, the division of Suarez. The war material lost by the Peruvians was great: one hundred and twenty guns of different calibers and systems, and many mitralleuses.

Chorillos stood ablaze the entire afternoon. At dawn the reddish tint of the flames threw a strange reflection on this horrible picture of death and destruction. Among the houses only three escaped the flames. Of the lovely summer resort, only a smoking pile of timbers and stone remained.

*Holger Birkedal.*

## ON THE EDGE OF A NEW LAND.

## XX.

THE loungers who liked to linger about the tavern, with its leaning porch and swinging sign, were there in full force this mild September day, when Squire Lyscombe came down driving his mettled span, the thick dust swirling in billows after them. Hester stood in the post-office door. Its dingy little pigeon-holes had yielded no treasure for her. She had come from a short call upon the sick wife of one of the miners. Her face was thin and pale.

A couple of her acquaintances, who had likewise inquired for letters, seeing her about to start homeward, switched past her airily. One drew her skirt away with a quick flirt. The insolence was so public, so marked, that the idlers on the tavern porch could not fail to note it. They commented upon it openly, some angrily, some jocosely. Harrington muttered something furiously, under his breath, about "blaygards intirely." Horton said not a word, but his face darkened unpleasantly.

"If she'd been a cross-eyed shrew, now!" said Jack.

"Sh'd think Sally Jones might 'a' remembered that Johnny never would 'a' pulled through the scarlet fever, if it hadn't been for Hester," another of the pioneer miners said indignantly.

"She's much too pretty to be forgiven," said Colonel James.

"An' too good," added Jack, fiercely.

Lyscombe readily divined from the clouded faces, lowering on the tittering women, the condition of affairs. He checked his horses. "Get in, Hester," he said kindly, "I'm going your way. Any letters, Tom?"

He seized his mail, and dismounting, helped Hester in. She took her seat, outwardly unruffled by the encounter. The Squire observed her closely as they rode.

He waited for her to speak, but she said nothing.

"Hester," he asked at last, "are you quite sure you are dealing justly with yourself? I've thought the whole thing over," he went on, "and—" he hesitated a moment—"it seems to me we have both made a mistake —"

"No!" interrupted Hester.

"If," he said, "it were a man who did not know all the facts, I should think you were right. But he does know them, as well—yes, better than you do. I can see no good reason for your becoming a target for the arrows of scandal. No reason, either, why he should not be entitled to consideration. He, at least, has harmed no one."

"That is true," assented Hester, brokenly.

"It seems to me," pursued the Squire, "that you overlook his rights in this matter. If there were such a thing as real, true, manly devotion, he has given it to you. Why cling any longer to the vague belief that your husband still lives, and on that mere chance shipwreck another's happiness? If, indeed, your husband is living, that is a greater and a better reason why you should forget him, since, in that case, his conduct toward you has been doubly diabolical. If he is dead, why should not the long years of waiting end for one who has served for you as faithfully as Jacob did for Rachel? If you go on, it will be, perhaps, for as long a time. I say this, Hester, not because of my own feeling, but because I think—in spite of yourself—you love him."

The blood rushed into her face. She put out her hand deprecatingly.

"There is no real barrier," the Squire went on resolutely, with the manner of a man accustomed to bear down opposition.

"There is!" cried Hester, despairingly.

He gazed at her, losing patience a little. "Is it the old one?" he asked, a trifle scornfully. "What barrier can there be? If—

your husband lives ! Who, then, can prove it ? ”

She leaned forward ; she caught his arm ; her lips were quivering.

“ I can ! ” she cried, trembling all over.

“ You ? ”

A shadow passed over his face. She was quick to interpret it. “ I knew,” she said huskily, “ the time must come when I must put your friendship to the test. It has come. I told you it would. Don’t ! ”—she cried, scanning his darkening face. She saw that he was going over those days of hopeless search, of dumb, dull anguish—the turmoil, the anxiety, the horror of it all. “ I tell you,” she said excitedly, “ I throw him on your mercy. Will you refuse it ? You promised—not a month ago—you promised to stand between me and the scandal of this dreadful town. Will you keep your promise now ? There it is, written by your own hand—are you going to deny it ? ”

She drew from her pocket a well-worn wallet, and out of it took a small three-cornered note. The answer to it had been delivered by Salome under the watchful eyes of Miss Ann. She opened it.

“ I remember ! ” said Lyscombe, with a stern gesture, refusing its perusal.

“ They will kill him,” she said hoarsely, “ if he falls into their hands.—Have mercy ! ” Her forced and transient composure utterly failed.

“ And you ? ” asked the Squire. “ Would you save him ? ” He looked at her doubtfully, unable to fathom her.

“ Oh,” cried Hester. “ You are hard—so hard—with me ! ”

“ Is it easy for *me*,” he said, “ after all these years, to find that you were playing fast and loose with a man that loves you ? It is plain, you never cared for him—you don’t love him.”

“ Stop ! ” said Hester, lifting up a pair of flashing eyes. “ If a woman truly loved a man, do you suppose she would be willing to bring disgrace upon him ? A woman could not shame any man that she really loved. A woman’s reputation is like a butterfly’s wing—touch it with so much as a

breath, and you tarnish it.” She had drawn herself up ; all her tremor, her uncertainty were gone.

The Squire regarded her with sudden softening. Yet, reading in her eyes the almost sublime conflict she had waged, he could not wholly suppress a natural irritation. She had fought against herself, against another—and for whom ?

“ Where is he, Hester ? ” he asked, after a pause.

“ Your promise ? ” she said anxiously.

“ I will keep it,” he answered concisely.

“ He is alive,” replied Hester evasively.

“ Where ? ” reiterated the Squire.

They had reached her own door. Salome, standing on the step, beckoned her eagerly.

“ Will you come in ? ” she inquired meaningly, turning to the Squire.

She put her arm through Salome’s, as if she derived some support from the bare touching of the child’s form. The three went into the inner room of the cabin, where the little shelf still hung against the rough wall over the cosy, red-covered lounge.

On the lounge a long, gaunt form was stretched, its attitude betraying the extreme exhaustion due rather to mental than to physical strain. As the incomers entered, it turned on its pillow wearily and threw out its ungainly arms. The Squire drew nearer, hastily. The figure rose and extended a scrawny hand.

“ How are ye, sir ? ”

The Squire recoiled in amazement.

“ How are ye ? ” repeated the voice of Archy Reid.

Hester sat down wearily. “ Tell him, Silas,” she said, “ what you told me about—Mr. Holland.”

She spoke abruptly, even impatiently, as if the recital must reopen old sores.

“ Deed, leddy,” responded the Scotsman, “ I canna tell much—frae sight mysel’. But I ha’e heerd o’ him mony times, frae them that ha’e seen him. I’ve been a lang, lang journey, sin’ I left you a’ here,” he added, addressing Lyscombe. “ West, an’ east, an’ south, an’ wherever I went I allays found her husband”—he pointed to Hester—“ had

been there afore me. Strange!" He smiled, half grimly. "One as didn't know might ha'e thocht I were following on his track. I went on further west; an' when I got to Frisco, he had been just afore me—an' were gone. Then I drifted down into Mexico, an' sure enough, I heard he had been gone frae there on'y a month sin'. I'm told you all thocht here he'd been murdered years ago."

"Who told you this story about Holland?" asked the Squire. "Any one that knew him or had seen him?"

"Ay," answered Archy, "One that baith knew him an' had seen him?"

"Who?" demanded the Squire.

"I'll no tell that," replied Archy, doggedly.

The Squire, more than ever bewildered, turned away. Hester, following him into the small parlor, closed the door. She pointed to the inner room.

"It's from *him*," she said, "you must help me to save my husband."

"What!" cried the Squire. "From Archy—Archy Reid?"

## XXI.

THE stranger who had wished to buy Old Ben's claim could not have set upon it any great value, or else had repented the too liberal offer he had made. For he had not even waited to learn what Hester and Horton had decided in reference to it. A short note left with the post-master informed Horton that Jonas Higgins had, after maturely considering his proposition, decided not to invest any money in the thrifty town of Katise, his interests calling him elsewhere. He had departed in the dewy, sheeny hours of that very August morning he had himself appointed for obtaining Horton's answer to his offer. His coming had been in a measure unnoticed, and his going was soon forgotten.

To-day the red leaves on the sumacs were crumpling with late-fallen frosts. The hill-sides were ablaze with autumnal splendor. In the air a faint survival of the departed Summer seemed to linger, even among the leaves that heaped her grave. It was Saturday afternoon, and the miners were enjoy-

ing their usual half-holiday with as much zest as their small representatives at the humble school-house.

In the bowling-alley which Diana had passed years before, shrinking from the unheard-of horrors of the lynching, numbers of the men were congregated. They lounged in the doorways, or, leaning over the wooden railing, puffed out long films of smoke. In a low, dingy room, opening off from "the Alley" itself, at a rough, round table, sat four of the miners—ocherous stains still thick upon their clothing and their thick-soled boots. As they carelessly dealt their cards, other idlers grouped around them, commenting upon the game, or listening to their irregular and broken conversation. The talk, by some casual association, turned upon Old Ben's unlucky claim.

"Tell ee lads!" piped English Jack, "Horton was soft not to sell it. Thousan' dollars! Chap as wanted it had moor money nor brains. Never wor a better miner nor Old Ben, an he give up that crevice hisself—nawthin' there, sure-ly!"

"An' who towld ye that Horton wud'nt sell? Faix! It's meself 'll bet he didn't get the chance, thin," said Pat Foye.

"'Twas Hester, as wouldn't let him sell. Phat kind uv a hand hev I got, anny how?" said Harrington, disgustedly.

"Chap wor one of them specoolatin' fellers, likely. Lucky fur him he made tracks. He'd 'a salted down some good dollars ef he'd bought 'Old Ben's.' Wh'—what do y' mean, Pat—it's my play. Hello, Horton!" The last words he jerked out, throwing down his card, and turning to Horton, who had just entered. "Was jes' talkin' 'bout you," he explained.

"Trust Tom Griffin to be slandering some one," answered Horton, good humoredly.

At this the gamesters began again a clamorous conversation, poking fun a little mischievously at the new comer because of his lost chance to sell Salome's claim—telling a dozen conflicting stories about it; strong denials following stronger affirmations. It troubled Horton a little: had he really lost an opportunity, that would not come again,

to benefit Salome, by his twenty-four hours' reflection upon the subject? In the midst of the discussion he went quietly out, and walked, without any definite purpose, up the long valley that ran past the Lyscombe place. Over the narrow defile the tumble-down cabin still kept watch, and his feet crushed the dry, withered leaves as he went. A short distance on was the clump of mandrakes that edged the treacherous shaft, down whose yawning gap had passed those who sought the body of Frederick Holland, years before. Mechanically he approached it. There were no May-apple blooms there now—nothing but the brown, broken stalks and the crumpled, decaying leaves. A small space down the sloping ground a hollow and distorted tree marked the limit of the old miner's claim, and Horton recoiled with a start when from behind it Salome rose suddenly up and confronted him.

"Stop!" she said. "I thought you'd never come."

"What are you doing here, Salome?" he asked, not unkindly, but vexed a little at her ghost-like way of rising.

"I saw you coming—I want to speak to you," she answered.

He noticed now that she was trembling; her large black eyes shining out from a face drawn and colorless. He looked at her with anxiety.

"What is it, Salome?"

"Oh!" she cried in a quivering voice, "I've been so happy—so happy—with Hester. I did think I could forget this horrible spot. But I can't—I never shall—I can smell those May-apples just as strong now as I did when—when," she went on slowly, "you and the others searched here for the dead man. He wasn't there"—she shivered, glancing toward the weedy shaft. "You said so—Lila said so—Hester said so—I almost came to believe what you said, myself—but—he *was* there," she cried excitedly.

"Salome!" said Horton sternly, recalling Hester's disapproval of this morbid fancy.

"I tell you he was," she insisted. He came out of that shaft this very morning. I saw him as plainly as I see you."

Horton looked at her sharply. An odd child always, he reflected, and—what was that proverb Lila was so given to quoting—something about "fules an' bairns speaking the truth"? Could it be that this fanciful child had stumbled upon a clue that might unravel the mystery of a murder that had long been given up as one that would never be unveiled? If she told any such tale as this to Hester, what old sores would it not reopen? What good could result from it, even if true?

"Salome," he said, "you ought to be racing over these hills, instead of moping here. I'll warrant you wouldn't see such ugly visions as these. Was the dead man very dead?" he added, laughing.

"You are just like the others," replied Salome impatiently. "I thought *you* would believe me."

His manner changed at once. "Tell me, Salome, if I can describe him rightly. He was tall, and yet rather stoop-shouldered; he was tanned with the sun; he had light, yellowish hair; his eyes were blue; and if he'd spoken, you'd have known his voice had a kind of stutter in it."

"No," said Salome, "his eyes were black, and he wasn't very tall; his face was not tanned, and his voice had no stutter in it—for he talked to himself as he rode along. He was very pale; the horse he rode was black, and oh, so shiny. Such a queer saddle he had, and such clumsy stirrups—Mexican, I guess you call them."

"Mexican?" repeated Horton. "Ah!"—he paused thoughtfully.

"Salome," he asked, "Why should you think this stranger was like the dead man?"

Salome came closer to the speaker. "Listen!" she said in a distinct, emphatic whisper. "While I was hid by the old shaft—and he had just come up out of it—I saw him take out of his pocket a tape line and measure off the ground. As far as that old tree he went, and then he turned, still measuring, smiling and talking to himself all the time. He had not gone very far when his head accidentally struck against a hazel bush; and there he was, with pretty, black, curly hair,

and on the bush hung his grizzled wig. And there was an odd scar just under his chin."

"Well," asked Horton, breathing hard, as she ceased, "what did he do then?"

"He put on his wig again," returned Salome, "and began to hum, real soft and low, a little song."

"A song? What was it?"

"Something about

A lassie in a braw, new gown  
Cam' over the hills fra' Gourie.'

When I heard that, it all came back to me."

"Came back to you, Salome? What do you mean? Did you ever hear that song before?"

"Yes," answered Salome, hesitatingly, "a long time ago."

"And where?" demanded Horton, carried quite out of himself by her manner.

A sudden ashy film overspread the fresh, young face. "Where?" cried Salome, her black eyes flashing ominously; "to ask me where! *Me!*" Her slight frame shook with suppressed rage, as if the memory his words awoke had swept away from her every vestige of self-control. "*Me!*" she reiterated with intense bitterness. "Where?—don't you know yourself, Henry Horton?" she cried, her passion breaking in a tempest of sobs.

Immeasurably distressed as was Horton at Salome's wild and unexpected outburst, he knew enough of her to be sure that both her grief and its cause would be rigidly kept from Hester. He did not even think it requisite to caution her as to that. There was much food for reflection for him in the startling tale told by Salome. What had induced Jonas Higgins to revisit, and that by stealth, this dismal ravine with its ill-favored shaft? Why had he been careful in his farewell note to direct attention to important interests which drew him elsewhere, and prevented the proposed investment in Old Ben's shaft? For Horton was quick to identify the sharp "chap up the hollow," who had bargained for Salome's "claim," as the mysterious dead man, whose ascent from the mouldy shaft had so terrified Salome. At least, it would

be wise to examine the shaft himself, and to learn whether or not it contained any indications of a lead which could justify either this stranger's prying curiosity or his own retention of it for Salome's benefit, should he obtain a second opportunity to sell it.

Salome's emotion had spent itself, and she had withdrawn herself a little from Horton, haughtily silent. He looked at her a moment.

"Salome," he asked, "should you mind staying here alone for an hour or two?"

"No."

"I am going down the shaft myself," he went on; "I want to see how it looks; I want to convince you, if possible, that there is nothing ghostly there."

"Go," said Salome, "if you will!"

He took hold of the shaky windlass, carefully testing its strength.

"It won't stand," he muttered. "I'll borrow a ladder and rope at Lyscombe's."

He went away unconcernedly in the direction of the "white house," returning after an interval with a miner's slender ladder and a coil of rope.

He took up a bit of rusty tin—a scrap left from some battered bucket—and piercing with his knife two small holes in either side of it, wrapped it about a lighted candle, which he gently lowered into the shaft. Soon he drew it up again, still burning.

"Air's all right, anyway," he said; "I thought it would be foul."

Having firmly secured his ladder by means of the rope, he cautiously descended it, scanning as he went every foot of the shaft. There was certainly nothing in it to give any hope of "a lead" to an experienced miner like himself. Just as it was when Old Ben had last looked upon it, it was now, save that the green, slimy growth of lichen covered its rocky walls a little more thickly. Great drops of water oozed from the numberless clefts in the rocks and trickled down the shelving sides, like the tears of some melancholy spirit—perhaps mourning over the ruined hopes of Old Ben himself. The dead, soundless air pressed upon Horton almost with a sense of perceptible weight, and seemed to rise like a visible wall, shut-

ting out irrevocably from the sunlit, blue-domed world above, this shadowy, unreal, underground realm.

At the bottom of the shaft a small, cold stream of water flowed over the clayey floor, and fell with a somber drip, drip into a lower crevice. Horton heard it for a moment or so after he entered the low, narrow drift he now began to explore; then the sound was lost. Upon hands and knees he crawled along here and there—the rocky roof opening high up overhead, and again shutting down so low as scarcely to admit of further advance. Great jagged rocks jutted perilously near, and at times gaunt yellow stalagmites, like the huge tusks of some earth-born monster, were bared before him. Slowly, critically, he examined the many crevices about him, holding his friendly candle up to numberless chinks and crannies; holding it over wide cracks and fissures in the moist, clayey floor; crawling painfully through still more contracted side-drifts; climbing up to projecting shelves; patiently, intelligently, looking for signs of the longed-for ore, that had seemed to unlucky Ben always “just ahead.”

No! it must have been an over-sanguine nature that so misled the old miner, for Horton's practical eye could nowhere discern any indications favorable to his hopes.

Nor were there, either, any tokens of recent explorations in the drift, other than his own—not even a broken match or a wasted candle in its entire length; not even a loosened stone, tumbled from the brink down the black shaft. Certainly, of the dead man whose memory haunted Salome's unhealthy imagination, nothing here revealed the faintest trace; and of the adventurer whom within the past few hours she had watched, slyly measuring off the ground about the mandrake clump, there was no reminder whatever.

“There's the barred crevice,” soliloquized Horton. “When I've looked there, I'll go up.”

Through a drift so low and uneven that it was only by lying prone and wriggling himself along worm-like that he was able to ad-

vance, he presently entered a high and vaulted chamber, from whence he followed for a short space a wide and roomy crevice. Suddenly it terminated against a hard, unyielding stratum of rock that rose sheer above it. Horton held up his candle, scrutinizing the rock itself, and then the ground beneath his feet.

“Poor Old Ben!” he said. “He was the grittiest chap I ever knew. Never would give up this prospect. Never stopped work on it but once that I know of. I remember when this confounded crevice barred through, he went to bed and staid there just one month. But he came back then and worked just the same till the day of his death.”

He turned away, whistling softly, for the barred crevice was not an entirely cheerful reminder. A few moments later he emerged from the shaft's mouth, quite satisfied that should any one again offer to purchase Salome's claim, he would at once dispose of it.

Salome, sitting beside the hollow tree, looked at him as he approached, disdaining comment or question.

“Come, Salome,” he said. “There's nothing—absolutely nothing—in the shaft. It's time you were home. And—don't come here again, child. It does you no good.”

When they reached Hester's door, Horton took her hand gravely.

“Good-bye!” she said. There was such a bowed, disheartened feeling expressed in her languid gait, such a sullen shame in her half-averted face, that Horton experienced a sensation of self-blame, for which he could in nowise logically account.

“Good-bye!” he called back, walking rapidly and uncomfortably down the hilly path.

The child gazed after him, not angrily, but with a fixed, expostulating look that cut him.

“Confound it!” he muttered. “What in the world have I done amiss? I don't understand the girl!”

## XXII.

THE return of Archy Reid made only a short-lived commotion in the bustling com-

munity. That he should grow weary of roaming, and come back again to Katise, appeared to the simple miners a thing so entirely natural as to require slight explanation. He took up his abode with Horton and Lila, of whose marriage he seemed to have known, though how he did not say.

Oddly enough, Salome's name had not been mentioned in his presence, either by her aunt, who had no desire to obtrude her upon Archy, nor even by Horton, who seldom spoke of her to any one.

Quite naturally Archie fell into the habit of dropping into Hester's on his way home, after his day's work was over. From the very first he was powerfully drawn to Salome. One passion this long-limbed, uncouth Scotchman possessed—an ardent and changeless love of flowers. In his wanderings he had picked up stray scraps of botanic knowledge, and had carefully stored them in his mind. In quiet hours, by the aid of a few botanic works, he had added to them, little by little, and had gleaned in this manner a number of Latin names, which he sometimes used in a shamefaced way, as if they were quite out of joint in the mouth of a rude carpenter. But to books he had not indeed been very largely indebted; the hills and the valleys were his real teachers; the flowers themselves, the living characters that lettered Nature's page. Furzy reaches and wide plains yielded him their treasures. No argonaut ever entered more triumphantly an unknown port, than he explored quiet retreats and shadow-steeped glens. Salome, revealing by some chance word her own love of flowers, had bridged over the Scotchman's shyness, and by degrees won his friendship. He questioned Hester about her, and was satisfied with her answer, that fortune had thrown into her keeping this waif, deprived of a father's and a mother's care. They fell into the habit of rambling over the hills and the ravines in search of their beloved floral trophies. When, on the open slopes, the spring scattered the fragrant anemones, and by the brooks the "dog's-tooth violet"; when the meadows and the fields burned with hot summer blossoms, Salome, slender and willowy—a mere slip of a girl—kept her march by the

peering Scotchman, a trifle stoop-shouldered and ageing now, with his sandy locks well "streakit" with gray.

The reticence always habitual to him was not laid aside, but through it dropped occasionally such quaint, shrewd remarks, such quick gleams of practical knowledge, that Salome was well pleased with his quiet companionship, and felt in his unobtrusive regard a strong and underlying sympathy.

Once only an unforeseen disturbance rippled over their calm friendship. They were returning from a long jaunt to the Maquo-keta, a neighboring stream. Tired, spoil-laden, and foot-sore, they took a short cut homeward. The path brought them unawares upon the old deserted cabin, and led through the ravine below. Absorbed in her flowery treasures, Salome abstractedly followed her companion. Suddenly a strong, cloying perfume struck upon her. She looked up. Her feet already set in the mandrake clump, were trampling down its white waxen cups.

Her large, black eyes dilated with the strange shock. "Not this way!" she cried shrinking; "not this way—"

"Hoot, lassie!" expostulated Archy. "It's the short path home." He looked kindly at her.

"Come away! come away!" she persisted. "The flowers sicken me. The smell of death clings to them yet."

"Of death?" echoed Archy. "What mak's ye say that, lassie?"

"I hate it! I loathe it!" cried the girl, stamping her foot unreasonably, her whole form quivering, the red blood rushing to throat and brow.

Archy observed her with astonishment.

"Why?" he asked briefly.

What was there in this girl, he wondered, so strangely familiar, so utterly alien.

"Because," answered Salome, "I never came here in my life without feeling that something evil was following me. No, nor without remembering things, I'd give worlds if I could only forget! Come away!" She broke off abruptly, and crossed with rapid strides the shriveled brook under the elms.

It vexed Archy. This girl, this Salome,

hitherto so open, so trustful toward him—she to whom life was in its early bloom—what memories could she have, that she wished so vehemently to banish? Only to such stern, time-hardened natures as men possessed, such expression, fierce and bitter, belonged—to men, who had struggled and fought through life; to men, who had been wronged, betrayed. His thought glanced off from Salome, to travel over his own history. Was he forgetting?—forgetting his promised vengeance—softening away from his grim purpose, under the gentle friction of his association with Hester and Salome? A subtle shame came over him at the thought that all his desire, his plan—his one fixed purpose during all these long years—had slipped almost from his very memory, through these months since his return.

In silence the two plodded onward. As they gained the little path under Hester's lilacs, Archy asked:

"What is it you would like to forget, Salome?"

She had been deftly arranging in her moss-lined basket the flowers she had gathered in her ramble. From among familiar blooms that had thronged the brooks, the meadows, and the hillsides, she lifted up one—a dull, sultry blossom. She had plucked it in passing the old cabin—a flower sprung, perhaps, from a chance seed, dropped maybe from Lila's hand, or loosed from among their old boxes when they first arrived there. Every year it thrived and bloomed—an unknown, heavy-odored flower.

She held it up before the Scotsman's eyes.

"Look," she said; "it is a poor, forlorn outcast. It does not know, it does not feel. If it could feel"—she touched its crumpled leaves almost pityingly—"don't you think it would suffer? Such an alien bloom—such a poor little outcast!"

She slipped in to Hester, without further speech, but Archy did not follow.

### XXIII.

NEVER had more prosperous days dawned in "the Mines" than the snow-laden ones of

the following winter. It was cold. Groups of men in the dingy stores were of one mind, and individually and collectively declared that the winter was "a stinger, sure!" Miners going up the bleak hill paths or through the chill valleys, held their heads well bent down against the wind, as they shiveringly crunched underfoot the thick snows. In the gin-shafts great rifts of rimy breath crusted the rafters, and made the roaring fires seem almost poor and sickly.

Old Archy worked steadily on in his carpenter shop, heaping up great piles of curling shavings with the odor of sawdust always about him.

Christmas had gone,—Christmas humbly kept, in low rough cabins, with rows of worn-out stockings hung about the huge chimney places,—Christmas blithely kept in gay young hearts, with the clang of silvery bells under wintry stars. But these festivities were all ended now. February was wearing to its close. The drifts were piled, thick and white, on the almost trackless hill, above the mandrake clump, and the old cabin peered fitfully out of the windy whirls that the rude storms dashed about it.

In the west the faint, ind. scribable flush of a winter's sunset was just blending with great purple and yellow rifts of cloud. The winds suddenly died away, and the short twilight was rapidly closing in, when Diana, meditatively enjoying her brief hour "twixt the glimmer an' the mirk," as she was wont to do, became aware of a figure cautiously ascending the one broken path that passed near the old cabin and terminated at an unsightly mound on the further slope of the hill. This was one of the "leads" which had been opened and operated during the whole winter, and the approach to it was well stamped down by the feet of the miners, who with buckets in hand and pipes in mouth manfully trudged up and down, morning and evening, past "Lyscombe's."

But the figure Diana now saw did not proceed to the top of the hill. Even while she looked it came to a stand-still, and a moment later left the beaten track and turned the corner of the cabin. She strained her eyes,

in the vain attempt to see if it again came into view beyond the cabin walls. But the darkness closed over it and shut it from sight; and when Prissy came in with the candles, and the children clamored about her knee, Diana soon forgot the solitary figure on the bleak hill-side.

The Squire came home, welcomed with bold shouts by the daring robbers who sprang out from their den and captured him. It is true, the youngest of the banditti encountered punishment by reason of the low ceiling that arched the dark nook under the hall stairs, where the dismal den had been extemporized. But the captive Squire soon dried his tears by means of a contraband sweetmeat, and bore him smilingly in to Diana. She fancied that in spite of the Squire's sportive entrance, he looked worried and worn. She was sure of it, when the direct light from the candles fell on his face. But he answered her anxious inquiries with cheerful denials—nothing ailed him; he was a trifle tired, nothing more; a night's sleep would readily make him as good as new.

"Diana," he said, as they sat later talking by the fireside, "should you care if I let a hand room in the carriage house?"

"Why," returned Diana, surprised, "if—"

"You see," interrupted the Squire, "it's a poor devil prospecting up the hollow. He'll not trouble you—he'll 'batch.' There's no other house near; and so I told him he could sleep in the carriage house—that is"—he added—"if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," said Diana. "Who is he? Where is he mining?"

"His name's Creighton—and he's working somewhere up the hollow, not far from James's, I think—as near as I can tell."

So it was settled that Creighton should sleep in the carriage house. It contained a small room, once fitted up for Prissy, and abandoned by her on the birth of little Diana. And here, the next day, came a tall, lank Kentuckian, who at once set up house-keeping for himself—"batching," as miners call it.

He proved no trouble whatever, disappearing daily to his prospect. The children

stared at him awhile, and ended by liking him. Just why was not apparent, he was so silent. At Diana he looked sometimes furtively, avoiding always her gaze when they chanced to encounter each other, which was seldom. At such times he was so shy, so ill at ease, that it amused her. As spring approached, the children, freed from the house, liked nothing so well as to play about 'Jack's' door. Jack became authority with them; Jack who smoked his pipe thoughtfully, saying little, and with a vague, unsmiling look in his eyes, that made one wonder by what strange charm he drew the children after him.

A curiosity to solve the riddle made their mother scan him a little closely. An impression of constant alertness in him forced itself upon her—a sensation of his being, as it were, always on guard. She thought she detected in him, not so much a fear of danger, as a readiness to face some unexpected event, doubtful and threatening in its nature. What was it that he feared—expected? What peril could menace him? Who were the foes of this solitary stranger, whose very forlornness appealed to her?

He made no acquaintances among the miners, invited no conversations, exchanged no confidences. The children alone sought him, and served to amuse him much as a flock of snow-birds in the biting winter had amused Diana herself. He watched them at most times silently—sometimes with a faint, half-smothered sound almost like a laugh, and again with an air of compassionate tenderness, much as he might have felt for the chilled, twittering snow-birds themselves.

The snow at last left the hillsides, and the expectancy of springtime that pervades a waiting world permeated every nook and cranny of Katise. Already the frogs by stagnant pools were sending out their grotesque greetings. The gypsying instincts, inherent in children, broke forth, and Diana found herself forced to set out with the little ones on a long promised ramble. She chose her course up the long, narrow ravine, and following the rough hill path past the decayed cabin, with the children's laughing

chatter about her, paused to look down upon her own home embowered in its sheltering shade.

The little ones scattered impatiently over the hill, keeping within sound of her voice, and Diana, seated on a mossy stone, gave herself up to pleasant reverie. The cabin just behind her looked older, more decrepit than ever—about it a weedy bank of ocherous earth, its huge stone chimney flecked with spots of mould, and its dingy window staring pathetically upon her. Moved by some whimsical impulse, she went nearer, and climbing on the earthy bank, peered into it.

She recoiled in astonishment. The room into which she gazed showed in its center a heap of fresh earth, a deep, yawning shaft, a windlass, and mining implements with which she was familiar. But no miner stood there at his work. The shaft was deserted, and but for the fresh ocherous mound, it might have been thought an undertaking begun and abandoned long ago.

A door leading into the inner room was shut, and Diana, remembering a window in the other side of the cabin looking upon the path by which she had come, went to the front of the house, and climbed again the weedy bank. But the window revealed nothing, for inside some cautious hand had placed rough pine boards.

What could it mean? Not a sound broke the intense silence save the shouts of the children racing over the summit of the hill above. Was this desolate cabin occupied? Who had dug this shaft under the screen of the sunken roof? Who?—suddenly Diana thought of Jack Creighton. Was this the explanation of that air of impending danger? If the man was simply prospecting, why such secrecy? And why was he not now at work? As she reflected, it came into her mind that this cabin stood upon Old Ben's claim. Was, then, the mysterious miner a squatter upon it? And—whom was he robbing? Instantly it flashed upon her.

"It is Salome's!" she said, a hot flush rising in her cheeks.

Pondering upon her singular discovery,

VOL. V.—9.

Diana recalled the children, and walked quietly home. She wondered if Horton—if any one—knew about this thieving miner. Should she tell? If she did, what would befall the thief? She shivered, remembering that terrible lynching whose horrors had not yet dropped into oblivion. After all, she did not know that Creighton was the thief. Suppose she was mistaken. Suppose—

She had just turned in under the locusts that encircled her home. The freshly-cut boughs, the cruel thorns, the cowed, trembling wretch: how distinctly all came before her. That recollection determined her. She would not tell—not now. She would give him the chance of escape. The children—her thought broke off at that point. Could their childish instincts have so much deceived them? Was their friend a thief? The doubt still darkened in her face as she entered the gate. There stood the object of her thoughts. He had the same alert, watchful air, the same furtive glance at her so habitual with him. She even fancied that his face had a more anxious expression than she had ever before seen in it. Mechanically she paused, glanced at him, hesitated an instant, then passed on without words. But he, looking keenly after her, drew up his tall, attenuated form. "You, too!" he said, half aloud, and as if remonstrating against an unuttered wrong. "Never mind, never mind!" he went on; "it's been a long lane, but I reckon I'm most nigh the turning."

He shook his head a little sadly. Then, entering the old carriage house, he busied himself about his simple meal. When he had finished eating it, he cleared up his tea things methodically, apparently trying to occupy himself with the most unimportant details in his work, as if he were waiting for an appointed hour to roll around. Late in the dusk, he slipped silently up the long ravine.

Diana, keeping an eye upon him in her new-born anxiety, saw him as he took the lonely path through the mandrakes. A moment later the shadows closed around him; she no longer distinguished him.

She was about to quit her station at the window, when she saw, far up the valley, a

second dark figure. It came from the upper end of the ravine. It, too, advanced along the solitary path; it, too, crossed over among the mandrakes; it, too, was lost in the shadows.

A sharp terror smote the watcher. Was the doom he was ever expecting about to fall upon Creighton? Why, oh, why had she not warned him?—she who had discovered his secret. Others, also, must have found it out, and—was swift vengeance following him? One word from her would have saved him—one word to the Squire and he might have escaped. But she had not uttered it; she had let him go unhindered to his fate; for she did not doubt that this dark, pursuing figure boded ill to him. A thousand wretched fears tortured her, as her mind pictured forth all that might happen.

She must try to save him. It might not yet be too late. Or, if unable to warn, she might bring to him succor. The Squire—why, why was he so late? Perhaps she could meet him and demand his help. She could wait no longer. She had lost the timidity of her girlish days; she was afraid of nothing, save what the man must suffer through her silence.

She threw over her dark dress a darker shawl of some thin fabric, and pausing only to send up Prissy to the children, she went out. It was no unusual thing for her to spend the early evening hours with Hester. Her going now provoked no question from the nurse.

Once beyond the Lyscombe place, fear winged her feet—fear, not for herself, but for Creighton. Panting, almost breathless, she reached the mandrake clump, and hurried up the hill-path. The warm, spicy night-wind blew upon her, heavy with promised storm. On the low horizon, jagged clouds were piled. But she heeded nothing in the intentness of her purpose.

Almost at the cabin, where the path made its steepest turn in the shadow of a mass of rambling rocks, a loose pebble rolled under her hasty step. She gave a quick gasp of severe pain, and sat down sick and faint. She leaned forward, rubbing her strained and

aching foot, a desperate impulse to speed on possessing her. At the instant, the sound of footsteps advancing on the steep path below, startled her. Seized with sudden panic, she half walked, half crawled, behind the protecting ledge, almost crying with pain and anxiety. In the occasional glimmer of faint lightnings, she peered out, discerning two figures, nearly upon her. They came rapidly onward. When the rocks that sheltered Diana were reached, a clear, low voice—a voice she knew well—fell upon her ear.

"It's a hard climb," said the voice. "I must stop a minute, to get my breath."

The speaker sat down under the shadow of the rock. Diana, reaching over, might have touched her head. Was Hester, too, on the trail of the thief? Diana was about to speak, when Hester, apparently resuming an interrupted conversation, said:

"No! If I did, you would be the first one to blame me. Can't you believe—won't you believe what I've told you?"

Diana could not see who her companion was. Salome, she thought it must be, for Hester's tone was such as one would use in reasoning with a stubborn child.

"Oh!" resumed Hester. "Do you think all the sorrow, all the trouble, has been yours?"

Her companion made no reply.

"I am tired!" said Hester. Her voice had a pathetic ring in it. "It's been such a long, long struggle, such a cruel, cruel battle. I thought you would help me bear it. Why do you make it so hard? Suppose I gave—suppose I could give—you what you ask; do you think either of us would be happy?" She laughed somewhat bitterly, not waiting for response, and hurrying in her speech as if she wished to prevent rejoinder. "I used to amuse the children with stories," she said, "when I was younger. They did me the honor to think me a capital story-teller. You shall judge whether they were right. I'll tell you one:

"In olden times there was a rich and powerful king who had conquered many realms and provinces, so that his people rejoiced in him greatly, saying, 'Happy the

people of our king! He is a noble warrior and nobly he defendeth the land!' Now there stood before the king a woman from a far country, and in the king's eyes she was comely and won great favor, so that he said in his heart, 'The queen is dead! Behold, this woman shall sit in her place, for she is fairer than the daughters of the land.'

"But the woman made answer unto the king, saying, 'Nay! For because I am an alien, dowerless, and of mean estate, I would not that the king be shamed thereby.' Yet out of his great tenderness, the king persuaded her sorely, and she said:

"'Lo, for the king's sake, who forgetteth my low estate—my love likewise forgetteth it—yet there remaineth an hindrance. Behold, I am one simple and unlearned, and the king shall blush after-time because of me.'

"But the king's tenderness still waxed great, and she said:

"'Of his exceeding love, the king remembereth not that I am an alien, neither that I am a woman simple and unlearned. Therefore, neither let me remember it, who indeed do most loyally love him. Nevertheless, there yet abideth a further hindrance. Behold—in mine own land dwelleth mine own husband, unto whom in my youth I was given.'

"Then sent the king his servants unto her land, that he might know if yet her husband lived. And they, returning, spake unto the king in this wise: 'Verily, the man liveth! Yet careth he naught for the wife of his youth. In rioting and in drunkenness pass by his days.'

"Now because of his love spoke the king unto her yet again, saying, 'Lo, these many years have I dealt kindly with thee, seeking thy favor, when as beseemeth a king I might have commanded thee. See! The messengers return, and thy husband careth naught for thee. He spendeth merrily his days in rioting and feasting. Shalt thou not, therefore, reward with thy comeliness my great love?'

"Then cried the woman unto him, 'O, king! Thou hast not remembered against

me that I was an alien, of poor estate, and unlearned—nay, nor yet that in my youth I was given unto a husband. And because of my great love for thee, neither remembered I these things any more. Behold! my husband yet liveth. Shall she whom thou lovest shame thee? Shall she whom thou lovest sin grievously? Nay, she shall not in any wise sin, O, king! for so shall thy love be glad in her.'

"What!" said Hester, ending a little tremulously, "You do not like my story? My poor little parable! It is not true in all respects; but oh! do you not see, no matter what obstacles are surmounted, one still remains?" Her voice faltered as she went on. "I have said I've waged a long, long battle. Well! I'd fight it all over again rather than yield to what I know is wrong. And yet, you—make it—hard!"

"It isn't wrong!" broke out a man's voice, and at the first sound of it Diana started—leaned forward—almost distrusting her own senses. "Hester! Hester! What claim has your worthless husband upon you. Besides, no one but you believes he is living. What if he were? If—"

"Stop!" interrupted Hester. "You have never before forgotten that I am a wife—as lawfully wedded, as firmly bound as—Diana. I know that you—that public opinion, too—might say, 'After so many years, we will forgive you if you assume that your husband is in fact dead—that you are in reality a widow.' But I should know better; I should not forget that I was as much a wife as when the minister joined us until death shall part. No matter what my husband has done, no matter where he is, I am bound by my sworn vow, by my own sense of right."

"Tell me," answered the firm, even voice, "can there be anything harder in life than this—a warm, loving human soul linked to a corrupt, decaying memory? Is there anything sacred in a vow that binds the pure and the impure? If there be any sure foundation for anything under the sun, it should be for marriage. There *is* one; and its corner stone is—love! I can conceive of no greater iniquity than marriage without love. Mar-

riage without love! Bah! There is no such thing. That is sacrilege." There was intense, angry remonstrance in the voice. "Right and duty! It may be well for *you*, Hester, but for me—"

Diana leaned farther forward, a dull, heavy pain at her heart, a wild dilation in her eyes.

"I have not denied," said Hester, "that it is hard for you. I told you long ago how it would be. Why, oh, why have you not given up all thought of me? Why—"

"Why?" asked her companion in low, husky tones. "There is only one reason, Hester—I love you!"

"Shall she whom thou lovest sin, O king? Nay, verily! Yet—yet," she murmured, "it may be, the poor alien put away more than the king did, 'because of her great love.'"

"Hester, if I could believe that—" he began, a sudden hope striking through his voice.

"No—no," said Hester quickly. "Between us is a great gulf fixed."

"A great gulf!" he cried. "But I will cross it. I've not longed for you, loved you so much, to be always denied."

"Have you forgotten the barrier?" she said. "You must not think to climb that, though you tried ever so faithfully. Think of Diana!"

"Diana," he cried resolutely. "What can it matter—to you or to me—what she thinks. There is but one woman in the world whose opinion is of consequence to me." He rose up, stretching his hand appealingly toward her. "Hester!" he said, "my love! my love!"

With straining eyes Diana stared above the rock, a strange unnatural calm possessing her. She forgot her swollen foot, her anxious pursuit of the miner, his peril. Everything went out of her mind, save, oddly enough, that almost forgotten conversation of the weaver's wife by Prissy's ironing-table. The thick blackness of the night was about her—only the short, intense breathing of Hester's companion came to her ear. The storm was above them all. A fierce, wild glare, and Diana, bending forward, with ag-

ony upon her lips, saw, in the evanescent gleam, clearly outlined against the rock, Hester Holland, shrinking, cowering away from the outstretched arms of Squire Lyscombe.

The piling clouds whirled rapidly over, but, save for a few vengeful drops, the rain passed by—the dull thunder rolled sullenly in the distance.

"Come, let us hurry," said Hester.

"Come," repeated her companion, almost in a tone of triumph. "The storm is over." He looked upward. "The sky," he said distinctly, "is clear." They walked quickly up the hilly path and descended on the other side.

Diana did not stir at first. She wondered vaguely who would find her when they came out to seek her. She had a queer sensation, as though she were really dead on that solitary hillside. After a time a thought came into her mind—a thought of the trundle-bed at home, and the small tumbled crib beside it. She roused at that. "My babies," she moaned; "my babies."

She got up tremulously, never even thinking of the miner she had sought to warn; not even speculating as to his fate. Painfully, slowly, she went down the steep path and into her own home. She glanced at the clock as she hobbled up stairs; the hands stood at nine. "Two hours!" she muttered, going on to the quiet room where the children slept. Prissy dozed by the crib. "Go to bed," said her mistress calmly, waking her.

"Laws, honey," assented Prissy, penitently rubbing her eyes, "I'se mos' done gone to sleep. Is yer sick, Mis' Diny?" she said in sudden alarm.

"No!" answered Diana. She smiled a little as she shut the door after Prissy, and, taking her place by the crib, sunk into a low chair. Baby Jean lay there, the two boys in the trundle-bed. She sat long, staring at the chubby, innocent faces. "My babies!" she repeated; "my babies!"

After a time she knelt by the little crib, trying to murmur a prayer, but it died on her hot, dry lips. She rose from her knees, and bending over the baby, kissed her passionately. She walked to the small trundle-bed,

looking down at her boys, with their warm, sleep-tinted cheeks. Her figure straightened, a queer sound came into her throat.

"Innocent, now," she said. "Unspotted, untouched with the faintest breath of sin. If I thought"—a dark, lurid rage passed over her face, but she did not give further expression to her horrible thought. She flung herself prone upon the floor, and lay there with fingers wildly clutching the low post of the children's bed.

Baby Jean uttered an indistinct cry, but Diana scarcely heeded it: a second one, wailing and troubled. Then the mother went to her, cold-eyed and speechless.

"Mamma," murmured the little one dreamily, a smile of infinite trustfulness curving the red lips. "Mamma,"—the half-opened eyes closed, the smile faded, the child relapsed into peaceful slumber. Diana turned away, sudden tears brimming her eyes. At the door she stopped a moment, looking back.

"No," she said, huskily, "the parable was not all true. There was one mistake. The queen was not dead."

## XXV.

ARCHY latched the shop door, and, with a breath of relief, turned his eyes to the steep green bluffs towering above the Mississippi.

"Ay!" he said, "it's spring, surely. Na doubt the buds will be startin' under the edges o' the rocks. Lassie 'll be wantin' a stroll the day."

"Lassie" seemed to have instinctively responded to his thought, for at this moment she came up behind him—a slim, beautiful girl, with a certain lissomeness of shape that is rather a birthright of the children of the tropics than of the northern races. Today her cheeks were flushed with unusual scarlet, her eyes shining with the luster of keenest excitement.

"What ails thee, lass?" asked Archy.

She looked about her sharply. "Come," she answered; "no one but you must hear. I want you to come up to the cabin."

He followed her without speaking, up

the crooked path and into Hester's bright parlor.

But it was into the kitchen that Salome went, motioning him to sit down upon the red-cushioned lounge where he had rested when he told Squire Lyscombe of his wanderings beyond the Rockies.

He gazed round him inquiringly. "Hester's not here," said Salome, answering his unspoken question. "It's about her that I want to speak."

But she seemed to find it difficult.

"Archy," she said hesitatingly, "in all this world she is the one that I love best. I almost despise myself, thinking of what I must tell. But I must do it. It's for her sake. Archy," she said, laying her slender, shapely hand upon his sleeve, "next to Hester, I love you. That's why I speak to you. I can trust you. You'll be as silent as the grave, I know, and keep what I tell you as sacredly."

Involuntarily the Scotchman drew back, looking at her. This was not the tone of a young girl. It was the voice of one who solemnly faced some great danger.

"Archy!" said Salome pleadingly, misinterpreting his silence, "you'll help me?"

"Ay, lassie," he answered simply. "You love Hester best in a' the world. There isn't any Hester for me. It's you that I love. Father, mother, sisters, kindred—are a' far away frae my heart. I think sometimes far more than children mean to ither folk, Salome means to me. You can trust me." He looked tenderly at her.

"I'm so troubled!" she said. "You know," she went on, an intense scorn breaking into her voice, "how they have treated my poor Hester—Miss Ann, and her gossips. I hate them!" stamping her foot vehemently, her lips tightening over her sharp white teeth. "But that's not what I want to say." She checked herself, and hurried on. "Something's wrong with Hester. She's losing her spirits. She's afraid of something, always. She takes long, lonely walks, and comes home quite done out. She tries to be cheerful, but she isn't. I know some danger threatens her." She dropped her voice.

"Last week," she said impressively, "a man came here—a tall, thin man. I saw him once before—quite a long time ago. He talked a great while with Hester. She sent me over to Mrs. Brown's—I knew why ; but I shouldn't have listened to what they said. When I came back he was gone. Archy, there hasn't been a night since that she hasn't gone out—always with a white, scared face. I've watched her : she always takes the same path—up over the ridge, there." She pointed to the rocky bluff. "Last night, I followed her—I couldn't bear the stillness of the house ; my heart beat so, I thought I should smother. She went up the hollow past Lyscombe's. I took the short cut, and reached the mandrake thicket first. I hid behind that hollow stump. She passed me, going up the hill, to the old cabin—you remember it? I gathered the strange flower there, you said you'd never seen before. As she went up the path slowly—it's so steep, and she seemed so frail—I saw the leaves about Old Ben's shaft disturbed a little—the wind, I thought it was. But a head came suddenly out of the shaft—and the very man I told you about almost ran up the hill, after Hester. When he came up to her, he said something. She sat down a minute. Then she rose, and almost staggered along to the old cabin. The man followed her, and I—Archy, I—slipped up after them and looked in at the window."

Salome paused an instant, folding her arms upon her breast, and looking at him defiantly, as if she challenged him to blame her act or doubt her motives.

"There was a great shaft right in the middle of the floor, Archy, and the man I saw at Hester's—the very same one that had followed her—was turning the windlass. I didn't see Hester at all, but while I was looking, the door leading into a little inner room was opened, and a man came out ; I caught a glimpse of a bed and a table, and I knew that somebody was living there. But the door shut quickly, and the man came up to the shaft in the middle of the floor. Hardly able to walk he seemed, and in his face such an eager look. The tall man stopped turn-

ing the windlass. He peered into the hoisted bucket. Then he lit a candle, and leaned far over the shaft. It was so still, I fancied a stone from the edge splashed down. In a minute, he rose up, and stood staring in the face of the other man—the feeble one. 'Water !' he said, at last.

"The other one started forward, and cried out 'God ! Don't tell me so ! It can't be !' Every vein on his forehead stood out. I could see his face turn pale—a sort of ashy color.

"She's filling up fast," the tall man said ; and there was a sneer on his lips. It seemed to make the other man furious, for he shouted out 'Curse you ! I believe you're glad of it !' and he sprang forward like a mad man, with his fist raised.

"The thin man didn't offer to defend himself—except for a most tantalizing smile, he showed no sign of having even noticed. But before the sick man could strike, a terrible fit of coughing seized him ; his arm dropped at his side, and he fell forward on his face.

"The man at the windlass didn't move to help him. He just stooped and picked up a stone ; then he called out in a low, careful voice—a name."

Salome stopped. She averted her eyes from Archy.

"A name?" he asked.

"Yes !" said Salome, a dreary forlornness showing itself in her tone.

Archy put his hands on her shoulders and turned her towards him. His face was burning, his voice harsh, a wild tigerish glare in his eyes, a shrill, resistless command in his whole attitude. "What name?" he cried.

Salome looked at him with wistful eyes. She cast them down, and answered softly, "Janet."

For a few moments a perfect storm of passion swept over the Scotchman ; then he looked at her again calmly. "Go on, my dear," he said, "what happened then?"

"Then a woman came into the room, and cried out fiercely : 'What ha'e ye done t'ill him?'"

"The man did not answer. He lifted his hand deliberately, and dropped the stone

into the shaft. It went down—down ; I could hear it plainly when it struck. 'Hear it splash ! She's nearly half full !' he said, and looked curiously at the woman.

"But she was paying no more attention to him. She had turned the man on the floor over, and I saw a red stream of blood across his shirt, when the two lifted him and carried him to the bed in the inner room."

Salome ended. Both seemed immersed in thought, and for a time neither spoke. At last Archy said in a cold, passionless way,

"I don't see any harm to come to Hester, Salome !"

"No?" inquired the girl. "Yet, when the thin man came out of the cabin, he and Hester passed right near me. I don't think she'd been in the cabin at all. I took good care they shouldn't see me, and I heard him say:

"'The jig's up at last, I reckon—Harrington was down in the hollow at dusk. Says he: "Stranger, miners hereabouts don't need no kivers to their shafts. Chap in the shanty above there got a lease from the owner?" If he knows, English Jack will—and all the others will by mornin'. He,' he said, and I knew from his tone he meant the sick man in the cabin, 'won't be able to get off. He can't be moved. The vigilantes will get him sure ;' and Hester cried:

"'Oh, they must not ! they shall not ! Save him, Jack !' she implored him, Archy. 'Save him, as I once saved you !'"

"He stopped short in the path, and said—to himself, I think, more than to her: 'It'll be a dangerous game for me. Why should I?'"

"But Hester only cried, 'Save him !' and wrung her hands—I could see her dimly in the starlight ; and it seemed to me an age before he answered ; and then what he said was just to mutter : 'The scar—it stings yet.' He stood perfectly still for a while, and then he put out his hand and spoke out clearly: 'For your sake, remember,' he said, 'I'll try.'

"Hester said then : 'Can't we move him?—there's time yet !'"

"'Time? Yes,' he said. 'But t'would only be his body when we did. He'd not live ; I reckon by tomorrow night the boys will track him. They'll run the hare to earth fast enough, I warrant.' He said it slowly, as if he were meditating the chances. And Hester gasped out, 'Tomorrow night? Jack,' she said, 'If it were not for Archy, I shouldn't mind the others. It's Archy I fear.'

"'Archy !' the man said. Then he stopped and seemed to think ; and said: 'Don't you fear me?'"

"'You, Jack?' Hester said. 'No ; I trust it all to you. I'll be there,' she said, and her voice faltered. 'Tomorrow night, you think?'"

"'Yes, likely,' he said.

"They moved away together. I took the short cut over the hill. I was at home when Hester came. I don't know what the danger is, but I know it's to come from you. It's you Hester dreads." She looked in his face wistfully. "I love her!" she said simply, conscious that in such a plea lay Hester's safety.

"Lassie," answered Archy, "I'll no deny that I know why Hester fears me, though you don't. I'll not gainsay I'm a hard man sometimes. I keep my word ; I pay my debts. I've allays been a poor man, but nobody will ever call me aught but an honest one. Once I swore an oath. 'Sooner or later I'll keep it,' I swore. Sooner or later," he repeated between his set teeth. He stopped.

"Well?" said Salome, looking at him.

"You're askin' me to break my oath," he answered. "You don't understand how I've been wronged. You don't know how I've been treated. Oh," he cried passionately, the fierce red blood surging to his brows, his nostrils quivering, "these many, many years I've been waiting to pay this one debt. I had a chance once before, but I was a soft-hearted fool an' I let it slip—yes, and for Hester's sake, too, Salome. Now, the one I owe is where I can pay it. I've another chance ; I canna let this slip. Oh," he cried, quivering with emotion,

"no one was ever worse treated than I! No one so shamefully wronged—"

"No one?" echoed Salome, an intense bitterness in her voice—"No one, Archy, except—I."

He shrank back, looking into her face bewildered. "You?" he said, "Not you; 'twould mad me to think any one treated you so."

She made no reply. "I'll go the now,"

he said humbly, turning quite dazed and troubled to the door.

"Yes!" assented Salome, following. On the porch she put her hand upon his sleeve. "Archy," she said, "Remember, I trust you!"

"Don't, lass!" he remonstrated sternly, striding hastily away under the lilacs.

"Archy!" she cried once more on the soft, drowsy air, "Archy! Remember."

*Ada Langworthy Collier.*

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## WINTER PICTURES ON MARSH GRANT.

THE first rain that comes in sufficient quantity to lay the dust is the dividing line between summer and winter. On the one side was the warm, dry air, and a long cloud of dust following every wagon along the road. New, elegant carriages, and old, rattling buggies all looked alike under the triumphant dust that claimed all things for its own. But the first rains dash in with a conquering presence, and sweep away the old summer with their dusky wings. They bring with them a gust of cool, fresh breezes, and a sweet, delightful air follows under the clouds, and all nature, freshened and revived by its bath, breathes the new air and is glad. The great oaks shake the pearly showers from their scraggy tops, and the dark leaves glisten as the drops sprinkle through them and run down the dusty trunk. The yellow hills hide away in the mist, and the thirsty ground grows dark, and many flocks of delighted birds—linnets, black birds, and larks—flit twittering around in the dripping showers. But it is the clearing up after the shower that is most glorious. The air seems to sparkle with its new cleanliness. The hills come forward clear and smiling, with every peak and ridge newly outlined. The first morning after the folding away of the cloudy curtain is so keenly beautiful that only human nature refrains from jubilant gladness. Birds sing as in spring, horses play in the corral,

and down underfoot, beneath scattered straws and prostrate weeds, tiny leaves push aside the soft earth and look out to the day; tiny leaves—you must kneel down to see them—but therein is the promise of the eternal youth and beauty that rests upon the entire year in this summer land. Yet a few days, and the wide landscape colors with soft green as the pink blushes over the cheek of a convalescent.

When Greece lost her civilization and romance, the gods sought a new land on which they might lavish their fostering love. They found, across many waters, a land so like the old that they set upon it many marks of their adoption, and, making their Olympus among the High Sierras, were wont, when the cumulus clouds rolled through the long, narrow valleys, to come down the white folds as on marble steps and walk into the misty air beneath. They gave the land two springs—one, the vernal spring, following the last chill of the gusty winter; the other, the autumnal spring, stealing gently in as the pale form of summer faded away among the dry and rustling grasses. And before civilization, journeying westward, came to this peaceful land, the red man loved this tranquil time, when he was wont to forsake his mountain lodge for the low valleys, to pitch his tent among the willowy glades by the rivers, and hunt in the blue forests.

Now the scene changes, and ere the rains come again there yet must pass the last act in the drama of the old year, which lingers while the softness of the new spring cheers its closing hours. The great harvest of 1884 has crossed the hills and fields, crept over the dusty roads, overflowed the warehouses, and crowded the wharves along the water ways. The fields are tranquil and solitary now, and there only remains the dry, yellow stubble, so thick and long that you might lie down and hide anywhere there under the twisted, fallen masses that were prostrated by the heavy spring rains. The skies grow paler day by day, the mornings are damp, and it is only a little puff of cool south wind wandering restlessly over the plains that causes the spark of fire to be placed at the windward of all this heavy mat of straw.

Even in the clear afternoon, one by one thick white columns of smoke rise up all around the horizon, drifting northward to mingle above and spread their dull canopy beneath the sky. The sun goes down in a sullen glare, and a distorted outline of the cleft mountain appears above the smoke—a faint and ghostly suggestion of grand, old Diablo. Then, after dark, these distant, burning fields glow out like molten liquid flowing in rivers; and, if the wind rises, the flames leap and rush forward, crackling, snapping, darting their jagged tongues, and roaring like the breakers on a rocky shore.

We all go out to see the firing of near fields after dark. A lighted match is thrown down, and then, in a moment, a blazing bunch of straw is lifted and carried along the windward line. A streak of fire follows, shining on the stooping forms that are carrying the blaze ahead into the darkness. A little blackened space begins to show behind, the fire gathers heat and fury as it advances, and, hurried by the wind, rises to a roaring wall, which is pictured in a red glare upon its own dark smoke above. The trees and buildings behind it stand out in silver-gray drapery of light, and in the white glare, the cool wind breathing in our faces, we stand watching the fierce, red wall recede into the

black night. There is all the fascination of a great fire with none of its danger or alarm; and this, so brilliant and fine, so magnificent, yet peaceful, sweeping such a wide extent, keeps us lingering out under the flying cinders in the smell of burning straw. Beacon stars glow out on all the western hills, and behind a line of trees far away many lights gleam and flash like the watch fires of great encamping armies. Then, in the morning, there are great black wastes for fields, and only a thin layer of cinders where stood such thick lines of rustling stubble, in whose safe retreat the quail and rabbits hid away from from the sportsman's gun.

YET a few days—shall I count them? just seven—and all that black waste had faded away like an unseemly dream, and there instead was a soft green carpet of barley grass, so tender and succulent that the horses grazing and galloping over the slope were making a glad play-day of life. And out in the center of the emerald square, where the great straw piles were, a white column of smoke and a red blaze rose from a still slumbering and smoldering fire. How lovely and wonderful is the vigor of nature! My lady's chamber on the terraces of Palace Hill could not have been cleaned and colored and beautified so quickly!

Then came the march of the drills and seed-sowers over the brown plowed spaces, and lines of teams began their slow passing east and west, north and south, cultivating the grain into the fallow ground. Flocks of birds followed the sowers, and the curlews, calling plaintively in the moonlight and through the mist of the early morning, flew at safe distances across the sky, or, gliding in the fields, kept their gray forms behind the dry and colorless weeds.

THE long autumn began to grow older and colder and mistier. Pale bands of white began to bind the sky, and the nights were disturbed by restless winds. One morning a line of wild geese flying steadily from the east lowered, stretching their long necks, and saw that the burnt fields were yet thick-

ly spread with the waste of the harvest. Day after day they came in innumerable multitudes, writing on the pale east in many lines and angles those wonderful signs and letters which only the school-children will translate for you; as, running against the wind with upturned faces, they read in those changing lines auguries and fancies more vigorous and innocent than those changing hearts can ever feel again. Then when the light, white fog came drifting from the north in the early mornings, there were heard the clamoring voices and whistling wings of scattered lines flying low and hunting new feeding grounds. Alighting behind the wall of fog, they are quiet and wary, and as the mist clears away, they are seen carefully placing more distance between themselves and danger.

Next the fog, the gentle white queen of the north, was beset and swept away by the powerful north wind, bursting all at once upon the long tranquility of the autumn. One morning the hair snapped and crackled on the comb, the cat hid away with frowsty fur, the water was frozen in the troughs, icicles hung from the tank, and a wide cloud of dust and cinders mounted the air and came sweeping southward. The dry weeds, with one accord, started on a wild and vagarious chase across the unbroken fields. Clouds of dust hid the horizon; the mists shrank away, and all the dreamy beauty of nature was torn up by the violence of the king of winds. Force ruled high and wide, and swept with a rushing sound the spaces of the air. The lungs grew weary of breathing such harsh air, and the breath chafed on the lips.

Three days—and at midnight on the third day peace came, and the shaking houses and lashing trees rested till morning. The dawn, swept of the dust and mist, appeared pure and sparkling, and the hills came near again through its clearness. But there was an ominous stillness and vacancy in the air; the wind seemed to wait breathless, till, before the sun was high, three great white clouds came over the western hills, and moved majestically across the sky, in form and motion like three great ships, with sails all unfurled,

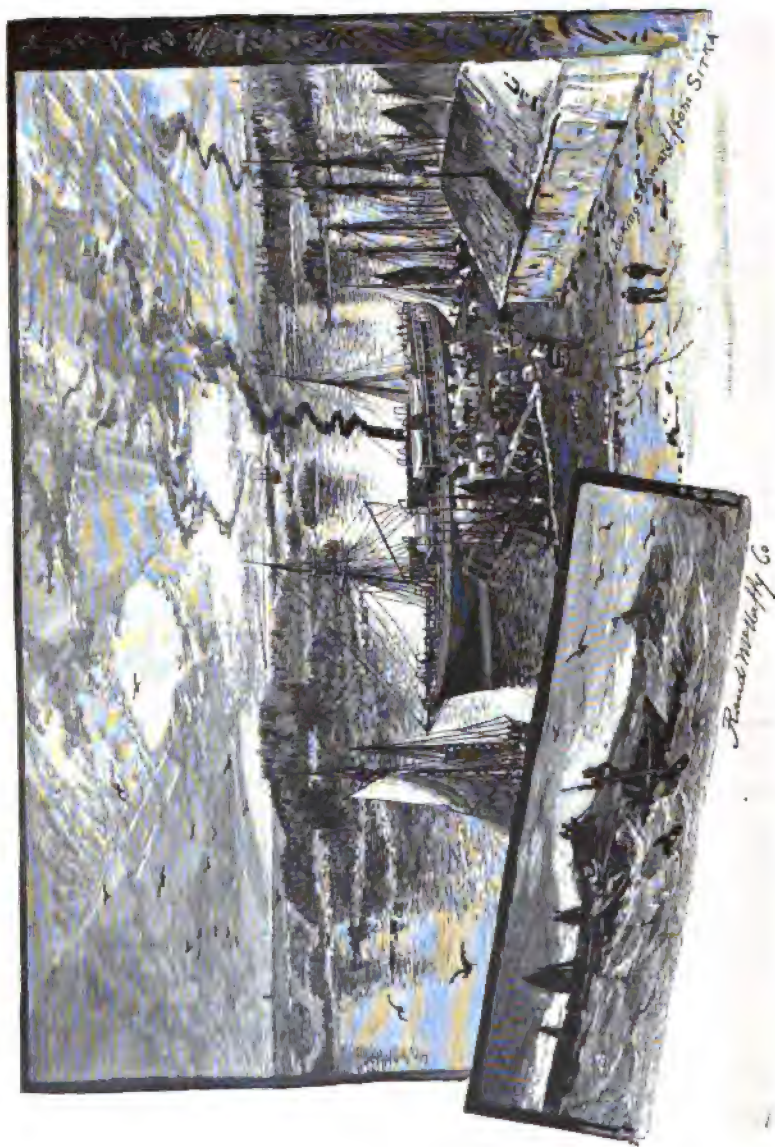
riding the air. And messenger ships they were, bearing tidings of a western gale; and hardly had they passed from sight, moving slowly eastward, when a furious wind, fresh and damp from the ocean, followed over the hills. Humanity sought shelter; a band of roving horses dashed away on a wild raid; and torn and scudding clouds, high and rainless, obscured the beauty of the morning. Flocks of wild white geese, apparently realizing the protection of the elements, settled down on the fields and hillsides like patches of snow, and remained during the day, taking, as usual, their evening flight to the tules.

The west wind spent itself in a day, and the peace and warmth of the Indian summer returned. No ice or touch of frost chilled the morning, and a faint, almost imperceptible breath came up from the south, moist and warm, coming and going with hesitating dalliance.

Pale, filmy clouds began to stretch north and south, wandering aside here and there in phantom shapes, or fading away to form again, stretching to the east. The coming of a rain after a lashing windstorm here, is like the falling of a girl's tears after anger; gentle, warm, and filled with quieting influences. The south wind has a caressing touch; its wings are dusky, but its heart is warm, and the withered grasses spring to life as the first quiet rain sweeps over them, and gathers into a heavy storm as the wind strengthens. What is there unlovable in a gentle winter rain? It is like the return of an old friend; and it is the dreamer's privilege to go out under the clouds, to feel upon wearied brow its glad tears, to catch its rippling laughter on hot cheeks, and to see under pearl-fringed lids the gray veil drop down over the hills. The dreamer hears the heavy tread on the roof, and the dripping refrain of the southeast storm, without which the prosperity of California would be an impossibility; and his heart, beating stronger against the fresh, strong air, grows gratefully warm toward the rain, no drop of which is cast away without a mission.

The winter solstice is swept by the legions





"FISH-NETS AND GLACIERS." Page 139.

of the south wind, rolling with their beneficences over the land of the vine and the grain—the summer land, which smiles into brightness as the clouds thicken. A few warm days of rain, and the landscape changes its

colors; the browns and yellows are lost, and with one glad thrill the valleys and hills change to the hue of life. The grain sends up its leafy banners, and green is triumphant from January till June.

*Lillian H. Shuey.*

#### FISH-NETS AND GLACIERS.—I.

POOR San Franciscans! Not only have they none of the delights of winter, such as Easterners have who can skate and go sleighing, and who have suburbs fit to live in, and to which a man can go after business hours so easily and quickly, but still worse, they have no summer. That is, they have none worthy the name.

"I am going away to the country in August," says some one, "so as to get warm."

"To do what?"

"To get warm, sir. Why? Well, it's colder with us in July and August than in February and March. We don't go away to get cool, as the Easterners do, but to get warm; we haven't any summer."

And it is a fact. Coming into town in August, I found myself in a cold, cheerless city. Ladies wore sealskin sacques when out shopping; men wore overcoats going down town; and in the evening I found friends gathered about an open fire, and bemoaning the fact that even in August they could not sit out of doors.

The fact is, San Francisco is a peculiar city. Unlike most American metropoli in a variety of ways, it is most unlike them all in its weather. The winters are delightful. Mud, ice, snow, and cold may be in the East, but never by the Golden Gate. Days of genial warmth succeed each other almost without interruption, and flowers bloom continually in the sunlit gardens. But the summers are frauds. There is no summer, unless the days of January constitute one. August resembles November of the East. The trade-winds blowing eastward from the Pacific are worse than the east winds of Boston—raw,

chilly, disagreeable. They blow constantly from June to September; and because there is no rain in that time, the dust is blown by the breezes into the houses, and into the faces and eyes of all obliged to remain in the city. And then the fogs! The fog banks of Newfoundland do not compare with those that settle about the hotel, and roll down Market Street and through Kearny, and that hover around Nob Hill. A fog once a week can be tolerated, but a fog every day is a little too monotonous.

Somewhat disgusted with the weather of Frisco's summer, and grown tired looking from the window of my room at the hotel, I began questioning where to go for something strange, new, novel, and warm, when the fog that just then came pouring into Market Street from Montgomery brought to mind days of lazy sojourn in the Shetland Islands. Still, I had no desire to go there again, so grew to thinking of other foggy places. At last I asked the artist—a traveling friend—where we could find any better fog, any thicker, any colder, or possibly, a fog somewhat less dense and raw than this of Frisco.

"Dunno," he said, "unless we try Alaska."

"Alaska," I replied, "The Alaska we paid a pot of money for in '67? Yes? Well, now, that country might do. It can't be worse than here. Will you go?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Done," I said; and we shook hands, and the artist, who always enjoys planning routes, went away into the fog to interview

hotel men and ticket agents. In the evening he said :

"We can leave here tomorrow, and go overland to Portland."

"Overland," I said, "why overland? Why not by steamer?"

"Because," the answer was, "because it's a warm trip overland, for one reason; and then we can get some good scenery *en route* in northern California."

"Well, go on."

"Well, we leave here Tuesday, reach a place called Delta that evening, where we leave the railroad and take a four-horse stage to Ashland, Oregon, getting there in twenty-four hours. The ride is only 120 miles, and the road leads over the Sierras and past Mt. Shasta. Thursday, we leave Ashland, *via* the Oregon and California Railroad, and get to Portland that night. It is a beautiful trip, and as for scenery, why, sir, we get miniature Yosemite all the way."

"What after Portland?"

"Why, we can leave that place any day, go north *via* the Northern Pacific to Tacoma, Washington Territory, stay over there a day and at Seattle a day, and after taking in Puget Sound, reach Port Townsend, or go across the Straits of Fuca to Victoria, and take there the steamer "Idaho" for Alaska. We will be aboard the Alaska ship for three weeks, will visit every town in our northern territory, and have a trip worth having. *Sabe?*"

And I *sabed*, and fell in, and the next day we were off, bag and baggage, for the far northern land that Uncle Sam bought for gold, hoping that it had more gold than was paid.

Northern California is decidedly mountainous. Not as warm or languid as the south of the State, it has many a valley as pretty as that of the far-famed San Gabriel, near Los Angeles; and as for the ranges, they are much more varied, beautiful, and majestic. Even Californians do not seem to appreciate this fact. When we mentioned going overland, through this northern country, we were called misguided enthusiasts.

"Go by boat," they said. It's much the easier way."

And all that they said in favor of the steamer was true, no doubt, but we wanted scenery and sunlight; and we got what we wanted. Every mile of the nine hundred lying between San Francisco and Portland has its charm. There are mountains and valleys, sparkling streams, invigorating breezes, and magnificent views. The trip gives one an insight into the attractions of the Pacific Coast mountains that will never be forgotten.

Leaving San Francisco at the hour found by the artist to be necessary, we were soon skirting the eastern shores of the bay on our way to Sacramento, from which city a branch of the Central Pacific extends northward to Delta. It was still foggy when we left San Francisco, and as long as we were near the bay banks of yellow vapor did their best to hide the islands and the attractive shores of the harbor. But when we had crossed the Sacramento at Benicia, and entered the San Joaquin Valley, the long imprisoned sun shone down upon us and upon the broad fields of the cultivated valley, and we actually began to get warm. In fact, by high noon we got very warm, and the artist thanked a man who happened to say it was unmentionably hot. As the day wore away, and Sacramento was left far behind, our way led up the Sacramento Valley. East of where the road ran rose the dim outlines of the Sierra Nevadas, sweeping grandly along at our side; and in the west appeared the lower heights of the Coast Range. These two chains limit the boundaries of the valley on three sides—the east, west, and north. They bend gradually toward one another all the time, and at Redding come together and form an irregular and complicated mass of high and low hills, which have to be passed before one can escape from California and get into Oregon. Long before the range is reached, Mt. Shasta, the king of all the hills, comes into view, as it towers, proud and white-capped, above all its fellows; and in the east there are always isolated peaks of the Nevadas in sight.

The Sacramento Valley is one of the best cereal-producing sections of the state. Vary-

ing in width from twenty to sixty miles, and having a length of about one hundred and fifty miles, it has farms containing all the way from 3,000 to 60,000 acres. Thirteen years ago, just before the railway was built, land in the Valley could be bought for \$1.25 an acre. Today it commands from \$40 to \$60, and is hard to obtain. No irrigation is necessary, and the yield of wheat averages over twenty bushels to the acre. Many of the towns are of respectable size, and farming is carried on after most approved methods. Steam plows and threshing machines are used, and everything is conducted on a large scale. Such farms as we saw, rich, without stones, and broad, would have frightened a New England farmer, with his half dozen acres and stone walls. Harvesting in the Valley was nearly over, but a few threshing machines were still at work. Where there was stubble—and stubble was nearly everywhere—the fields were all a bright yellow; and the live oak trees growing in them made bright patches of deep green, which blended softly with the faint blue tint of the far-away mountains.

Redding is situated among the foothills of the range that runs across the northern end of the Valley. It was dark when we reached the town, then the railway terminus, but an uncertain light from the new, the *very* new moon, was sufficient to show us the low, oak-grown hills scattered about. Losing no time, but taking the stage at once, we were soon rolling and bumping up the steep slopes and over the rough roads leading into the very heart of the mountains. It was rough work, and tiresome. As it was dark now we had nothing to look at, and could not even see our fellow passengers' faces.

"A stage coach is not as comfortable as a Pullman," said the artist at last.

"*Vide* Sage Remarks, Volume I.," I said.

"Nor as easy-going as a boat," he continued.

"*Vide* Ibid. Volume II.," I answered.

"But it will be jolly during the day," came the voice again.

"Correct at last," I shouted, and we both

subsided and tried to sleep. Tried to, is well. One might forever try, and never do it. It is one of the impossible things of this life. Get into a doze if he may, one is sure to be brought out of it a moment later by a sudden jolt. An old lady sitting near me did sleep a little, but she stole her rest, for she used my shoulder for a pillow. I got tired at last, and gently changed places with the artist. Then he got tired, and gently hoisted the old lady upon the driver. He got weary, too, and then the good soul woke up, just at daybreak, and said she guessed she had "lost herself a moment." She might have lost her life, too, if we hadn't held her in.

Daybreak in the Sierras is something that never will be forgotten. As night begins to end, the air grows sharp and cold. It is very dark, very still. By degrees the distant East lights up slowly, carefully, silently, just as though half afraid to break in upon passing night. Then the sunlight begins to be visible. Long, quivering arrows come from the horizon and shoot skyward, and the birds begin to wake up, and later a yellow tinged light hops over the hills, and is followed by a ruddy glare that fills the ravines, and makes the dew-drops glisten. When morning came to us we were among the mountains, driving rapidly down steep passes, and out of them up steeper hill sides. Now we were in a ravine, now in a forest, and again crossing a limpid stream by the aid of a ferry-boat manned by a sleepy mountaineer. And such forests as there were! Not little ones, such as one sees in the East; but where the trees were giants, and there was not even a suggestion of civilization. Nature still holds an undisputed sway among the Sierras. Man has not cut into the forests yet. Look in whatever direction we would, no houses appeared in sight, but only unbroken solitudes. I do not wonder at Joaquin Miller's love for the Sierras of California. Who would not love them; who that has seen them does not? They are not as grand as the Rockies, nor as rough and wild; but they are more beautiful, fresher, more picturesque. Everything about them is luxuriant; the trees, the bush-

es, the rank grasses, even the fat birds and the plump squirrels that fly and run across the roadway. Then the air! It is intoxication to breathe it, redolent as it is of the unpolluted odors wafted from the trees by the breezes. Here we followed a mountain stream, now high above it, now at its side; and again we could not see far in any direction, because of the trees that grew so thick about us.

All through the day the beauties of the mountains were ours to enjoy. Even Bill, the driver, grew enthusiastic at times, familiar as he was with the scenes. At one place we had breakfast, at another dinner, and at another supper; and then came a second long night and a second range to cross before getting into Oregon.

At the dinner station we were near Castle Rock. The name is given to a massive ledge of granite that rises abruptly and solitary above the trees growing at its base. The height of the huge mass cannot be less than 2,000 feet, and fully 1,000 feet reach bare and treeless above the forests. Grim, motionless and stately, the Castle is a landmark for miles around. It seems to have been shot up from the very bowels of the earth; near it are no other ledges, no other hills. It chokes the valley which it guards, and is indeed a castle, and one which cannot be invaded. At supper we ate under the shadow of Shasta. The hotel we stopped at is in Strawberry Valley, a park-like vale among the hills, which has a few acres of meadow and a stream of pure cold water. There are several of these cleared valleys among the Sierras, but this enjoying the name of Strawberry is the most attractive, because of the view it affords of Mt. Shasta.

As we emerged from the forests which we had been driving through for hours, Shasta came suddenly in sight, and lifted its whitened head far above our road. It is 14,000 feet high, and at some period of a remote past was an active volcano. The peak is never free from snow, and the upper half of the mountain is treeless, and covered with crumbling blocks of lava. Seen from a distance Shasta seems high enough, but from near its

base the height seems greater still. It is too great, indeed, to appreciate, and there are no foothills to lessen the effect. The bulk is like a wall—massive, gigantic, but graceful, beautiful, and grand. It seems more majestic than Mont Blanc, because it stands so isolated; and it is more impressive than Pike's Peak. From the valley we could see the water made by the melting snows, coursing down the steep slopes, while the higher pinnacles were wrapped in dense folds of mist, which only at intervals moved away sufficiently to show the snow-banks underneath.

Another, and the last, glimpse of Shasta was had when leaving Butteville, the supper station. Before this little town, which is tucked away at the head of Great Shasta Valley, the country spreads out and extends in long levels toward the north. At its extreme end are the Siskiyou mountains, separating Oregon and California, and down the valley runs Shasta Creek. We did not leave town until after sunset, but the moon was shining then, and as we rode away, its light, flooding all the valley, fell upon old Shasta, and showed us its white outlines glowing there among the starlit heavens. For hours the peak remained in sight; and then the moon, following the sun, sank behind the western hills, and Shasta faded from our view. Then came black night again, and at early dawn we were among the Siskiyou, with the Sierras far behind.

Ashland is north of the last mountains which we crossed, and is the terminus of the stage route. The town itself is unattractive, but the valley of the Rogue River, in which it stands, is one of the prettiest in Oregon, and is rapidly becoming famous as a great fruit-producing section of the State. Long, wide, and fertile, it is shut in and protected by high ranges, and has its fields under a high state of cultivation. The Oregon and California railroad begins here and runs to Portland, up the Rogue River and Willamette valleys. The latter is one of the oldest settled sections of the State, many of its towns having been founded as far back as 1849. Fruits of every variety grow there,

and the climate is exceptionally fine. The winters are mild and the summers are never oppressively hot. In Willamette Valley, watered by the river of that name, are several woolen mills. Riding onward toward Portland, we seemed in the East again, for farm succeeded farm, and there was none of that crudeness which so often exists in the West. The scenery, too, composed of hills and mountains and verdant valleys, was most attractive, and at Portland, still new and untried, we felt that the Alaska trip had begun. We ached, of course; but no possible pains could take away all the pleasures that the journey gave.

Portland is not more of a city than those who did not expect much believed; nor is it less of a city than one looks for after reading its life. It is still a crude place in several respects, having many attractive streets and buildings; but still it shows its newness, or rather gives evidence of having had a "boom." It is situated on the left bank of the Willamette River, twelve miles above where that stream empties into the Columbia, and is built on the side of a hill whose top is still covered with pines and fir. On clear days, when there is no fog or smoke, the city enjoys a view that is wide and beautiful. Far away toward the East rise three mountain peaks, with Mt. Hood looming white and majestic above all others; and about the bases of the glittering piles are the dark green forests which still cover so large a portion of the country. It is a shame that Portland cannot always have clear weather, so that visitors could enjoy this large expanse, but the smoke and the fog vie with one another in enveloping the landscape, and one is usually forced to content himself with studying the city, or watching the boats moving up and down the Willamette.

Up to the present time, the Northern Pacific Railroad has not made actual entry into its terminus, Portland. The main line still ends at East Portland, across the river, and passengers and freight have to be ferried over on boats. Villard, had he continued to hold his power, might have bridged the river, but his successors do not seem to en-

ertain the idea. With a bridge, Portland would look more ship-shape, and visitors would surely be better satisfied. It disturbs one to be obliged to use the present ferries. They are cheap boats, and they belittle the city which they carry one to.

Alaska may seem a far-away region when one is at San Francisco, or in the East; but once get to Portland and it comes nearer in many ways, and a trip to it is considered nothing at all strange.

"Going to Alaska, eh?" some one says. "Well, nice trip. You'll have a good time."

And another: "Alaska? O, yes, very pretty run up there; had a friend make the trip last week."

"Nothing strange in our idea here," said the artist. "Wonder if we could excite them by saying we were going farther north than Greeley did?"

But while none seemed to think our plan a strange one, few could tell us when the steamer sailed. The hotel clerk guessed, "about the first of the month"; the ticket-agents thought "about the first of the month"; and even the steamer's agents followed suit, and guessed about the same.

"She sailed from here last night," some one said, "and you can catch her at Port Townsend."

This was something reliable, so we visited the railroad office to see about getting to Townsend.

"Townsend? Yes, sir," they said to us. "You'll have to leave today [Saturday] at noon."

"Not tomorrow?"

"No."

"Why?"

"No boat on Sunday from Tacoma, and no train here to Tacoma. Have to go today."

So we hurried, and barely got off, and reached Tacoma. There was no boat *Saturday* night to Townsend, but would be one on Sunday. Here was news, and worse yet, twenty-four hours to stay at a town in which there is nothing particularly entertaining to see. Sunday night came, however, and we boarded the boat for Townsend. The start-

ing hour was set at ten P. M. At half after that hour, I asked the captain what the delay was, and why we didn't get under way.

"Waiting for the up train from Portland," he said.

"But this is Sunday."

"Well?"

"Do the trains run on Sunday from Portland?"

"Certainly."

And it was true. We had been taken for tourists, true and simple, and had been "gathered in."

On clear days—one must always remember that most of the days are not clear—on clear days, Mount Tacoma may be seen from the town bearing its name. It grew reasonably clear for us, and for a half hour we had a glimpse of this snow-crested peak, which rears its head high above the forests of Washington Territory, forty miles away. Because there is so much blueness everywhere in this territory, the whiteness of Tacoma is a most welcome coloring. The mountain is like a huge cake of ice, tall, and cold, and stately. In it, or on it, rather, are some glaciers that equal in size those that are found among the Alps. A few years ago Senator Edmunds climbed one of Tacoma's glaciers. He talked with a reporter later about his trip, and said it was better than going to Switzerland. And every resident of Tacoma says the same thing.

Near Tacoma, and between it and the town of Seattle, is one of the finest hop-growing valleys in the world. When this fact was first discovered the region was peopled by a easy-going, poor-in-pocket race, who had nothing in the world but their land—and that did not bring them in enough to live on. Then, one day somebody said "hops." Land jumped in value, and the poor grew rich. Men who before never had a dollar were paid \$10,000, \$50,000, even \$100,000 for their hops and farms. Times became brisk, and hearts grew light and happy. Today the excitement is over, but hops are still grown in great quantities, and more and more are being planted every year.

Then there is the lumber of the territory

to make money from. The forests are simply stupendous. Far as one can see, nothing but tall trees appear. Many of the pines reach enormous heights, and are straight as arrows. If a man wants a farm, he has to cut down the trees on his land first and root out the stumps, and then he can grow about anything he pleases. There are a few valleys and parks, however, which are naturally clear. Riding through the territory one may see these protected meadows, watered by clear streams, and they usually have their rudely-built log houses. One is reminded all the time of the backwoods of Maine, for the greater part of Washington Territory is still a howling wilderness, waiting for the ax and the plow; but yet hopeful, and far from feeling disappointed that more has not already been done. Indeed, there has been a good deal of progress. Take Tacoma, for instance, or Seattle. Both the places are cities of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, and have their brick buildings, churches, school houses, newspapers, and large hotels. There is a general air of thrift about the villages which speaks well for the future. Seattle is the largest city in the territory, and Tacoma comes next.

"Must be good hunting in this region," said I to an old resident, who was piloting us about the town.

"Good as you want," he answered. "But better fishing. There's not a stream here that isn't full of trout."

And judging from the fish we had offered us at the hotel, I am not inclined to doubt the old fellow's assertion.

Puget Sound is a big body of water, but the different peninsulas of Washington Territory stick into it so frequently that there is very little open water, and in sailing to Townsend one seems going through some moderately wide river. When there is not a peninsula, there is an island, and the roadways are all narrow and tortuous, and the boat clings closely to the shores, and the water is deep, blue, and unruffled. Sailing out from Seattle, which presses down upon the shore, and reaches back to a range of forest-grown hills, our course was past heavily wooded

shores, which bore not even a suggestion of any living presence. It was raining, of course, when breakfast was called, and heavy clouds hung about the trees and clung to the waters all about us. Later, however, it cleared a little, and the sun made attempts to smile at us. The Sound seemed to be an island-dotted lake, and there was that peculiarly beautiful blue tinge which is so characteristic of Lake George and the lakes of Maine. Several times during the morning we stopped at different towns to take on freight or leave some. Queer little villages they were, composed of a few straggling houses, gathered on the shore between the water and the ever-present trees, and looking utterly remote, melancholy, and slow. The new houses were very white, and the older ones very black, while the wharves were dark and grimy.

Lumbering is the great business in Puget Sound. Every town we stopped at had its saw-mill, and the water was covered with logs, waiting to be sawed into lumber.

Port Townsend is the jumping-off place in Washington Territory. It is a small town, composed of glaringly white houses set on the top of a high bluff, overlooking a protected cove opening toward the Straits of Fuca. Yet the place is a port of entry, and has considerable conceit and more or less business. But still, one feels affectionately toward it, for here the last look is had at an American flag, and once away from the town there is nothing but suggestions of England until Alaska is caught sight of.

George Vancouver enjoys the honor of naming Puget Sound, though he was not the real discoverer. The distinction of being the first to visit the inland sea, that reflects in its clear depths the mountains of Washington Territory, belongs to a Greek navigator named Juan de Fuca. He sailed into Puget Sound as long ago as 1592. The correct name of the Greek was too long for the Spanish dons, into whose service he eventually drifted, so they rechristened him Juan, the quick Spanish for Jack. Had de Fuca only sailed toward the north and made a more careful survey of the waters, he might have had the honor of naming all the head-

lands and seas of the region. But he gave up the voyage of discovery too soon to name many places, and Vancouver, who followed after him, some two hundred years later, gained the glory of giving a name to Puget Sound, and to the various islands and channels. But after all, the Greek might perhaps have fastened some unpronounceable names upon the islands which would trouble the present generation, and Vancouver did not. And yet, it seems a shame, too, that the original discoverer's name is only given to one small strait that separates Washington Territory from Vancouver's Island—though that body of water is nothing to be ashamed of, long and wide and blue as it is.

Port Townsend is fairly well protected from high winds, and a part of its harbor is also sheltered; but once beyond the protection which the bluffs afford, one experiences the full fury of the winds, which too often blow through Fuca Straits until the waters of the Sound are a mass of high and white-crested billows. On the day we left Townsend, the wind was unusually severe, and angry masses of clouds went hurrying across the sky. Putting out from the harbor, we fought the waves of the Straits six hours or more, and later sailed into the rock-bound and land-protected cove at the side of which is Victoria, the most attractive and the largest city on Vancouver's Island.

During the days of the Fraser River excitement, Victoria was a much more energetic city than it is today. There were exciting times there then, and because of the great expectations which everybody indulged in, land was bid up to an enormously high figure, and the town's prospects were considered wonderfully brilliant. But the Fraser was a fraud, comparatively, and its mines were quickly exhausted, so that Victoria received a set-back from which it is only just recovering. It is a picturesque town, thoroughly English, staid, and conservative, and its location is an enviable one. In the distance rise the blue-hued heights of Vancouver ranges, and nearer at hand lie the waters of Fuca Straits, beyond which there can usually be seen the snowy peaks of the Washington

Territory mountains. It is true, we could not see across the Straits when we landed at Victoria. Over the waters, across which we had come, hung lowering clouds, and the waves were tossed by the wild wind, which blew until masses of spray filled the air, and the prospect grew uncanny in its wildness. Rounding the long point of land which juts out into the sea to form Victoria harbor, the town lay all revealed to us at last. In one direction were red painted shops, set upon a high bluff overlooking the bay, and eastward there were green fields and trimly built cottages.

"Coming ashore?" we were asked, at length.

"Not today," the artist said.

"Then don't judge Victoria until you see the place," came the word from the dock.

We promised, and said that when homeward bound we would make a call.

"Going north?" came the voice once more.

"Yes."

"Alaska?"

"Yes."

"Nice trip; good bye."

It was not the wish which made us angry for the moment. That was good enough. But the idea of going to Alaska not causing astonishment was what troubled us. It seems to be a matter of course in the north that one should go to Alaska. Searching for something very new and strange, it began to look as though we were not to find it yet. And still our most western possession is, to the great majority, a land unknown, a land unappreciated, a region of doubts. We have owned the country since 1867, but what of that? Only a score know what revenues it brings. Alaska has scenery rivaling in grandeur and beauty that of Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden; but how few are aware of it? It has glaciers larger than any others in the world; but what has ever been said of them?

The territory of Alaska, purchased from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000, has an area of 580,107 square miles, or a size equal to all of the United States east of the Missis-

issippi River, north of Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. Its extreme breadth from east to west is 2,200 miles. The island of Attu, in Alaska, is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of that city. The length of Alaska is 1,400 miles, and the shore line up and down the bays and around the islands is 25,000 miles. In other words the coast of Alaska, if extended in a straight line, would belt the globe. From a sufficiently high elevation, one looking down upon Alaska would see how numerous its islands are. Along the entire length of coast they are grouped before the gently curving mainland, and between them run deep channels, with a heavy growth of trees and shrubs covering their banks. There are big islands and little ones, but all have their thick covering of forests, which in nearly every instance have never been disturbed by man. So thickly, indeed, do the trees grow and so rank is the shrubbery, that one can hardly travel inland, and the natives of the country depend entirely upon their cedar canoes when moving from place to place. The canoe, in fact, is to the people of Alaska what the gondola is to Venetians; and like the dwellers by the Adriatic, those in the far North know nothing of and care nothing for horses, which in other places are so necessary.

Wrangel was the first town of any size at which we stopped after leaving Victoria. It is not a metropolis—this dark, damp, grimy little place, nestled down beside its island-dotted bay and flanked by a high hill—but to the natives it is a city of importance and many attractions. In its day—for Wrangel, like other places, has seen better times—the village had a larger population than it has at present, and its houses had a glimmer, at least, of brightness. But the surplus inhabitants have departed, and the houses have all become soaked with the ever-present moisture, and the town today is as dull and melancholy as a deserted fishing village in distant Maine.

"Does it always rain here?" asked the artist, of a rubber-coated man who piloted us about the town.

"No, not always. We *do* see clear sky now an' then; but 'taint usual, sir; 'taint usual."

No, I should say it was not. The clouds seem to have a particular fondness for Wrangel. They pour their blessings continually upon it, and hover about the mountains and cling to the islands, until one feels that there never is any sunlight, or that, if there is elsewhere, Wrangel never gets any of it. Everything is damp—the wharf, the houses, the trees, and the dilapidated board shops. Men wear gum boots, when they can afford any boots at all, and the natives have long since ceased to care whether they are wet or not. The time of year does not matter. It is always drizzle, always wet, always cloudy. Look upon the town. It actually has not a bright color to offer. Beginning just around a point of land that pokes its long finger out into the harbor, a crooked street extends along the water front, and leads to where the Indians have erected their own particular huts. The street is the only one that Wrangel possesses, and small though it be, it is sufficiently large to more than accommodate the people and the business of the town. There are not over twenty "whites" in the village, and counting the Indians and all, the population is under five hundred.

"Was it ever what may be termed 'lively' here?" I asked an old resident.

"Lively," he echoed. "Oh, yes; we had three thousand people here at one time."

"What sent them away?"

"Mines petered out, sir. See that canoe coming in? Well, that's come from the Stickeen River region. The mouth of the stream's 'bout five miles above here, an' the river's navigable near three hundred miles. In old times the boys used to go up the Stickeen River for summer prospecting an' work, an' winter at Wrangel. Then 'twas lively—no law, no order, nothing to keep things straight."

"And are the mines all worthless now?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty much so. There's a little prospecting still, but none of any account."

Were it not for its Indians, Wrangel would

be of but little interest. But these early settlers, who have always had a village here, still retain many of their curious customs and modes of life, and their part of the town has at least the charm of novelty. Leaving the wharf—the only one, by the way, that there is—and following the wavering course of the narrow main street, the huts of the Indians are soon reached. A few of them are decently built, but the majority are veritable hovels, wet, dingy, smoky, and uncomfortable. Standing beside the better built homes are the *totem* poles—tall spires of native wood, on which are rudely carved the heads and animals that form the family crest of the inmate of the house.

An Alaska Indian is as proud of his *totem* as an Englishman is of his title. It is his crest and his history, both in one. There are many tribes, but only a few families in Alaska. A man belongs to the Raven, the Bear, the Wolf, or the Whale family, no matter to what tribe, whether Stickeen, Sitka, or Chilkat, he may be joined. The *totem* poles are not found in every village, and the best ones are at Wrangel. Many of them there are fully sixty feet in height, and are elaborately carved and painted. Until within a few years they were kept in perfect order and religiously guarded; but today—so custom changes everywhere—they are beginning to show their age and the lack of care given them. Many are but tottering where they stand, and all are scarred and weather-beaten. Seen in the wet, gray dawn of early morning, as I first saw them, they have a most weird and strange appearance; for the ravens which are carved upon them, and the whales and bears, are all of huge proportion, and have a most melancholy way of glaring down upon all who stand gazing at the barbarous relics.

Some of the *totems* are inside the houses. To see them, we entered a characteristic home. Passing through a narrow doorway, we were led at once into the one large room of the house. There were no windows, and the smoke rising from the fire in the center of the floor found exit through a hole cut in the roof. Around the four sides of the room was a raised platform, four or five feet wide,

on which were the beds of the fathers, husbands, wives, sisters, and brothers who lived in the place. It was breakfast time when I made my call, and the family had gathered about the fire to watch the kettle boil. Either because there was too much heaviness in the atmosphere, or because the hole in the roof was not large enough, the smoke refused to make exit from the room, but rolled about within, and made blacker and dirtier yet the dark brown walls of the one-roomed house. It was far from being an inviting home, and yet it was better than the Indians generally inhabit, for the others we saw were wetter and dirtier than the first, and in many instances were made of cedar-tree bark, which offered but little protection from the falling rain.

Following the example set by the Indians of the Southwest, these in this far away corner of the Northwest do not hesitate to sell anything they may happen to possess. Many of the curios are well worth having. At one house I bought an elaborately decorated pair of snow-shoes, which are used during the winter months, and at another a curiously carved wooden bowl, made of cedar. The Indians are, or have been, expert workers. Not only are their baskets—made of roots and fibres, and colored with brilliant dyes—real works of art; but many of their spoons and forks are delicately turned and handsomely carved. Most of the curiosities have now found their way into the shops of the white men of Wrangel, and from there into the hands of tourists; so that in the near future the original owners will not have much left to prove their efficiency as workers.

The distance between Victoria and Wrangel is a little less than eight hundred miles. In that number of miles, strange as it may seem, there is not a moment when one is in danger of being sea-sick, for the course leads in and out among the almost countless islands lying abreast of British Columbia. Journeying to Alaska is like sailing down the St. Lawrence River, for the water is as calm,

the islands are as numerous, and the channels as full of turns. Leaving Victoria at an early hour in the evening, and when the wind had somewhat abated its fury, we turned toward the north, and followed until early morning the tree-covered shores of Vancouver Island. It was a beautiful night, clear and moonlit, and as we walked the upper deck, the islands among which we sailed and the shore of the huge island bearing George Vancouver's name were all clearly outlined. Behind us the moon made a long track of silvery light over the quiet waters, and far away in the distance the mountain peaks of the region lifted their proud heights into the star-dotted sky. At daybreak we entered Departure Bay, calling first at the little town of Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, and then going northward three miles to the Bay, at which ships bound for long journeys receive their supply of coal. The Bay itself does not disappoint one who has read of it in the writings of the old discoverers that sailed into its placid waters a century ago. There are the two wooded headlands forming the harbor, and islands, with tall pine trees growing from rocky ledges, and a long curved beach, behind which rise a group of hills with their sides and summits covered with the ever-present forests. In the years which have passed since George Vancouver saw the place the changes have been slight, the only one of importance being the wharves which stretch out into the water, and from which the coal from the mines near by is dumped into the waiting vessels.

The Nanaimo coal mines are the largest ones on the Island, and are located about five miles inland. Connecting them with the wharf is a narrow-gauge track, over which there is a continual running of empty and loaded cars. Vancouver has a large supply of coal lands and timber. It is proposed now to build a railroad from Victoria to the Nanaimo fields, and some of the capitalists of San Francisco are interested in the scheme.



## II.

FROM Departure Bay to Wrangel, the first shipping-place of any importance in Alaska, the opportunity is afforded one of enjoying some of the sublimest scenery in this or any other country. Possessing all the grandeur of scenes in Switzerland, the country is as weird as parts of Norway, and as wild as neglected sections of Maine. In fact, it is altogether strange. One is continually admiring the features. Now the ship sails through channels varying from a mile to five miles in width, and from ten to forty miles in length; and again enters what seems to be a mountain-guarded lake, without entrance and without exit. On all sides rise the mountains, high, tree-covered, grand, and massive. Now heavy ledges of granite crop out above the trees, and then streams of water, formed from the deep banks of snow that are visible in the distance, leap from the heights above, and fall in silvery masses into the waters over which we ride. Many of these miniature Niagaras are exceedingly beautiful, seen gliding down the deep green slopes, and glistening in the sunlight; and some of them are dashed into steam-like spray as they fall upon projecting rocks and are there dashed into a thousand fragments. Early in the season—in May and June—the waterfalls are larger and stronger than in September, and plough great gullies as they tear down the mountain sides, and the hills are covered with scars, showing where the torrents have torn the trees away, and dug channels to run their mad races in.

In one of the straits sailed through, known as the Seymour Narrows, the width of water is not over half a mile, and the actual channel is less than a quarter of a mile wide. Here the mountains are higher than in most places, and the depth of water is seventy fathoms, and the current runs at the rate of nine miles an hour. Full of hidden rocks, narrow and tortuous, the place is as dangerous as the St. Lawrence Rapids, and still holds a United States ship which lies rotting away seventy fathoms below the surface. Another passage of small width is Grenville

Straits. It is forty miles long and as straight as an arrow. Parallel ranges of mountains guard it on the east and west, and its waters are as calm as a mill-pond, and reflect the trees, the rocky headlands, and the snow-covered peaks that rise from the channel's edge. Sailing up the narrow way, one cannot but imagine that Arizona has been flooded, and that he is sailing among its mountains. For here, as there, the peaks are sharp-pointed, and grow faintly blue in the distance, and there is the same wild ruggedness which renders the southern territory so attractive.

"This is better than seeing the fjords of Norway," said the artist, as he gazed at the varying colors, and watched the clear reflections all about us.

"It is like sailing through the cañons of the Rockies," I said.

Escaping from Grenville Straits, and entering the more open waters known as Dixon's Entrance, we had our first glimpse of Alaska. Over at our right, toward the east, the forests of British Columbia still reached down to the water's edge, and far away to the dreary solitudes of the interior; westward lay isolated islands, forming a natural break-water between us and the open Pacific; behind us rose the mountains about which we had sailed. But toward the north, and so far away that a thin blue haze hung over them, towered the pointed cones and the heavily-wooded heights of our distant possession. As the gigantic summits of the Rocky Mountain range rise in the west before one who rides across the plains of eastern Colorado, and fill the sky with their white crests, so the mountain islands of Alaska look at one sailing toward them from the south. They are of every shape and size, these guardians of the north, but all are tall and graceful, and if we can but catch them when there are no clouds to hide them, we will see how beautiful they are. As we neared them the sky was free of mists, and the sunlight flooded all the region, and white heads rising proudly above dark blue forests glistened like pillars of ice in the brilliant light. Gradually approaching our country, the islands which form Alaska began to grow less shad-

owy and indistinct, and later in the day, when the sun had begun to flood the west with its varicolored hues, we were sailing once more up narrow channels and amid the unbroken solitudes of vast forests. While the sun shone it was blue everywhere—blue waters, sky, forests. During the night we sailed far into Alaska, and the following day continued exploring the ever-changing channels, that lead among the islands and into the sheltered bays and beneath the frowning fronts of mountains. At times a canoe, paddled by an Indian, came in sight, or we stopped at a cannery to take aboard or deliver freight. But usually there were only unbroken solitudes, deep waters, rank forests, and far-away summits of snow. Man has not found Alaska yet. Alone in the north she rests upon the bosom of her seas, waiting patiently for deliverance.

And yet a time will come, perhaps, when the forests will be robbed, and the quiet coves made into busy harbors. There undoubtedly is a future for the country. It is even now attracting attention. It may be rich or it may be poor, but it surely is a land of scenic wonders—odd, strange and beautiful.

The further northward one goes among the Alaskan islands, the deeper become the channels and more tortuous, the higher the mountains, and wilder, grander, and more beautiful the scenery. Around rise the mountain islands, green, heavily-wooded, and with steep sides furrowed by many a land-slide, and often bathed by an ice-cold stream leaping from snowy peaks above to black, deep waters far below. Everything is wild and strange and silent. No towns appear in sight, few canoes are to be seen, and only lonely forests, rank and undisturbed, neglected coves, reaching long arms far inland toward snow-tipped ranges of majestic height, and wide stretches of water are met with through the day. Rob Colorado of its cities, railways, and people, and flood the cañons, the gorges, and the plains, and there will be created another Alaska, for here the highways are all of water, and the countless channels are but deep cañons, bordered by tree-grown cliffs rising

a thousand and two thousand feet above the mast's head of every visiting ship.

On leaving Wrangel, with the fog still enveloping that time-worn town, our course led through Wrangel Narrows, a river-like passage, full of twists and turns and hidden reefs, that extends between two parallel ranges of snow-capped mountains, and from it into other almost as narrow channels, which have to be encountered in sailing toward the north. There was but little variety in the scenery, the same features constantly appearing as we passed from one canal into another, or from one lake-like enclosure to the others; and there were still no signs of life along the shores.

There is something depressing at first in this lack of civilization. One sighs for a town to look at, for a break in the forests, for a lighting up of the unchanging heaviness of the coloring. Usually, in Alaska there is not the fine weather which we were fortunately blessed with. It rains the greater part of the time, and when it is not raining there is a fog hanging between the water and the sky, which shuts out the sunlight, and hides the hills, and spreads a shroud over the country, rendering the prospect drearier than ever.

"It is a good region to visit," said the artist, "but heaven help those who have to live here."

And yet, men are coming to Alaska to settle more rapidly and in greater numbers than ever before. The trouble in our far northern territory, so far, has been that the government has left it to take care of itself, and has given it no law, and no officials to make laws and see that they were enforced. There was no title to be had to land, no guarantee that one would be protected from annoyances by hostile Indians. Capitalists declined investing where there was no order except that enforced by the shot-gun, and men of moderate means, who would have been willing, perhaps, to risk their all in prospecting for the hidden treasures of the region, were deterred from entering upon their work by the dangers encountered by the few who had already tried the venture.

There has been, in short, an unwarrantable neglect of Alaska by Congress ever since 1867, and the only wonder is that there has been any development at all; for surely, not much encouragement was offered that either property or lives would be protected. British Columbia, which joins Alaska along its southeastern borders, has been the scene of far more activity and enterprise than its neighbor, and the only reason has been that the English government looked after its people there, in what is known as the Casiar District, as faithfully as in nearer possessions.

But the ban has been removed, and Alaska has now a government, laws, and excellent officials. Coming to their posts on our ship were the newly appointed governor, attorney-general, surveyor-general, and others, and their advent was hailed with genuine delight by the people.

"It means a new era for us," said an old settler to me. "Until today I have never known what I could do or couldn't. Our only law has been that of Judge Lynch, and you have no idea of the many promising projects that have fallen through, simply because of this great uncertainty as to what would ever be done at Washington for our relief."

John Kinkead, governor of Alaska, is an eminently fit man for the place. Able, impartial, and experienced, having only lately filled the gubernatorial chair of Nevada, he is in the prime of life, and enters upon his duties with the good will not only of his associates, but with that, too, of the people at large. He knows Alaska thoroughly, and was at one time a resident of Sitka and one of its leading merchants. His work at first, as he informed me, will be to inquire into the wrongs and trials of the country, and later to frame such laws as shall meet the various requirements.

"Once let us have law and order here," he said, "and Alaska will make a record that will surprise you."

"You believe, then, that it has a future?" I said.

"Most assuredly. From my long residence I am convinced, and always have

been, that all Alaska needs is to offer settlers protection, to insure for itself great advancement. It is not an agricultural country, though, possibly, we might raise enough to support a small population; but it is particularly rich in coal and minerals, and the value of its timber and fisheries has not begun to be appreciated."

The center from which radiates whatever of excitement and interest there is in Alaska mines is Douglas Island. The history of the discovery of ore near this island, which eventually led to the location of the present much talked of property, is similar to that attending the finding of most of the large mines in the West. It seems that some half dozen years ago, two needy and seedy prospectors, named Juneau and Harris, arrived at an Indian village that still remains visible on the shore across the bay from Douglas Island, in search of ore. They prospected the country as thoroughly as they could with but little success, and were about to return home, when an Indian said he knew where gold existed, and that he would reveal the place for a certain sum of money. Hardly believing, but yet curious, Harris and Juneau accepted the offer, and with their guide set out on a pilgrimage into the interior, to a spot now known as "The Basin." After a long tramp through the forests and up a deep valley, the Indian showed them a place where there were nuggets of free gold and dirt which, when panned, yielded a handsome return. Claims were immediately staked out, and the two adventurers began their work in earnest. Later, the fact of the discovery became known, and other miners entered the valley, and the region gained no little celebrity and became the scene of much animation. Four years the work progressed, and a town, which today is of respectable size and great expectations, was founded and christened Juneau. At present the "Basin" mines, or more properly speaking, claims, are not yielding enough to be of much account, though many of them are still worked in a desultory fashion and return fair wages to the men employed. Prospecting is still going on, however, and several

tunnels have been started which lead into quartz ledges bearing a moderate supply of gold.

The Douglas Island mine is located within fifty yards of the waters of Juneau Bay, and was discovered by a man named Treadwell, who sold his claim a year or two ago to a San Francisco company, of which Senator Jones is the leading spirit. The new owners set up a fine stamp mill to begin with, and made thorough tests of the ore. What was discovered is not known, but the company has run a tunnel five hundred feet, and is now setting up a one hundred and twenty stamp mill, the largest in the world, and has refused, it is said, \$16,000,000 for the mine. The ore is gold, and the rock is a light-colored quartz, easily milled, and existing in great abundance. There is an excellent supply of water and timber, and there will be absolutely no expense in putting the product aboard ship, as vessels can anchor within a stone's throw of the mill. Those familiar with mines predict a brilliant future for Douglas Island. The region, at all events, is closely observed, and numerous claims have been staked all over the mountain, and several experts have already examined the properties and made favorable reports.

We were detained four days at Juneau, unloading goods for the Treadwell Mine. The weather being perfect, warm and cloudless, the days were passed pleasantly enough by making excursions into the interior, and rowing about the mountain-guarded bay, which is possessed of exceptionally beautiful surroundings. In the center of the harbor or channel is a wooded island, strongly suggestive of Ellen's Isle, of which Walter Scott has so charmingly written; and the mountain sides have many a waterfall, that comes rushing headlong from the snowy peaks above into the bay below. The town, with its outlying Indian villages, is not an attractive place, nor is the quarter peopled by the natives enticing; for the one is rudely built of dark-stained cabins of unpainted wood and rough hewn logs, and the other is a squalid collection of huts made of bark, and inhab-

ited by those who are neither clean in appearance nor in reality.

Alaska Indians, in the majority of instances, are an uninteresting race. There are some forty thousand of them in the country, but their number is constantly decreasing, owing to their immorality and carelessness of person. They have but few towns of any size, but live in detached settlements, and spend the greater part of their lives in paddling from place to place in their canoes, which they dexterously manufacture out of single logs. Attempts are being made to civilize these ignorant and too often repulsive looking people, and the condition of many has been greatly improved since the establishment of the various fish-canneries where Indian labor is employed. The Indians at Juneau may improve, individually and collectively, now that the mine gives them work; but it will be years yet, to judge from appearances, before they become any too prepossessing. Their village consists of a row of huts built along the shore close beside the water; and before the houses are scores of the inevitable canoe, in which families are constantly arriving or departing, on their way to and from distant encampments. There are bleary-eyed old sinners and half-clad women, who will sell whatever they happen to possess, even their little daughters, provided they get their price; and every family has a dog or two, as ugly and dirty as the owners.

In sailing among the islands of Alaska and noticing the beauties of the ever-present mountains, one gains only a limited conception of the greater charms which the interior regions possess. It may be said with truth that Alaska has more natural grandeur than any other State or territory, while many of its aspects are superior to those offered by Norway and Switzerland, two countries hitherto supposed to possess unrivalled scenic attractions. Leaving Juneau one day, we climbed a steep trail leading at once into the forests and up the mountain side, on our way to a valley that extends some fifteen miles inland. A few rods from town, the road led where the tall trees of spruce, pine, fir, and

hemlock grew in rank abundance. In every direction stretched the somber forests, thick and dark, and almost tropical with their wealth of low-growing shrubbery, myriads of delicately-patterned ferns, and thick layers of varicolored moss. Gaining a ridge enjoying the euphonious name of "Hog Back," an opening caused by an avalanche sweeping away every obstruction before it revealed the town, lying five hundred feet below, and, beyond, the sunlit waters of the bay, with Douglas Island looming up beyond, and forming a green foreground to white, sharp peaks that rose still farther away. From here the trail descended a thousand feet or more to the level of a surging creek that came flowing down a narrow valley from some region far beyond. Following the path in its windings up this gorge, which is formed by two high rows of bare, steep cliffs, there was revealed a section of Alaska well entitled to whatever adjectives of laudation one might have at his command. Far ahead, and seen through a narrow opening left by the cliffs, a snow-white glacier, pressing toward a growth of trees from a pointed cone of rock, glistened in the strong sunlight, while nearer at hand towered the frightful cliffs, deep brown and gray, or tinged with yellow and streaked with long, dark stains where a boulder had scraped its way to the valley below. It was Switzerland enlarged; a vast highway of fierce-winds, a stronghold of nature, sublime in conception, and filled with exquisite colorings formed by the blue of distant peaks, the green of the forests, the varied hues of the nearer crags, and the whiteness of the glaciers.

From Juneau to Chilkhat, a twelve hours' run, the course is northward around Douglas Island and up Lynn Canal to Pyramid Harbor, the head waters of inland northern navigation, and lying near the sixty degrees of north latitude. The Chilkat River empties into Pyramid Harbor, named from a pyramid-shaped island standing in mid-stream, up which canoes and small boats may run to Chilkhat Village, one of the largest Indian settlements in Alaska. The Chilkhats are expert manufacturers of blankets and baskets,

and number about one thousand. They are natural traders, and act as middlemen in carrying the furs of the north country south, and southern products north. They are active fishermen, and as laborers in the two salmon canneries established at the mouth of the river, are preferred to Chinamen or even white workers. Belonging to the great Thlinket family, composed of all the Indians occupying the islands of Alexander Archipelago and adjacent coasts, they have all the vices characteristic of the other tribes, and are still firm believers in witchcraft and evil spirits. They are fond of strong drink and tobacco, and domestic morality is a virtue which is not possessed even by the youngest. A Chilkhat blanket is made of native sheep's wool, woven by hand, somewhat after the style of the Navajo blankets of Arizona, and is an expensive article, costing never less than twenty dollars. It is used in dances and on *fête* days, and measures about six feet wide by three deep, and is dyed with native dyes in strangely wrought figures of blue, black, and yellow.

Alaska salmon abound in apparently inexhaustible numbers. Weighing from eight to ten pounds, they make toward the fresh water inlets early in May, and are caught there through that month and into September by the Indians, who use nets, which they set at night and haul up in the morning. It is only during the past few years that the canning of salmon has become an important industry; and yet that it is so now, is evinced by the fact that the territory shipped last year 10,101 cases of four dozen one-pound cans, and 1,527 barrels of salted salmon, each barrel containing thirty fish. There were also shipped large quantities of halibut, herring, cod, and herring oil. At Chilkhat, the larger cannery of the two employs from fifty to sixty hands, and the establishment is the most perfectly arranged one in the country. Those interested in seeing the fish prepared for the thousands of tables on which "Alaska salmon" is a prized delicacy, may witness the process at Chilkhat *ab initio ad finem*. There are the heavy laden canoes bringing the still breathing fish to the lift

that hoists them to the cleaning table; the women dextrously cutting the bright red fish into pieces of proper size to fit into the cans; the boys soldering the tins and then boiling them, baking, and resoldering until the process is completed, and the cans are ready to be labeled and packed. Great care is taken, and the work is an interesting one to study. There are several canneries altogether in Alaska, and the industry is constantly growing in importance. The factories are established in secluded inlets, and natives are generally employed in preference to any other class of laborers. At Kilisnoo, nearly due east from Sitka, there is now a phosphate factory, where phosphates are made from herring after the oil is extracted. There is no question about the supply of cod, salmon, or herring in Alaska, and the demand can never be too great for the canned goods. Canning is the leading industry today, as seal hunting was a few years ago. It is too soon now to say what the mines will amount to, but there is no doubt that the fish in Alaska waters will eventually bring in a large revenue.

From Chilkhat to Sitka, which we sailed for after having idled away a day at the Chilkhat cannery, we passed southward, and again through Lynn Canal, on a day when the sky was clear of clouds, and as blue as that commonly supposed to exist forever over the monuments of Italy. At noon we turned westward into Glacier Bay. Lynn Canal is a long, narrow channel, extending between two high parallel ranges of mountains, whose tops are white with snow, and whose sides are covered with forests; is beautiful enough and grand enough to call forth one's most choice list of adjectives; but Glacier Bay so far excels it, so surpasses in grandeur any other attraction of Alaska, that in writing of it one is at a loss for words, and grows dumb and mute before the thought of attempting to picture with a pen the ice-bound bay with its bleak, dark shore, its moving masses of ice, its huge mountains, lifting their pure white heads 16,000 feet above the sea-waves dashing at their base.

I do not know how wide, nor how long,

nor how deep, Glacier Bay is. One does not think of figures and facts when sailing over its waters and enjoying the novel features. Flood Switzerland and sail up some of its cañons toward Mont Blanc, and you will have there another Glacier Bay. But until the sea waves wash the feet of that Swiss peak, and until one can sail past the glaciers of that country, there will never be found a companion bay to this of Alaska. Norway, with all its ruggedness, has nothing to equal it; and there is not a mountain in all the ranges of the Rockies which has the majestic gracefulness of Fairweather Peak, which looks down upon the bay.

Imagine the view we had as we turned out of Lynn Canal and moved into the ice-strewn waters of the strange place. Above hung the sun, warm and clear, and lighting up the wide waste of waters till they glistened like flashing brilliants. Away to the left and right ran somber forests, and long stretches of yellow-colored stone, and rocky cliffs that now ran out into the bay and again rose high and straight from out it. No villages were in sight, no canoes dotted the waters, but all was desolate, neglected, still; and cakes of ice, white in the distance and highly colored nearer to, floated about our ship. And there, in the northwest, rising so high above the intervening hills that all its pinnacles, all its gorges, and its deep ravines of moving ice were visible, was Fairweather, loftiest, whitest, most delicately moulded peak of all the snowy crests in this north land. From a central spur, topping all its fellows, lesser heights helped form a range which stretched for miles across the country, and on whose massive shoulders lay a mantle of such pure whiteness that the sky above was bluer still by contrast, and the forests grew doubly dark and drear. All through the afternoon we sailed towards the glorious beacon, while the air grew colder every hour, and the ice cakes, hundreds of tons in weight, grew more numerous as the daylight began to wane.

The glaciers of Glacier Bay are the largest in Alaska. Formed among the highest crags of the Fairweather Range, they gradually deepen and widen as they near the sea, and

end, at last, in massive cliffs of solid ice, often measuring three hundred feet high and having a width of several miles. The surface of the glaciers is rough and billowy, resembling the waves of a troubled sea frozen into solid blocks of ice at the moment of their wildest gambols. Constantly pressed forward by the heavy blocks that gradually slide down the mountain ravines, the great frozen river keeps pressing seaward, until the action of the waves crumbles away gigantic cakes, that fall into the waters with a noise like the booming of cannon, and with a force that sends columns of water high into the air.

As we neared the Muir Glacier, named in honor of John Muir, the sun had set, and only the long, cold, solemn twilight, peculiar to northern countries, remained to render visible the distant peaks, the cakes of ice, and the long high wall of the glacier's front. Sailing toward the mighty barrier, the air grew sharp and cold. The scene was one of Arctic splendor, white, silent, ghostly and cheerless; while the light was that so often described by visitors to the Polar Sea—uncertain, bluish, and strongly resembling a November twilight in New England, when the sky is overcast, the trees are bare, and the clouds are full of snow.

Gaining at last a point barely three hundred yards from the glacier, the ship was stopped short. Before us rose the towers and solid walls, forming an embankment higher than our masthead, and towering upward in dense masses against the leaden sky. Beyond the edge of the cliff, the glacier itself stretched far away to an unseen distance, where nature gave it birth among the frozen heights of the range; and, listening, we heard the cracking of the floe, long and loud, as the ever-moving mass pressed against the rocks which limited its expansion. There was an awful force lying latent there, irresistible as fate, terrible in its strength. At intervals portions of the glacier separated with hollow roar from the main body of ice, tottered a moment, and then, with a headlong plunge and a noise of a dozen cannon discharged at once, fell into the waters below and disappeared from sight. Year after

year the action is repeated, and the bay is filled with the broken fragments, which rise from the depth to which they fall and float off with the tide. Every hour the glacier loses its particles, and yet it grows no shorter and its height remains the same. Taken to Switzerland, the glacier of Alaska would cover that country three times over; for the frozen rivers of our latest purchase are not only fifty miles in length and three in width, but often thrice that distance long, and ten times that distance wide.

From the bay, at the lower end of which we anchored for the night, the way led into Cross Sound, an extended body of water, with forest-covered shores, among which glaciers glimmer in the starlight; and from it out into open sea. Alaska from the Pacific seems much the same as from the channels leading among the islands. As we sailed southward to Sitka, with the broad Pacific stretching away in the west, the Alaskan coast was still the same blue-hued, forest-grown country; wild, bold, indented with sheltered coves, dotted with high mountains overtopping all the smaller heights, and having their heads white with snow. All through the day we sailed past the various headlands, keeping Fairweather in sight all the time, until evening came and darkness hid the shore.

And in the morning we were at Sitka, having found our way in the darkness through the group of islands lying opposite the quaint old town, and forming its little harbor. Heavy layers of fog still hovered over the town and hung about the islands; and even as the day advanced toward night the sun was unable to penetrate the dripping mists. There is not a great deal of clear weather at Sitka. The fogs appear to have an especial fondness for the place, and rarely leave it. Even the buildings show the hard usage of the weather, and have not a bright shingle left in them. And yet there is but little cold; zero is never reached, and there is much more rain than snow. The southern parts of Alaska, in fact, are never severely cold. The higher peaks get frozen, to be sure, and there is snow in the interior; but

the warm waters of the Japan Current, answering to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, so soften the air of Southern Alaska that the winters are mild and the vegetation abundant. Alaskan forests might supply the world for years with timber. They are omnipresent, and cover every inch of ground.

Sitka had its gala days when it was peopled by the Russians. Now that they have departed, its glory, too, has flown, and the Castle of Russian Governors and the other buildings that they used are weather-beaten, dilapidated, and decaying. Before the town, whose heavily built houses are clustered around the pretentious little Russian church, that still lifts its pointed spire high above the street, lies the harbor of Sitka, formed by two long arms of the island on which the village is built, and filled with an array of islands of ever-varying size. At one side of Sitka is an Indian village, and at another the Indian school, and between the two is the one main street of the place, following on the outskirts of the town the curved beach, from which one looks southward across the bay to the islands gathered together in the distance.

There is not a great deal to see after one has examined the interior of its church, with its gilt and gold, old paintings, and rich ornaments. There is the Castle on the hill by the wharf, however, and that is always interesting. It is a crumbling ruin today, and the wind whispers unmolested through most of its rooms. But in its day the house was grandly furnished, and the Russian Governor had a "throne room" and handsomely appointed chambers for his followers to live in. Then it was the center of all gaiety, and from it came the commands that were so religiously obeyed by all. When the Castle was in repair Sitka knew society, and had a population of respectable size. But the people have gone now, their houses are open to the weather, and there is a general listlessness and shabbiness about the town, saying as plainly as though it could speak, "My day is done; my glory has departed."

Sitka was not the last we had of Alaska, but was nearly so. Leaving it, we coasted for a week or more around the different channels leading among the islands of the

Alexandrian Archipelago; stopped at various settlements, and bargained with oily Indians, who paddled out to us in their swiftly moving canoes; and then sailed southward again through Grenville Straits, and past British Columbia to Departure Bay, and, at last, to Victoria.

And on the wharf of the latter place stood our friend of a month ago.

"Coming ashore?" he said, when he saw us.

"Yes."

"Good. We can show you a pretty town. Disappointed in Alaska?"

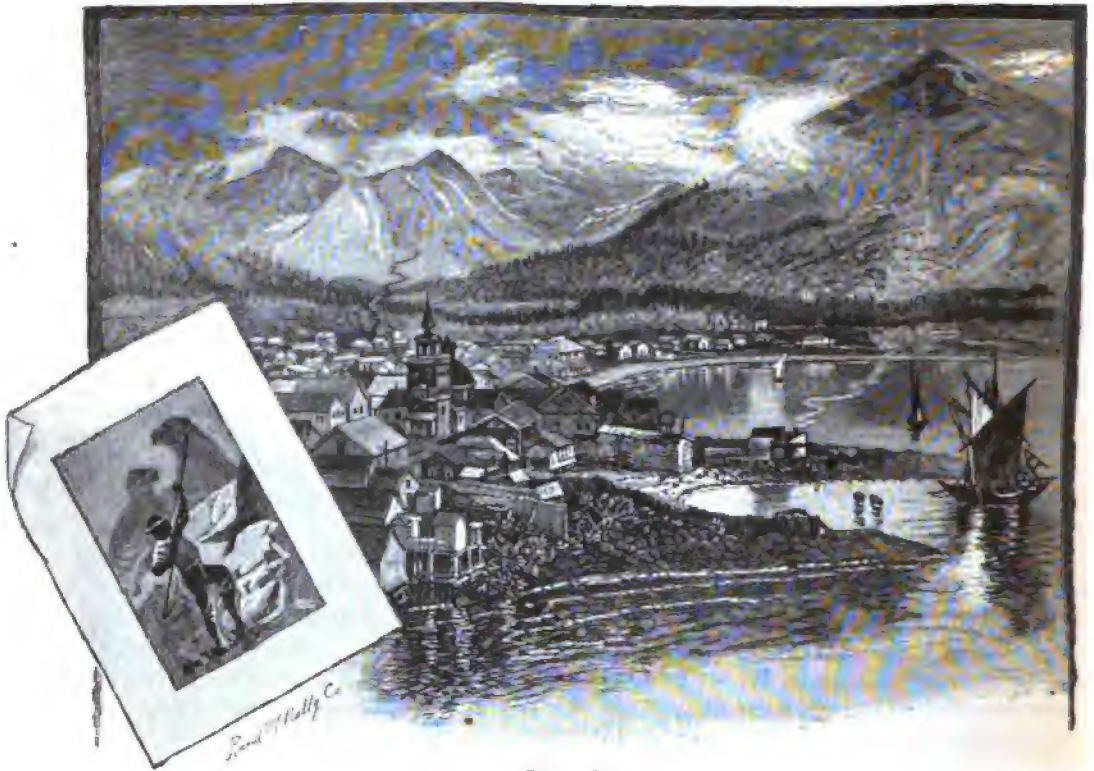
"No; it's the grandest country for scenery I—" began the artist.

"Yes, yes, I know," said our friend, interrupting him. "Big glaciers, fine sailing, curious sights, no sea-sickness. Same old story; hear it every trip. Any baggage? Take you up town for two bits."

"Two bits," said the artist. "Surely, we *are* home again. Why can't he say a quarter, or twenty-five cents? Two bits and fogs will ruin San Francisco yet."

Victoria is thoroughly English. It is a sleepy place, idling contentedly along its way, but picturesque in every detail, and commanding a view of the Straits of Fuca and the far away heights of British Columbia. The land faces a land-locked bay, and behind the place stretch dense frosts, through which roadways extend to the various suburbs. During our stay the frosts of early fall began to color the leaves, and at night the air grew sharp and chill. But still the air was clear, and down in the harbor white-winged yachts still moved over the blueish waters.

From Victoria our course led back over Puget Sound to Portland, and from there, at the artist's suggestion, eastward by the Northern Pacific Road to St. Paul. It was a sudden idea, taking in the Northern Pacific's scenery; but the artist was enthusiastic over the Upper Columbia views and the grandeur of the Yellowstone Park. Leaving Portland by the new route, Mt. Hood stood clearly outlined against the sky, peering above the clouds rolling about its summit, and later other heights were visible, white, and tall, and graceful. Pushing eastward, with here the far-famed Dalles and there mountain-guarded



SITKA, ALASKA.

valleys to enjoy, we passed Helena, once on the outskirts of civilization, but now on a highway across the continent, and, at last, reached Livingstone, standing at the gateway to the Yellowstone National Park. The town is situated on the west bank of the Yellowstone River, and beyond the stream stretches a broad plateau with mountains in the background. From Livingstone a branch of the Northern Pacific runs to Cinnabar, fifty miles distant, where one is within six miles of the Hot Springs, boiling from the earth in the very center of the Park.

Many have written of the Yellowstone Park, and yet but few have done justice to its varied scenery. For it is indescribable. It is a region of wonder and delight, delicately colored, vast, strangely conceived. Nature exhibits curious contrasts. There is a constant succession of pictures—snow-crowned mountains, steaming geysers, fragrant woods, clear streams, secluded lakes, vari-colored ledges. It is sixty-five miles long by fifty-five wide, and contains 3,575

square miles; and every acre has its wonder. For years isolated from the world, it today is brought within reach of all by the railroad, and to it tourists journey as formerly they did to Niagara. The Yellowstone is America's greatest attraction. For days we wandered about the place, watching the geyser spout, listening to the subterranean rumbles.

"One could spend a season here and not see all," the artist said.

"Yes," I answered. "But as the season is ended, let us end our journey, too."

And we did, a few days later. Ended it at St. Paul, with Alaska a memory and the scenery of the railway still a reality. What a trip! Let one go westward across the continent, over the Northern Pacific, and to Alaska, and he will have seen the beauties of the world. The new line overland has attractions preparing one for that which is to follow—the cañons of the Yellowstone, the whitened peaks of the mountains, are reproduced in the fjords and ice-tipped peaks of Alaska.

*Edwards Roberts.*

## AN ITALIAN NOCTURNE.

WE had been absent some little time from Rome, making a short tour, partly pedestrian, partly by conveyances. The day of our nocturnal adventure we had accomplished fifteen miles on foot, and had arrived at four in the afternoon at a walled and historic mountain town, more dead than alive, less because of our walking than because of the fierce heat that had beaten upon us all along our valley road.

What mania of Flying Dutchman or Wandering Jew possessed our Captain, we were too utterly undone to inquire, when he came back to us after a brief absence to tell us that this was not our rest, and that we were to "move on" yet another stage before we could sleep. His heart ought to have been touched by the sight that met his eyes as he returned to that dusky inn dining room, but we looked for no such marvel, having long ago learned that our Captain's heart, like his legs, was of steel. Mademoiselle groaned upon two chairs; Charlie drooped upon a table; Madame sighed upon the only sofa. It was useless to protest, and we took such comfort as we could in the fact that this approaching stage of our journey would not begin until after dinner, and would be made in a comfortable carriage.

Somewhat refreshed by meat and drink, we drove out from under castellated walls and away from staring and picturesque mountain villagers, at sunset. A glory was upon the world that lightened our heaviness to see—the glory of a rainbow sky thrusting level rays of gold through gloom of olive orchards and airy thickets of vines, flooding the hill-sides with amber, and making our white road seem a pathway leading into some outlying splendor of Paradise. Our coachman was a one-armed man who drove his own horses, and who answered our eager questions with a glum taciturnity that promised ill for information to be gathered from him. He had engaged to drive us to N——, to sleep that night. To reach N—— we were returning in the di-

rection of Rome, and would be obliged to pass through F——, a city set upon a hill, from which by day the Eternal City seemed a pearl dissolving in a golden cup, and which was just half way to the N—— upon which our minds were set.

Everybody assured our Captain that our horses were the best among the mountains, and would take us to N—— even before we were well settled in our seats. Whether it was the fault of our horses, or of Giovanni, their driver, we could only suspect; but it is certain that as the gold vanished from the Italian landscape and the air grew damp and chill our Captain became impatient. To all his expostulations and complaints, however, Giovanni seemed to have but one answer, "*I signori* will do well to sleep at F——."

Darkness fell upon us by silvery, leaden, iron degrees, till finally we could scarcely see our horses' heads. The swish of the evening breeze among wayside olives grew weird and fitful; the stars in the black vault above looked at us with far-off, unfamiliar eyes. It was already not far from midnight; long before this, according to Giovanni's promise, we should have been in N——, and the lights of F—— were not yet visible.

"*I signori* will be obliged to sleep in F——," was our coachman's only answer to our impatient urgings.

It was past midnight when finally we drew up in the darkness, and were told that this was F——. Had Giovanni not told us so, we might have guessed it by the increased darkness of high walls about us, and the sound of our horses' hoofs on rough cobblestones; but not a light was to be seen, not a person, and tall walls rose upon four sides of us, blank and expressionless as those of the Pit where swung the Pendulum. To our astonishment, Giovanni began to take the horses from the carriage. In answer to our angry expostulations, "*I signori* will sleep in F——" was all he said as he led the horses away.

"We will see about that!" exclaimed our

furious Captain. as he plunged after Giovanni into the darkness.

For a moment we did not realize the strangeness of our position — two helpless women and a child alone at dead of night in foreign and utter blackness. But only for a moment; then the swift rush of that consciousness overwhelmed us, took our breath away, as we felt that we were adrift in immeasurable night; parted from every mooring that united us to the bright world and our kind; atoms swallowed up by an infinite void that might never give us back to day and night again. It was not exactly that we were *afraid*—fear was not the form of our feeling; but rather that we were laid hold upon by a benumbing *dread* of something, we knew not what; something invisible, and formless, and nameless, but potent for harm beyond all things that have place or name.

As we shivered there in the darkness, a measured, soft whisper came to our ears, monotonous and slow, without break or lull, unceasing, unceasing, like the solemn stars. It was not the wind, for the night was fairly still, and we were shut within high walls as in a box or pit. It was mysteriously remote, and yet close at hand. We could not tell if it rose from the earth close beside our carriage, if it crept up from ghostly ruins in the valley below, or if it came from Nothing, and was the mystic voice of the Dread that congealed us.

"Those dead men whispering to each other?"

It was Charlie's tremulous voice, and our peering eyes followed the motion of his little hand. By the light of pale stars we dimly saw a flight of wide steps and a long platform vague in the foreground, and ending in darkness, where probably the walls and columns of a church rose behind. All over this platform wherever we could see, and lost in the background-darkness, were motionless human bodies curled in every form of death's agony, whose faces, although we could not distinguish them, we were sure were turned towards earth or sky in every hideous grimace with which death mocks our mean mortality.

"Is the plague in F——, and we have not known of it?" quavered Mademoiselle.

The glimpse—it could not be called sight—reminded Madame of nightmare horrors of the Middle Ages, when the Papal curse lay heavy upon city or kingdom, and church doors remained sealed until weeds and shrubs grew in their crevices, and their thresholds rotted with unshriven dead.

As if in answer to Charlie's question, the sound of a gurgling groan, followed by a long, moaning sigh, came from this church threshold, and we dimly saw one of the corpses toss frenzied arms into the air. Then all was still, save that dread, mysterious whisper, unceasing, unceasing, like the silent stars.

Worn out with the heat and burden of the day, Charlie fell asleep across his mother's knees. Then, unrestrained by the child's presence, the two women began to speak in undertones to each other, in awed, low voices, stiller and smaller than the dreadful whispers of those dead men to each other upon yonder accursed church steps. As is usual with everybody under circumstances of peculiar imaginative dread and gloom, we began to intensify the shuddering influences amid which we were by speaking of shuddering things, as people tell ghost stories when ghosts seem nearest and most appalling.

"That gasp and moan were like M. Valdemar's, when the mesmeric spell was lifted from his death agony," whispered Mademoiselle.

"It reminded me of Florence."

Nobody could speak for a space after that. While in Florence we lived in bright, sunny rooms opposite the Baptistery, in the Piazza del Duomo. The *appartamenti* were let by the month, were furnished with bourgeois taste, and had no history whatever, so far as we could learn. Madame Hibbert, our French landlady, widow of an Italian, had let the rooms to one family after another for now these forty years, and had never heard, before these superstitious Americans had come, that there was anything about them more mysterious than about all Florentine lodgings.

One hot night Madame was lying awake upon the drawing-room sofa. Charlie and Mademoiselle were each in their beds, in rooms opening off from the one where Madame lay. There was no sound at all where Madame lay broad awake but dreaming, no sound in the deserted *piazza* below, none in the voiceless city.

Suddenly Charlie stood by his mother's side.

"Why were you crying so, mamma?" he faltered.

Mamma had not thought of crying.

"Oh, yes, you were crying," insisted the trembling child, "I was *so* frightened."

"Dreams, dreams, my sweet," and mamma carried the boy to his bed.

She heard nothing; but fifteen minutes later, again a white, wide-eyed face appeared noiselessly beside her.

"Why were you crying so, Madame?" asked Mademoiselle. "Such low, long, stifled sobs; I half thought you must be dying."

Madame could not understand, and, like an infidel, laughed.

An hour later that sceptic started broad awake in her bed. The night was as still as new death; *still*, save that the whole world was filled with moaning, soft, low, and appalling; dim, faint cries of anguish, lower than distant echo of æolian harp, yet nearer than the breath of the child who slept by her side. Madame called aloud. Then the drifting anguish ceased as utterly as if it had never been.

The next day inquiries were made, and strict examination of the premises. Nothing, of course, resulted from these investigations more tangible than the contempt of our landlady for our wild imaginings. The mysterious anguish, however, continued intermittently and mysteriously for weeks. No conjectures that we could make as to the cause of the moans which all three of us repeatedly and distinctly heard, could explain them. It was no echo of our own voices reverberating through those vast Italian rooms; for it sounded oftenest out of perfect stillness, when we were busy, without speaking, with books and work. It could

not be echoed from the street, for it came oftenest at night, when the cathedral, the campanile and baptistry were wrapped about with silence; although we sometimes heard it at bright, bustling noon, amid all the rattle and roar of the markets in the *piazza*.\*

The mystery was never solved, never will be; and we shall talk of it with awe and almost trembling as long as we live, just as we talked of it during that time of darkness and dread in our abandoned carriage.

The mystery of that bodiless weeping and anguish was never explained. But, out of the life of one of the three who heard it, died at that very time, in those very hours—died with mortal agony and miserable, piteous clingings to the life it must leave—a love that ought to have been immortal, that ought to have been stronger than death.

"No human cries could be like it," Mademoiselle was saying, "It is impossible for the merely human voice to carry the burden of such unutterable sorrow, such as is beyond even the eloquence of earthly music to express. It was a spiritual voice, if ever there was one, laden with passion such as does not arise from our world, but from an infinite one."

"But that farewell!"

Neither of us spoke again for some moments after Madame's exclamation. We sat speechless in the presence of that unheating, unresting, unceasing whisper, abandoned at dead of night in a foreign city, with distorted corpses and a church under malediction not twenty yards from where we sat; yet more terrified by the memory of that farewell than by any outward circumstance whatever of our present situation.

"That sound! I shall never cease to hear it!" shuddered Mademoiselle. "We had all been awakened one night by the ærial weeping, and I had gone for comfort to the bedside where you and Charlie were. As soon as we began to speak the sobs, as usual, ceased. After awhile we began to speak of other things, and you even laughed aloud. Then—"

\* This narrative is true in every particular, even the most minute.

"Then," said Madame, as Mademoiselle's voice failed, "*then* my voice was echoed by a burst of far-off and faint, yet loud and long, laughter—a burst of mocking, jeering, fiendish laughter, as if of contempt for us beyond anything else than hell's expression. That laughter was the farewell of the spiritual anguish, for after that, although we were weeks longer in the same *appartamento*, we never heard either sobs or laughter again."

Still that monotonous whisper continued in the darkness. There was no movement upon the grewsome church platform, the darkness was not lightened, the few stars were cold and dim, and still we sat there, and our Captain came not.

But *something* came!

Dim forms, human in outline, but of vague and dusky substance, wavered noiselessly about us. There were four or five of them; there seemed to be spectral millions as they floated mutely to and fro a few paces distant from us, gathered silently together, then as silently drifted apart, cloud forms peering from their own darkness into our deeper one of the covered carriage. They did not seem to breathe—neither did we—and they looked to us of monstrous, unnatural stature, like the Brocken cloud shape, as they advanced and receded, flitted hither and yon without a sound, but with ghostly gestures to each other. They flitted between us and the accursed church steps. We could not see the places where the dead men had lain, but into both our minds at once came horrible assurance that those places were empty.

One of the figures, huger, more like the Brocken than the others, and wrapped in long, straight drapery, like coffin cerements, stooped and gathered up the empty shafts of our carriage.

Then a wild shout, a hoarse, hideous clamor filled the air.

"Ah, ha! You rascal; I find you here, do I?"

It was the voice of our Captain; we heard it complain. Giovanni, with the other spec- ters who were about to haul us away, suppos- ing us asleep in the carriage, immediately

surrounded him with clamor, shriller than his own; but not more emphatic. The con- fusion waxed furious, and tongues wagged so obstreperously that we could scarcely make out what the Italians said. We heard enough, however, to know that our self-willed Captain threatened every judgment, human and divine, upon Giovanni, if we were not con- veyed to N—— that night; and that Giovanni and his satellites swore by every pagan god and Christian grace that the thing was im- possible: there were brigands in the way; the horses were lame; and so forth.

Our Captain grew more furious, the viva- cious Italians at least seemed to. Our un- armed captain came to the carriage, and amid maledictions upon all Italian stablemen and drivers, fished out from among our ar- tistic impedimenta the long stick of a sketch- ing umbrella, pointed and brass-bound at the end for thrusting deep into the ground, and wicked enough for any purpose.

"It can at least put out eyes!" he said grimly to us.

The noise had awakened Charlie. We descended from the carriage, and huddled like frightened partridges together. As we did so we saw the church corpses rise sleep- ily on end, and yawning and rubbing their eyes, join the yelling, gesticulating group, of which our Captain was the center. We also saw one of the stablemen raise his arms, as if to strike our Captain. Then Madame's valor rose, and she showed the stoutness of a heart which quailed only before its own im- aginings, by springing into the midst of the group, and bringing down with mighty force upon the nearest head the frail parasol she held in her hand. That head was our Cap- tain's. Madame's valor jammed his hat over his eyes, but did no other harm than to make him spring savagely at Giovanni's throat, where he hung like a blind bloodhound.

"What's the use of such a row," said one of the church corpses, sagely. "Why not go to the police station, and see if Giovanni or *i forestieri* have reason?"

Who would ever have suspected a corpse of so much sense, particularly an excommu- nicated one?

Disinterred from his hat, our Captain was able to see the wisdom of the corpse's advice. Giovanni, however, did not, and followed us with voluble expostulations, as, marshaled and guided by five of the corpses and followed by the Brockens, we all set out to find the office of the police. We found the *Brigadiere* with whom our business was, although it was too dark to see what manner of man he might be. He received our complaint with true Italian courtesy, and listened to Giovanni's story with equal politeness. He accompanied us to the *piazza* where our carriage stood, and there beside the fountain whose waters whispered monotonously, unheating, unresting, like the solemn stars, the evidence was taken upon both sides, and judgment given.

Judgment and sentence were brief. They consisted of one word to Giovanni, and an authoritative motion of the *Brigadiere's* arms in the direction of N——.

"*Andate!*"

Giovanni cowered, but andated. We all andated, the polite *Brigadiere* with us, to see that we were safely started on our way. The horses were put into the shafts, our carriage was repacked, and amid *buone mancia* to our following of ragged and grinning corpses, and bows and smiles from our *Brigadiere* and his subordinate, we finally started for N——.

"Report yourself to me at eight tomorrow morning," said our *Brigadiere* sternly to Giovanni, as we drove away from that never-to-be-forgotten *piazza*.

He did not do it, however, hapless Giovanni! Thinking to spend the night in F——, he had absorbed more *vino* than was good for him under the circumstances. Continually he fell asleep upon the box, continually he lost his way, continually we roused honest sleepers from honest slumbers to tell us where we were.

It was six in the morning when we reached N——, where we should have arrived at nine the night before. Giovanni was deathly pale, as we saw him by the morning's dawn, and his one arm touched our hearts with something like relenting.

"You will give him a little *buona mancia*, not so much as usual, but still a little?" we supplicated.

"Not a *soldo*," said our inflexible Captain, "not even his breakfast!"

Nevertheless, Giovanni did not go breakfastless away.

"It's the first time in my life I ever made this long journey to N—— without sleeping at F——," he said, as he closed his one hand over our surreptitious *buona mancia*, "and I've made the journey with *forestieri* scores of times. *I live in F——!*"

Margaret Bertha Wright.

---

## THE BELLS OF SAN XAVIER' DEL BAC.

IN mediæval days beyond the seas,  
 Where storied Guadalquiver darkly flows  
 'Neath many a bright Sevillian jasmine-close,  
 Blue Spanish skies first heard your melodies!  
 From marble domes above the olive trees,  
 At golden dawns, and evenings robed in rose,  
 You heralded the joyance and the woes  
 Of king and slave in those far centuries!  
 Reft of your home within sky-kissing spires,  
 For years you rang, like sad souls that implore,  
 Your mighty yearnings and supreme desires  
 O'er Arizonian deserts, void of shore:  
 Now, grimly silent, only angel choirs  
 Catch from your tongues the mellow peals of yore!

Clinton Scollard.

## THE DAYS OF BARBARISM ON PUGET SOUND.

THE forest shores of Puget Sound have become fairly civilized as the abode of law-respecting folks. Perhaps not the shores so much as the folks are becoming civilized; anyway, there is a perceptible change since two decades ago, and even one has made its mark in progress. Saw mills, as an average institution, are not conducive to refinement in their surroundings so much as in their remoter effects. The shores of the winding Sound waters are resonant of the eternal clang and crash of gangs of oxen hauling the forests to be rafted on the water, gangs of men cutting and rafting logs, and last, but not least of all, the gangs of saws go crushing through logs and logs.

There is something wild, but not uncanny, about the great traffic of the Sound region, yet it stands foremost among the industries the world depends on. Civilization would go rather slow if it had not Puget Sound lumber to work up. It is a useful region, and since the enterprise of man is extending to the mining of coal and iron, as well as the growing of hops, oats, and potatoes, the importance of that wonderfully watered country is enhanced to a good degree. There are fine towns growing up there, and the commerce of those inland seas is developing beyond the conception of most people.

What the influence of the Northern Pacific may do towards building commercial greatness is a present problem that will continue to be a riddle for some time in the future. Tacoma was an easy place to get to when the crash of '73 was imminent. Having reached this place, and not being allowed to go further, they have tried to make a metropolis there out of whole cloth, as it were; but Seattle stands nearer the ocean, and grows at a pace that Tacoma cannot achieve "just yet."

Take the Sound's commerce all in all, and it is peculiar. Great ships load with lumber for far-away ports; and as the years go by,

and the forests of other lands disappear, turned into "material" by saw mills, the demand for Puget Sound wood extends to all lands under the horizon. And other great ships—piratical, low-lying craft, black, and with rakish black funnels—come puffing and steaming through the straits that De Fuca discovered, and load at the great coal bunkers of Seattle and Tacoma with black diamonds for the Columbia River, and for all points south. The agriculture of the Sound region also achieves greater proportions, and its rich river bottoms grow hops amazingly—and Puget Sounders are fond of lager beer.

But my allusion to "civilization" has led me to lager beer. By what system of ratiocination civilization and hops commingle, there is no use in trying to find out. But making a new departure from the word civilization again, I recall to mind that there was a time when things were primeval on Sound shores, and aboriginal barbarism grew white in comparison with the damnable doings of so-called civilized men.

About the year 1870, or just before, the wild area of Western Washington was being slowly redeemed from nature. The beautiful town of Olympia was at the head of the actual Sound waters, and under the majestic shadow of the Olympic range, whose snowy and serrated points add so greatly to the wonderfully changing vistas of the inland seas. What there was of civilized life thereabouts was mostly gathered in this New England village, a long way from home, but possessing in looks and in social aspect many traits of the far eastern shore.

Seattle was looming up where nature had indented the eastern shore of Admiralty Inlet with Elliott's Bay, on purpose to accommodate commerce. Peirce County occupies the southern shore of the Sound waters, where Tacoma is today; but at that time there was no Tacoma, and the pretenses of Steilacoom were small, and that portion of the country

was settled upon by ignorant half breeds, old Hudson's Bay Company men who had left that service, a small squad of deserters from the army, and quite a number of soldiers who had taken their discharges and located their land warrants in that vicinity.

Among these was a man named Clark, formerly in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, who had a very valuable claim on which he had made ten thousand dollars' worth of improvements. He had never declared his intention or made any pretense to citizenship, therefore he was not entitled to hold public land, and could not legally convey. He had a family of children by a half-breed woman, familiarly called his wife, but not such in reality; so he had neither legal claim to land nor legal heirs to hold what he possessed. All the time, his land was liable to be taken by public entry, but no one thought of doing it. The courtesy of frontier life criticised neither his family conditions nor his citizenship. He simply lived on the land and improved it very lavishly, and took no thought for the morrow—that too, when surrounded by rough and lawless men who seemed to scruple at nothing.

But when Clark died, matters assumed a very different aspect. The freemasonry of the frontier was buried with him, and the whole neighborhood envied the claim he had so well improved, and which his children could not inherit. There was a struggle after his death to claim his acres, and the successful men were two reckless yet brave Americans named Gibson and McDaniel. They were twin spirits, daring and heedless, but kind-hearted—when not in liquor, which was, unfortunately, not often. They were single men lately from the Eastern frontier, Montana, where rumor had it that Gibson had sacrificed several lives to his desperate ill-temper. Whether true or no, such was the fame that followed him.

There was a sprinkling of good citizens to be found, even then, in Peirce County, but they were terrorized, and never, until that time, had dared to assert themselves. The evil spirits knew no law, but they knew Gibson and McDaniel, who, after a fashion—

and not a very bad fashion, either—were a law unto themselves. The renown that followed them to the shores of Puget Sound caused terror in the souls of men of average wickedness, and twenty-seven of these met at an old school house the day before a very important session of the Circuit Court was to be held at Steilacoom, and boldly resolved that McDaniel and Gibson should be killed. The immediate excuse was, that they were both subpoenaed as witnesses in some action that involved the majority. They were to be laid in wait for early the next day, and ambushed on their way to Court. The social status of the county may be imagined when such a meeting could be openly held, and such proceedings openly passed.

The next morning the assassins, twenty-seven in number, ranged themselves along the road, and waited for their human quarry to come that way. They were in ambush in thickets both sides the road, carefully placed, so that no one would suffer from a cross fire. As the two victims rode together, the bandits opened on them.

At the first shot McDaniel's horse fell dead. He jumped to his feet, and, being a brawny fellow, full of pluck, ran on towards Steilacoom, entered a saloon, disarmed himself, walked out to where his pursuers had boldly followed, threw up his arms, and told his enemies he was at their mercy; he had never harmed any of them, he said, and offered to discuss the matter.

All the answer came in a single word from the leader of the band. The word was "Fire!" and McDaniel was shot through and through. He turned, ran through the saloon, and jumped off the rear end, where the crowd of his enemies met him again and began fire. He died there, but not for half an hour. The priest came and offered his ministrations, but the murderers refused. The Sisters of Charity came, and they would not let them place a pillow under the dying man's head, or take him to their hospital. After a time the poor wretch died. There had never been a hostile word or act on his part towards his murderers. He was brave enough to have gone out into the open

country and have fought a dozen of this murderous crew. He was even generous and kind-hearted. When in liquor he might fight, if provoked, would break windows and pay four times their price; but drunk or sober, he was a manly fellow, and never a braggart.

Gibson escaped with serious wounds—one leg and one arm broken. Both rode his horse part of the way to town, when ahead of their pursuers. When the twenty-seven reached town Gibson was there. He told them he was at their mercy, and they could do as they pleased with him. They showed him that the tender mercies of the wicked are very cruel. Seizing a wagon they put the broken pieces of the brave man together as best they could, to haul him out to the woods and hang him. They mounted over him a guard, who rode beside him, and carried a double barreled gun. They feared his broken leg and fractured arm. On the way he remonstrated that he had done no harm and no wrong. His guard answered with a threat. With the sound arm Gibson seized him, bent him double, threw him out of the wagon to the ground, and, as he fell, caught at the gun with 'the fractured arm, and fired both charges into the coward's breast. Strange to say, the fellow recovered. Vengeance and justice both seemed blind that day, for the ruffians took Gibson to the woods and carried out their programme.

There was a pretense of law and order then in the territory, well maintained in most districts. Such a bold and open outrage and murders could not be passed over, so the grand jury, with abundant proof, indicted the whole twenty-seven for conspiracy and murder. Judge H——, a well known and much respected jurist, was sent for, and came to prosecute. About the first thing that met his gaze, and to which his attention was especially called by various friends, was a poster notice to himself, with twenty-seven notorious signatures, allowing him five minutes to wind up his affairs and leave town. It is one of the traditions of the place, handed down for a decade and a half, or half a generation, that Mr. H—— has three minutes still to his credit.

Judge H—— was a character in his way. His common appellation used to be "Ox Bow H——," honestly enough got withal. The story of his promotion to be Chief Justice involves the story of the ox bow. He was living with a saw mill man at Port Madison, and making ox-bows, when there occurred a collision between a tug and a ship, and loss of life. The tug sunk, and the owners libelled the ship. It was a question which fared worse. One Kendall, a young attorney of great promise, since deceased, prepared a brief and won the case. There was an appeal to Washington, and George A. Meigs, the mill man, sent H—— to the Capital, instructed to employ a good attorney there. The future Judge took along Kendall's brief, read it to the Supreme Court himself, and won the suit. Then, finding that there was a Chief Justice to be sent out to Washington, H—— applied for the place, and got it.

Such is the current rumor concerning one of Washington's ablest jurists. Whether he was a lawyer, nobody knows: he became a judge, and from that, his term of office over, he graduated into law. It is told of him among the legends of law at Seattle, that he once harangued an Admiralty Court on *ad valorem* admiralty law. "Jim" McNaught, who was junior in the same case, almost wore himself out trying to find something in his books about "*ad valorem* admiralty law." Judge Dennison finally took compassion on the youth, and said: "My son, if you expect to win that case, go to work." Taking the hint, McNaught concluded not to lean on his senior counsel. He also plucked up courage to demand explanation of the old man's *ad valorem*. The Judge laughed, and said there was no such law, and kindly found excuse to adjourn court, so that the young lawyer could work up his case. He did so and won.

When H—— left Steilacoom behind him, it was a formidable question with the friends of law and order, whom to get to prosecute the twenty-seven miscreants. The matter fell upon young McNaught, who came in due time. His coming was known and the twenty-seven

met him on arrival. He invited them into a bar-room, where some drank and some smoked. He told them very frankly that he had come to prosecute them, and should hang every mother's son of them if he could. Referring to the five-minute notice, he said he hoped they would not try it on him, because, of course, he should "light out" if they told him to, and that would ruin his prospects for life, which would be worse than to have them all hang. They did not post any notice.

It was a stormy season: the weather stormed furiously, as it was drear autumn, and there was a stormy feeling among men. Orange Jacobs was presiding judge, a safe guaranty that there would be justice so far as a court can rule it. The judge and the prosecutor and Leander Holmes, an attorney, roomed together, with a bed and a half between them. McNaught was shrewd enough to get the half bed, and Jacobs to get the back side of the other. Rumor was rife that the twenty-seven were on their mettle, and had more murder in their hearts. Leander Holmes was of a foreboding disposition, and as their room was on the ground floor, his imagination was on the *qui vive*. If the miscreants wanted blood, the judge and the prosecutor would be their game, and once in the room they would not stop for close discriminations among its occupants. Leander revolved the case in his mind, and the war of elements without helped him amazingly. The windows rattled, and the rain drove against the house fiercely. The doomed officials felt no tremors and slept well, except when they saw a chance, occasionally, to add a little fuel to the flames in their fellow lodger's soul. As some unusual gust of storm would strike the flimsy structure and shake it on its slim foundations, Holmes would assume the defensive. They could not see, but they knew that he was standing before the door, waiting for the assassins to break it down. Every gust of storm was cause for alarm. Every sound of the night was an assassin's tone; every bellow of wind was a tumult of assault. It would be death to light a lamp, he said, and

they fancied how he stood, capped and gowned, a chair raised over his head, ready and willing to crush any villian who should come. The rickety door was not locked, withal, and as he stood thus, a fiercer gust of wind came and drove it open. As quick as thought, under the bed went the defender. His associates were frantic with laughter, but could not appease their friend's fear. He vowed the house was surrounded with their foes, and finally went upstairs and left them to their fate. The Steilacoom tragedy case was a horrible one, but some ludicrous features occur in it that give a little relief from its horrors.

When, finally, the trial came off, there was a grand appearance in the humble court of Washington Territory. The twenty-seven assassins were there, and with them were fifty of their friends. The whole—seventy-seven total—were armed with revolvers, buckled at their sides in open sight. The judge's first order was to adjourn court fifteen minutes, and the second to the sheriff to arrest every man found with arms on his person in ten minutes from that time. When court reassembled not an armed man was to be seen.

It was a full and complete trial, with all facts proved exactly as I have related them, but very much more fully. The prosecutor summed up terribly, made every point, exhausted logic and language in his denunciation of the crime and its enormity. No one was spared, nothing was palliated. All that words could do to recite facts and bring home the terrible crime to its perpetrators, was done. In his charge the judge summed up the evidence as irrefragable, recited the law, and said only one verdict was possible, and that was: "Guilty of murder in first degree."

The case was so clear that the jury lost no time in discussing it. In five minutes they brought their verdict in, and it was: "Not guilty!" And that jury were all good men and true—to themselves and their families. The seventy-seven men, all armed, meant to them a threat that had full effect. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall,"

was not the motto of the dwellers on the Sound shores in 1870.

Of those twenty-seven assassins, all but four died with their boots on. As far as can be learned, no one of them is now alive; at least, none of them still live in the Sound country.

It is not easy to believe that such a tale of horror and murder, followed by such moral cowardice on the part of an American jury, actually occurred in our region, but I have reason to believe that every word of this narrative, including the legal anecdotes, is the unvarnished truth.

Another case that about the same time involved the moral character of the Steilacoom region shows how desperate social matters had become. One Fred Clark was accused of stealing cattle, but law being inoperative, for some reason, his neighbors, under the lead of Andrew Birge, took Clark up, whipped him, and left him tied to a tree. Life not being agreeable in Peirce County, Clark removed to Victoria, British Columbia, and died there a few months after. Soon after he left Steilacoom, a negro and an Indian half-breed came over from Victoria, lay in wait for Birge, and shot him through the shoulder and face. He was arrested, but some anonymous source provided him with counsel for his defense. McNaught, of Seattle, received an unsigned letter with an enclosure of two hundred and fifty dollars, and instructions to go to Steilacoom and defend. He did so, and cleared the fellow because no witnesses could be reached; they were all out of the county, for one reason or another.

Many such cases arose in the earlier history of that region; but now matters have simmered down to civilized shape, and the Sound region is becoming in all respects an admirable community, with growing culture both of soil and mind. Soon the records of their courts will not bear any trace of such barbarism and savagery as we have narrated. There is every element of wealth hidden by nature through those forests, foot-hills, and mountains; tourists will find rich fields for summer jaunts to see the coal formations that abound in the deep gorge

of Carbon River, or to climb Tacoma to where the eternal glaciers feed numerous streams that flow from that summit in various directions.

When voyaging on the Sound, a year or so ago, I heard a true incident that illustrates—very well, too—the oppression the natives have suffered from the whites. Perhaps the most fertile region of the northwest coast lies opposite the great straits, where the Skagit River comes down to create tidelands, deltas, and a fertile valley, which is becoming populated and productive. This was the home of a small tribe that had never treated with government, and simply remained where their fathers had been, and planted the primitive crops grown by their sires. Here is an interesting query: How came those Indians to be farmers, even in such a primitive way?

History shows that long ago, and before any pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Spanish voyagers sailed up the west shore and planted flourishing colonies on Puget Sound. The first comers thought they had found the western end of the long-looked-for northwest passage—and had they gone northward up those inland waters for a thousand miles, as they could, the belief would only have strengthened. No reasonable doubt exists that the Indians of the Sound learned to grow crops from the early settlers under Spanish rule—unless according to the ingenious Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis," they brought the art from that lost continent.

At all events, our Skagit natives farmed the rich deltas along the Sound, until the white man came and warned them away. Then they withdrew towards the mountains, and in time surveyors complained that the Indians refused to let them survey, and told them they should drive no more sticks. They noticed that wherever the whites claimed the soil they sent men to drive sticks, and it seems they considered that if they permitted sticks to be driven they were lost—or their lands were lost to them.

A military detachment was ordered from Port Townsend to support the surveyors, and their commander—who had a soul, as army

officers often have—held a council with the rebellious natives. An old chief was the spokesman of the tribe, a venerable and careworn man, who, with pathetic brevity, told the story of their wrongs, then folded his blanket around him, and in the statuesque dignity so strongly possessed by the natives of this country, waited for response :

"This was all our country ; for many years our fathers lived on the fertile lands towards the waters, and their homes were there when we were born. The white man came and wanted our lands, so we gave them up, and made new homes further back. Then came men, and measured our land, and drove sticks ; white men claimed our clearings again, and we gave them up again, and moved further back. Again they came, driving their sticks, and we gave up the land we had cleared by our labor, and moved here, close under the mountains. This land, where we now grow corn and potatoes, we cleared with our own hands. It is the last land left to us. All below us the white men claim, and the mountains are on the other side. If we give up this home, we have only to go and perish in the mountains. We have

never sold our land to the white man, never have treated with your government. You have taken our land from us time and again. We have now come to the mountain wall, and can go no further. We have resolved that no more land shall be measured and sticks driven. If we leave here, we and our women and children have only to starve. We may as well die here, fighting for our homes, as see our women and children perish of cold and hunger in the mountains. Our last word is, that we shall never leave these homes, but, if necessary, will die fighting for them."

There was more pathos in this speech than can easily be translated. Every word was true. Time and again white men had coveted the fencing and clearings of the natives, and had taken possession, and lately had asked to have their present home-spot surveyed. The facts were not known to the land department until the officer in charge of the detachment gave the results of his expedition, and said he would rather resign than be guilty of such oppression. The lands were never surveyed, and the Skagits possess their homes in peace.

*S. A. Clarke.*

---

## THE INJUSTICE OF NEW TRIALS.

WHILE the principles of the old English common law were, for the most part, just and noble, yet its admirers must admit that its methods of procedure were circuitous and sluggish. Owing to the state of thought and learning at the time of its origin, there grew up with it a complex system of artificial reasoning, founded upon persistent attempts at impossible logic, which fettered common sense, and greatly tended to complicate what was simple, and muddy what was clear. Its foundations were laid in the age of scholasticism, when the learned occupied their minds about mere words, and adopting the methods of Aristotle, dealt mainly in the niceties of academical disputation ; and absorbing what was in the intellectual atmosphere, it

was characterized by excessive subtleties and needless abstractions, fictions, and refinements, too intricate and delicate to be successfully applied to the just and speedy adjudication of disputes between common mortals about ordinary things. The evil results of this tendency have been remedied, in a great measure, by recent American legislation ; but its traces are still visible at many points in our civil procedure. It notably appears in our practice in the matter of granting new trials—a practice prolific of rank injustice, of ruinous delay, of useless expenditure of time and money, and of an absurd waste of energy by traveling in a circle, not tolerated in any other department of human thought or action. And to this feature of

our law it is proposed here to call attention.

The system of judiciary and civil procedure is substantially the same in all the States of the Union. In each State there are a number of *nisi prius* Courts, called by the various names of "District," "Circuit," "Superior," "County," etc., in which all ordinary civil actions above the jurisdiction of a Justice of the Peace are originally commenced and tried; and one Court of last resort, usually called a "Supreme Court," to which appeals lie directly from the *nisi prius* Courts. And, under the practice usually prevailing, a party defeated in the lower Court may appeal to a higher Court upon a written or printed bill of exceptions, or statement in which he is not compelled to state the *whole case*, but may state only that part, or those parts, of it in which he thinks the Court below has committed a theoretical error. If the appellate Court concludes that such error has been committed, and if the error appears to be what is called "material"—that is, if from the partial view which the Court gets of the case, it looks as though the error probably affected the final judgment—then the judgment is reversed and a new trial ordered, and the whole case has to be tried over again in the lower Court.

Take a case, for instance, where the plaintiff is clearly right—where he is clearly entitled, upon all the evidence, to a judgment for a certain sum of money, or a certain piece of property. The case is tried, and plaintiff gets the judgment to which he was rightfully entitled. But during the trial the attorney for defendant has caused the Court to make a great many rulings, and has taken an exception to each ruling made against him. After the trial, out of fifty exceptions, he selects three upon which to appeal. He files a statement, or bill, in which he sets forth these exceptions, with merely enough of the evidence to illustrate them. It is true that if his statement is not a fair one, the attorney for plaintiff can file amendments, and the Court will settle it according to the truth; but after that is done it still presents only the particular points on which the appeal is taken.

If the appellate Court agrees with the attorney for defendant on one of his points, and it appears to be "material" in the sense as above described, a new trial is ordered, and plaintiff is compelled to try his case anew in the lower Court, and introduce all his evidence over again. After another long and expensive trial he gets judgment again as before; but he has not reached the end yet, by any means. The attorney for defendant has put in his original forty-seven exceptions, with perhaps twenty new ones. He selects some of them and takes another appeal; and if he can get the appellate Court to agree with him again, another new trial is ordered; and plaintiff, if not bankrupt by this time, must try his just cause a third time: after which another appeal may be taken, with chances for still a further new trial. Of course, there is no definite limit to the number of times the shuttlecock may be thus sent flying between the battledores; but at least three entire trials of the same case are not at all rare. The appellate Court is not even compelled to decide all the points which are actually presented upon any one appeal. If it concludes to grant a new trial upon one point, it may leave—and often does leave—the other points in doubt until the case comes up on another appeal.

It is evident that in such a proceeding the appellate Court does not, as it should, determine whether the *judgment* of the lower Court was right or wrong. It simply inquires whether a particular step in the advance towards that judgment was properly taken, and assumes theoretically that one false step must have led to ruin. It does not inquire, and cannot know, if the final goal of justice was reached. It is merely shown that at one point in the journey the Court below had left the beaten track, and concludes that it must have become lost. Whether or not it took a cut-off, and reached the end of the journey by a shorter and better way, or whether it took a round-about trail, which, however, led back again into the right road—these are questions which the higher Court does not ask and could not answer. If, in such a case, the Court below were merely taken

back to where it is supposed to have left the regulation route, and made to commence the journey over again from that point, there would be, at least, some double work avoided; but it is compelled to return to the original starting point, and to go over all the long stretch of open turnpike where, beyond all doubt, it had correctly and safely traveled before. A man of good intelligence and sense, but not learned in the law, would call this an absurdity; and he would call it by the right name. It is like tearing a massive brick house down to its foundations and building it all over again, on account of a defect in a board partition in the attic.

What is the remedy? With respect to cases tried with juries, the solution of the question is no doubt fraught with difficulties, and would require radical constitutional amendments. In most of the States, however, the majority of civil cases are tried without juries. (This article has no reference to criminal practice.) Equity cases, in which neither party can demand a jury, form a very large class; and in law cases the right to a jury is in a very large proportion of cases waived. Leaving jury cases, then, for the present, out of view, partial remedies, at least, for the evils of frequent new trials readily suggest themselves.

As a main reform, the statutes regulating civil procedure should provide that—except when otherwise stipulated by the parties—the appellant, on appeal from a final judgment, should put into his statement on appeal *the whole case* as it was revealed to the Court below. Then the appellate Court, having the whole case before it, should be compelled to decide—not as to the character of some intermediate movement of the lower Court merely, but whether the *final judgment*, upon a broad view of the entire case, was right or wrong. If, upon such a comprehensive and common sense view, the judgment is found to be right and just, it should be affirmed, notwithstanding the fact that the Court below had some notions about some things in the case not entertained by the Court above. If, however, on such a view, the appellate Court concludes that

the judgment is wrong, then, as a general rule, subject to a few exceptions, it should determine what judgment would be right, and order the Court below to enter it—thus ending the case. When the whole case is before the appellate Court, it can know that the judgment is wrong only by *knowing* what judgment would have been right. Why, then, not order the right judgment to be entered? Why send the case back for a new trial, and incur the useless expense and cause the ruinous delay of trying the whole case over again? Under the practice suggested the true end of litigation would be reached within a reasonable time, and Courts of last resort, instead of being mere “Courts for the correction of errors”—mere critics of the work of others—would have opportunities of carving out original monuments of justice.

Old practitioners can easily suggest objections to the foregoing views; but upon examination these will be found, for the most part, to be easily answered. In the first place, it may be said that the expense of writing or printing a transcript on appeal containing all the evidence would be onerous. There are many instances, however, where the whole case clearly hinges upon one or two points, and where a very short statement would be sufficient. In many other instances attorneys could agree upon a comparatively short digest of the evidence, which would fairly present the whole case. But if a case be supposed where every word of the short-hand reporter's notes must be put into the transcript, still the cost will be only a trifle compared with the ruinous expense of an entire new trial; and parties would have the satisfaction of feeling that no step would have to be retraced, and would be free from the harrowing doubt, “If it were only done when 'tis done!”

In the next place, it may be objected that the higher Court is not in a position to finally dispose of a case, because it deals with a printed transcript, and cannot well weigh the testimony of witnesses whom it does not see or hear. This objection would not be a controlling one even if the case was being heard,

as in the *nisi prius* Court, upon an original trial. Under the old equity practice cases were heard upon depositions, and in the Federal Courts today the Circuit Judge, in such cases, does not see or hear the witnesses; and it does not appear that justice is less surely done in those cases than in others. But, on appeal, the case has already been tried in a Court where the witnesses *were* seen and heard. And the present rule, in every appellate Court in the nation, is that the decision of the Court below, on any matter of fact as to which there is a conflict of evidence, will not be inquired into or disturbed. For, while the capacity of a *nisi prius* Court to decide the law correctly is distrusted, there is freely conceded to it the far higher and broader capacity to look through contradictory testimony; to weigh the conflicting interests, prejudices, and passions of parties and witnesses; to understand the secret springs of human motives and actions; to detect naked perjury, false exaggeration, or fraudulent concealment; to know what circumstances are important and what are not; and to keep the whole of a complicated case before the mind like a picture, and see in it the true and material facts. Apply this same rule under the change suggested, and the appellate Court would have no embarrassment in handling matters of fact. It would be assumed—then as now—that the lower Court properly weighed the conflicting evidence, and found the truth. It seems clear, therefore, that this objection is untenable.

It may be said, also, that the Courts of last resort would not have the time to thus finally dispose of cases. Undoubtedly there would be instances where it would require a little more solid thinking to determine what judgment would be right, than to get rid of the whole thing, temporarily, by merely saying that the judgment of the lower Court was not right. And some of the time and labor now used in writing opinions, with a view of making precedents for future cases, would have to be devoted to the duty of doing justice in the case at bar. Indeed, the present system of writing opinions in all cases, and having them published in books of reports,

which prevails in all the States and Territories, and in nearly all the Federal Courts, must soon necessarily break down with its own weight. Taking the present ratio of increase of production as a basis, one might almost calculate the time when there will be enough of law books to cover the entire surface of the land. Cremation will, probably, be the only remedy for this, as for another evil. Of course, there will always be a few leading questions arising, the decision of which by the highest Courts should be made public, for the sake of uniformity; but the cause of justice would not suffer if the publication of judicial opinions were reduced ninety per cent.

It must be remembered that the legitimate purpose of a Court in deciding a law suit is to do justice to the parties to that suit; making precedents for future cases is purely incidental. With a proper practice, therefore, the labor of the higher Courts under the change here suggested would be little greater than at present. Each case would be finally disposed of; and the books of reports would no longer be full of such expressions as: "When this case was here before we held, etc." But, if necessary, it would be better to enlarge appellate Courts, and limit the cases where appeals lie (which could be done to the furtherance of justice), than to continue the wastefulness of the present practice.

It may be asked, What could be done in cases where the Court below is held to have erred in receiving, or in rejecting, certain offered evidence? It will be observed that the objections thus far expressed to a new trial have been to an *entire* new trial, and are consistent with the mere temporary opening up of a case for a particular purpose—which might be necessary in a few extreme instances. Suppose that the lower Court is held to have erroneously admitted certain evidence; what then should be the course of the higher Court? Surely, having the whole case before it, it should be able to determine whether the exclusion of that evidence would have changed the judgment. Or, if it desires the opinion of the *nisi prius* judge on that

point, it could send the case back to the Court below with an order to exclude the obnoxious evidence, and render its judgment anew. But why order it to hear all the other evidence over again? And, then, in a case where the alleged error was in rejecting certain offered evidence, the course to be pursued would be equally plain. Assuming the party to be able to prove what he offered to prove, if the judgment should not be changed by such proof, then it should stand. If, however, such proof should alter the judgment, then the Court below should be ordered to hear such rejected evidence, to give the opposite party an opportunity to reply to it, and to again render and send up its judgment. But in the name of common sense, and in the interest of things temporal and not eternal, why should the testimony of nineteen witnesses be taken all over again because a certain question asked of the twentieth witness was improperly excluded?

The same practice would also apply where new trials are asked on the ground of "newly discovered evidence," "accident or surprise," etc.

The reasonable limits of this article preclude an examination of the subject of new trials in jury cases. It may be remarked, however, that the contrivances of equity, and the power conceded to Courts to set aside verdicts, have already destroyed much of the sacred right of trial by jury. Since a Court can disregard a verdict as wrong, it would be going but little further for it to say what verdict would have been right. The subject may be dismissed, at present, by saying that, if jury trials are to be retained, it would be better to go back to the views of the old English judges, when they first timidly began to assert the right to set aside verdicts. For a long time they doubted their power to disturb a verdict at all; and when they commenced to exercise the power, it was used only in rare and extraordinary cas-

es. They held it to be an extreme stretch of power to overthrow verdicts "given by twelve men upon their oaths"; that it would be mischievous to do so on account of "a slip of the judge" in charging them; and that a large number of new trials would be a "reproach to the law," and an "evil in the administration of justice." Really a man's right to have his case tried by a jury amounts to little, if a verdict in his favor can be set aside by a judge. Logically, the verdict should be final; and if any instructions are given by the judge, they should be considered as only advisory. If juries cannot be thus trusted, then the whole jury system should be abolished. But if either view be yet considered too radical, it may, at least, be said that there should be a curtailment, in some way, of the facility and frequency with which Courts now overturn verdicts.

If the practice herein suggested were adopted, the trial of a case in the *nisi prius* Court would at once assume a gravity and importance which do not now characterize it. Parties and attorneys would know, from the start, that every movement was permanent and vital. Thorough preparation, both as to the law and the evidence, would be made, under the consciousness that there would be no chances for the result of slipshod work to be avoided by an entire new trial. All the essential facts would be hunted up and introduced. The law of the case would be fully investigated by counsel beforehand; and the judge would not be forced to rule on points raised upon the spur of the moment, about which attorneys had no authorities to cite, and no arguments to offer. There would be no feeling that it did not matter much how the judgment went in the Court below. Upon such a trial the decision would, ordinarily, be as nearly correct as it is possible for the human mind to understand the language of the law, and to deduce truth from human testimony.

*T. B. McFarland.*

## BUSINESS AND THE BAXTONS.

MARY BAXTON sat before her desk sharpening a pencil. If you had studied her closely, you would have seen that she was a painstaking woman by the way she performed that little act ; and if you had studied her yet more closely, you would have guessed that matters of importance lay on her mind. Responsibility is not such a new feature in Mary Baxton's life, for she is a business woman ; but this must be an affair of more than ordinary import. She is writing a letter, and from the care given to it, and from the words dropped now and then, one might suppose it to be a dispatch to foreign powers ; that she was sending some bark away to trade for ivory work and silks in the Celestial Empire. Is she the merchant who must bargain with half the world, gathering products from east and west, who must have an eye to all storms, must start the captains with careful orders, as befits the weight of the undertaking and as becomes a master ?

To use a phrase often on her lips, "The principle is the same." The bark that sailed from their little haven was good Mr. Jones, the senior member of the firm "Jones & Brown," and the oriental wealth to be brought back was Miss Baxton's first silk dress. Explicit directions must be written down ; for Mr. Jones was a man who knew which coffees had most aroma and which spices were true to their labels, yet could not distinguish among purples, greens and blues, and would not consider a point or two of moment in the trimmings of a dress : he knew, however, the square-dealing houses, and the rest depended upon the letter.

The letter was worthy the commission, neat and workmanlike ; but it was not without concern that she gave it into the hands of Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones was forgetful ; he had done several unheard-of things of late, and had been known to carry a letter in his pocket for a week. This the junior member

told Miss Baxton confidentially, adding kindly that they must relieve Mr. Jones of some of his cares. Saying which, the junior member squared his shoulders in the consciousness of youth and power.

Miss Baxton had done the business with unusual dignity, and Miss Baxton was usually dignified. You will ask why this peculiarity, and I will answer—"The Baxtons." Business had given the direction to her activity, to her pleasures, and even to her future ; yet something beyond had given the tone to them. That something beyond was "The Baxtons." Business and "The Baxtons"! how shall we reconcile them ? This woman must have reconciled them some way, for surely it is not a dissatisfied person whom we see before us.

She is sitting now with her head resting on her hand, having got the letter off her mind, and her thoughts are wandering back over incidents of her life. Those do not seem to her empty or mean, but, on the contrary, very interesting. Her life had been full of little events, having only the romance of a name to differentiate it from the lives around her ; yet that name had been the bit of glass, seen through which common things had lost their hardness of outline, and had become iridescent.

The picture of Mr. Baxton hung over their mantel, the ideal of her childish dreams—a strong, refined, and wonderfully attractive face. He was the younger son of a proud German family whose fortunes were waning, one of the many who come to this country to better their finances, with very vague ideas of how it is to be done. He had settled here, married, and finally gained property ; and their home for several years before his death had not wanted any grace that money can give.

For Mary there was but a faint memory of him she had once called father ; but, added to what Mrs. Baxton could tell her of his

life and that proud home over the sea, this was sufficient to build dreams upon.

O, wonderful things are castles in the air ! In them we find what were else denied—the high, the beautiful, the grand. So it is not without good that they are built. "Castles in the air are well enough," says Thoreau, "only put foundations under them." At least, we should work toward that end. But her dreams were not of the sort she could work toward. For a while she got much harmless amusement from them: but as she grew older her knights and ladies were as far away as ever, and she was restless for the things her life had not known. She was not one whom dreams or ideas alone would always satisfy; she needed to see them take visible shape, to express them in action. Her native good sense began to tell her that there was little to be expected from foreign relatives, nothing, after the romantic style she had pictured. The future seemed destined to be as prosaic as the present.

Soon after the death of Mr. Baxton there had been reverses. It had not taken long to learn that the things we cannot pay for are the things that, usually, we can do without: so there was the strictest economy, and beauty was often sacrificed to utility. Mrs. Baxton was so bent on doing her duty bravely, that she put an austerity into their living that need not have been; for the richness of life is limited only by our nature, and hers was many-sided.

One day Mary broke forth in an impatient way: "What's the use of living the way we are? What can one do in this little place—all one's life?"

Her mother answered: "Are not kings when exiled and in poverty, still kings? Why not be a Baxton, although banished from your father-land; although unseen, never forgetting what is due your nature?"

The words were spoken half playfully, yet while Mary answered, "It's a great deal to expect from one alone," there was a light in her eyes.

When Mrs. Baxton saw the drift the girl's thoughts were taking, she realized that she had failed somewhat in her home-keeping. Because many unimportant things must be

denied, was this reason for robbing life of all its sweet possibilities? In thinking of the things that must be, had she had not forgotten the things that might be?

A few days after they went for a walk. It was drawing toward evening, the time when, if it were ever possible, we come near and feel the something in each other that tells us we are one. It is not a time for idle words, but earnest speech finds then an open gateway to the soul. Mrs. Baxton talked about the future: together they would make a worthy home; there should be more of repose in it, more dignity, more beauty, even if they had to simplify still further. Together they laid plans, for Mrs. Baxton felt some of her old ambitions reviving. The young are not the only ones to whom lessons are taught; their elders are often under obligation to them for stirring up fresh aspiration. So the mother led the way in the bright land of dreams, yet ever from the impossible to the possible. And Mary was glad of something definite to strive after, glad of some pleasant promise for today, instead of a visionary future. She recognized the fact that they would probably live out their days in Fairbank, but there was to be help and sympathy toward a more beautiful living.

Another thought was in her mind, that had taken root from her mother's answer when she, Mary, had rebelled against things in general. She could be a Baxton, whatever the place, whatever the occupation: was she not an heir to their courage, their pride, their honor, their ability? She had that inheritance as truly as any ancestor that ever laid lance in rest, and it was as much her duty to preserve that birthright as though she were belted knight or doughty baron. Why had she not honored herself more? She would be an exiled queen here in little Fairbank, stately, noble, proud of her truth, true to her honor, and with the generosity and gentleness that have so peculiar a charm in the proud; a queen from no vain or selfish motive, only for her own approval.

Perhaps you will consider her train of thoughts romantic; if so, it was good and invigorating romance.

Other ideas were developing in her mind

as she walked home in the early dusk. If Fairbank was to be the stage, she would like to take up her part at once. Of course, she would have to take up some employment in two or three years at longest. Why delay? When she settled her mind to the reality, that there were to be no changes but through their own efforts, she was anxious to better their lot. Besides, she wanted the variety of interests that come with occupation. She already felt strong. To work to keep up a home, a pleasant fireside, bravely, like a true Baxton, to help one's mother to make the best of adversity, was noble, was heroic. She did not speak about it then; but she went home with a quiet, resolved, new face, a face with purpose in it, and a wiser enthusiasm.

Mrs. Baxton rose early next morning; lying abed was not the kind of repose she was seeking. There is a self-poise without which there is no security or rest; a repose based on courage that comes from "offsetting fates without by fates within." It is the listening to the oracles of the gods even amid the whistling of the blast, the creaking of the cordage. It had not, perhaps, been possible sooner—a man struggling for life in the water is apt to think only of the shore. There had been new questions and experiences; but she had gradually become mistress of the resources within herself, and familiar with the practical details that had awed her.

Mary, too, was astir with the birds, and resolved upon asking that very morning whether she might not quit school and enter upon some other work. Mrs. Baxton was hardly prepared for so decided a turn of affairs, although she had felt of late that Mary was one who would pass early from school-girl to woman. She took a few days to think of it. It is best, when we can, to do and to let others do things when in the mood for them, for then we have the momentum of enthusiasm to send us over the dead points of the labor. Should Mary leave school? Their income would not allow of a seminary or college: should she forego the two or three years longer at the public school? When the good woman pondered the subject, she came to the conclusion that to keep

one bent over a desk in a close room, without a chance for the natural freedom of the body, might not be an essential condition to learning the number of bones, their pliability in youth, the value of fresh air and exercise, the danger from ill ventilation. She did not see why there should not be as much discipline in studying matters that were practical, as in acquiring knowledge which, from its disuse, would soon be forgotten. Algebra, unless to be used as a stepping-stone to farther work, might not be equal to the discipline of earning one's own living. Surely no polish of seminary was equal to the spirit of independence. She believed the time for broad culture to be in a long life; not in a few years crammed with the rudiments of all studies.

You will anticipate me, when I say that Mary obtained consent to take up any honest work not unsuited to her. She had no very decided bias to help in the choice—I might say hinder, for their opportunities were limited. None can find play for all his faculties in any one occupation, but there is always the great outside to exercise the remainder in. Mrs. Baxton found she had to lower Mary's expectations. When girls first feel their wings they fancy they can light upon the stars, and need some wiser head to measure spaces for them.

Mary was now on the lookout for a place. As she entered the store of "Jones & Co." one day—it was not "Jones & Brown" yet—she overheard some talk about hiring a boy. On the impulse of the moment, she mustered up courage to ask Mr. Jones if they wanted help.

"We have been thinking of it," he said, bracing himself comfortably against the shelving, and looking quizzingly at Mary, whom he knew well. "Have you any brothers, uncles, or nephews to recommend?"

Mary smiled a little nervously, as she said: "Couldn't I do?"

"You! why, I don't know. What can you do?"

"I could learn. I think I could do a great many things if you would tell me about them."

The idea would never have entered Mr. Jones's head of itself, but put there, it did not seem so unreasonable. He looked into the fresh, earnest face, and twisted a bit of twine over his fingers. He was compelled to treat the subject seriously. He threw off his bantering tone, and said :

"I have not had very good luck in finding any one to suit me. I don't know but I might try you, if you think you can make yourself useful."

It ended in his agreeing to take her on trial during vacation. It was but a little thing ; many would not have been so elated over it as Mary was when she went home. She was so full of the new project that she could not eat much supper. She thought her mother very calm ; but when Monday morning came and she was to be put to the test, her own spirits were several degrees lower, and she was half afraid.

"Keep a brave heart, my little girl." Mrs. Baxton felt that she would not call her "my little girl" very long. Although Mary was five feet tall, she was still "my little girl" in many ways.

The heart was thumping fast under the brown jacket as Mary marched off with a brave face, and there were tears in the older eyes, as Mrs. Baxton stood at the window long after she had passed out of sight. It was the first starting out into the world, the first venture from the nest.

Those days were not as other days, either those she had known before, or those to come ; there was the fluttering to earth of feeble wings unused to flight, the joyous thrill from power first tried. As weeks and months went by, for she did not return to school, determination changed to courage, and from courage followed calm. She began then to walk with firmer step ; to talk, too, with stronger voice, never loud, but full and resonant. The girl had passed into the woman, and woman's life was hers—labor, care, and their rewards of strength, and usefulness, and joy.

One of the advantages of steady, everyday work is that it gives value to moments of leisure, zest to little pleasures. Some eve-

nings, after she had walked home through drizzling fog or beating rain, she felt repaid for all the chill and weariness, simply by the blessedness of rest. Comfort and peace seemed added to the little parlor. What ceremony, too, in opening bundles she had brought ! perhaps, some necessary thing long wanted for the house ; perhaps a ribbon, pair of gloves, or, at intervals, a book.

Mary Baxton, in her own home, was a woman to be respected. There was something regal in the way she presided at their plain dinner, something admirable in the unfolding of her napkin from its snowy fold, in the carving of their little roast (she always assumed that office)—it was as though she had said, "Others may have grander roasts ; this is good and genuine." It was as though a daughter of the house of Baxton deserved good serving, something better than slipshod. Although she did not waste time, there was no indecent haste. Business and The Baxtons made it a model table—one took away trifling, the other the indecorum of a hurried meal.

She was indebted to the store, however, for other aid than that toward keeping up the home : the longer she staid there, the more fertile she found it in suggestions and opportunities. With her desire to know the world and live an active life, no better place could have been found within her range of choice. She came to have a great love of studying human nature. The refined and the rude, the thrifty and the shiftless, the strong and the weak, the brave and the timid, touched the counters, and came again and again, at all seasons and in all moods. This tide of humanity must, in part, take the place of those travels she had wanted. Foreigners were not lacking among their customers, who retained their old country dress and habits ; but she found as essential differences between people brought up in one neighborhood as between those of different nations. Some were as quaint and individual as Dickens's characters. She and the junior member often had a smile behind the scenes, over the little comedies that passed before

their eyes; but they made no remark outside—it was not for them to discuss their ways with an unthinking world. There were sometimes tragedies as well, to prove that under their eccentricities lay the beating, striving human heart.

All these people had to be met, and it was no simple matter to stand in right relations toward each. It required self-possession, firmness, and courtesy; since people were sometimes foolish, there was need of tact, as in a Baxton there must be dignity and truth.

Her pleasures were varied, and yielded profit as well as amusement. On great days, such as conference days and elections, farmers came into town from a distance, their wagons filled with butter and eggs, and little folks tucked in with the produce. On the days preceding Christmas the store had its part in all the feasts forthcoming; and presents were carried away, by its help, in secret, or packed in corners awaiting directions. They could anticipate childish mirth over dolls, and popguns, and whistles, the surprises of elders, and all the good will and devotion. To those whose trade was best worthy attention, the store offered its private table, hidden back of a box by the fire; it might be to a man counted *good*, or to a woman who brought hard, yellow, butter, done up in a napkin, not to be slighted. There the country folks spread their lunch, helped by a few nuts or crackers; and feeling concealed, laughed and were merry. The putting forth of latent power sent pleasure through every nerve, braced for exertion. Such times give strength, and make one alert and ready. Still her resolute spirit whispered that she was more than the day, and must not yield to excitement.

On quiet days, Brown, the junior member of the firm, brought his paper and discussed the various items—how a tariff would affect the price of woven goods, or the war in China the price of tea. She liked to keep posted in current events; she fancied she had her family's tastes in that direction, for among her German relatives there had not been wanting men of affairs. As they read

"The Merchant," business broadened, and they became a part of the great, moving world. Did not their own transactions reach even as far as New York, where they had sent produce? So fact and fancy combined to make it a worthy vocation—fact and fancy, and a soul that tried to be a Baxton; yet it was in a country store, and Fairbank was the field of action.

We have said that in looking back over her life Mary Baxton found it very interesting: one event we have not mentioned that was most important. Edward Brown had been a friend from the first trying day in the store; what changed for her that sentiment into something different I cannot say; a slight jar in the commonplace will often suffice. It may have been his manly bearing when he returned from his first trip to the metropolis; perhaps it was the words of praise from the older men—words slow to come, and sure to be for real merit; the letters may have worked the spell—he had written three, describing the plays of Shakspeare which were then on the boards. He wrote, he said, while the scenes were fresh in his mind; *we* suspect distance was teaching him the value of a certain friend. There was left, however, a great deal to tell about his trip after he came home, and so it happened in an easy, natural way, that they came to talk of a longer journey which they might take together.

Before that very important letter was written and the first silk bought, Mrs. Baxton was asked for her approval. She hesitated. It was not because Edward Brown, in his sturdy, gentle manhood, was unworthy of a Baxton; but she had an announcement to make that could not be deferred.

Mary was an *adopted daughter*. She belonged to an obscure Scotch family, and her real name was Wilson.

Of course it was a shock to Mary; it could not be otherwise. But her pride suffered less than you would have expected. That she had lost a mother was the hardest to bear. She sat a long time that evening before the fire in the little parlor, thinking over the revelations of the day. The sympathy

between herself and Mrs. Baxton had been close; so what matter whether the tie be one of consanguinity or only of affection? The cloak, richly wrought with the gold thread of imagination, had fallen, and she felt herself the same—a strange experience, and one that some might not know, should their honors fall from their shoulders.

There is a fascination in a name, but its chief good is teaching men to honor themselves. Had Mary received no dowry from

her belief? Yes; there was a finer self-respect. The dignity was the dignity of human nature; but she had accepted confidence and endeavor for herself as a Baxton, which she might, but perhaps would not, have had under the more humble name of Wilson. And so, as she looked up at the handsome face over the mantel, she was thankful that her identity had been concealed, until her dreams had become part of herself, and not to be put aside.

---

### SONG OF THE SAGE-BRUSH.

BREATHE softly, airs of day, low dying on the sea,  
 Stir softly down the slopes of peaceful sage-clad hills;  
 The breath of hoary leaves and honeyed blossoms fills  
 The land with scent of days long fled from me.

O clang of flying hoofs! while sped the frightened hare  
 Through wild oats' veil of silver, fall'n o'er a summer field,  
 And wafts of spicy odors that hoof-crushed branches yield  
 Rose incense-like and followed on the air.

O hush of restless feet beneath the silent oak!  
 While tender as a blessing, and praiseful as a psalm,  
 The eve lay o'er the earth in breathless rosy calm,  
 The sorrow of the dove alone awoke.

Then high, and wild, and clear, from yonder balmy limb,  
 He poured his rapturous soul, the shy gray mocking bird;  
 The hushed woods drank in, the heavens as they heard  
 Grew tremulous with the passion of his hymn.

O slowly rode we on, slow winding with the night  
 Through cañons dim and sleeping; while rose a faint, weird tune  
 Of far-away coyotes baying at the moon  
 Up-drifting, radiant, o'er yon shadowy height.

So long ago it is, it seems a wind-blown page  
 From a forgotten tale; and through the heavens float  
 Some yet unstilled vibrations of that sweet bird's note,  
 When winds lift up the fragrance of the sage.

*Virginia Peyton.*

## THE BUILDING OF A STATE—IV. EARLY PRESBYTERIANISM.

PRIOR to the great social changes produced by the all-impelling attraction of the gold discovery, the prophecy of a great future for California had gone forth from English-speaking explorers, hunters and traders, and had drawn hither a considerable number of permanent settlers. Still more, when the country had passed into the possession of the United States, and the flag of freedom had given promise of security to incoming peoples, the motive for immigration was enhanced. And yet more, when the great surprise of the discovery of untold treasures of precious minerals occurred, the electrified world sent forth its streams of adventurers to the new Ophir land.

During the period of Spanish occupancy, both under the vice-royalty of Spain and the republic of Mexico, Roman Catholicism held exclusive sway in the sphere of religion. In fact, as long as the Franciscan missions retained their original wonted prerogatives, the civil government was subordinate to their control. Even in the latter portion of Mexican rule, which was more nominal than real, when the spirit of revolt from that rule was shown in attempts to establish an independent government, subserviency to precedent was shown in constitutional provisions and pledges of exclusive privileges for the Roman Catholic religion, according to the third article of an adopted constitution: "The religion shall be Roman Catholic Apostolic, without admitting the exercise of any other; but the government will not molest any persons for their particular religious opinions." Such was a part of the ambitious though abortive scheme of 1836.

Ten years later, the flag of the United States was flying over California. Under its protection and characteristic promptings, public religious worship of the Protestant form was instituted. As the acquisition of the territory was a naval conquest, so it is believed officers of the United States Pacific squadron

were first of the line of Protestant leaders to unfurl the banner of the gospel—the late rear-admiral John Berrien Montgomery, then commander of the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, at San Francisco, and the Rev. Walter Colton, chaplain of the frigate *Congress*, at Monterey. Mr. Colton was a minister of the Congregational Church; Commander Montgomery an honored lay member of the Presbyterian Church. This distinguished naval officer, in the view of his marked wisdom and discretion, was in the spring of 1846 ordered by Commodore Sloat, at Mazatlan, to proceed to the coast of Upper California, "for the protection of American citizens and their interests," jeopardized by local disturbances and a threatened war with Mexico.

Commander Montgomery, stationed at San Francisco, on the 9th of July, 1846, by orders from Commodore Sloat, hoisted over that town the flag of the United States; and during the remainder of that year, in addition to his naval duties, filled the office of military commandant of the northern district of California. While thus occupied, his headquarters being in San Francisco, in order to supply what he saw and regarded as a great need, he himself undertook the conducting of a religious service on shore, the first public Protestant worship held in the town.

Later, another Christian layman, a devout member of the Church of England, Captain Lewis H. Thomas, of the merchant marine, following the example of Commander Montgomery, led a goodly company of citizens of San Francisco in Sunday religious worship, according to the forms of the Episcopal Church.

Occasionally, too, Protestant clergymen, visiting different points of the coast, officiated as opportunity offered at the request of their resident countrymen.

Only after the gold discovery, when communities of men had begun to be rapidly

formed in the country, did the Protestant Church enter upon a systematic method of furnishing a gospel ministry for California.

About the time in which the executive departments of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, in Philadelphia and New York, were taking the initiative in this movement, a Presbyterian minister nearer the inviting field was providentially led to embark in this evangelical work. This leader of the permanently settled Protestant ministry in California was the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, a clergyman in connection with the Presbytery of Genessee, New York, who by appointment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions became a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands in 1843, spent about five years in active and efficient service among the natives on the Island of Hawaii, and ministered a few months to an incipient English-speaking congregation in Honolulu. At the breaking out of the gold excitement, and the rush of very many residents of the islands to the gold fields, Mr. Hunt sagaciously interpreted the providential opening, and in addition to the fact of his diminishing society, there reached him an expressed desire from San Francisco for the services of a Protestant minister; not, as has been sometimes said, from its municipal authorities, but from citizens of the town whose religious instincts led them to this good action. He was persuaded that a greater field of usefulness was opening on this coast than the one he occupied, and acting upon this conviction he resigned his charge in Honolulu in order to a renewal of his professional labors in San Francisco. In October, 1848, he embarked at Honolulu on board the schooner "Honolulu," and arrived at San Francisco on the 29th of that month. On the 1st of November following, at a meeting of citizens convened in the public school-house on Portsmouth Square, measures were taken which resulted in an engagement of Mr. Hunt as chaplain of the town for the term of one year.

Still under the obligations of this contract, owing to unexpected changes of social con-

ditions, while officiating as chaplain, Mr. Hunt took part, in the summer of 1849, still a Presbyterian, in the formation of the first Congregational Church of San Francisco, and became its acting pastor. Still longer he remained in ecclesiastical connection with the Presbyterian Church, as one of the original members of the Presbytery of San Francisco, though he was the installed pastor of a Congregational church, regularly participating in their meetings down to the time of his transfer to the Congregational Association of California, 20th April, 1853. Mr. Hunt resigned the pastoral charge of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco at the close of 1854, and removed to the Atlantic States. He then renewed his connection with the Presbyterian Church, in which relation he has remained until the present time. During the greater part of his residence and labors in San Francisco, while he retained his membership in the Presbyteries of Genessee and San Francisco, the Presbyterian Church claims this pioneer clergyman as her own.

But more, the Presbyterian Church, in its organic capacity, was the confessed leader in the work of planting churches in California. Its preparatory action began in the latter part of 1848. Simultaneously, the two subdivisions of this church, currently distinguished as "Old School" and "New School" branches (sundered by the disruption of 1837, but happily brought together and cemented as one by the reunion of 1869), took the initiative in this cause. The two branches were alike zealous in the undertaking, and though for a time the ecclesiastical relations of their ministers on this coast were different, intimate and harmonious friendship and intercourse were ever maintained between them as fellow laborers in a common enterprise.

Preparations for the undertaking were simultaneously begun by both bodies. On the part of the Old School branch, the first to offer himself for the new field was the Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, Jr., whilom pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, Long Island, New York. He received his commission for the service in November, 1848.

The second in appointment was the Rev. James Woods, at the time pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Jackson, Benton County, Alabama. Both these clergymen had their attention turned attractively hitherward before news of the discovery of gold had reached the Atlantic States. The soil, climate, and other material advantages, with the certain aggregation of settlers from the States and elsewhere, succeeding the acquisition of the Pacific slope by the United States, were considerations which entered into the motives of their action. The commission of Mr. Woods was granted promptly, in answer to his request, at the meeting of the Board of Missions following next after that at which action was taken in the case of Mr. Woodbridge. The departure of Mr. Woods was delayed, by request of the Board, in order to his making a tour among the Presbyterian churches of the southwest as an agent in behalf of Home Missions. A third commission was issued at a later date to the Rev. Albert Williams by the same authority. These three, when brought together, constituted the original Old School Presbytery of California.

Also, in November, 1848, the American Home Missionary Society, organ of the New School branch, commissioned two recent graduates of Union Theological Seminary, New York, for the same new distant field, the Rev. Samuel H. Willey and the Rev. John W. Douglas. For this appointed service they were immediately ordained, each by his respective Presbytery, the Third and Fourth of New York City.

Opportunely, the new steamship line of Howland and Aspinwall, afterwards the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, was ready to be availed of for a speedy transportation of the missionaries *via* the Isthmus of Panama to California. The commissioned clergymen, Woodbridge, Willey, and Douglas, were passengers on the first voyage of this line. The Rev. O. C. Wheeler, Baptist, pioneer minister of this denomination in California, and founder and first pastor of the First Baptist Church of San Francisco, was also a passenger. They sailed from New York, 1st De-

cember, 1848, on board the "Steamer Falcon" *en route*. As required by the Post Office Department, the "Falcon," for exchange of mails, touched at Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, and arrived at Chagres on the 27th of December.

A sad experience awaited this company of California pioneers, in making the transit of the Isthmus. What with the extreme of the rainy season, the trying ascent of the Chagres River in canoes, difficult roads, and, worst of all, cholera and malarial fevers causing many deaths, the trials of the crossing were indescribably severe. There was much delay in the crossing, and longer at Panama, waiting for the connecting steamer, "California." This ship sailed from New York October 6th, 1848, touched at Panama, and thence sailing, arrived at San Francisco 28th of February, 1849. The voyage from Panama was protracted on account of a short supply of coals. With difficulty the ship reached Monterey, which port she barely made, and a supply of fuel being there obtained, the voyage was completed.

Of the four pioneer clergymen passengers of the California, Mr. Wheeler alone had a prearranged place of settlement—San Francisco. While the "California" was lying at Monterey, Mr. Willey decided to stop at that town, then the capital of California and a prominent United States military station. Messrs. Woodbridge and Douglas, at San Francisco, made their selection of places of settlement. An invitation from Benicia, then a hopeful rival of San Francisco, was accepted by Mr. Woodbridge. Mr. Douglas visited San José, met a cordial welcome there, and accepted an invitation to remain.

A month intervened between the arrival of the "California" and that of the second pioneer steamer, the "Oregon." The latter ship brought to the coast the Rev. Albert Williams, to be associated with Mr. Woodbridge, representing the Presbyterian Church Old School. Mr. Williams received his commission on the 1st of February, 1849, sailed from New York in the "Crescent City" steamer on the 5th following; landed at Chagres on the 14th, crossing the Isthmus,

stopped a few days at Gorgona, and reached Panama on the 24th, awaiting still the arrival of the "Oregon" via Cape Horn. At length the looked-for ship arrived, and, being refitted, was ready to renew her voyage on the 13th of March, when she sailed with about two hundred and fifty passengers, who had left New York on the 1st and 5th of February, on board the "Falcon" and "Crescent City," and a few of whom had made the voyage to the Isthmus in sailing vessels from "the States." The "Oregon" touched at San Blas, and remained there two days taking in coals; she also made brief stoppages at San Diego and Monterey for the delivery of mails, and ended, under her skilful commander, R. H. Pearson, a timely and pleasant voyage, on the 1st of April.

Mr. Williams made San Francisco, from the date of landing, his stopping place. During the week ensuing, he visited Benicia, and, in concert with Mr. Woodbridge, obtained from the chief proprietor of the town the gift of a site for a Presbyterian College, six hundred by twelve hundred feet in extent. This ground, or a part of it, is now occupied by St. Augustine College of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Although the four clerical passengers of the steamer "California" had been a month in their chosen fields of labor, holding religious services, no direct step had been taken for the formal organization of churches. At a second visit of Mr. Williams to his brother Woodbridge, towards the middle of April, for mutual consultation, it was deemed advisable to proceed at once to the organization of a church in that town. Accordingly, remaining over Sunday, 15th of April, on that day Mr. Williams was permitted to assist his clerical brother in planting the first Protestant church in California, the First Presbyterian Church of Benicia. Mr. Woodbridge early occupied a preaching station at Vallejo, laid the foundation of the Presbyterian Church of that place, and, in connection with his charge at Benicia, supplied its pulpit for a number of years.

The era of church organization had commenced. The Presbyterians were not only

the first movers in this cause, but also the second, taking action in the commercial metropolis in the organization of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, then next to the oldest; now, the First of Benicia having become extinct, the oldest Protestant church, and distinctively mother of churches in California.

The writer here takes the liberty of inserting a description of the formation of this church, given in his volume "A Pioneer Pastorate and Times":

"As the Church of the Puritans was in the 'Mayflower,' so it may be truly said the germ and nucleus of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco—honored name and fruitful mother of churches—was in the steamship 'Oregon.' Friendships were formed, and fellowships cemented, during and by means of common experiences of travel, which were shaping themselves, by mutual attracting forces, into an intimate communion, requiring only the touch of the finger of Providence to constitute those elements of Christian life into an associated organic union. Such, eventually, was the developed result. Many of the companions of my journey, on the Atlantic, on the Isthmus, and on the Pacific, particularly of the official, professional, and mercantile classes, established themselves in San Francisco. Of these not the least were the good men and women whose friendship I had enjoyed, and who, still pleased to continue their confidence, were prompt, when settled in their new home, to confer together and plan with me the organization of a church of my denomination. The first formal conference in relation to this step was held in the law office of Frederick Billings, Esq., in the City Hotel Building, on the Clay Street side, shortly after my first visit to Benicia. Mr. Caldwell, Dr. Turner, and Mr. Billings, with myself, were the first active movers in the enterprise. Subsequent meetings were held in the office of Dr. Turner, on Washington Street, opposite the Custom House, and adjoining the *Alta California* newspaper office. Besides the persons named were others, some older residents; and of arrivals by the

subscription for funds to build the church was commenced in February, 1850, and ten weeks thereafter, on the first Sunday in May following, the house, furnished with cupola and bell, was dedicated to divine worship.

This ranks the first Presbyterian house of worship erected in California. Meanwhile, a church organization with the name of the First Presbyterian Church of Stockton was effected, namely, on the 17th day of March, 1850. It consisted of twelve members, only one of the number a woman, the wife of the minister.

The arrival of Mr. Woods made practicable the assembling of the Presbytery of California, Old School. In the house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church of Benicia, on the 20th of February, 1850, the designated members, Albert Williams, Sylvester Woodbridge, Jr., and James Woods, met and were constituted in the manner prescribed by the General Assembly. Mr. Woodbridge preached the opening sermon, from Psalm lx. 4. Mr. Williams was chosen Moderator for the ensuing six months, and Mr. Woodbridge Stated Clerk.

The organization of the First Church of Benicia and the First Church of San Francisco was reported, and their names were enrolled under the care of the Presbytery. Ruling Elder C. E. Wetmore took his seat representing Benicia Church; the Church of San Francisco not represented. Absent, the Rev. Francis Hart, who was included in the General Assembly's appointment, reported as having died on the overland journey. The Rev. W. G. Candors, of the Presbytery of Maury, Tennessee, being present, was invited to a seat as a corresponding member.

This first meeting was one of marked interest and practical importance. Earnest discussions concerning the spiritual wants of the great field occupied by the Presbytery were held during the two days' sessions. Opportunities and demands were pressing. Chiefly missions and education for California engrossed attention. The sphere, scenes, events, responsibilities were all new, and impressive as they were novel. The view was not confined to the limits of this State, but

turned still westward till it rested on the vast teeming Orient with which this new social development was confronted, and which trade and commerce would bring into more intimate and influential relations with "Western science" and Christian civilization. The sessions were happily closed with the ceremony of the installation of Mr. Woodbridge as pastor of the Benicia Church.

A preliminary meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco, New School, was held in Monterey, 21st September, 1849, but no business was transacted. Its formal opening took place 17th October, 1849, in San Francisco. The three constituent members were present, as previously at Monterey: T. Dwight Hunt, S. H. Willey, and J. W. Douglas, ministers. Mr. Douglas reported the organization of the Independent Presbyterian Church of San José. Being independent, this church had no representative in the Presbytery. After a time it abandoned that position, and sought for and obtained enrollment. The members of the Presbytery, at this first meeting, showed themselves fully alive to the claims of the country upon them, and were diligently studious of measures for promoting the best interests of the commonwealth. With other objects of importance engaging their attention was the cause of the American Tract Society, represented by Colonel Thomas J. Nevins, afterward prominently identified with the cause of education in California, and originator of its system of public schools.

The oft-repeated saying concerning the pioneers, "They builded better than they knew," may be true as to results, but surely is not true with reference to their work. They knew what they were doing when laying the foundations of Church and State, and planting in a new soil the germs of every kindly institution. In this work, from which has issued so grand an outcome, it is proper to affirm that the Presbyterian Church, in its clergy and laity, bore a conspicuous, worthy part.

Mention has been made of the arrival of the Rev. W. G. Candors, of Tennessee, in the latter part of 1849. He became identi-

fied with the Presbyterian ministry here, being transferred by act of the General Assembly from the Presbytery of Maury to that of Stockton. Mr. Canders preached awhile in Napa and Sonoma valleys. Having special aptness for teaching, he became usefully employed in that capacity as principal of a school in Stockton. In the winter of 1854, broken down in health, he came to San Francisco for medical treatment, but in vain. Here he died, affectionately and sincerely lamented.

The Rev. William Wallace Brier and wife arrived at San Francisco *via* the Isthmus of Panama, August 6th, 1850. Mr. Brier was a recently ordained minister of the Presbytery of Logansport, Indiana. He was commissioned for service in California by the American Home Missionary Society, under the auspices of the New School General Assembly. He ranks prominently among his brethren as the organizer and founder of numerous churches throughout the State, and has been an efficient promoter of Presbyterian institutions in a private capacity and in public positions from the time of his arrival. Mr. Brier's expectation was to locate in San Francisco. The existence of the first Presbyterian organization, and the removal about that time of Mr. Willey from Monterey to engage in a new church enterprise here, determined his entrance into a field of labor in the interior. His choice fell upon Marysville, a new and rising town. There he gathered a congregation, and on the 24th of November, 1850, he organized the First Presbyterian Church of Marysville, and was its pastor until the spring of 1852. While serving this church he organized another in Grass Valley, February 8th, 1852. The Rev. Charles M. Blake, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, had charge for a time of this church. In the early summer of 1852, Mr. Brier removed to Contra Costa, now Alameda County, and organized and served the two churches, Alameda and Eden, now having respectively the names of Centreville and Alvarado. The Rev. Isaac H. Brayton, just arrived, was his successor in Marysville. Mr. Brier, in his new field, and

within the bounds of his Presbytery, proved himself one of the most active leaders in Church and educational enterprises.

While the country was in need of a larger supply of ministers, the Presbytery of California was gratified by having the privilege first, of licensing, September 6th, 1850, and August 7th, 1851, of ordaining to the gospel ministry Mr. Frederick Buel, Superintendent of the American Bible Society for the Pacific Coast. Mr. Buel was a graduate of Yale College, and a proficient in theological knowledge; and in view both of the interests of the Bible cause and evangelization in the wide field which he was called to occupy, the Presbytery deemed it important to invest him with the sacred office. His useful labors in a large sphere are held in grateful remembrance.

The Rev. Eli Corwin succeeded Rev. J. W. Douglas in charge of the San José Church. About the same time, the Rev. Henry Durant, so well known as an educator, was added to the ministerial force of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Willey, as before noted, removed from Monterey in the summer of 1850, and entered an open field in the southern portion of San Francisco, then known as "Happy Valley." He collected a nucleus of efficient workers, and in church services and Sunday school labors was supported by an influential Christian society. The formal organization by him of Howard Street Church took place September 15th, 1850. In material interests the church was specially favored by the donation from the late W. D. M. Howard of a valuable church site on the northeast corner of Howard and Second Streets. Upon this lot a church building was erected, fronting on Natoma Street, and was dedicated 15th June, 1851. A removal since made to Mission Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, caused the dropping of the word "Street" from the title, so that it is now known as the "Howard Church of San Francisco." This church throughout its history has been characterized by an active and liberal policy. Its connection at its organization, and as long as the distinction contin-

ued, was with the San Francisco New School Presbytery. Besides its far-reaching benevolent and missionary work, by its agency, chiefly, three existing churches of San Francisco—Westminster, Larkin and Olivet, and one Emanuel, now extinct—were founded. Mr. Willey held its pastoral charge until May, 1862.

The Old School ministry was reinforced by the appointment, at the beginning of 1852, of the Rev. Robert McCoy of the Presbytery of Memphis, and the Rev. Joshua Butts of New York. These clergymen arrived at San Francisco April 14th, 1852. Mr. McCoy went to Santa Clara, and took charge of the church of Camden, which had been organized by the Rev. Albert Williams in January of that year. The name "Camden" was given to this organization after a church of that name in Missouri, from which one of the families had emigrated. In May, 1853, the Presbytery of California meeting at Santa Clara, changed the name of this church to the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Clara.

Mr. Butts preached a short time in the interior, but both he and Mr. McCoy, after a year or two, returned to the East.

In 1851 the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco took the first step, it is believed, on this coast, in giving systematic religious instruction to Chinese. A class of young men was taught in connection with the Sunday school of the church. Out of this beginning grew the Presbyterian Chinese Mission of San Francisco, and the general system of Presbyterian Chinese Missions on the Pacific Coast. In 1852 the Rev. William Speer, a returned missionary from China, at the request of the First Church pastor and elders, was appointed by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to conduct the Chinese Mission in San Francisco. Mr. Speer arrived in October of that year, and occupied at first an upper room on Sacramento Street, for religious services and a Sunday school. The First Chinese Church of this Mission was organized in the First Presbyterian Church, November 6th, 1853. The membership was eleven. The veteran Chi-

nese missionary, Dr. Bridgman, was present on the occasion, and addressed the large gathering of Chinese. He caused a manifest sensation by reminding them that in their own country they were accustomed to call the Americans "red devils." The fostering care of the First Church was given to this Mission, and largely with the aid of its patronage and benefactions the Mission House on the corner of Sacramento and Stockton streets was erected in 1853.

The Presbyterian Church in Napa was founded in 1852, by a minister of the Seceder Church, but was subsequently brought into connection with the Presbyterian Church Old School.

The Rev. Wm. Williams, a Welsh Presbyterian minister belonging to the Presbytery of St. Louis, came to San Francisco in the summer of 1852. In the First Church were several Welsh members, and with these as a nucleus a Welsh congregation was gathered for the Welsh minister, approved and assisted by the pastor and session of the First Church. A room on Dupont street, between Washington and Jackson streets, was hired as a place of worship. On the 16th of January, 1853, the Rev. Albert Williams by authority of his Presbytery organized the Welsh Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. In the summer of 1854 the society erected a church edifice for its use on the eastern slope of Telegraph Hill. The Rev. David Lewis, received by the Presbytery of California from the Presbytery of New York, in 1855, succeeded the Rev. Wm. Williams in the pastoral care of this church for a number of years. Traditional attachments to the language and religious forms of their ancestors have held this society together, not only in compact relationship, but also in a useful and prosperous career.

The Presbyterian force was strengthened in the spring of 1853, by the arrival of four young ministers of the New School connection: S. S. Harmon, Edward B. Walsworth, James Pierpont, and Samuel B. Bell, and their wives. They were passengers on the ship "Tradewind," *via* Cape Horn, and experienced an extreme peril by fire on the

voyage. When some three hundred miles off Cape St. Roque, a fire was discovered in the ship's hold. It was a fearful crisis. Only by the most persevering efforts of the crew and passengers, were the flames subdued. Places ready for occupancy were, on their arrival in the country, at once entered by this reinforcement. Mr. Harmon went to Sonora, and organized the Presbyterian Church of that place, and became its pastor. Mr. Walsworth succeeded Mr. Brayton at Marysville. Mr. Pierpont entered a new field at Placerville, and soon organized a church, and was its pastor a number of years. Mr. Bell went first to Columbia and organized a church there, but soon removed to Oakland, and organized the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, was its pastor, and so continued for a series of years.

To the New School force was also added in 1853 the Rev. A. F. White, of Crawfordsville Presbytery. In 1854, the Rev. E. S. Lacy joined the band of laborers on the coast, and for a time served the church at Crescent City. He then accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. Other additions were made in 1855. The Rev. David McClure came from the Presbytery of Wilmington, Delaware. He made his residence at Martinez, and besides holding religious services there, performed much useful service in the Presbyterian cause, by tours and at preaching stations throughout San Ramon Valley and the region of Mt. Diablo mines. Even then he began his career as a successful educator, and established a seminary of learning at Martinez. In the same year, the Rev. J. H. Brodt, of the Presbytery of Troy, New York, arrived, and succeeded Mr. Brayton, at Marysville, for a time. His next settlement was over the Congregational Church of Petaluma, which from the date of its organization contained a large, if not predominating, Presbyterian element, and, therefore, would naturally appreciate the ministrations of a sound Presbyterian clergyman.

Next following in the New School ministry was the Rev. L. Hamilton, received into the Presbytery of San Francisco October

16th, 1855, from the Presbytery of Geneva, New York. The first settlement of Mr. Hamilton was at Columbia, from which place he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of San José. Afterward, he was settled for a time in charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland.

By invitation of a number of Presbyterians, chiefly members of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, and with the assent of the session of that church, in the month of May, 1854, the Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D., of New Orleans, visited San Francisco with a view to the organization of a second Old School Presbyterian Church in this city. After preaching about two months in Music Hall and other places, on Sunday, July 23, 1854, he organized Calvary Church. Sixty-three persons were enrolled in the membership, fifty-two of whom were instructed to procure certificates from the churches to which they were attached with as little delay as possible, and in the meantime were called upon to signify their assent to the government and doctrinal standards of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. This being done, at the unanimous expression of all the persons referred to, again formally declared, Dr. Scott declared them organized into a Presbyterian Church under the name and style of the "Calvary Church of San Francisco."

Dr. Scott then returned to New Orleans to make arrangements for the removal of his family. The Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, Jr., during the greater part of his absence, officiated for the church. Meanwhile, also, Calvary Church edifice was erected on Bush street, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, and was dedicated for divine worship shortly after the return of Dr. Scott, at the beginning of 1855.

The Rev. Albert Williams, on account of seriously impaired health, resigned the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco in October, 1854. The long period of four years only sufficed to gain restoration in a sojourn in the Atlantic States. In 1859, summer, he returned to San Francisco, and thenceforward became

identified with the active work of the coast. His immediate successor as pastor of the First Church was the Rev. W. C. Anderson, D. D., of Ohio. Dr. Anderson arrived and took charge in the summer of 1855. In 1857-8, the large and tasteful church edifice on Stockton street, between Clay and Washington streets, was built. Although a considerable number had withdrawn to form Calvary Church, the society was still strong, and continued its wonted action and useful church work.

The Rev. James Woods, after a successful pastorate in Stockton over four years, was obliged, for reasons of health, to leave that place. He could not remain unemployed. Coming to San Francisco in the spring of 1854, he engaged in a mission enterprise under the auspices of the session of the First Church. As an efficient leader, he soon was instrumental in causing the erection of a church edifice on the corner of Geary and Mason streets, which was dedicated in June, 1854. Dr. Scott during his first visit preaching the dedicatory sermon. Mr. Woods found the climate of San Francisco unfavorable, and reluctantly relinquished the work he had begun. The church building lapsed into the hands of the owner of its leased site, and afterwards became the birth-place of the Second, now the Plymouth, Congregational Church.

Mr. Woods was the pioneer Presbyterian minister in Los Angeles. In the autumn or early winter of 1854, he sought a more favorable climate for his constitution in Southern California. Still able to preach, he gathered a congregation in the old adobe courthouse of Los Angeles, and in March, 1855, effected an inchoate church organization of twelve communicants, no ruling elder being installed. He also secured a valuable church site. After more than a year of service for the Los Angeles congregation, Mr. Woods returned north, and settled in the town of Santa Rosa. There, in March, 1856, he organized the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Rosa. In November, 1858, Mr. Woods organized a church in Susan, now extinct, and in December, 1859,

he organized the Presbyterian Church of Healdsburg; this the last of his planting during the pioneer decade, the series being still further extended to a recent date through his zealous agency.

To the class of Old School Presbyterians may here be added an immediate successor of Mr. Woods in the Stockton Church, the Rev. William C. Mosher, who came from Central New York in the early part of 1854. In different portions of the State, later in Southern California, Mr. Mosher has been usefully employed.

In the closing period of the pioneer decade, and onward, the Stockton church was served by the Rev. John A. Anderson, son of the pastor of the First Church of San Francisco. Mr. Anderson was, in September, 1858, ordained by the Presbytery of California.

The Rev. James Pierpont resigned the charge of the Placerville Church in 1856. In the temporary absence of the pastor, the Rev. S. B. Bell, he supplied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland for a period of six months. About this time there arrived in the State an interesting colony of Presbyterians from Missouri. These people located near Petaluma, and Mr. Pierpont was chosen their minister. The colonists comprised nearly the entire membership of a Presbyterian church in Missouri, and in their new home they were organized by Mr. Pierpont into a church bearing their former church name, Mount Zion, with three worthy ruling elders. Mr. Pierpont was very happy in ministering to this interesting society, but the relation was soon terminated by their removal, on account of the uncertainty of land titles, in which they were interested. They went to Oregon, and, it is reported, became constituent members of the Presbyterian church of Eugene City.

The original New School Presbytery of San Francisco being subdivided, by separating from it ministers and churches constituting the additional two Presbyteries of San José and Sierra Nevada, these three Presbyteries were organized by their General Assembly in May, 1857, as a Synod, under the

title of the Synod of Alta California. The new Synod held its first meeting in Sacramento, in October, 1857.

The beginning of the Arcata Church, Humboldt Bay, was made in 1853.

The Presbyterian Church of Sacramento was organized in 1851, and in its earlier history experienced fluctuations of prosperity and adversity, caused by frequent changes and interruptions of pastoral care. It was favored with the ministrations of Rev. William M. Baker, and sundry other clergy, and never lost its vitality, a few stanch Presbyterians persistently holding the fort. Its later career has been prosperous.

#### THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

WITH an independent organization, the Cumberland Church ranks in its order and form of government as Presbyterian. So its history here has place with the generic body of Presbyterians. Its name and origin are derived from the Cumberland Presbytery of the Synod of Kentucky, which, at the beginning of the present century, withdrew from its Synod. It has grown to be a large ecclesiastical body, with a central General Assembly, while its Synods and Presbyteries extend over the southern and western portions of the United States.

At an early date of emigration from the Eastern States and Territories to the Pacific Coast, ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church entered into the movement. They came singly and upon their own responsibility, and not by the appointment or support of the ecclesiastical bodies with which they were connected. Among the first, if not the first of these, was the Rev. J. A. Cornwall, a member of White River Presbytery, Arkansas. Mr. Cornwall, with his family, set out upon the long overland journey, 8th of April, 1846. In the Great Salt Lake Basin he was misdirected, and autumn found him traversing southern Oregon, and obliged him to winter amid the snows of the Umpqua Mountains.

In the spring of 1847, Mr. Cornwall resumed his journey, and on the 10th of May

he reached the settlements of the Willamette valley. About the same time another minister of this church, the Rev. J. M. Small, of Tennessee, taking the southern route, arrived in Southern California.

The planting of churches by this denomination began in Oregon. In 1851 a Presbytery was formed, known as the Oregon Presbytery. It consisted of four ordained ministers, J. A. Cornwall, B. F. Music, Neill Johnson, and James Robertson; and under its care were five congregations—Tulare, Luckiamute, Abeque, Yamhill, and Santiam—having an aggregate membership of nearly one hundred, seventy of the number being recent converts. Since that time, two more Presbyteries have been organized in the north—the Willamette, embracing the southern part of the State of Oregon, and the Walla Walla, covering the field of Eastern Oregon and the entire Washington Territory. These outline statements give only a very imperfect view of self-denying, heroic labors and their results. Of more recent efforts put forth in Washington Territory, those of the Rev. Messrs. Sweeney and Eagan especially are noted as having been eminently successful in that extensive and growing field.

Oregon having, at first, the stronger attraction for emigrants in general and for ministers of the Cumberland Church in particular, from that territory, it appears, the first efficient workers came to California. The Rev. J. E. Braly, who was active in the formation of the Church of Tulare, in Washington County, Oregon, in the winter of 1847-'48, in the early part of 1849 removed to California, stopping awhile at Fremont, Yolo County, where he frequently preached, conducting the first religious service held in that region. He then continued his journey southward, and fixed his residence in Santa Clara Valley. The oldest existing Cumberland Presbyterian Church in California was organized by Mr. Braly, in the summer of 1851, as the Oak Grove Church, now Union Church, at Mountain View, Santa Clara County. A church, since extinct, had been organized by Mr. Small in the town of Napa.

The California Presbytery was organized

at the house of the Rev. Mr. Braly on the 4th of April, 1851. Its original members were J. E. Braly, C. Yager, W. Gallimore, and James M. Small. It will be noted that this event was of even date with the first Presbyterian organization in Oregon.

Nine years later, a Synod was inaugurated by the General Assembly of the Cumberland Church, convened at Nashville, Tennessee, May, 1860. This body, named "Synod of Sacramento" (since changed to Pacific Synod), was composed of four Presbyteries—California, Sacramento, Tulare, and Oregon. The first meeting was held at Sonoma, October, 1860. No representative was present from the Oregon Presbytery. By appointment of the General Assembly, the Rev. J. E. Braly was the Moderator of the Synod at its first meeting. There were present eighteen ordained ministers and eleven ruling elders.

Subsequently the territory of the Synod was limited to the boundaries of the State of California, composed of California Presbytery, Sacramento Presbytery, and Tulare Presbytery. Over this extent of territory the Cumberland Church organizations are widely scattered. An active working force of ministers is employed in its various fields. According to the Synod's statistical reports of 1883, the whole number of its ministers in connection with the three Presbyteries was twenty-eight, with five probationers and two candidates for the gospel ministry. The number of its church organizations was thirty.

In enumerating the Christian labors of the Cumberland ministry on this coast, cognizance must be taken of its direct and effective missionary work, by which churches have been planted and multiplied. The progress made in strict church work, in the absence of foreign aid, has been commendable. Dr. D. E. Bushnell, in the "Cumberland Quarterly," July, 1880, writes: "Colleges, missions, newspapers, etc., of all other churches, were abundantly supplied with means from home churches, while the Cumberland Presbyterians were compelled to make bricks without straw. Their progress, under these circumstances, must have been very slow. . . . Still there has been progress

during these years. Sabbath schools have been organized and pastorates established in the churches, while organization and discipline have made considerable progress. And now (1880), after nearly twenty years, we have two Synods, with seven Presbyteries, about sixty ministers, and as many churches, and about two thousand communicants on the whole Pacific coast. We have growing churches in several of the larger towns and cities, that give good promise of usefulness in the near future. We are doing more and better for Sunday school and missionary work than ever before. We have more pastors, and, as a rule, their support is more generous and reliable than in former times. We have more and better houses of worship, and a larger aggregate of church property."

The cause of education within the bounds of the Pacific Synod has a good degree of attention from the Cumberland ministry. By their zealous efforts schools and academies have been established, and have accomplished great good in the communities in which they are located. Embarrassments and losses by fires have been serious drawbacks in these enterprises, and hindrances to all the success desired. Among the institutions founded may be named the Academies of Sonoma and Alamo, and the San Joaquin College, near Stockton.

The Synod has, in effect, a theological school known as a Training Synodical School. There is a Committee of Instruction, to which is committed the superintendence of the education of young men preparing to enter its ministry. The course of instruction is the curriculum of the Theological School of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.

It remains to make mention of still another means of usefulness which this Church has employed, namely, the periodical press. In this department the Church has been represented and kept in fellowship and intercommunication by the "Pacific Observer," the "Pacific Evangelist," and "Our Messenger," all the fruits of individual enterprise, the last named a lively vehicle of religious literature, edited and published at San José by the

Rev. Dr. D. E. Bushnell. The interest taken by the Pacific Synod in the cause of periodical religious literature is shown in the adoption, in 1883, of the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That this Synod heartily recommend the 'Cumberland Presbyterian' to all the ministers, members, and friends of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, as a first-class Church paper, and urge them to take it, and, as far as possible, to take all the periodicals published by our Board of Publication." The "Cumberland Presbyterian" is the organ of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. At the same Synodical meeting, "*Our Messenger*," "the only means of intercourse common to its scattered churches," was strongly endorsed, and urgently commended to the patronage of the ministers and churches of the Synod; also, it was recommended "to ask at the hands of the Board of Publication an appropriation of money for the benefit of '*Our Messenger*.'"

#### THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ALTHOUGH later in entering this field, yet as the United Presbyterian Church belongs to the great family of Presbyterians, it is only proper to include in this sketch an account of its coöperative work on this coast. It may be observed here that the peculiarities which distinguish this denomination are its use only of the most literal versions of the Psalms of David in divine worship, and its testimony borne against oath-bound secret societies. Until recently it excluded instrumental music in acts of praise. By a vote of the majority of the Presbyteries of the whole church in the General Assembly of 1882, the prohibitory article of the Book of Worship was declared to be repealed.

The beginning of this church in California was in 1865, by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. J. F. Cooper, of Philadelphia, to visit San Francisco, explore the field, and if he judged it advisable, organize a congregation. At the close of 1865 Dr. Cooper arrived on his mission, and was cordially welcomed by the United Presbyterians here. On the first day of 1866 he organized the First United

Presbyterian Church of San Francisco with thirty-eight members, and continued his ministry in the church into the succeeding summer. In May the membership was increased to fifty. Dr. Cooper left in July for his eastern home. The Rev. Dr. M. M. Gibson, present pastor of this church, was then called to the pastorate. He arrived in October, 1866, and took charge of the congregation. A tasteful and commodious church edifice was erected by the society on Mason street. The church has had a constant, healthful growth, and now its roll of communicants numbers three hundred and fifty-three.

A second congregation has recently been organized, which is under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. B. Stewart. This church occupies a field in the southern part of San Francisco. Besides, there are United Presbyterian churches in San José, Salinas City, Fresno City, Los Angeles, Santa Ana, and Roseville, and a mission at Stephen's Creek, in Santa Clara Valley. These congregations, with their ministers, form the Presbytery of San Francisco. In Oregon there was an earlier planting of this church, in 1853 or 1854. Its field is chiefly in the Willamette Valley. The Oregon Presbytery and Presbytery of San Francisco form the Synod of the Pacific of the United Presbyterian Church, which meets biennially.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

THE reunion of the divided Presbyterian Church has been already noted. During the disruption two Synods, Old and New School, had been formed in California—the Synod of the Pacific and the Synod of Alta California, each having its several Presbyteries. Under the United General Assembly of 1869 these two Synods became one, with the title of Synod of the Pacific. The Presbyteries of each former Synod having occupied common territory also were merged and reorganized under the united Synod, all accomplished in 1869. An eventful history has been made by the denomination, but, except the outline already given of its first decade, the present limits preclude.

A few words only are added to close the present paper. The foregoing sketches of Early Presbyterianism have treated specially of church planting. This was its first interest and work. But not all. Yet it is needless to say to the intelligent reader, that the planting of churches, in such circumstances as obtained in the pioneer days of California, was by no means an insignificant action. Anywhere it is important, but in the present case especially so. And here it is safe to intimate that only those who were part of the times referred to, do or can know their singularly exceptional character.

Individualism was intense, and the disintegrating spirit of selfishness its hot-bed development. Bewildering excitements prevailed. Pressing necessities existed. There were urgent demands for guiding, restraining, fostering agencies, to effect the unification of mixed, not to say sometimes discordant, social elements; to overawe and subdue, if not to harmonize, some of them. The early churches were "beacon lights" amid such surroundings. They had their existence at the right time. They helped to direct and mould the body politic. By the lofty principles of religion and virtue which they embodied and taught, their influence could not fail to be salutary. They furnished models of liberty, controlled by subjection and obedience to rightful authority; and more, through their intelligent clergy and

laity they gave efficient coöperation to the establishment and maintenance of good government. Many of the fruits of that coöperation remain in existing institutions and forms of public policy. Some of the good beginnings, with regret it is confessed, revolutions of later times have destroyed—for example, the reasonable, just, and once popular Sunday Laws of the State.

In schemes of benevolence the Presbyterian Church has been prominent in liberality. Public institutions of charity have shared its bounty. Especially has it been an educating church. The cause of education from the first enlisted the interest of its clergy and laity. While as a class, the clergy were qualified educators, many of their number gave themselves to the special work of founding schools of learning, and instructing in them. Some of these institutions were temporary, as many of the enterprises of the country proved, but their work is permanent. Later times show monuments still existing. It is a satisfaction in reviewing the past to know that, both by its own exclusive efforts, and in association with other Christian helpers, particularly with their brethren of the Congregational Church, the Presbyterians have borne their part in the good and great work of enlightenment by means of the press and schools of learning, and have thus made their impress for good upon the noble State which they helped to found.

*Albert Williams.*

---

## INDIAN EDUCATION APPLIED TO THE SAN CARLOS RESERVATION.

THE following is an extract from a letter of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella, describing the natives met on his first voyage to the new world, at a time when conflict with them for possession of this continent had not begun:

"I swear to your Majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these, more affectionate, affable, or mild. They love their neighbors as themselves; their language is the sweetest, the softest, and the

most cheerful, for they always speak smiling; and, although they go naked, let your Majesties believe me, their customs are very becoming. And their king, who is served with great majesty, has such engaging manners that it gives great pleasure to see him; and also to consider the great retentive faculty of that people, and their desire of knowledge, which incites them to ask the causes and the effects of things."

This should be considered the perfectly

just and unprejudiced opinion of a disinterested party. Those who know the Indian best will agree with me, when I say that Columbus has not painted the natural Indian character in too high colors. The Indians will be found grateful, amiable, kind, and gentle. Their manners among themselves will be found worthy of imitation by whites. They are a most easily led people. Do not lie to them and do not steal from them, and they will trust and follow you always.

This last seems to be a very simple recipe with which to solve the Indian question, but it is a very difficult one for the Government to cause to be carried out.

Do not let me be understood as saying that the Indian is without faults; on the contrary, he is just as faulty as his white brother.

The following extract from "Arizona and Sonora," by Sylvester Mowry, expresses the sentiments of a large majority of frontiersmen:

"There is only one way to wage war against the Apaches. A steady, persistent campaign must be made, following them to their haunts—hunting them to the fastnesses of the mountains. They must be surrounded, starved into coming in, surprised, or inveigled by white flags, or any other method human or divine, and then put to death.

"If these ideas shock any weak-minded philanthropist, I can only say that I pity without respecting his mistaken sympathy. A man might as well have sympathy for a rattlesnake or tiger."

Treaties have been made only to be violated. Reservations have been given them, only to be taken away on the first discovery of coal or precious metal. Agents sent out by the Government to protect the Indians have in many, many cases proved dishonest, and in other ways unworthy of the trust reposed in them. Is it surprising that whole tribes, yes nations, sometimes go on the war-path, and commit the most inhuman atrocities?

Any detailed history of the wrongs which Indians have suffered would here be out of place, and any discussion of the present pol-

icy of the Government is not my purpose. There is, perhaps, no doubt that the aboriginal race must disappear. Mere contact with us melts them away, and they return to Mother Earth as other nations have done before them, and as we shall probably do after them. But their gradual disappearance should be by decrease in the number of births. Most are now on reservations, and, to be sure, they now and then do harm; but it is our duty as a conquering, overpowering race to treat them gently—though it is now late to begin—and let them pass quietly away as Nature has ordained.

The proposal of a practical, simple, and economical plan to ameliorate the condition of the Indian is all that I desire to present to the reader, and I will be as brief as possible. The particulars and details of any general system would vary, of course, with the natural features and physical characteristics of the country in which it may be pursued. To narrow the subject down, let me select the San Carlos Reservation, in Arizona.

The number of Indians on the reservation is about five thousand; the number of men about one in five—or one thousand in all. The Reservation consists of mountainous and low country. The climate is such that cultivation can succeed only by irrigation; and cultivation of any extent must be located along the bottom lands of the Gila River. The main agency buildings are at San Carlos, on the north bank of the Gila, and in a valley about twelve miles long and about four miles wide. Nearly all of this land is capable of irrigation. At a point about one mile east of the Agency Buildings the San Carlos River enters the Gila from the north. The land capable of irrigation along the San Carlos is about eight miles long and about two miles wide. All of this is rich, alluvial soil.

Though it is an underestimate, let us say that these two valleys contain fifty square miles, or thirty-two thousand acres. This would afford each Indian on the reservation, man, woman and child, something over six acres—a great plenty: much more than sufficient for support.

As irrigation is absolutely necessary for cultivation in this region, two main irrigating ditches would be required, one along the line of the Gila and one along the San Carlos. These ditches should be strong and large—strong, to be able to withstand the enormous pressure of high water, and large in order to carry an abundance of water in the dry season. It would be better never to begin a ditch, than to build a poor one liable to be washed away by the first freshet.

Some years ago, these Indians built themselves a ditch with a little Government aid. They planted their crops, and were clearing away new fields, when a freshet occurred, which washed away their main ditch (representing six months' labor), destroyed their crops, and left them really worse off than they were before beginning to work. So discouraged were they, that no attempt has since been made to construct a new ditch, or to repair the old one.

I desire to call the attention of the reader to this praiseworthy but unsuccessful attempt of the Indians to better their condition by a plan—originated by themselves—which is almost identical with the one proposed. The enterprise did not succeed, owing to the very limited appropriation available, which, of necessity, caused the ditch to be built in a flimsy, insecure manner. This lamentable fact I have from the lips of the gentleman who was agent at the time referred to.

Such a system of ditches, including such small *acequias* as would be needed, could not possibly cost more than fifty thousand dollars, and water could be thrown upon every square foot of these thirty-two thousand acres, which, instead of remaining barren wastes, as they are now, would then soon become beautiful farms, teeming with the abundant harvests which a rich soil and certain water insure. This fifty thousand dollars, though it seems large, would be but a drop in the bucket compared with the large sums spent in maintaining the San Carlos Agency alone. And what fruit would it bring? In two or three years the most warlike, treacherous, and cruel of Indian nations on this

continent would lay aside their arms, become farmers, and—what would please the taxpayer more—would become self-supporting.

The first step, however, must be the construction of the main ditches or canals, after which a small annual appropriation for necessary repairs would keep them in good condition as long as needed by the Apaches. The area capable of cultivation should then be surveyed, and divided between heads of families in proportion to the number each family contains. The land being surveyed and allotted to families, canals and irrigating ditches finished, it is now time to supply the necessary agricultural implements. The Indian should not be given a steam plough, a thresher, and a spring wagon, such as Mr. Vanderbilt would use, should he become a farmer—he needs only a hoe and a spade.

As the infant requires nourishment and careful general guidance, so would this infantile agricultural colony. Menspecially fitted for the task of teaching the Indians something more than rude farming should be employed.

In establishing families upon their respective farms, it is quite probable that some individuals of still hostile and warlike bands would prefer to rove and destroy, or to remain idle, rather than quietly settle down to work. This class should be turned over to the military authorities, and their desire for idleness be crushed out by keeping them idle.

Cattle being given to the farmers (they have plenty of horses now), and their farms improving, in a short time the tendency would be that this nation, from being warlike and cruel, would become peaceful and mild; from being a tax on the country, would become self-supporting; and the desire for blood would disappear. For many years the territory stretching along the Mexican line has been terrorized by this single Indian nation. Its mining industries have been greatly depressed. Its agricultural and cattle interests have in like manner suffered, and its inhabitants have been cruelly murdered. It is hardly to be wondered at that frontiersmen preach the doctrine of total extermination.

As time rolls on and the colony prospers, small schools should be established, governed by picked men, who should be paid sufficient salaries to insure interest in their work. The children should be taught gradually, and not rushed; and from personal observation I can predict that they would prove quick, ready, and anxious to learn. I would suggest that the elements of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography be taught at first; that the number of pupils in each school be such as would give greatest advantages with fewest schools.

Upon the happy selection of the teacher would the success of the school system in a great measure depend. He should be very mild, patient, and considerate with the little unformed creatures committed to his care, and should strive to get that obedience due to affection—not that due to the rod. He should be firm, but not severe, and, above all, he must be consistent. It takes but a short time to inspire a spirit of confidence in an Indian, and it is especially so in a young one; and this feeling once generated, the teacher will be regarded as a father and guide; in other words, teacher and scholar will look upon each other not as being in different boats, but in the same one.

In due time a novel phenomenon would ensue—that of an Indian instructor presiding over an Indian school. The parents, seeing the improvement in the children, and in their own condition, would bless the day that favored such a change. Marriages would be contracted in this first educated generation, and would produce children whose parents, understanding and appreciating the value and comfort of education, would more eagerly desire it for their children than their own parents did for them.

An advantage most justly claimed for this "little country school" system over other plans is this: That not only does it keep the similarly educated together as life neighbors and associates, but it combines mental and agricultural training on the very ground to be owned by and worked by them in the future; while a "boarding school" system necessarily affords advantages to a very limit-

ed number of children selected from widely separated bands, who, upon completion of their studies, return practically alone to their former homes, and having no companions of equal or superior learning, soon relapse into their former state of ignorance and barbarism.

The historical student has no doubt invariably noted that in the advancement of nations the first step is through the pastoral condition; and it may be argued that the plan here proposed is too sudden—that of combining the mental, agricultural, and pastoral. But from my own experience with Indians, and from the conversations I have had with those whose experience covers more years and is wider than my own, I have come to the firm conclusion that the Indian of today is undoubtedly as capable of being started on the mental and agricultural road as on the pastoral.

The grazing country of the San Carlos Reserve is unsurpassed in the quantity and quality of its grass and the abundance of its water. The winters are mild, and cattle would not therefore be subject to the terrible losses due to the severe cold and storms of the more northern country of the Ute and Sioux. The hills and valleys of the Sierra Ancha area, besides being plentifully watered by permanent streams and well timbered, are of such extent that Indian cattle will not be crowded. What more could the most fastidious cattle rancher desire?

The large herds of Wyoming owned by eastern capitalists return a minimum interest of thirty per cent. per annum on the investment; and contrasting the comparatively extravagant system of control in practice there and the heavy losses due to cold, with the economical plan of today pursued by the Indians with their few cattle and no loss from cold, one can readily conclude that the return from Indian management would be as large as that from white management, if not much larger.

That for the surplus cattle a market could readily be found will be understood, when I assure the reader that in 1881 and 1882 there were not enough beef cattle raised in

Arizona to supply the inhabitants of that territory alone. Cattle had to be driven from the state of Sonora in Old Mexico, and shipped from the ranges of the Pecos. Thus great pastoral wealth would result, accompanied by an ever increasing desire for peace and quiet.

As an evidence of this, let me refer the reader to the history of the ten or fifteen thousand Navajo Indians, who are rich in farms, bands of horses, sheep and cattle, and who are now considered permanently friendly; and why? Some eighteen years ago they rebelled. The officer in command against them directed his attention and forces, not against the Indians themselves, but began cutting down their orchards, and killing their stock, and finally, when thus despoiled of all their wealth, they sued for peace. And does the reader suppose the Navajos will make the same mistake again? "No: the Indian is no fool, and no man is a greater one than he who considers him as such. As with the Navajo, so may we also predict with the Apache.

Again, the Indian idea of the value of money is most correct. Attempt to cheat him in a bargain, and I promise you, you will become a sadder but a wiser man. He calculates to the fraction of a dollar with the same facility that we do (his being a decimal system as ours is), and I confess I was much astonished on my first appreciation of the accuracy of Indian calculation. As an illustration of Indian arithmetic, the writer begs to introduce the following anecdote:

In 1881, while in command of a company of Indian scouts in Arizona, I had occasion to march to the San Carlos Reservation, where the Indians of my company mingled with the discharged Indians of other companies, and probably related their different experiences for hours at a time. After leaving San Carlos we marched to the Mexican line. While in camp one afternoon some Indians of my company drew near to where I was sitting, reading some eastern newspapers. I judged from their manner that they had something particular to talk about, and

I quietly waited until they were ready to begin.

They told me that, while they were at San Carlos, they had spoken to some lately discharged members of an Indian company not belonging to the Arizona complement, and in the course of their conversation they learned that the members of this company had received less pay for their services than they were entitled to receive. Having communicated to me the name of the person whom they suspected to be the thief, they asked me how much money he had stolen.

After trying mental arithmetic in vain, I finally got paper and pencil, and obtained a verified result, which I gave the Indians.

They told me my result agreed with theirs, and that they had asked me only to make sure of the correctness of their own work. Indeed, even had they not told me their ingenious method of verification, I could have divined it from their pleased expression of countenance.

It took me at least fifteen minutes to work the problem, and I was as much pleased with the equality of results as were the Indians themselves, if not more so. With this incident and many others of similar nature in my memory, I feel justified in holding that the Indian is a correct accountant.

The market for vegetable and fruit produce is even greater than that for cattle. The mining towns and military posts are now supplied with vegetables and fruits at most exorbitant rates, the demand being so vastly in excess of the supply. Similar remarks apply to grain.

With such treatment of the Indian as I have but poorly outlined, the now necessary wars of extermination would cease, and the tide of immigration would once more set in towards Arizona. Every nook and corner that would support life would be inhabited. Tired miners and ranchers could sleep without the dread of massacre in the gray of morning. The preaching of Indian extermination would cease, and truly a new Utopia would be at hand.

*Francis J. A. Darr.*

## TWO SONNETS OF LOST LOVE.

## I. HALLUCINATION.

My cruel love, of old I loved you so  
That all my life's most precious wine I poured,  
And took no heed to save a future hoard;  
I shattered every seal, and bade it flow.

I saw before me in a shining row  
Fair golden goblets on a goodly board,  
Wherein the purple draught my years had stored  
Met royally our happy lips aglow.

Now, love, the mist has melted, and I know  
That in a desert gray alone I stand,  
And all the gleaming drops go sinking slow  
Between the dry lips of the lifeless sand.—  
And yet, my cruel love, I love you so  
That still I pour, and cannot stay my hand.

## II. BEFORE BURIAL.

Alas to lie here, cold in heart and brain,  
With hands already folded for the grave,  
And, like a bit of drift the backward wave  
Has left ashore—a mocking symbol vain—  
The purple pansies mourning on the breast  
Whence surging thought and grief have ebbd away:—  
All pulse of hope in hopeless, blank arrest,  
All chance of better fortune gone for aye;—

So all-bereft that if you came today  
With late relenting, with warm hands and strong,  
Of reparation, meeting pulses numb,  
I should not know. Yet hath this power to lay  
A deeper loss on death's most utter wrong:  
—That, even too late, you surely will not come.

*Milicent Washburn Shinn.*

## HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR BOYS?

How shall we educate our boys? How anxiously parents ask themselves the question! How constantly it is repeated; and yet how little that is really definite upon the subject is available for our guidance. "What is a liberal education?" asks President Eliot of Harvard. What are the present aspects of college training? writes President Gilman; while the Abbé Martin, His Eminence Cardinal Manning, European Major Generals, scholars, professors, and others, discuss the subject in the leading periodicals of the day. Everywhere prevails the conviction that the world has outgrown old methods and the ancient curriculum; but as to what is to be substituted, so few are agreed, that it behooves every man to think for himself, and to teach his children to think for themselves, so far as their experience will permit.

Some men have a prejudice against "too much education!" In this community, and the West, generally, there are plenty such. So many college graduates achieve so little, and so many "self-made men" so much, that considered superficially, their objections appear to have weight. But they fail to consider that education does not make the man, though it may make the scholar. Even ignorance cannot dwarf some men, nor can education make giants of others. Some natures cannot be kept down. They may be repressed by poverty, adversity, and ignorance, but they rebound, in spite of fate, the moment the outward pressure is removed. And there are others whom no amount of upheaval can force from the shallowest depths to the surface. God made the man, or the child, rather, and it is the first duty of the parent to ascertain the possibilities of the plastic clay, for the preliminary moulding of which it is his high privilege to be responsible.

It is certain that in these days no one seeks to underestimate the value of knowledge. If they question the advantages of a "liberal

education," it is because, in their estimation, a degree is not evidence that a man has been educated in a manner most suited to the requirements of the age. In this they may be perfectly correct, though wrong in supposing that to offer any argument against the higher education in general. Their error is in expecting that any university training can produce a finished man, turned out, like a coin from the mint, with the stamp upon him, to pass current anywhere, and achieve anything. In point of fact, the education of the schools—of any school, college, or university—is but a small part, comparatively, of modern education. The strife of life in this nineteenth century demands that the college career be most carefully prepared for long before entering, and abundantly supplemented long after leaving college. It is inevitable that a great university partakes very much of the nature of a machine. A youth may be fast or slow, superficial or thorough; he may acquire mechanically, or he may be of that higher quality to grind which is hopeless—impossible to fetter by rules and formulas; but the faculty can take no notice of these subtle variations of the human fiber. The student is cast into the mould; squeezes through the narrow limits of the examination; is passed and stamped, and they have done with him. His gain during the process may be measured by the care with which he was prepared to enter college, and the intelligence with which he has used his opportunities. The university can do little for a youth who is not eager to help himself. If not mentally athirst, the wisdom of the ages is to him as a dried-up fountain.

Learning is of value in exact proportion to the use that can be made of it. How few students fully understand—how few can be expected to understand—the practical purpose of the knowledge which they are expected to acquire; the uses to which it will be put in after life. It is the necessity of

supplementing all teaching by independent purpose-full effort, which so many parents and guardians fail to realize. How much more intelligently a youth would apply himself, if his college course could *follow* a two years' initiation into his life work instead of preceding it! Then, at least, he would know the full meaning of much that appears abstract and even useless. If he could be set to achieve with insufficient knowledge, to build without the builder's art, and have the superstructure fall and bruise him a little!

A youth is sent to college, say, at eighteen, and leaves at two and twenty. Perhaps, there has been no resolve as to his career. The father, possibly a self-made man, has an exaggerated idea of what such an education ought to do for his son; perhaps, expects to see him shoot up like a rocket immediately after obtaining his degree. "I have given my boy a splendid education," he says; "now let him make his own way. I had no university training, yet I have made a success of life; surely he ought to be able to do as much with all his advantages." But, in point of fact, if the boy has not been educated for any special career, and is turned loose in this way, he is already handicapped for the race of life. While less favored youths have been learning the art of making a living, he has been shut up, and carefully prevented from acquiring the first principles of useful practical knowledge. His studies will certainly have tended to disqualify him from money getting, if only that his attention has been directed to higher and better things; and by being dependent, of course, upon his parents meanwhile, he fails, probably, to cultivate those habits of close economy which prove the foundation of the fortunes of most self-made fathers. It is like cutting a bird's wings, and casting it forth to fly, to so treat a youth. He knows absolutely nothing that will enable him to make a living, except, perhaps, to teach; and hence the fate of so many brilliant scholars.

Thus, then, since it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that a youth of eighteen has formed very definite plans as to his future career, or reflected profoundly upon the nature of

college training, the more important that his parents or guardians think for him; for, in most cases, if he fail, neither the youth nor the college is to blame; none but those who start him on the voyage of life without a rudder, and expect him to reach a distant port in safety. Rest assured that he will not *drift* anywhere, except upon the rocks or shoals. His career should be shaped before he enters college. He must be given sufficient time and opportunity for preparation after he leaves it, and, if possible, his entry upon the actual practical duties of his career should be supplemented by a post graduate's course, after an insight into his life work has made sufficiently clear the exact nature and degree of knowledge which it is necessary or desirable for him to acquire.

Such an education as this, of course, presupposes ample means; for if the youth enters college at eighteen, graduates at two and twenty, enters upon his active duties for two years, and then takes a post graduate's course, he will be six or seven and twenty before he finally reenters his profession. But what better use could he have made of those years; provided always that the course be not too great a strain upon the resources of the parents? If you want to send a man thirsting to the fountains of knowledge, let him first enter upon life for awhile and feel his deficiencies; let him try, in vain, to lift the weight which covers all he most covets, if you wish him to learn how to use the lever; and then give him his opportunity. There are men now actually engaged in a professional career, of thirty, forty—yes, fifty years of age—men of mark, men who have won name, fame, and, perhaps, fortune, who would give half they possess—or hope to possess—for a three years' course at one of the great institutions for the study of the higher sciences. They sigh a sigh of longing and resignation at the bare suggestion of such a thing. And why? They had a university education! and no doubt made diligent use of it. But an active career has shown them their weakness. They have learned much, of course, in the great school of life—incomparably more than at

college. But they want to go back to the fountain source for awhile. It is fair to say that in the present day there is such an accumulation of knowledge in every branch of enquiry, that the utmost economy of effort is necessary—a degree of method, persistence, and thoroughness most difficult to practise in the midst of pressing duties. Let such a man feel the need of some special knowledge; if he be a little rusty, or if the subject intrude upon a field of modern research, comparatively unexplored in his college day, after studying a few weeks or months, he will find in all probability that he is building from the top downward, and that complete achievement under the conditions is almost impracticable. He, at least, knows what the value of a post graduate's course would have been, and wishes, no doubt, he could have entered upon an active professional career a little later, and have prepared for it even more thoroughly.

It is this necessity of supplementing all teaching by *method*, by independent personal and practical effort, which brings us to the gist of our subject. The prevalent mistake is in supposing that education ends where it ought to be considered as having only fairly begun. Every one of mature years can distinctly perceive an extra strain in the competition of life within his remembrance. Man is advancing in this age, principally by virtue of his mastery over nature. He is gradually harnessing the most subtle and mysterious of her forces to do his bidding. Each conquest, once complete, the working details are relegated to "the rule of thumb," by which nine-tenths—ninety-nine-one-hundredths of the actual work of life is achieved, while the discoverer advances to new triumphs. But this means the perpetual sovereignty of the thinker, and the hopeless subordination of the mere worker. These conditions are as surely crystallizing for the future as any great physical law—the subsidence of the water level or the upheaval and depression of continents. They become more perceptible, of course, in the great centers of civilization; but a great deal is compressed into life in these

modern days, and that which appears remote often overtakes us unawares.

This, in which we live, is the most practical of communities, but it is evident that even here the day of the uneducated man is gradually passing away. Our mines of free gold and silver are, if not approaching exhaustion, at least no longer plentiful. Their productiveness has been wonderful. The extravagance, incompetence, and recklessness of their management will be better understood and more deplored at a later day than it is now. The mineral wealth for the coming generations lies locked—wisely guarded by "rebellious" combinations from the extravagant greed of man. Mines as rich—perhaps with one exception richer than have ever been opened—are scattered broadcast throughout the country, awaiting only scientific knowledge, economy, and skill to surrender their treasures. Our agricultural resources, long abused, and robbed very much after the same manner as our superficial mineral wealth, are already beginning to need the direction of superior intelligence, of rotation and variety of crops, fertilization, irrigation, drainage, and scientific direction. He who thinks that even the miner or the farmer of the future is to be successful without knowledge grossly deceives himself; and, if he brings up his children under that delusion, he and they are destined to pay the inevitable penalty. If you wish your boy to know what ignorance means, take him into the mountains, let him see the ruins of promising enterprises wrecked for the want of knowledge. It is not necessary to go far, or to travel wide. In every cañon, in every creek, lie the crumbling monuments of ignorance and pretense. Take him through some of the agricultural valleys, and let him see the land sown persistently to wheat for thirty years, without variation or renewal. Let him understand by what methods alone it can be restored and made productive. Show him the vineyards already threatened by the ravages of an insect apparently insignificant, but which has so far defied the utmost knowledge of man, and explain the reward awaiting the scientist who can solve

that subtle problem. Take him into the workshops and factories; let him try to plan without mathematics, to design without draughtsmanship; let him realize that he may have to direct these skilled artisans, to know better than they the principles which underlie the labor which they perform—that he can only improve or correct their work from the foundation sources of human knowledge—and you shall send an enthusiast to college, who, even among the driest and dustiest of folios—"the fossilized remnants of knowledge of long extinct and inferior generations, written in languages appropriately termed dead"—shall yet bring to light the foundation stones for the modern edifice which he seeks to build.

No reflection is here meant upon the value of a classical course. If a youth is destined for any of the "learned professions," the classics are to him of primary and science of secondary importance. The war which has been waged upon a too exclusive devotion to the classics, on the part of our universities, has already, probably, made the course of study sufficiently optional—at least, in the United States. It is not yet, perhaps, all that could be desired, but even the obnoxious "cram" has its uses. It is a good thing to be able to cram. Some professions utilize cram—the law, for example. It is difficult to find more interesting or instructive reading than some of the celebrated cases of modern days, where a great lawyer, in a few weeks, reads up, so as to confute a learned professional upon his own vantage ground. Nothing shows to greater perfection what can be achieved in a short time by a thoroughly trained mind, and as a corollary, of course, the exceptional value of such training. But the colleges alone never made a lawyer, though there have been many great lawyers with little, if any, college training. It is the great school of life that makes the lawyer, as it makes the man of mark in any profession or pursuit.

It should never be forgotten that the ordinary college course cannot teach anything completely. The degree does not mean that a youth is proficient—simply that he

has received a thorough training in the foundations of general knowledge. "I have learned almost all I know of Latin and Greek away from school and college," says Proctor, "not critical, construction-balancing, word-weighing, sentence-analyzing mastery, which is useful enough for those who want it, but the power to read Greek and Latin with enjoyment." And this is the testimony of the expert in every branch of knowledge.

It is clear, then, that the young man, upon leaving college, has still his life work to learn, and then, *more than at any other period of his life*, does he need the encouragement and counsel of parent or guardian. His retirement from active pursuits during the long years of probation has tended to disqualify him, temporarily, for the strife of life. "Yes, yes," he says sadly, "I can do well enough here, but after college what?" Of course, they who have fathers, brothers, and friends in active pursuits, and whose career has been predestined, feel no such apprehensions; but there is always a considerable minority who have to make their own way without experienced direction. Well may they sigh, poor boys, upon leaving their *alma mater*. The world expects great things of them, but will shoulder them roughly enough ere they fight their way to the front unaided.

It is interesting to know that whereas, formerly, men went to the universities only to prepare for the professions, now, many business men, merchants, manufacturers, and even well-to-do farmers and tradesmen, are giving their boys the advantage of the higher education, although destining them to follow their own pursuits. Thus, in New England, and even in the West, college-bred men are to be found in all these careers. This can but ennoble the pursuit, whatever it be, and sooner or later bring a harvest of perhaps unexpected proportions. It is exactly what we want: educated men in every-day pursuits—men, who, after they become proficient in the details of their business, will reconsider, remodel, and refine everything which they touch, ennobling our trade, agriculture, commerce, and politics.

It is pleasant to think that this practical view of the educational question affords encouragement not only to the scholar, but to the youth who enjoys no greater opportunities than those afforded by the common school; for, while the college-bred man suffers from a want of sufficient understanding of the practical application of the knowledge he is acquiring, the boy placed out at an early age to business or a trade can measure exactly what he needs to learn to make himself a thorough proficient in his business, and by concentrating his leisure upon the mastery of a single problem, or of one at a time, outstrip at the outset his more learned competitor. At least, if he be diligent and studious, he can be far on the road to fortune by the time the graduate is leaving college. But there must be no "rule of thumb" about his work. He must resolve to go to the sources of knowledge, prepare himself to cut loose from precedent, and rebuild from the foundation up: if a navigator, to be independent of all prepared formula; if a mechanic, of his patterns; if a chemist of his tables. Learned men—college-bred men, probably—prepared them for him; but any youth can, at least, make himself a thorough master of his own business, and by being a specialist, learn, probably, to improve upon inherited methods. If we measure success in life by the commonly accepted standard, he has a greater opportunity to become rich than the college man; for in these days of competition, he who learns to make or produce anything but a fraction better and cheaper than his neighbor, has a certain fortune at his command. Whatever men have learned practically, their knowledge is always more efficient. The universities can teach theory; they rarely teach—sometimes it is impossible to teach—practice. It is necessary for men to do, to achieve, *to be responsible for the outcome*, before they really know anything. A college can teach the science of navigation, surveying, or book-keeping; but the most brilliant of those who distinguish themselves in these studies are children on board a ship, or in an extensive mine, or great commercial house. Yet no

one would return to college for a few years with more ardor than a great navigator, or an experienced miner and metallurgist. Modern educators recognize this, especially the scientific educators. The students pass direct from the lecture room to the laboratory, and at once put theory into practice, so far as it is practicable to do. In the Royal School of Mines and Normal School of Science, South Kensington, England, where the studies are directed by such men as Huxley, Tyndall, and others equally eminent, students are taught to manufacture even their own mechanical appliances, scientific instruments, etc. One might suppose a student about to set up as a Jack of all trades from the nature of his outfit. A youth so educated really knows what he has been taught. In the education of scientific men this method must prevail. When it is wanting—the school of life and the post graduate's course may perhaps supply it—the resolution and devotion of the student can achieve much if the foundation is only well laid and the initial direction correctly given.

So far, we have spoken only of education as it affects the success of our boys in life. But what is success in life? Is it material prosperity alone?—money, position, and influence? This is the popular view of the subject, emphasized by the race we everywhere see made for it—the revolting, undignified, dishonorable scramble for wealth. But they who have made it, perhaps, do not find all they anticipated in possession. Is this the wish of self-made fathers for their sons—that the boys shall follow in their footsteps, repeat their own career? Very few of them desire it. They, at least, have learned that money is but one factor—the first and lowest; the foundation upon which they hope to see their boys build a nobler edifice. And the boy, on his part, relieved from the miserable slavery and degradation of mere money-getting, which somebody has called "the pauper instinct," reaches joyously towards a higher standard. What says the State? Is it true, as has been recently asserted, that "a want of honor is the most remarkable feature in our American civiliza-

tion"? If even the declaration can be made without challenging indignant and universal denial, we know that there is no real success for our boys in life greater or more conspicuous than to cleanse us from such a stain upon the nation. It is too true! There is corruption and dishonorable dealing prevalent everywhere, in public and private life. It is too painful to say what should be said upon this subject, what we all know and deplore. Let us, then, educate our sons to achieve a success of another kind. Mere education cannot accomplish it unaid-

ed; but education upon a foundation of Christian training and high principle can achieve it. Let us try to bring forward a race of men who will do right for right's sake, even though they suffer for it—even though toil, misapprehension and poverty await them. We had a race of men not afraid to die on the battle-field for principle; let us now educate a race not afraid to live for it; not to achieve mere material prosperity, but to live as man was designed to live, to the honor and glory of God in the elevation of the human race.

---

### A ROMAN FESTIVAL.

THE Eve of Befana was welcomed at Rome with a prodigious beating of tin cans and a deafening noise of tin trumpets. The small boy constituted himself master of ceremonies, and by eight o'clock the noise and confusion had reached a pitch that would have put an American Fourth of July to shame. The streets were filled to overflowing with a gay crowd of pleasure-seekers, all laughing, talking, and pushing each other along in the direction of the Piazza Navona. Before the afterglow had fairly faded from the sky, torches began to appear in the narrow streets leading out of the Corso, and the blast of trumpets was heard from the *piazza*.

As the giving of presents, which in England and America takes place on Christmas day, is postponed in Rome until Epiphany, the peasants always hold a fair on the evening preceding. The Piazza Navona has been for years the scene of the display, and thus became the center of the Befana festivities. Entered from the Via Guistinian, it presented a gay scene. A row of brilliantly-lighted booths enclosed the square, which was filled with a noisy crowd of people, shouting and blowing trumpets in each other's ears. Torches went flying about in every direction. Small boys dragged about battered coal oil cans, and thumped them lustily to add to the confusion. Every contrivance for torturing

the ears of suffering humanity seemed to have been resorted to. The trumpets had been pierced with holes to increase their compass; and as no two of them produced notes in the same key, the discord can be imagined.

The childlike nature of the Italians strikes every observer. Though this feast is considered the especial holiday of the children, the old people evidently do not scorn to take part in it. In the center of the *piazza* an old man of sixty was jumping delightedly up and down on one leg, with a trumpet in each hand, applying himself vigorously to first one and then the other.

It required no small sacrifice of personal dignity and comfort to push into the crowd which moved along in front of the booths. These were filled with knick-knacks of every description. There were carved and painted wooden boxes, brackets, and shelves, gay scarfs, cheap jewelry, pins carved out of lava, and, in particular, quantities of coral, a bit of which is worn by every Italian, man, woman and child, as a protection against the baleful influences of the "evil eye." In some of the booths tin-ware of every description was displayed; in others, soap and other household necessities, for which the peasant women drove hard bargains with the wily tradesmen—whose use of the "five francs,

four francs, what will you give?" system is only a little more bare-faced than that of their more aristocratic brethren in the Corso. Some of the booths were given up to small shows. The fronts of these were placarded with pictures of the beauties or monstrosities to be seen within. The doors were guarded by men who shouted themselves red in the face in the vain attempt to be heard above the din.

By far the greater number of the booths, however, were devoted to displays of toys; for this festival is *par excellence* the children's feast. The Eve of Befana is to the children of Italy what Christmas Eve is to the little folks of England and America. The office of our genial old Santa Claus is filled by the hag Befana. The children stand greatly in awe of her. In the main, she must be good-natured and kindly disposed toward them, for it is she who fills their stockings. But her ill-will toward naughty children is well known, and is impressed upon the unruly by a curious ruse. The children are taken to see the gorgeous displays of toys, which in Rome are of remarkable beauty and ingenuity, and to the stalls where fruits and goodies are displayed. While they stand lost in admiration of the tempting things, a dark figure of Befana, cunningly arranged in the background, leans forward and taps them warningly on the shoulder. This is interpreted by the parents to mean that Befana is offended at some misdoing. The small culprits hasten to confess their sins, and make endless promises of good behavior in the future; after which Befana relents, and in place of the dreaded stick brings sweetmeats and toys.

By nine o'clock the noise and confusion in the *piazza* became unbearable. For the sons and daughters of the Campagna, hardened by long custom, the fun was just beginning. But most strangers were glad to escape to distant quarters of the city, hoping to find rest for their tortured nerves. It was a vain hope. The more sedate of the revelers, tired of the noise, betook themselves to the various *cafés* in the neighborhood, and there made merry in a manner more digni-

fied. But squads of small boys and young men separated themselves from the crowd in the *piazza*, and paraded the streets with drums and trumpets. Some of them carried huge jumping-jacks and rag effigies.

As the Eve of Befana is a time of special license, the small boys utilize it in paying off old scores. One unfortunate, who had incurred the ill-will of one of these bands, was treated to a serenade after the most approved Italian fashion. A superannuated tambourine served as an accompaniment to the leader, whose musical attainments were limited to a single strain from one of the popular operas. This he repeated over and over again, the whole company joining in vigorously on the last two notes, and ending with a prolonged nasal drawl; after which there was an interlude on the tambourine, followed by a solo on the afflicted man's knocker. Then the whole operation was repeated over again. This was kept up till near daylight. At last the young rascals yielded to the entreaties of the neighbors, and moved off, leaving their victims to get what benefit they could from the remnant of much-needed sleep that was left to them.

The Church of Santa Maria, in Aracoeli, on the Capitoline Hill, is the great center of interest on Epiphany. It is one of the oldest churches in Rome, and for centuries has been the place of gathering for the country people at Christmas time. It is approached by a broad flight of stone steps, dating from the thirteenth century. Here the country people congregated in great numbers, and here the sharp Roman traders came, and offered for sale, with perfect impartiality, pictures of the King, the saints, and airily attired ladies. All were accepted as equally holy by the peasants, whose ignorance is so great that many of them cannot distinguish the Virgin Mary from a modern Parisienne. This ignorance is not confined to Italy. In a window in a Bavarian town we saw displayed a number of sacred images of the Virgin, among which were two figures of Chinese women, unmistakably such to Californian eyes, but, perhaps, less palpably inappropriate to a devout peasant brought up on the

old masters. Pointed bits of coral, to be worn as charms against the "evil eye," for which there is an unlimited demand in superstitious Italy, were also offered for sale; and little images of the *Sacro Bambino*, or Holy Infant, the most precious possession of the Church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli.

Inside the church the sacred image itself was displayed. It is a little waxen figure of the infant Jesus, about a foot and a half in height. This image is believed to be endowed with the most remarkable miracle-working properties. Its influence is especially powerful in cases of imminent danger from sickness. It is, therefore, frequently carried to the houses of the sick, a carriage and four horses being kept at its command. Being invoked and propitiated by gifts, it is said sometimes to accomplish wonderful cures.

From Christmas to Epiphany, the *Sacro Bambino* is an object of special interest. It is made the center of a religious show. A *presepio* or manger is fitted up in imitation of the stable of Bethlehem, or rather in accordance with the Italian Catholic idea of that scene. Last Epiphany the representation was particularly splendid. A large side chapel was devoted to it. The manger was placed on one side, and the scene retired into a landscape whose perspective only needed the help of a little vigorous imagination. In the background were disposed figures of various animals—a placid cow, a frowsy donkey, and several stiff-legged sheep. Bundles of hay and other appropriate stable ornaments were scattered carelessly around. In the midst of these lowly surroundings sat a life-size image of the Virgin, dressed in a robe of many colors, and painted and adorned with the splendor of an African princess. On her knee she held the *Bambino*, crowned and dressed in a robe of gold cloth, literally covered with jewels. Joseph stood beside her in a green cloak; and in front of her knelt the three kings of the East, offering their gifts to the child. Above the group hovered a host of angels, enveloped in gauze clouds, and in their midst, God the Father, with the dove, representing the Holy

Ghost, above his head. This daring addition is a little startling at first sight, but it is too common in Italy to be a matter of comment.

The *presepio* is exhibited from Christmas to Epiphany. During this time numbers of children are daily brought to the church to offer their prayers to the *Bambino*. The little things, some of them not more than five or six years old, are lifted upon a high platform beside one of the great columns. They recite long poems in honor of the Christ child; then, dropping on their knees, address their prayers to his image. The friends of the children crowd about the platform with faces full of pride and interest. It is amusing to see the jealousy of the mothers. One woman, alarmed at the success of a rival speaker, set her own child on the platform before the other had done speaking, ostensibly to have her ready for her turn, but in reality to divide the attention of the audience.

Later, there was a procession in honor of the Holy Child. After celebrating mass at the high altar, the Archbishop, attended by a long procession of priests, choir boys, and great numbers of the common people, each carrying a lighted taper, proceeded down the side aisle to the manger, took the *Bambino* from the arms of the Virgin, and lifting it above his head, walked solemnly around the church with it, up one aisle, down the nave, and up the other aisle to the altar. The organ music and chanting was magnificent. To the most unsympathetic, the ceremony was impressive. To the devout country people, it was more. As the procession approached, moving slowly up the aisle, they fell on their knees, and bowed their heads before the little painted image. The chief actor in this scene was an old, white-haired man. His face was keen and sharp-featured, his expression as impenetrable as that of the Sphinx. He moved solemnly along, holding the image in front of him, and whether fervent belief and sympathy with the kneeling people around him, or only contempt for their ignorance, lay behind his impenetrable mask, could not be judged. If he was not honest, he will have a heavy account to answer for some day in a higher court.

May L. Cheney.

## ETC.

DIED at Berkeley, Dec 14th, 1884, the Hon. SHERMAN DAY, aged 78 years and 10 months.

The readers of the *OVERLAND* will recall the fact that Mr. Day was only a few months ago a contributor to its pages. As an old Californian, he was called on for reminiscences of his life in this State; and those which he furnished were of peculiar interest. In what he then wrote, he showed pleasure in commemorating the virtues and services of some of his fellow-pioneers. It is now his turn to receive a brief tribute of grateful remembrance and appreciation.

Mr. Day was born in New Haven, Connecticut, the son of President Jeremiah Day, of Yale College. His mother was Martha Sherman, whose father was Roger Sherman, the stalwart patriot and Federal Senator. Through other daughters of the Sherman family, our Mr. Day was a cousin of George R. S. Baldwin, of Wm. M. Evarts, and of Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts. He grew up in a college atmosphere, and imbibed the full college spirit. The President's house was then on the college square, and the young boy never lost the music of the college bell. He graduated from Yale in the class of 1826. Among his classmates were Prof. W. A. Larned, the Rev. Professors Barrows and Cowles, the Rev. Doctors Blanchard and Preston, Dr. Jared Linsly, and Treasurer Wyllis Warner. He chose for his profession civil engineering, and spent some time abroad in study and travel. After his return he married Miss Elizabeth King. In 1831-2, Mr. Day lived in the south of France, engaged in business. Coming back to America, he was induced by considerations of health to go to what was then the West, for the practice of his profession. For him the West was Ohio and Indiana. After three or four years he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was a trusted parishioner and adviser of Henry Ward Beecher. Whatever eccentricities and audacities may have marked the course of the Brooklyn orator, they are certainly not due to the influence of such advisers as Mr. Day.

In 1849 Mr. Day came to California, and for more than a quarter of a century he was part and parcel of the busy life of the State. His profession kept him on the wing, and his home was in various cities and counties. Since 1864 he has lived in Oakland and Berkeley, though sometimes taken away for months by private business or professional engagements. In 1873 he was called to part with the wife who had been the light of his home. At the homes of his daughters he found a congenial resting-place for his later years. Two daughters and two sons survive him.

He filled posts of high professional trust; among them was the superintendency for some eight years

of the great quicksilver mine at New Almaden. A politico-professional office was that of United States Surveyor-General for California, held for several years. His service here was admirable; but the party managers found that he was too little of a politician, and would not run the office in the interest of any party machine. If any one wishes to know why the "good old party" has at last come to grief, he has only to find out why such officials as Sherman Day were displaced by the same administration which appointed them. A more purely political office was that held by Mr. Day as State Senator, in 1855-6. He was elected as a Democrat. The Whig party had received its death-blow in 1852, and the foundations were slowly laid for a new political organization. N. P. Banks was prominent in the work; and in the early part of 1856, after a protracted and very exciting contest, he was elected Speaker of the Lower House of Congress. The Democrats of the California Legislature felt aggrieved, and voiced their indignation in a resolution which Mr. Day alone refused to support. The incident well illustrated his sturdy independence.

He was ever a man of public spirit, ready to enlist in any good enterprise. In an interesting letter published in the University "Occident," Dr. S. H. Wiley relates how Mr. Day united with a few other pioneers, in December, 1849, in planning for a college in this State. Few men then expected to stay on this coast; fewer still thought about laying the foundations of a well-ordered and refined community. From those early deliberations came, in time, the College of California, which paved the way for the present University. Mr. Day was one of the earliest of the college trustees, and was at one time president of the Board.

Such a man could not but be a public man; for, in a State like ours, we have had to call on all the able counselors and self-sacrificing workers. But his disposition and his tastes led him to take especial pleasure in domestic life, and he shone most genially in the limited circle of the home and the neighborhood. He loved to talk with his friends; and none of these could give more than he received in their exchange of thoughts. He had the calm, judicial temper, coupled with a scientific and literary enthusiasm. He made thorough investigations, and gave good reasons for his conclusions. He interested himself in outward and public affairs, while yet he did not lose patience at the follies of men. A serene Christian spirit kept him unruffled by disappointment, full of hope for himself and the world, buoyant with faith in the near and the heavenly future. One remembered the ideal old age of his father, living on into the last de-

cade of his century, and predicted for the son an equally serene and beautiful—perhaps, an equally protracted—ascend to the highest rounds of our earth-ladder. The expectation was cut short. A local trouble developed itself with unusual swiftness; and he passed away, willingly and trustfully, while the Sabbath morning bell was summoning his neighbors to the worship he used to frequent.

At first thought, such men as Mr. Day seem out of place in a new and restless community. They are too modest, too self-respecting, too considerate of others, to elbow their way to the highest places and the most lucrative rewards. But the quiet forces are the most abiding, and often the strongest. California could ill spare the uncomplaining, resolute, persistent workers, who have wrought their very lives into the foundations of our society. Of such men, Sherman Day was a memorable and noble example.

### Valentine.

SWEET valentine of mine  
The weather is propitious;  
The wind sets fair,  
The balmy air  
Is bracing and delicious;  
A California spring, in fine,  
O sweet, sweet valentine of mine.

Sweet valentine of mine  
The winter is abating.  
The flowers are out,  
The bees about,  
The birds are all a-mating.  
O let me take it for a sign,  
Sweet, sweet valentine of mine!

Sweet valentine of mine  
The winter is abating.  
Be not so coy,  
But yield to joy,  
And keep me not awaiting,  
But come—yourself, incarnate Spring divine,  
O sweet, sweet valentine of mine!

M. F. Rowntree.

### Moods.

DAWN has blossomed: the sun is nigh:  
Pearl and rose in the wimpled sky,  
Rose and pearl on a brightening blue:  
(She is true, and she is true!)

The noonday lies all warm and still  
And calm, and over sleeping hill  
And wheatfields falls a dreamy hue:  
(If she be true—if she be true!)

The patient evening comes, most sad and fair:  
Veiled are the stars: the dim and quiet air  
Breathes bitter scents of hidden myrrh and rue:  
(If she were true—if she were only true!)

E. R. S.

### A Letter From the Middle West.

FRANKTON, STATE OF —, Dec. 20, 1884.

#### Editor Overland:

There is nothing truer in all the literature of maxims than the German aphorism: "*Wir unterschätzen das was wir haben, und überschätzen das was wir sind.*" We underestimate what we have, and overestimate what we are." So, it has sometimes seemed to me, since I left California, that Californians are in the habit of doing, as to themselves and their country. They have an intense patriotism for "the Coast": they are proud of the big things they grow, and of the bigger things they expect, and which it is flat treason not to expect; they have a wonderful pride and reliance in themselves. Each true Californian greets every other in the morning with a certain buoyant and mutual satisfaction, as if each congratulated the other on having had a hand in producing the astonishing sky, the bracing air, and the View. But when the Californians retire into strict privacy, as in a railroad car, when there is nobody in the seat before or behind, and exchange confidences about New England, or York State, or Geo'gia, do they not seem—as Californians—to "underestimate what they have"?

As to climate and weather, for example: The Californian is prone to enshrine in his memory two or three of the most splendid days he ever knew in his old home, and with these he compares all the weather he gets. It is like his mother's mince pies: there never was anything like them since. Happy illusion of the past! He has forgotten the nightmare that lurked but thinly concealed under the seductive pie-crust; and he has equally forgotten the mud, the drizzle, the slush, the stung ears, the frost-bitten feet, the weeks of slaty sky, the pinched and morose village population—half of them just coming down with a "cold," and the other half just getting well enough to nurse them through it. All these delights of the departed days are forgotten: *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*. The beautiful snow! How well he remembers plunging through the feathery drifts, as a school-boy, and tumbling into the fluffy hollows, and tossing the glittery, white dust of it into the keen sunshine. And how the pulse quickened, and the boy's stout heart thumped under his jacket! and how rosy the school-girls' cheeks were, as he scudded them along on the new sled with the sharp nose and the rakish runners! Well, there is a beauty in it—this wonderful snow, today. It is not all an illusion of memory. Even an exiled Californian, sitting a little shivered (for the piercing needles of zero air *will* come in at the window cracks, where one sits to catch the scanty light of the wintry sky, in spite of the packing and the great fires inside)—even he, "who comes to scoff, remains to" admire, as he watches the fairy frost-work on the pane and the falling stars of snow. Yesterday, as I drew a bucket of water, the deep well, icy cold in the hot summer days, smoked now in the keen air. The mercury was eight below zero. The

iron bale of the bucket, dripping with water, was instantly glassed with ice, as it emerged into the upper air. The barrel of the windlass and the wound rope, before I stirred them, were feathered over with fern-like white forms, half an inch deep—the frozen breath of the well. The inside of the curb was still more delicately lined with this down, or lace, of snowy crystals. On the street, the snow gives under the feet on a zero day, with a crisp crunch and a keen creak—"low on the sand and loud on the stone," and louder yet on the reverberating board-walk.

A landscape of snow, like this I see through the gaps of the frost-work on my windows, is a wonderful spectacle. As Emerson said of the miracle of the starry night sky, if this vision of a world in white were a thing of but one day in a century, and at some one spot on the globe, all its population would flock thither to behold. Has the old Californian forgotten the details of its aspect? Has the young Californian never yet seen it at all, or only that remotesuggestion of it when, once or twice in a winter, the bare hills are streaked with shining white, and Tamalpais wears ermine on its purple robe for a brief morning hour? Why did we not all go up to Lake Tahoe every midwinter, and have a look at the genuine thing? A white world! For it is not only that the fields are white, but every rail of every fence is white, and every limb and twig of every tree. The dry stalks of last autumn's wild asters and golden-rod are tufted with cottony snow. Every frozen weed holds tiny cupfuls of it. In the village, the roofs are thatched with thick wool, and the chimneys capped, and window-hoods and window-ledges wool-cushioned, and the dooryards piled, and fences and doorsteps all rounded up with the deep and solid whiteness—all but little paths that the housemaid has swept down the middle of the steps and walk, and hurried in, beating the frosty powder out of her broom. Along the frozen river the hemlocks are loaded down with their white burden. Only a black outline of bent stem or branch shows through. They are toppling huts of snow, and here and there belated birds—small wood-peckers, or irrepressible tom-tits—are the little natives that inhabit them. The very sky is white, only a duller snow-color than that of the smooth floor of the landscape. But the night sky is black as ink, and as I looked up last evening from the twinkling village street, the great snow-covered elms stood against it like reversed silhouettes—white on a deep black ground. Among their frozen twigs the stars shone very big and wonderful, and every tree seemed a Christmas tree with lighted tapers.

A great spectacle, this snowy winter world! And, you see, the true old Californian in me falls to noting only the splendid side of it, even as I write. But there is another side. Day after day the mercury hangs about the zero point. The pipe freezes. The chickens stray out and lose their toes. The horses, in spite of their winter coats of shag, shiver and suffer, and look piteously at the shrugged and muffled

passengers, who hurry past their aching noses, as they stand hitched along the sidewalk. The poor children are pinched. Their little, cold faces look patient, as if they took it as a matter of course that people should ache for four months in the year. The citizen is shut up in himself. He hugs his fireside. He meditates, and tries to digest his food. His conversation is "Yea, yea"; or oftener, "Nay, nay." If he goes out, it is for a necessary errand. He does not shake hands with his fellow-man, for they both wear thick mittens, and there is no grace or sentiment in the mutual shake of two frozen bolsters. He would not do it if he could. His feeling is hostile to all flesh. The citizen's wife makes no calls, and receives none. The door-bell wire is broken, and nobody has it repaired. As to the spectacle of the snow, we have seen it too many days. It was beautiful when it came, but it would be more beautiful if it would go away. It lies silent, cold, still—smooth over dead garden and dead lawn; a little smutted now with fallen soot, which the wind has blown into dingy wrinkles. Here and there a wandering track breaks its surface, where a starveling dog has limped across in the night on some forlorn search for a frozen bone. It is no longer interesting. It is a dead sea of white that has inundated the land, and lies there, smooth, cold, treacherous, stuffed with promise and potency of rheumatism and bone-ache,—

"A bitter heart that bides its time and bites."

The Californian is far better off to be under his own friendly Italian skies, looking across the opaline azure of the Bay Beautiful, and watching the tender green of the New Year's grass on the thither hill-sides, mixing with the tender blue of the airy distance, and leaving it to me to freeze here and tell him about it.

But there are other things besides his weather that the Californian sometimes underestimates. His civilization, for example. Dare I go into that? Among ourselves, perhaps I may. There are two species of young Californians: let it be understood which one's point of view I try to meet. There is one who has conceived of nothing greater or better than his own immediate surroundings; who has dreamed of no art or literature or society or culture, beyond that which lies within his present scope and grasp; to whom the local magnate is the one stupendous ideal of manly attainment, and the local manners and customs the one foreordained law of human conduct. To this species, the Coast is all there is. The East is a distant and ill-defined limbo, from which came, according to tradition, an older and much inferior variety of Californian, and to whose bourne occasionally a superannuated Californian returns. But there is another species, whose view of the relative value of East and West is quite different, and perhaps errs on the other side. To him the far West, in which he finds himself, seems crude, provincial, new—a region of raw materials, of hopelessly unrecognized limitations:

while the East looms magnificent in the distance ; the proud seat of ancestral traditions ; the source of refined manners, of art, of culture ; the home of a serene and dignified society, equally removed from the loud barbarism of the *sans-culottes* and the antics of the *nouveau riches*. To a young Californian of such ideas, the old Californian (and especially the old Californian in exile) has to say: There is such an East ; but there is a far West, also, that should not abase itself too much in the comparison. Not everything in the West is crude, not everything in the East is perfection. There is such a thing as a culture that dwindles into shallow veneer ; a refinement that becomes foppery ; a spirituality that is sickly "other worldliness" ; a pseudo-intellectuality that utters itself in squeaking cant. The oldest families may get to be nearly imbecile in their dignified stolidity ; the soundest conservatism has been known to petrify into bigotry ; the mildest and prettiest mannered people in the world may seem "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable" to a more robust perception. It makes a very lovely picture to look at—these households where all are placid, and gentle, and contented with their traditions and their conventions, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," and wondering why low people should make such a fuss about discoveries and reforms and things. But a part of the world would be only a sort of ghastly Mrs. Jarley's wax works, if the East itself did not contain some elements more like the West than these. California may be thankful that if it has not a Concord, it also has not a Concord School of "Philosophy." If San Francisco has such a thing as a Western *nouveau riche*, the species is not to be compared in intensity of dreadfulness with the *nouveau riche* of a certain great city of New England. If it has not a society characterized by ineffable repose, it has one that is characterized by being ineffably waked up.

There is one illusion of the young Californian that the old and exiled Californian is in a position to correct. It is the illusion as to the geographical limit of the "East." Know that it does not begin at the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and run from these toward the Atlantic Ocean ; nor does it begin at the Rocky Mountains ; nor at the Mississippi River ; nor at the Western Reserve. It only begins where you begin to get the scent of salt water again. There is a strip along the Pacific Ocean, and that is the far West : there is a strip along the Atlantic Ocean, and that is the East. Their modes of thought and feeling and existence are fundamentally alike, and constitute one species of civilization ; namely, the salt water civilization. Then there is a great inland region, the middle West, the home of the fresh water civilization. They are different. The statement speaks volumes, if only, as Mr. C. D. Warner expresses it, anybody could accurately describe "what was in the volumes."

One or two things, however, may be pointed out, which the Californian may take as hints towards properly estimating what he "has." The Middle West

has no metropolis, or great common center. The East has two—New York and Boston—

"The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke—Life."

California has San Francisco. Everything centers there. Every one goes there. It is London that has made English literature, English thought, English society. Paris has done the same for France. The Middle West has no central heart, and consequently, next to no circulation of blood. I mean to say, it is provincial. Every little city, and every little town, lives by and for itself. You cannot have genuine provinciality in a country where the arterial blood circulates, as it does in California from the pulsation of San Francisco. But in the Middle West, they visit no metropolis ; their newspapers have no large news, or wide interests. The Middle West is made up of single-paper people. And their paper is made up of trivial local occurrences. This is true, even of large towns. There are a number of cities in the Middle West whose populations equal and exceed that of San Francisco. But there is scarcely a newspaper published in them all that compares in breadth of horizon, in largeness of view, in being *en rapport* with the great world of men and things—in absence of provincialism, in other words—with the paper I get from San Francisco. They are not beyond the point of abusing each other's editors by name, or filling their headings with absurd sensational alliterations, *d la* the titles of dime novels, of scattering advertisements through the reading matter, of reporting the vilest crimes with that vulgar jocularity that marks the ignorant apprentice. In the columns of my San Francisco paper, I am reminded constantly that Europe still exists, and has affairs worthy of attention even in competition with bar-room brawls, and brutal crimes about the neighboring States. I find in these Middle Western papers no literary criticism, no art criticism—hardly any hint of the existence of that world of thinkers, explorers, discoverers, writers, statesmen, of whose activities my Californian paper gives me constant information.

Let the far-Westerner congratulate himself, then, that he lives in a climate that neither parboils him and poisons him with malaria in the summer, nor freezes him and shuts him up close prisoner—like the man in the iron mask—in the winter. Let him be thankful, also, for the heartiness, the mutual helpfulness, of the human climate in which he lives. Let him remember that, after leaving the Atlantic Coast, there is no city that is anything more than a big provincial country village till you reach the Pacific. In all this vast intervening tract there is no metropolis, no magazine, no newspaper, and consequently no art, that reflects anything but petty local and provincial interests, or that is a felt intellectual power to mould and guide public intelligence on the greater matters of the world of universal human thought and action.

The old Californian may as well understand and

appreciate, also, that a similar comparison holds good in the educational world; and that his young Californians have opportunities at home which they would not find in the "East," unless in two or three exceptional places, until they reached the other coast, and they might easily go amiss of them there. After leaving the Atlantic States, one finds no educational institutions that compare favorably, whether in liberality of atmosphere, in what may be called modernness of equipment, of curriculum, of methods, of ideals, with those around the Bay of San Francisco. For example, in one of the largest Middle Western cities, lately, the school board came very near prohibiting the High School from any longer fitting pupils for college, and this notwithstanding the fact that the most important Middle West college is situated at its very doors. And for another example of the comparative provincialism and lack of modern enlightenment in the Middle West, the faculty of this very college recently voted unanimously (except the President) against continuing to open its doors to women. Fortunately, the trustees reversed this decision, and kept the college, for the present, in the line of liberal institutions like the University of California, Harvard, and the Great English Universities.

Both Eastern and Californian critics have recently been expressing some righteous indignation at a "disillusioned Britisher," who has ventured to record his view of the crudities of American civilization. But, in fact, his view was not so far wrong as concerns some portions of the Middle West. It is perfectly true that the average railroad car is a disagreeable place for well-bred and refined persons. A very different class of people are to be found as "the traveling public" from that in the East or the far West. A lady cannot venture to take a seat without carefully inspecting the condition of the floor, and may have to search the car through without finding a place that is fit to be occupied. The atmosphere of the car is very apt to reek with disgusting odors. The voices of uncouth men, or, more often, of loud and vulgar women, force themselves on the weary attention. It is true, also, that the population of the sparsely settled farming districts is in a very rude and peasant-like condition. It is doubtful if there is any one of the leading nations today, where the laboring classes in such districts are more like "dumb, driven cattle." In the villages, it is better. But there are few libraries, few persons of education, few schools above the very rudimentary grades, and no literature or science of

any original power or influence on civilization. The city near which I am writing is one of the largest in the West, but no book is published in it—not so much as a school-book—no magazine, no paper of any power or dignity, no art-gallery, no music but of a very primitive character; and the grade of refinement in the wealthy class is typified by the fact that they all use bearing-reins on their horses, and drive proudly down their avenues with the unfortunate beasts holding their noses in the air and looking wild with pain. My readers may not all sympathize with this view, but to me there are few sights more vexing than to see a gentlemanly horse abused by some cad of a man. It has been said that the grade of races and epochs is marked by their treatment of women. That is true where women are still in subjection. In this country, as in France and England, the test must be transferred to the treatment of dumb animals; and we find nothing that marks more purely the breeding of the thoroughbreds and the underbreds than their respective manners and customs with a fine-natured horse.

I do not really suppose that salt water is necessary to high civilization. It is probable that the essential fact lies in the denser centers of a sea-coast population, and its active communication with the rest of the world, in contrast with the sparser population of interior plains, and, especially, their being shut out from the rest of the world by that obstinate barrier—land. Every one must have noticed that the horrible crimes of our newspaper reports have their origin mostly among the sparsely settled regions of the Middle West. Some one has asserted that if mankind were scattered so as to leave an interval of ten miles between man and man, the human species would soon revert to the brute condition. It may be true.

X. Y. Z.

#### Mid-Ocean.

A LEADEN shield of running seas,  
That has for boss a rolling ship—  
A dull sky bending over these—

This also, like Achilles' shield,  
That in its lively traceries  
Showed harvest, town, and battle field,

Shows in its sweep of trough and crest  
The story of the sea revealed,  
The tale of desolate unrest.

E. C. Sanford.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

## Recent Fiction—II.

AMONG the indications of the predominant place that fiction is acquiring in modern literature, none is more curious than the extent to which people eminent in lines quite apart from literature are anxious to try a 'prentice hand at novel-writing. They have one advantage in doing this, and that is, that they are provided with a stock of special experience, each in his own calling, that the professional writer cannot have; they have seen human nature in surroundings more or less fresh to literature. The novelist in search of material may take a sea-voyage and "cram up" on spars and tackle; but his sea knowledge can never have the fresh reality, the resource, the ease, of a W. Clark Russell's. Nevertheless, in spite of this one point in favor of the sailor's, soldier's, or doctor's novel, the usual result of such experiments is to prove—what any one of experience with the pen knows—that this latest development of the literary art is by no means child's play, to be tossed off in a leisure moment. It is curious how wide-spread is the idea that any body can write a story. To handle a piano or a paint brush years of training, and that under the best of guidance, are necessary: so every one is willing to grant. But to the literary art nothing but pen and paper and the desire to write seem to be considered necessary; and since the novel is the form of literary art that appeals most powerfully to the widest public, the novel, in most minds, must be the thing most easily written. Yet, in fact, it is probable that no such amount of punctilious self-training and real toil has gone to any literary work as to the best novels. The latest, and perhaps the quaintest, exhibition of the novel-writing impulse is Admiral Porter's attempt to write a romance. Suspecting, apparently, that if the whole were plumped at once upon an astonished public, there might be a difficulty in finding readers, the publishers are doling it out in nine installments. The four of these already out are quite enough to enable us to judge its quality. It is a detective romance, of a naïve, old-fashioned sort, not at all badly conceived—indeed, with a good deal of interest in plot—but padded with a great deal of love and society matter that is entirely absurd. The men are the old-fashioned heroes of mighty muscle and gallant bearing; and even with the women the Admiral gets along well enough for the purposes of a romance, as long as he sticks to the conventional type feminine of all the virtues, and remains perfectly serious; but whenever he tries to be either subtle, realistic, or jocose, he is helplessly wanting.

THE "Knickerbocker Novels"—a paper-covered series which has printed, on the whole, as good Amer-

ican novels as one is apt to find outside of the magazine serials—publishes now *The Bassett Claim*,<sup>1</sup> a Washington novel, which has abundant sparks of really noticeable ability, but does not live up to them. Nowhere, however, does it fall below a respectable level. It begins with a pleasing and dignified outline of its people and their position, brings them and their ancestral claim on Congress up to date, and carries both the young men to Washington, with a steady hand and a touch somewhat like Julian Hawthorne's best. The peculiar features of Washington life are suggested, the young men have their respective relations to the Civil Service and to Congress, and are starting in to get their experience of government ways, with the contest between patriotism and disillusionment, the ideal and the lower, so-called "practical," standards of life, foreshadowed therein; and we think we are going to have some real study of life. Instead of which, at this point, the story begins to slide down through a series of ingenious, but entirely wooden, love-affairs, and reaches a tranquil end in the marriage of most of its characters, without casting another glance at the elaborate preparation that had been made for an altogether different sort of plot. A surprising piece of business morality forms a thread in these ingenious love-affairs. The favorite hero (there are two), after considering for several hours a proposal to become wealthy by entering into the sale of a great railroad wrecker's stock-market secrets, which are to be betrayed to him by the wrecker's confidential clerk, suddenly bursts into a righteous indignation against the treachery of the clerk, and goes directly to the employer (a sort of Jay Gould) and "tells on" him—introducing himself for that purpose. This wins the good will of the magnate, and as the hero, in the course of the interview, confides his love difficulties, he at once adopts him as a *protégé*, immediately wins the girl for him by letting her see that her misprized lover is the favorite of so great a man, and, at his urgent request, starts him in "railroad" business. It turns out that the supposed treachery of the clerk was a regular part of his duties, viz, the dissemination of false secrets to capture the "lamb," and the two young men frequently laugh over it with each other after both are safely launched in the business; while the hero, it is to be inferred, frequently congratulates himself on having been so sternly honest. The "magnate," by the way, who is the successful hero's ideal, is supposed to own the Government completely. And yet the two young men are sketched in as sensitive, high-minded fellows. There is certainly something very instructive in this

<sup>1</sup> *The Bassett Claim*. By Henry R. Elliot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

extreme naïveté on points of railroad and political honor.

SEVERAL noticeably good magazine stories and sketches are brought together in Mr. Deming's *Tompkins and other Folks*.<sup>1</sup> They are seven in number, all quite brief, so that the pretty little volume is comfortably printed in larger text than usual; and all seven are models of simple, excellent English, sympathetic observation, and unpretending pathos and geniality. They are quaintly simple and direct, recalling a sort of story-telling more common on foreign soil than in America. Some of them have an artless manner that even recalls Björnson or Turgénieff in a fleeting, evasive sort of way. Yet all the conditions are thoroughly American, and American, too, in the unromantic middle classes, and in ordinary business life. It is really, therefore, a significant achievement that they should all manage to have a genuine idyllic touch, and a mellowness quite foreign to the typical American business life story, while hardly less realistic than this. They appear to be gleanings from a sympathetic lawyer's collection of human experiences, although legal experiences do not predominate in them. The initial story, "Tompkins," and perhaps the second, "Rube Jones," are the only ones that are intentionally sad (and "Tompkins" is really more pitiful than is at all comfortable); but an indescribable sense of life as a hard thing is communicated by them all—a thing hard as a matter of course, and not to be complained of, or even thought about much; least of all a thing to pose or sentimentalize about. Yet when we pass from the stories to the "sketches," there are pages of pure geniality, and a sort of quiet, delicate, thoroughly humorous perception that is delightful. The city-bred office-boy in the country, with his frank contempt for the country, his admiration for the guinea-fowls, who "resemble the city demagogue who stands for the boy's idea of a hero"; the confidential conversations in camp, in which "my own burden—the knowledge that life is so far advanced with me and I have accomplished so little—has been frankly placed before my office-boy," while in return the youth tries to "ward off what he regards as a dire calamity," "the imputation of goodness—(it appears that on several occasions, at Sunday school and elsewhere, Salsify has been called 'a good boy')"; the lost boy's unwillingness to admit that he had not "enjoyed it first-rate" in the woods during the three or four days he had been astray; the dog Plato, his contests with the thunderstorms, his "hunting sprees" with his cousin Hero, his friendship with the cat, of the sentimentality of which he is evidently a little ashamed, and of which he "would unquestionably be very unwilling to have his cousin Hero know";—all these things are as good as sketch-making can be. The combination of a high intelligence

in observing with a lively interest in very simple things, is one of the most agreeable "notes" of high personal civilization.

OF *Out of the Wreck*<sup>2</sup> there is not much that need be said. It is one more novel from a somewhat prolific writer, who, if never very good, is never very bad. The story is of a woman who finds herself in early middle life brought down from surroundings of educated wealth and refined fashion to supporting a drunken husband and three children by seamstress's work, although her own family and her husband's live in wealth and high station in the same city; she becomes convinced that her husband is irreclaimable, and, to save her children, separates herself from him and goes into business as a fashionable milliner, against the indignant protest of both families; succeeds in business, and also in making prosperous her children's futures, but has much difficulty with the social aspect of her move. The "point" of the story is to discuss, first, whether it is right for a woman so situated to seek her children's good by cutting loose from her husband; and, second, how the social status can be fixed of a milliner who is in origin, education, and breeding the equal, and even the earlier associate, of her patrons. We think the reader will agree in the author's belief that, in the solution of both these trying questions, the heroine behaved with entire dignity and discretion. The high-bred relatives do not talk or behave like persons of high breeding, of sound sense, or of ordinary kindness of heart; in fact, they resemble the vulgar rich more than the aristocracy of birth, education, and character they are said to belong to. The respectable middle-class people about the milliner's shop are much more natural, and it is possible the author might do some really good sketching from life, if she would leave the aristocracy and work with such people as these.

DOCTOR MITCHELL's novel, *In War Time*,<sup>3</sup> reads much better in a book than in serial form. It has a good deal of symmetry, and symmetry counts for nothing in a serial, and it has not much motion nor vividness—no special conversational brightness, almost no picture-drawing, and only a few touches of the dramatic in the whole length of the story. It was cut into twelve installments as first printed, though only about long enough for six, which increased its effect of aimlessness and dullness. Read at a sitting, it proves not to be aimless or dull; but a book of a good deal of power, and a good deal of delicacy and art. Its characterization is in the main good, and its people stand out well from one another and remain in the memory as living folk; it has many very pretty bits of observation, and it is excellently well-bred—not merely with instinctive good-breeding, but with

<sup>2</sup> *Out of the Wreck*. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

<sup>1</sup> *Tompkins and Other Folks*. By P. Deming. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *In War Time*. By J. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

knowledge of the world. This knowledge of the world, however, seems to us partial—the book gives an impression that the author has studied his Philadelphia, and can do a Philadelphian or a stray Southerner very well, but cannot quite catch the make-up of a Yankee. Yet his Yankee, Dr. Wendell, is the center of the story. The story is the old one that tempts every analyst's pen: the weak but lovable character, full of good impulse and beautiful traits, but fickle and self-indulgent, drawing down failure and ruin upon itself. It is over-analyzed; the picture would be more effective with a number of paragraphs of unnecessary explanation left out. Still, it is much more effective than is pleasant, as it is—ending, as the story does, in tragic calamity. Many of the traits of Dr. Wendell show a surprising penetration on the part of the author; nevertheless, it is a mistake in novelists to assume too uniformly that the extreme sensitiveness here so well described is a trait of weakness; for, while it necessarily makes for weakness by increasing the sources of terror and suffering in life, it is mere history that it has often been found in connection with inflexible courage, self-sacrifice, and pertinacity. Less well managed than Dr. Wendell, is his sister, Miss Ann. With a correct knowledge of the traits of a good and devout Cape Cod spinster, Dr. Mitchell has not succeeded in giving the effect of the whole, which should have been something the reader would recognize as lovable. No one has Miss Ann's absolute self-forgetfulness, her serene and sweet self-poise, her perfect kindliness, her high-minded dignity, and self-respect, and good sense, and veracity, without being an attractive creature—if not on casual acquaintance, then on farther knowledge; yet in this book, neither her author nor the reader warm to her at all, and the recognition of her good qualities seems to be a mere cataloguing of them as an act of justice, without a spark of real liking. The tragedy of the book, too, comes about through a piece of fanciful unreasonableness on her part, which is not at all like a practical Yankee spinster of her class. The other people are more slightly sketched, and perhaps all the better on that account. It is quite unusual in a man's book not to see some bungling and artificiality in attempts at women's conversations among themselves, just as in women's stories the men's talk sounds very inefficiently masculine; but Dr. Mitchell's women are really natural—perhaps because, in trying to describe them, he has not had them in his mind as feminine beings, but as human beings, who chanced to be Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Westerley, and Miss Clemson, instead of Mr. Morton, Mr. Westerley, and Mr. Clemson. Though, as we have said, the conversation is not dramatic or striking, there is a good deal of very clever dinner-table and parlor talk. The novel is altogether most creditable to an author who seems to do nothing ill. An interesting suggestion made, by the way, is that it was the war which gave the medical profession its

social rank in this country, so different from that held by it in England.

### Gustavus Adolphus.<sup>1</sup>

THE history of Sweden, particularly in the seventeenth century, is worthy of careful study, on account of the important rôle which the nation played in the international affairs of Europe. The remarkable characters and careers of the rulers, moreover, add great dramatic interest to the subject. The lives of Christina and of Charles XII. cannot fail to enlist attention. But the reign of Gustavus Adolphus has excited more general interest than any other series of events in Swedish history, and has been more thoroughly investigated by scholars. One reason of the great interest attaching to this reign is to be found in the fact that it occurred at the critical point in the history of Protestantism, and that the efforts of the king were determinative in behalf of the achievements of the Reformation in Germany. Another reason is to be found in the character of the king, which increases in heroic grandeur as the difficulties of the situation become more threatening.

A work treating of the history of Sweden under the Vasa kings, in a manner befitting the subject, would deserve to stand by the side of our great master-pieces of historical composition. The works of Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, and Motley have set a standard for the American who would write history, but the work before us appears not to have been written with this standard particularly in view. In fact, Mr. Stevens furnishes no evidence through his book that he has aimed to attain any specially scholarly standard. He writes somewhat after the manner of one to whom the whole matter is a new discovery, and presumes his readers to be in essentially the same position. Yet it is hardly to be supposed that any one who is likely to read a book of the size and serious aspect of the present volume, needs to have Tycho Brahe introduced to him as "a Danish man of science, of astronomic fame." Through unnecessary explanations of this kind, the narrative is rendered somewhat diffuse. Space might have been saved by cutting down in this regard, or it might have been profitably used for notes of reference to authorities; for it is possible that the student, if not the "general reader," may wish to inquire into the sources and foundations of all this. Through his residence in Sweden, Mr. Stevens had ample opportunity for making his book a guide to the literature of that portion of Swedish history which he has undertaken to narrate, without interfering with the narrative. If he had done this, it would have been useful for the student, and its usefulness for a larger circle of readers would not

<sup>1</sup> "History of Gustavus Adolphus." By John L. Stevens, LL.D., recently United States Minister at Stockholm. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

have been impaired. It is to be regretted, moreover, that he has not seen fit to put forth the effort or expense required to provide an index. It is a good general rule for a writer of history to follow: if he cannot afford to index his voluminous books, he had better not publish them.

The quotations from Swedish documents, which are introduced bodily in translation, indicate in some cases haste, and not the most accurate scholarship. The idiom of the original is now and then too closely followed. Of course, these defects are matters of form, but it should be remembered that the difference between a perishable and an immortal work on history is more a matter of form than of substance. To the credit of the author, however, it must be said that he has acquired a fair knowledge of the facts to be presented, and given us a work from which much may be learned regarding this period of Swedish history.

#### Tourgée's "Appeal to Cæsar."

ANY one who has been at all in the habit of reading sociological discussions, reports of practical workers for humanity in its various regions of greatest need, and the like, will have to put real force upon himself to do justice to Judge Tourgée's latest manifesto. Briefly, *An Appeal to Cæsar* is a very sound and sensible suggestion with regard to national help in educating the negro, arrived at by a process of unforced assertion and rhetorical clap-trap. It begins with a theatrical account of a conversation held by the author with Mr. Garfield, headed by a picture of the two in conversation. It follows on with newspaperish chapter-headings, such as "A Shattered Idol," "A 'Treason of the Blood,'" "Accounting for Strange Things," etc., etc. Under these headings he reasons, first, that slavery was not the deepest root of difficulty between North and South, but only a symptom: that the Northern ideal of life was individual liberty, and the Southern, caste and aristocracy. Now, it is this calm ignorance, this cool putting forward of his own assertion in the face of the facts of history, that causes the irritation which it costs any student to undertake to deal reasonably with a showy, sensational writer like Tourgée. The ideal of the Anglo-Saxons who settled the Southern States, and of those who settled the Northern States, was individual liberty. The circumstances of religious separatism that led to the establishment of the New England colonies, resulted in a better fulfilment of this ideal, from the first, among the Northern colonists. Yet, North and South, the tendency was the same; the South, as the North, protested against the introduction of slave labor, and acquiesced in it finally no more readily at last. Any one who chooses to read "William's History of the Negro Race in America" may find the slave laws of the Northern States, the accounts of the burning of negroes in New York, and other matter, that will convince him that the "ideals" of

North and South with regard to the "individual freedom" of the negro were much the same. Connecticut is the only colony that can make even a fair showing in the matter. North and South alike fought in the Revolution with the same spirit of "individual liberty." Jefferson, to whom our country owes its extreme passion for liberty and equality, its enthroning of the populace, was a Virginian. Circumstance made the South the home of slavery, and abolished it in the North. *Then*—a result, not a cause, of slavery—grew up in the South, the caste-idea. The author goes on—still assuming that slavery was created by a natural liking in Southern Anglo-Saxons for caste, while Northern Anglo-Saxons had a natural distaste for it—to reason that, this being so, there is a natural antipathy in the Southern bosom toward the negro except as a serf or dependent; that this being an inherent quality of the Southern Anglo-Saxon, we cannot look to see it removed by business relations, lapse of time, or anything else; there must, in the nature of things, yawn ever a gulf of mutual distrust and dislike between color and color. He reviews the carpet-bag period, dismissing with hasty notice all the peculiar causes of irritation and clashing that marked the time, the deliberate labor of many scoundrels to sow hatred between the bewildered negroes and the stripped and sore whites, the utter desolation of the country and disorganization of society. Let any one read an account of the condition of any country for several years after having been the theatre of absolutely exhausting war, and see what is to be expected of its social condition; but here, as always, Judge Tourgée seems to suffer from lack of sufficient historical knowledge to draw sound conclusions. He finds in all this painful history of '65-'76 only corroboration of his doctrine of intrinsic antipathy between the races. It is to be remembered that Judge Tourgée was one of those who resented the withdrawal of military government from the South by President Hayes; so it is to be presumed that at that time he supposed that the antipathy could be overcome by keeping unlettered negroes and white adventurers in legislatures and on judicial benches, to govern a proud and passionate white race, for a sufficient length of time. This method having been stopped by President Hayes, he sees no hope of the breach ever being healed. This light tossing aside, as of no account, the many causes of race-hostility during that period, is again irritating to the reader who has a taste for the deduction of conclusions from facts: so, again, the cool disregard of the many forces now at work drawing together the races, the many evidences of growing cordiality of relations between them. The authoritative "Century" article on the Ku Klux is—either deliberately or carelessly—totally misquoted; the existence of any other observers in the South besides Judge Tourgée, and telling a different story from him, is ignored. One would imagine that it was he, and not Mr. Curry, who had been in daily

contact with the negro problem for years, judging from the serenity with which he makes statements quite at variance with Mr. Curry's reports to the Bureau of Education—reports based upon the work down in the very heat and struggle of the negro question that this Southerner has been engaged in, while the Northern writer, apparently without ever having read the reports, puts himself forward as an authority in the matter. It is not Judge Tourgee, but an ex-Confederate soldier, Mr. Cable, who has been speaking and working among the Southern people for not only the political and business equality of the negro, but—with indignant protest—for the reform of social injustices in their position; and testifies that he finds the better class of his fellows with him, and the causes of irritation maintained only by noisy reactionaries. It was not Tourgee nor the carpet-bag governments of Mississippi and South Carolina, who lifted from debt and abject degradation the colored school-systems of those States, but ex-Confederates Hampton and Lamar. Yet of the arduous, self-sacrificing, and really noble work being done toward the elevation and equality of the negro, all through the South, by ex-Confederates, he seems never to have heard. Every national educational convention in the United States, every prison congress, numberless reports and papers and files of statistics, give evidence of these things—of the many forces now in operation to draw together native white and native black in the South. Indeed, a doctrine which has quite as strong a backing of evidence as the converse, is that there is a natural cordiality between Southern white and black, only obscured now by temporary causes; and that whenever relations between them have thoroughly readjusted themselves, this liking will reassert itself. But without, apparently, having taken the trouble to examine at all the attainable evidence on these points, upon the strength of the recollections of a few years' unpleasant sojourn in the South, sitting in his study thousands of miles away, this author fills chapters with accounts of the true relation of the races in the South, which has escaped the notice of those who are at work on the spot; and concludes that there is no tendency toward close of the breach. He then reverts to the census statistics, to show that in three States the negro is now in the majority, and, at the present rate of increase, soon will be in eight. What is to be done? The negro, he holds, is, and is likely to continue, debased and ignorant; yet either these "eight black republics" must be ruled by their criminal and illiterate classes, or a minority must rule, against the will of the majority. For the natural hatred of the races to each other will forever divide parties upon the color line. If, for example, a sober, sensible, colored man, with a little property to bequeath, and sons who are falling into bad ways through tempting open saloons, is called upon to vote whether to close up or to encourage these saloons, and if the saloon side of the question has been

fixed upon as the "colored" position, he will vote for the saloons. Meanwhile, every white loafer and drunkard will vote against them. For, says Judge Tourgee, "the sentiment that produces the separation of the races and their crystallization into distinct bodies is stronger than any other sentiment that *can* animate humanity except the religious." Now not only is it on the face of it foolish to assert that negroes, or any other human beings, will vote against what they see to be their interest, simply in order to vote against the whites, but the facts show that they have *not* done so; that in local and State affairs they have repeatedly divided on questions of property or taxes, on the liquor question, on any question coming near enough home to their simple understanding to give them a conception of what their interest was. The sober man, black or white, against the drunken; the property-owner, black or white, against the destitute; the debtor class against the creditor class:—every time the test of self-interest has been applied, the color bond has given way. In national matters, traditional loyalty to one party, and the great difficulty to an ignorant man of comprehending how his interests can possibly be affected by national issues, delay this giving way: but what if next year or next administration two or three bright colored men should graduate from Professor Perry's or Professor Sumner's instructions, and begin to preach tariff reform to their people? Where would the color-line go, for instance, with a colored Harvard graduate on the stump in the South for tariff reform? The educated few among the negroes will take sides, and the colored masses will part, following them; the liberal portion of the whites—such as those for whom Mr. Cable speaks—will take sides, and the white masses will be split asunder, following them.

We need not follow farther the rejection, one by one, of suggestions as to the possible solution of the difficulty. The method is always the same—mere assertion in every positive language. We must pause, however, upon the point of the statistics. That these have been repeatedly challenged, every reader of the papers knows. The error is simply that the estimate of the rate of increase is based upon the census returns of 1870, compared with those of 1880; whereas the census of 1870 is admitted to have been, in the matter of the colored population, grossly inaccurate. Chiefly owing to the appointment, by the State governments of that date, of illiterate and indolent men to take the census of the colored population, much of it failed to appear at all in the figures. The result, of course, is a leap in its census numbers, between 1870 and 1880, indicative of a quite startling rate of increase. It is impossible to correct the figures for 1870 now, and the war makes the decade 1860–1870 comparatively worthless to reason from; such collateral evidence, however, as is to be had from previous censuses, from rough estimates of the sources of error in 1870, from school statistics, etc., has been taken for what it is worth. We have

seen several careful estimates, made in this way, of the actual rate of increase of the colored race: all agree in placing it considerably lower than that of Tourgee's estimate; one, from a good authority, puts it lower than that of the white race.

Nevertheless, when, from untenable premises, Judge Tourgee proceeds to draw the conclusion that the negro *must* be educated—a thing that every right-minded person is willing to concede at once as unspeakably important—no impatience with what precedes need mar one's cordiality toward the conclusion. But the State governments are absolutely unable to provide for this education. The States were impoverished to absolute exhaustion by the war, and greatly reduced in number of adult white men; still further stripped during the period of the negro governments; so few of the negroes are tax-payers, that nine-tenths of the whole school fund must come from the scanty property left to the whites, while the colored children share the expenditures; and, in actual fact, according to the United States reports, several of the States are already taxed up to the extreme constitutional limits, and have not yet succeeded in supplying all the needed schools or properly equipping them, even with the aid of private funds that have been lavishly contributed from the North. National aid seems absolutely the only possible thing under the circumstances. The only question is, how best to give it. And here our author becomes clear and practicable—admirably so. Shall the sum to be given be put unconditionally into the hands of the separate States? It is running a great risk: not necessarily of intentional misuse, but of the lavish and experimental way in which any average body of men will spend money coming in a lump and easily into their hands—"costly school-houses . . . ornate machinery," industrial experiments, and the like. Shall it be given, but conditionally? Conditions could not be enforced, the money once given; and would only remain sources of irritation, or hamper the free action of those who, on the ground, might know the needs of the case better than the general government. Shall the Federal government administer directly its expenditure? Not if this involves "a system of national schools, or a numerous and expensive array of Federal officials." The author then proceeds to outline his proposal.

*"It must provide with absolute certainty that the fund shall be expended for the promotion of primary education, and for no other purpose."* . . .

*"It is desirable that it should utilize the existing educational systems of the various States," without going absolutely out of control of the general Government.*

*"It ought . . . to avoid trespassing in the least degree upon the specific domain of the State, even as construed by the most enthusiastic advocate of State sovereignty."*

*It should stimulate, instead of replacing, private and State contribution.*

Let, therefore, the Federal Commissioner of Education assign, in proportion to the census illiteracy, to each school district of each State its share of a fund to be appropriated by Congress. This fund to be applied by preference to the support of the regular free schools of each State, and to be used only for payment of teachers; to be paid only when the Commissioner is satisfied that a primary free school has been maintained not less than three months in a year, and with proper average attendance; to exceed in no case one-half of the expense of the school. The necessary facts to be ascertained by report of the proper State officers, through the State superintendent of instruction, or, in case of private schools, by a volunteer inspector. Payment to be made by check payable to teacher or other representative of each school, and countersigned by the State Superintendent. *Where there is no State free school, and one cannot be secured*, private free schools to receive the benefit of the fund. The State Superintendent to report attendance, studies, etc., in all the beneficiary schools to the Commissioner, and the Commissioner to have full right of inspection, *but not of interference*—neither he nor any United States official. The sum falling to the share of each district to be inviolably distributed to white and black in proportion to illiteracy, if there are separate schools. The measure to apply to no State in which the illiteracy does not exceed *twelve per cent.*

Here is a simple, economical, and flexible system. It creates no new officers—a few clerks will suffice for all the added work; the statistics of the census bureau already provide most of the facts the Commissioner will need. It involves the least possible expenditure, the least possible loop-hole for loss of money. It brings to bear directly on each neighborhood the encouragement of help, together with stimulus to self-help. It involves no doubtful stretch of constitutional rights in the undertaking of State functions by the general government, and secures a pleasant method of co-operation between State and national agents. There is no room for partisan abuse—no patronage, appointments, disbursing agents. There is not room for fiction, irritation, or misunderstanding. Nothing could be more simple, direct, and effective.

The explanation of his plan constitutes the valuable portion of the book. The author goes on to describe his futile attempts to win the attention of the authorities to it, resulting finally in his giving it up, and appealing to the public. The public has not responded very cordially. It is notable that those who show the least liking for the author's sensationalism are the very ones who have given the most cordial welcome to his plan. In fact, however, Judge Tourgee is by no means the creator of the general principle involved in it; nor if President Garfield read the transactions of the Department of Education would these ideas have struck him as new. Even before the President's death, they had found frequent ex-

pression; again, last year, one of the circulars of the Bureau of Education (No. 3) contained the outline of a plan by Mr. Curry, agent of the Peabody fund, by which national aid should be so distributed as to stimulate, instead of retarding, local effort. His plan was good, and could easily have been brought into agreement with Judge Tourgee's. But such plans should have been brought in as amendments to the Blair bill: it seems certain now that no help will be given otherwise than through the medium of this bill. It is a pity that Judge Tourgee's plan was not thus brought forward, at this very session of Congress.

### Briefer Notice.

*Icaria*<sup>1</sup> is a little volume which has for its sub-title "A Study in Communistic History." It was accepted by the Johns Hopkins University "as a thesis for the degree of Ph.D., upon the completion of a course in the department of history and political science," and may therefore be supposed to embrace some of the earliest results of the writer's independent investigations. It is an account of Etienne Cabot, and the attempts of his followers to realize his views of social organization. It is worthy of note that whenever communists attempt to carry out practically their scheme of reform, they find themselves obliged to hold to the right of property, however vigorously they may have declaimed against it in theory; for no sooner is a communistic association formed, than it is moved to maintain the right to its own property against the claims of every other person or association. The Icarians and all other similar societies are communistic, therefore, only in the sense that the family is communistic. Their communism is the communism of the family extended to a larger number of persons, but the power to limit the number always remains in the hands of the association itself. Within the association, as within the family, all members partake in common of the things of which they have need. Organized on this fundamental principle, the disciples of Cabot set out from France in the spring of 1848, to seek their social salvation. What Mr. Shaw has attempted is to present a connected account of their endeavors: their utter failure in Texas, their temporary prosperity and final quarrels in Nauvoo, the removal of the two divisions, one to Iowa and one to Missouri, the extinction of the Missouri branch, the secession of the younger generation in Iowa, and the final establishment of a kindred association in California. The narrative is unpretentious, direct, and clear. But the description of the position of the Icarians of California, as "two or three miles from the town of Cloverdale and eighteen miles from San Francisco," hardly fits in with actual geographical relations. In writing of the party conflicts and the dissensions and divisions, the author might

advantageously have laid more stress on the causes of weakness in the organization, such as its violation of fundamental principles of human nature; but one who has followed carefully the eventful history of the Icarians may, perhaps, be forgiven if he has been attracted by the sincerity of their enthusiasm to such an extent as to overlook the shallowness of their philosophy. But taken all in all, the book may be heartily commended as an agreeable presentation of an interesting episode in our social history. — Several belated holiday books reach us in the issue of our January number. First among these is *Flowers from Arcadia* — a little holiday annual bound in blue silk, and filled with brief verses of love and friendship, sprinkled with a few paintings of Californian wild flowers and other pictures. The difficulties in the way of getting such paintings satisfactorily executed on this coast are great, and cannot be said to have been overcome; but the idea of a specially Californian annual is a good one, for it is often vexatious to Californians to be unable to send anything to Eastern friends which has not already been in the Eastern markets; and the verses, which are light and flowing, and full of affectionate and domestic sentiment, would seem adapted to meet this want for many. As a holiday book may also be reckoned *Comforting Thoughts*<sup>2</sup> — a collection of extracts from Henry Ward Beecher, designed specially for those in affliction. They are grouped into twelve chapters, each containing paragraphs from sermons and writings, followed by a few pages of petitions from prayers. It is noticeable that the selections from the prayers are, on an average, considerably more eloquent and fervid than the others. The collection is brief, well-made, both in editing and printing, and should be welcome to the class for whom it is intended. Here, also, are this year's "Golden Florals" — the series name under which for two or three years have been printed the holiday editions of favorite hymns with embellished card-covers and lavish illustrations. *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*<sup>3</sup> and *The Mountain Anthem*<sup>4</sup> are the titles of this year's new issues. *The Mountain Anthem* is a series of poems upon the Beatitudes, of no more than fair merit. In both books, however, new hands are visible in the illustrations, which are decidedly better than in previous ones. Finally, among tardy holiday publications, we may notice Prang's cards. These cards continue to show a sincere artistic effort, and the contrast between those of today and the earliest issues is most creditable

<sup>2</sup> *Flowers from Arcadia*. A Christmas Greeting. By James T. White. San Francisco: James T. White & Co. 1884.

<sup>3</sup> *Comforting Thoughts*, Spoken by Henry Ward Beecher, in Sermons, Addresses and Prayers. Arranged by Irene Ovington. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1885.

<sup>4</sup> *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*. Illustrated by Guilfoye & Merrill. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884.

<sup>5</sup> *The Mountain Anthem*. By William C. Richards. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884.

<sup>1</sup> "Icaria: A Study in Communistic History." By Albert Shaw, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

to the managers. A number of artists of good rank—a few of more than good rank—have contributed designs; W. Hamilton Gibson, Wm. H. Beard, Walter Satterlee, J. W. Champrey, Miss Dora Wheeler, are among them. The publishers issue an “illustrated” catalogue—a most welcome convenience to the intending purchaser, calculated to save hours of search, for it gives a description of each set of cards, mentioning the artist, and accompanying each with a small outline suggestion of the device of the card. As usual, the weakest point of the cards is in the text inscriptions, but these show improvement. An extreme development of the holiday card idea appears in “Art Prints on Satin” of various kinds—really elaborate articles, with Christmas inscriptions. Several calendars are also issued among the cards. The Thackeray one has a rather noticeable device: Satire removing the jeering mask, and showing an expression of grave pity; this made clear to the unob-servant by the legend on the hem of her garment: “Behind a mask, a pitying face.”—No. 4 of Wm. R. Jenkins’s *Romans Choisés* is About’s *Le Roi des Montagnes*.<sup>1</sup> Like the previous numbers, this story is perfectly suitable for class reading, and designed primarily for that purpose, and then for general reading. *Le Roi* is a ferocious bandit chief, and is calculated to be much more inspiring to young readers of the language than the classics are. —Dr. S. E. Herrick, of the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, delivered last year a series of popular Sunday evening lectures on Protestant reformers, beginning with Tauler and the Mystics, and ending with John Wesley. They were demanded for publication, and have evidently been read and liked in book-form, as the book, *Some Heretics of Yesterday*,<sup>2</sup> has already reached a second edition. The scope of them is fairly described by the author: “Lest some reader should be disappointed in the contents of the present volume, let me simply say by way of preface, that no new facts are brought to light in the following pages; they are old stories simply retold—not for students, but for the young men and women of the congregation to which it is my privilege to minister, and whom I am trying to train from Sunday to Sunday in the Christian graces of faith, hope, and charity.” It seems admirably adapted to both readers and hearers of this class: spirited and sympathetic in manner, and historically true—perhaps not absolutely in accord, in every detail, with the best historic judgment, and a little conventional in its estimates of men and movements; but still as good a series of pictures of the Protestant movements as could be asked, and especially happy in giving an impression of their chronological succession, their connections and isolations.—Four books which might be

classed as “books of advice,” are *Chats*,<sup>3</sup> *The Mentor*,<sup>4</sup> *Maxims of Public Health*,<sup>5</sup> and *One Thousand Blunders in English Corrected*.<sup>6</sup> Three of these relate to speech and behavior; *Maxims of Public Health* is an attempt “to make gravely important sanitary matters interesting as literature.” To this end, emphatic advice, chiefly with regard to disinfection, cleanliness, etc., is put into brief, newspaper-like paragraphs, which is not a bad idea; and while these do not exactly recommend themselves as literature, they may get more readers than plainer and simpler writing would do, and thereby do good. They are badly jumbled up, without topical grouping, and there is much repetition and redundancy. Judicious excision and rearrangement would have increased the usefulness of the book. Still, as it is sensible and on an important subject, it is reasonable to view it uncritically and bespeak it readers. As to the three books of behavior and language, they are quite of the better class, but there is about them the almost invariable objection to books of advice—that some bad advice gets smuggled in among the good, and some matters of opinion or trivial custom are set down with as much Median-and-Persian authoritative-ness as matters of the greatest importance. *The Mentor*, which is “a little book for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort,” is, in the main, very sensible in distinguishing between what is intrinsically, always, and everywhere, good manners, and what is merely the convention of a locality or a period; and, also, in insisting upon simplicity and spontaneity. Yet, even here, the most gross and impossible boorishness is gravely prohibited, on the same page with purely arbitrary rules for the observance of some social custom: one wonders what class can have been in a mentor’s mind, when, on the same page, he prescribes eating with parted lips, and prescribes the direction in which the handles of knife and fork should be “slightly turned” when laid down. It is usual for people themselves well-bred to condemn “books of etiquette”; but the principle of a book of, not etiquette, perhaps, but behavior, is not bad. The purchasers of such books are mainly lads—both in country and city—who have much social aspiration and probably much social experience, all in a sphere too far removed from society with a capital S to know that it is removed. Surely, it is well to introduce into this society some hints of “nobler manners”; and, though it may be quite unnecessary that the young rustic, taking a neighbor lass to a “company,” should have any views as to the number of steps by

<sup>3</sup> *Chats*. By G. Homlen. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>4</sup> *The Mentor*. By Alfred Ayres. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> *Maxims of Public Health*. By O. W. Wight. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>6</sup> *One Thousand Blunders in English Corrected*. By Harlan H. Ballard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

<sup>1</sup> *Le Roi des Montagnes*. Par Edmond About. New York: William R. Jenkins & Co. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Heretics of Yesterday*. By S. E. Herrick, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

which she should precede him into the room, it can not do him any harm to have them, and in studying his manual for this point, he will come across much sound advice on the weightier matters of the law. Again, it sometimes happens that wealth, or other success, throws suddenly into fastidious circles persons quite destitute of even the elements of good manners. Unless their wealth is *very* great, and their sensitiveness very small, these persons are apt to feel privately uneasy about the social code, and quite disposed to keep a surreptitious book of behavior. It is, perhaps, the existence of this class that prompts the presence of the exceedingly axiomatic rules which in part make up the book under review; and is it not for the peace of the fastidious that somebody *should* tell these things to Sir Gorgius Midas? Still again, there are perfectly well-bred people, who are entirely unacquainted with the codes by which that systematized body, known as "Society," transacts its intercourse—isolated people, recluses, students, busy and retiring people, who are yet now and then forced to march a little in the social ranks. The regulars there are not apt to comprehend that ill-breeding is one thing, and ignorance of forms and observances another; and they do not accept the mere essential elements of good manners as sufficient. This, of course, makes things uncomfortable for both parties, and while the intelligent recluse must necessarily depend mainly on his own eyes and on initiated friends to steer him safely through, it seems reasonable that, if the code could be more or less reduced to print, it might be quite worth his perusal. The fact is, there are essentials to decent breeding, the lack of which ought to exclude one from a gentleman's house; and these it is well to preach to the boor: there are tolerably invariable customs of society—such, say, as the party call—which may easily be unknown to the recluse, and of which he may to advantage be told: and there are transitory regulations, which may become all wrong next year, such as the size or folding of cards, the problem of whether to lay your hat on the floor or on the piano, the true line between fork and spoon. In the main, the little book before us discriminates well between these three classes, often calling attention to the unimportant or transitory nature of a regulation. It would have been still better to have openly divided it into three heads, correspondingly. The true objection to these books of manners is that they are generally written by second-rate people, who lay great stress on trifling points of usage, as to which they are likelier to be wrong than right. The one under review is gentlemanly and sensible.—*Chats* is still more uniformly sensible; it is for boys and girls, and treats in really pleasant little talks of a wide range of matters of youthful doubt and blunder. We note several particularly sensible pieces of advice, and only two things we should take any exception to: one, the defense of Mr. Bryant's "black list," every word of it; the other, the surprising ad-

vice never to read any paper that professes to be independent, as such a paper is guided by caprice, not principle. The sentence sounds like an expression of vexation, born of party spirit during the "latest unpleasantness," and is quite unworthy of its very excellent surroundings.—The *1,000 Blunders* far outdoes *The Mentor* in miscellaneousness of advice, prohibiting "He done it," "drownded," and the like, together with such usages as "biscuit" for "roll," instead of for "cracker." The blunders are given alphabetically, each followed by a brief explanation why it is wrong; and we cull a few of these: "BLAB. Not to be predicated of any for whom we feel love or respect" (Let us remember, that it is only our enemies who may with propriety be said to blab); "BOLT, in the sense of *suddenly to desert*, is not good English" (so we are to look to see a political event of last year go upon the pages of truly dignified history as "the great sudden-desertion of '84"); "COB, the receptacle on which the grains grow, U. S." (from which are we to understand that to be "U. S." constitutes a word a "blunder"? or that the proper substitute in conversation for "cob" is "the receptacle, etc."?). What with citations of blunders so gross that any child knows them to be wrong, and of words that are no blunders at all, the list becomes nearly valueless, in spite of the majority of sound corrections; the neophyte would not know which were which.—Miss Faithfull has given her impressions of America in a book entitled *Three Visits to America*.<sup>1</sup> The chief interest lies in the motive of her visits, the nature of her previous work, and the bearing of that upon her American observations. It is obvious that in all outside the special objects of her investigations—women's work, and the like—Miss Faithfull saw things very much in the tourist fashion, and acquired her information from the conversation of those who chanced to be her entertainers, often, therefore, going away with the view of a set in her mind as if it were the unanimous American opinion. Her account of Mormonism, however, may be taken as a result of quite careful investigation. It coincides closely with Mrs. Jackson's: both ladies carried away from their acquaintance with Mormon women a sincere respect and liking, joined with a deepened conviction of their unhappiness under the system.—The letters of Princess Alice of Hesse have lately been given to the world—or rather a volume full of extracts from them, made by Queen Victoria. These are woven together by a thread of biography, whose authorship is not given, though the introduction is by Princess Helena. It is expressly explained that the extracts have been made solely with reference to the personal character and interests of the Princess, as it would not be suitable to make public now her political expressions. This is entirely proper; and it is accordingly not just to criticise the exclusively domestic

<sup>1</sup> *Three Visits to America*. By Emily Faithfull. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

limitations of the Princess's apparent interests, so far as public affairs go; but it certainly is curious to read the letters of a woman who had some reputation for intellect, and find them curiously devoid of literary gossip, and all that related class of subjects in which so much of the interest of most clever people lies. In spite of Strauss's friendship, and his admiration for her intelligence, the Princess Alice does not seem to have been at all a clever woman. Of her real goodness, her sense, affection, practical energy, and efficiency there is ample evidence, and there is a vigor and character in the letters that testifies to a brighter, more able, and less self-centered mind than that of the mother, as revealed in the "Diary." The subject matter of the letters is domestic affection, the personal experiences of the family circle and of servants, dependants, etc., and the various charitable and other beneficial institutions, committees, societies, of which the Princess was an energetic founder and manager. Nothing could be more like the life of some good, public-spirited, affectionate, middle-class wife. It is foolish to complain that there should not have been added to all these virtues commanding intellect, genius for public affairs, literary gifts, social fascinations: when was it written in history that sovereigns possessed *all* the virtues? The strong family affections of the royal house of England seem never to have been hampered by any habit of reticence: if a school-girl had written these letters, she would have been called gushing. It is, "my darling, precious Mamma," "my adored Papa," "my beloved, idolized husband," "my dear, sweet mamma-in-law," "dear Lady Campbell," "the dear 10th" (a birth-day or other anniversary); and after many pages of such messages as "Oh, my darling mamma, how I do love you!" the absent daughter naïvely writes that, though she is so silent, and never tells her mother so, she really does love her very dearly. One cannot but smile at some of this, but it would be a shame to laugh, for these outspoken endearments are very sincere; so, too, is the undying grief for the dead, which neither mourner seems to have had the least idea of suffering in silence; it is poured forth, year after year, with childlike abandon. Both the substance of these letters and the fact of their publication is another evidence of the curious lack of the sense of reticence in this family; but this, together with their evident deficiency in sense of humor, is, perhaps, a German trait. It seems surprising that a sort of school-girl diction should run through the letters: children or friends or mementoes are "so pretty and dear," "so good and dear," "so welcome and dear"; the Princess was "so glad," "so amused," "so troubled"; she hopes that war will not occur, it will be "such a horrid thing," and after going through really dreadful experiences in a most heroic manner, working as nurse at the hospitals, amid shocking sights, and making herself mother to the whole terrified town—suffering, meanwhile, every anxiety for her husband at the front, and bearing a

child amid all this—she describes the state of affairs as "so horrid!" It is a pity that some less loving hand had not edited the book, giving in a quarter of the space a view of Princess Alice's really beautiful character, less marred by these trivialities.—In *The Three Prophets*, Colonel Chaillé-Long professes the belief that General Gordon, Arabi Pasha, and El Mahdi (the "three prophets") have been all really only the secret tools through which England carried out an intrigue for the possession of the Soudan. He implies not obscurely that Gordon was first sent to the Soudan in order to so throw it into confusion by mal-administration, dissipate its revenues, and otherwise make it difficult for Egypt to hold, that detachment might occur; that Arabi Pasha was then encouraged in rebellion, and even the Alexandrian massacre winked at, in order that Egypt might be still further crippled; and finally El Mahdi encouraged to rebel in the Soudan in order to detach it from Egypt, Gordon sent thither to prevent reconciliation, and, if possible, persuade the Mahdi to confine himself to establishing a Soudan State, under the protectorate of England; that he has remained there, though he could easily have come out by way of Uganda, in order to supply a pretext to send a "relief expedition," in reality an army of occupation to take possession of the Soudan; the details of this intrigue having been kept arranged by secret correspondence between Gordon and Gladstone. This Colonel Long was Gordon's aid during his first Soudan expedition; remained with him some time, and then parted from him. The most of the book is filled with rambling and confused accounts of the author's connection with Gordon in the Soudan, and of the Arabi rebellion. So exceedingly confused is it as to be uncomfortable reading. It is very egotistic, and full of a certain tone of dislike and resentment toward Gordon—though nothing is narrated to account for this, and the author expressly speaks of having been at first thoroughly fascinated by Gordon's personal charm, and does not speak of having ever been disillusioned; nor, while, implying that he is an intriguing hypocrite, does he ever make any such charge in express words. Colonel Long is an American, and served as American Consul at Alexandria for a short time during the period of the massacre and bombardment. He prints various "testimonials" as to his courage and humanity at that time.—Under the somewhat dull title of *The Continuity of Christian Thought*,<sup>1</sup> is concealed a very intelligent and interesting historical study of Christian theology. It is not exactly original work, nor exactly a popular résumé—being, in fact, the substance of six lectures delivered under the terms of the John Bohlen Lectureship (a Philadelphia endowment, on the principle of the Bampton Lectureship) by Doctor Allen, of the

<sup>1</sup> *The Continuity of Christian Thought: a Study of Modern Theology in the Light of its History.* By Alexander V. G. Allen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. These lectures are founded chiefly on Neander, Baur, Maurice and Dorner. Their thesis is a modern tendency to return to Greek theology after nearly sixteen centuries' dominance of Latin. Doctor Allen urges that the true apostolic Christianity is to be found in the Greek Fathers, and is best formulated in the theology of which Clement was the founder, and Origen the most distinguished exponent; that the final conquest of the Latinized form of Christianity—of which Augustine was the greatest power—was a distinct deterioration, both intellectually and spiritually, yet necessary to bring Christianity down within the reach of the barbarian nations then just coming to birth. The essential difference, he holds, between apostolic and Latin Christianity, is in the conception of the Incarnation; and this due to a still deeper difference, that in the conception of the relation of God to man and matter. The Greek conception, evolved through Greek philosophy, was of an immanent Divine presence, existent in man and in the material universe, personal, yet not anthropomorphic, of which the human soul is the direct offspring. The Jewish conception is an external Divine being, omniscient and omnipotent over man and the material universe, of whom the human soul is the handiwork. Therefore, to the Greek mind, the Incarnation was "the Word *made manifest*," among men, where he had always been, but invisible; to the Roman, as to the Jewish, it was the coming down to earth of an external power. Therefore, to the Greek, it was only one step in a process of education, which was to lead up the rudimentary life of God in his human kin to fuller likeness to him, "free imitation of God" being the ideal of Greek Christians as of Plato. There was no place in this scheme for the doctrines of atonement, conviction of sin, reconciliation, or for a belief in revelation as the peculiar property of the Jewish Scriptures: on the contrary, the immanent God had been bringing all peoples, each by its special path, up to Christianity; Greek philosophy had been his inspiration, just as the Hebrew Law had been. The Roman mind, on the other hand, accepted the idea of humanity as an alien product of Divine power, now separated by sin from its Maker, and to be brought back by external interference; hence the Incarnation. It will be seen that the Roman conception is that of modern Calvinism, and in a less degree, of all Western Christianity. There is, however, a reaction, within the present century, toward the Greek conception; it is represented chiefly by the liberal branch of the Episcopalian Church (for which the writer speaks), and, quite recently, by a section of the Congregational Church. Doctor Allen considers Schleiermacher the father of the movement. He regards it as a rehabilitation of true apostolic Christianity, and of Christ's own teachings, after a parenthesis of many centuries, in which the Augustinian system has dominated Christian thought. The six

lectures trace the development of the fundamental Roman idea into the Catholic Church, the various reactions, culminating in the Protestant revolution, noting that almost every one of these followed unconsciously upon some contact with Greek influences; shows the main thread of Augustinian theology running unbroken on from Catholic to Protestant systems, especially as re-imposed on the vaguer but more liberal ones by Calvin's re-statement of it; and concludes that it is now finally upon the wane, having served its purpose in holding together the Church through periods when its tendency to a rigid, compact, and intolerant organization was necessary to confront the dangers of half-formed civilization. We should like to follow more closely the line of argument, but must refer the reader to the book itself for anything farther.

The title of State Mineralogist is narrower than the scope of the State Mining Bureau of which he has charge. But Mr. Hanks has adapted his fourth report<sup>1</sup> to the wider of the two ranges, and included a historical sketch of the defunct State Geological Survey, a bibliography of the government publications on the geology and mineral productions of California, thirty pages of "Information in relation to the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and other Resources, Interests, and Industries of the State," and three hundred pages of "Catalogue and Description of the Minerals of California"; thus making, together with a short account of growth in the San Francisco Museum, a volume of four hundred pages. The information thus published for gratuitous distribution throughout the State is not, as Mr. Hanks expressly warns us, to be regarded as a contribution to science, but is adapted to the comprehension and the needs of the "manufacturer, mechanic, and artisan." In connection with the precious metals, for instance, for the benefit of the "prospector and miner," are compendious directions for assaying; historical sketches are interspersed, and hints in political economy thrown out under such heads as "Copper," "Diamond," "Gold," and "Petroleum." Esthetics are touched upon when "Quartz Jewelry" is reached; and the understanding of minerals' names is facilitated by the addition of etymologies. Will all this be added to the veins of unworked ore in the rock masses of unread State documents? Other instances are not wanting in which the State has set on foot an enterprise likely to be of use to the people at large, and then left it to struggle as best it may with hindrances arising from inadequate support. The details of an unpleasant picture may be gathered from the report before us. Quarters over a stable; "hipparic" odors; cases jingling from the impact of hoisted hay-bales; chemist discharged; library insufficient; traveling funds lacking. But the "management," as Mr. Hanks modestly styles himself, is not disheart-

<sup>1</sup> Fourth Annual Report of the State Mineralogist. 8vo. pp. 400.

ened. His visitor-roll lengthens, and his confidence in the future is unshaken.—A poet who has already written several poems that have been widely read and cherished, brings out a collection of poems this holiday season—*Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets*,<sup>1</sup> by Frances L. Mace. Of these poems the first and longest one, "Israfil," is perhaps the one upon which the author's permanent reputation will rest; but a much wider circle of present admirers has undoubtedly been won by the devotional song

"Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,"

which stands in many collections of chapel music. "Israfil" has a sort of magnificence about it, in words and rhythm, that give it distinctive character.

"Lo, down the airy waste  
Four shining angels haste:

<sup>1</sup> *Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets*. By Frances L. Mace. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Their eager wings make music as they come,  
Flashing along the night,  
All redolent of light,  
As if the splendors of their upper home,  
Reflected, still illumed their earthward flight."

Several of the other "Legends" are excellent, related with sustained dignity. The "Lyrics" tend more toward the commonplace, and the "Sonnets" still more—as sonnets go, for any sonnet that is not absolutely blundering has a certain stateliness; lyrics degenerate toward jingle and prosaic diction, sonnets toward dullness and dignified platitude. There runs through all the poems a marked love of imaginative beauty and a moralizing vein, besides great rhythmic facility. It has been a common criticism upon the women poets of this country that they are plaintive, dwelling upon undefined sorrow, and implying—in the Mrs. Browning fashion—that grief is somehow the core and meaning of life; but this is not true of poems we have here noticed.

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

---

VOL. V. (SECOND SERIES.)—MARCH, 1885.—No. 27.

---

## THE FRENCH AS COLONISTS.

AN impression prevails, and has found frequent expression, that the French are not a colonizing people. The fact that France lost control of the settlements which she had founded in India and America has contributed to this opinion. The slight degree of prosperity which has attended her efforts in the penal and military colonies now under her control has tended to confirm it. The movements of the English in Egypt and of the French in China are watched with interest. It has been said that England will never withdraw her protection from Egypt, while many believe, on the other hand, that France will never be able to found a successful settlement on the shores of China. Even if military events should result according to the desires of the French, their evident intention to expand their Cochin China possessions, and to maintain a foothold in Tonquin, and the willingness which they show to measure strength with China, indicate that the present government is of another mind; and both in this country and in Europe the capacity of the French as colonists has become a subject for discussion.

An examination into the cause of the failure of French colonization in America, should help us to understand this question, and may

lead us to modify our opinions on the subject. What was destined to fail under the management of that great autocrat, Louis XIV., may succeed, when inspired by the different motives and conducted with the different methods of a republic. The causes which led to failure in the eighteenth century may not exist today.

It is not easy for an American to comprehend, without some reflection, the different circumstances under which the French and English colonies were founded in this country. His mind naturally reverts to the desultory attempt of his forefathers at founding settlements here. He recalls the history of the various grants and charters of the English colonies, differing in essential characteristics, confused and conflicting in bounds and purposes: some conveying specific power and particular domain to favorites, others granted with intent to provide a house for religious bodies; some having in contemplation the management of the colony by a corporation in England; others given directly to those who proposed to occupy the territory conveyed in the grant; no two alike in form or substance; all based upon the idea of self-support during infancy; and some not even containing a reservation

on the part of the crown to negative the enactments of colonial law-makers. He sees that the English emigration to this country was an emigration of families; that no thought of return to the mother country entered the minds of the emigrants; no concerted movement furnished them organization, and no settled plan governed their actions.

French emigration, on the contrary, was radically different. The theory which prevailed at that time in Europe as to colonial enterprises under government patronage has been elaborated by Professor Seeley, in his "Expansion of England." The colony was a mercantile venture. Spain had acquired wealth from the occupation of Mexico and Peru. Other Catholic countries, undeterred by the Papal Bull partitioning the new world between Spain and Portugal, asserted their rights to a share in the possible profits to be derived from similar establishments. If the riches of Mexico had been preempted by Spain, at least there remained the chance for France to develop a trade in peltries in Canada. For this purpose companies were formed, and upon this basis emigration was organized.

A recent writer, speaking of these methods, says: "The union of colonization and mercantile adventure was incongruous in itself, and proved a constant impediment to settlements. The merchant made his investments solely in order to obtain immediate returns in large dividends. On such conditions of profit, money for the necessary outlays could be obtained, but upon no other. This put into the hand of the merchant or adventurer a power which he exercised almost entirely for his own advantage. What was necessary for the prosperity of the colony which he seemed to be founding, he absorbed in frequent and excessive dividends. The avarice of the merchant thus hampered the true colonial spirit, and his demands consumed the profits which should have given solid strength and expansion to the colony."

In the little band which accompanied Champlain in his second voyage, there were

in addition to laborers and artisans, soldiers, who were to remain with the colonists. A foothold was no sooner secured upon the continent, than priests were despatched to oversee the spiritual condition of the colonists, and to proselyte the natives. So careful was the Church to protect its children from possible contamination, that when Richelieu, at the head of the "Hundred Associates," undertook more active measures in behalf of the colony, it was provided that "no Huguenot was to be allowed to enter the country." Even while the lives of the colonists were dependent upon the forbearance of the natives who roamed freely through the woods which shut in their little clearings, the desire to proselyte led to the foundation of schools and convents for the instruction of the natives.

Hampered by fetters of monopolists who controlled the destinies of the colony and directed all its energies toward the development of the fur trade; kept under close surveillance and in spiritual subordination by priests; deprived of the benefits of a voluntary Huguenot emigration, which would cheerfully have purchased freedom of religious opinion at the expense of expatriation; and constrained by the presence of a little band of soldiers, sufficient in number to hold the colonists in check, and to keep alive memories of the condition of society in France, but totally inadequate for aggressive movement, or even for defense in case of formidable attack, there was neither the independence of action nor the freedom of thought essential for the development of colonial vigor. Apart from these social conditions, which tended so clearly to restrain the independence and check the growth of the colony, the collision of Champlain with the Iroquois on the banks of Lake George had a lasting effect upon the history of the French settlements, and a baneful influence upon the lives of the settlers. From the day of that collision, with but few and brief periods of truce, the Iroquois, so long as they retained power enough to be feared, were hostile to the French. As population crept up the valley of the Hudson, and

trade with the Indians developed, the value of the friendship of this powerful confederation of tribes became apparent. Both French and English were seeking for the fur-trade of the northwest. If it passed through the valley of the Mohawk, the Indians of Central New York could lay tribute upon it. If they permitted it to pass peacefully through the territory occupied by the allies of the French, down the Ottawa or by way of the lakes and the St. Lawrence, they would lose this advantage. Thus, interest came to the aid of the Dutch and English traders, and fanned the enmity kindled by Champlain's thoughtless attack. The friendship of the Algonquins was gained, but it was the friendship of a feeble family among the Indians; while the hostility of the most powerful confederation known to have existed among them in this country was permanently secured. A Frontenac, by his fearless front and bold aggressions, could compel a temporary peace; but no governor less able than he could protect the farmers in the field, even when in sight of the guns of the little French forts, from sudden attacks, nor from the wanton destruction of their crops. Individual Frenchmen adopted by the tribes exerted great influence in behalf of their nation. Priests swayed their councils and held this traditional hostility in check; but its influence was enough, when added to the machinations of the English and the Dutch, to weigh down the scales with which the Iroquis measured their friendship, upon the side of Albany rather than that of Quebec. So long as the power of the confederation remained, neither peaceful agricultural pursuits nor manufactures were possible in Canada.

A population reared under such circumstances could not fail to be impressed by the surroundings. No avenues for support were open to the young men of the colony save the fur trade and the farm. The former was directed by the monopolists, who at the time being controlled the destinies of the colony. The latter could only be pursued under the restraints of the feudal tenure of the soil and of exposure to attacks from Indians, which made the calling not only precarious,

but almost as hazardous as that of the *coureurs de bois*. The farmer could not escape his obligations to his seignor, nor the oversight of priests. The woods were, however, accessible to all. Edicts might be promulgated and orders issued, limiting to the favored few the right to roam the woods and to trade in furs, but the field was too wide to be covered by law. Thither fled many of the youth of the colony, irresistibly drawn by the companionship of nature, the freedom from restraint of law, and the charms of forest life. Neither processes of law nor plots of priests could penetrate the depths of the forest. All traces of civilization were left behind, save the occasional companionship of some priest, seeking in his devotion to the cause of the Church for martyrdom at the hands of the Indians. Governors complained in voluminous despatches to the Court that their edicts were ineffectual to keep the young men from adopting the habits of the natives, and acknowledged that there was more probability of the French becoming savages than of the Indians becoming civilized. Life within the limits of the little towns was hedged in with all the formalities of a miniature court, and the community was convulsed with wrangles for precedence between governors and intendants, with quarrels between officials and priests, and with conflicts of jurisdiction between Quebec and Montreal. Notwithstanding the difficulty of communicating with the colony, the Court at Versailles endeavored to maintain close supervision over its affairs, and to prescribe for ailments which were beyond the possibility of intelligent comprehension at so great a distance from the spot. Under these restraints even the fur trade was not prosperous, and with various conditions the monopoly was, during the history of the colony, successively granted on different terms to a series of companies. What there was of prosperity was to be found in the towns. The life of the agriculturist was one of especial hardship. The summers were short; the winters severe; the peril from Indian attack constant and especially probable during seed time and harvest. The

influence of this state of affairs is plainly to be traced in the character of the colonists. Accustomed from early childhood to roam the woods, their lives spent in constant hazard from lurking savage, with threads of danger interwoven in the web of daily life, there was developed in both sexes a spirit of intrepidity and courage which made its mark in current events. The chronicles of the French contain anecdotes of heroism on the part of both men and women, which rival in interest the almost incredible accounts of the patient martyrdom of their priests by the Indians. From the intermarriage of such men and women, we find, as might have been expected, a progeny whose wonderful courage and endurance are registered in the history of the times. There were families whose every member was conspicuous for daring, and the records of whose deeds are to be found wherever blood was to be spilt or life risked in behalf of the colony. Among these families, that of the Le Moynes is conspicuous. Charles Le Moyne de Longueuil et de Chateauguay was ennobled by Louis XIV. for deeds of daring in the service of the colony. His oldest son, Charles, who bore the title "de Longueuil," was Governor of Montreal in 1725-'26. Jacques, the second son, with the seignory of St. Helene, was killed at the time of the attack on Quebec by Phipps. Pierre, the third and most famous of the sons, is known by the title of his seignory, d'Iberville. He, in command of a single ship, fought and conquered three English ships in Hudson's Bay, each of which was said by the French to have been either equal or superior to his own. With a relatively weak force he landed on Newfoundland in winter, and drove the English settlers about as if they had been sheep. Placed in command of the expedition to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, he accomplished his mission and founded Louisiana. Paul, known as Maricourt, was an adopted son of the Iroquois, and was called by them *Taouistaouisse*—or "little bird that is ever in motion." He was often sent on missions of importance to these tribes. Taking his life in his hands, he

boldly ventured among them with apparent impunity. François, the first Bienville, was killed by the Iroquois. Louis, the first of the sons to whom the seignory of Chateauguay was assigned, was killed at Fort Nelson in Hudson's Bay. Jean Baptiste, the second of the title of Bienville, was the well known governor of Louisiana. From the days of early boyhood, he was with his brother Iberville in his marine expeditions. He accompanied Iberville on the voyage of discovery to the Gulf, and when the squadron returned to France, Bienville, then but eighteen years of age, was left in the little fort at Biloxi. The greater part of his life was spent in the service of the government in the colony of Louisiana. Gabriel, d'Assigny, died in the naval service. Antoine, the second Chateauguay, and the youngest of the sons, was governor of Guiana.

While it may be said that this illustrious family cannot fairly be taken as representative, it cannot be denied that its record represents a tendency of the times. There was no opening for the ambition of youth, except in the field of adventure. If this taste could not be gratified in the army or in the naval service, it was apt to take refuge in illicit traffic with the natives. All-powerful as was the Church, her recruits were drawn rather from the colleges of France than from the youth of the colony. By the earlier part of the eighteenth century, French colonization in Canada had developed a typical colonist. The feature which especially characterized him was love of adventure. That which he cared least for was peaceful prosperity. Of this characteristic, France took advantage in the final struggle with England, and when the difficulty of procuring recruits rendered the prospects of success desperate, she was enabled, through the wonderful loyalty of the colony to a country from which it had suffered only oppression or neglect, to protract, even after it was evidently hopeless, the unequal contest with her powerful rival.

During the same period which in Canada had produced this result, another type essentially different in some particulars was being developed in Acadia. For years this colony

had been the subject of controversy between Great Britain and France. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the most Christian king ceded Acadia to Great Britain. Under the mild neglect of British rule, with their neutrality undisturbed by the conquerors, the little colony of Frenchmen in this province prospered and increased in number. Left to themselves, the colonists organized a species of patriarchal government. With tastes and instincts identical with those of their kindred and compatriots in the valley of the St. Lawrence, they abandoned their nomadic habits and became a quiet, bucolic population. Hildreth, speaking of them at the time of the deportation, thus describes the colony: "The Acadians had preserved all the gay simplicity of ancient French rural manners. Never was there a people more attached to their homes, or who had more reason for being so. They lived in rustic plenty, surrounded by herds of cattle and sheep, and drawing abundant crops from the rich levels, fine sediments deposited by the tides on the borders of the basins, and which their industry had diked in from the sea." Parkman is disposed to consider this picture of Acadian contentment overdrawn. He says: "Abbé Raynal, who never saw the Acadians, has made an ideal picture, since copied and improved in prose and verse, till Acadia has become Arcadia." On another page he draws a picture of Grand Pré in the following words, which, if they do not justify all that has been said of the Acadians, will at least serve to show the character of the scene from which Abbé Raynal's picture was painted. "Before them spread the boundless meadows of Grand Pré, waving with harvests or alive with grazing cattle, the green slopes behind them were dotted with the simple dwellings of the Acadian farmers, and the spire of the village church rose against a background of woody hills." All statements concur in representing this people as living in a peaceful, quiet way, having at command abundant means to supply their simple wants. Whether unduly influenced by priests or not, whether ignorant and uncultivated or the reverse,

they were contented, attached to their homes, and had an abundance of worldly goods for their needs, such as they were. They had, through the aid of the English, solved the problem of a successful French emigration, even if the result was not of a high order.

The restless, roving spirit which led LaSalle to navigate the current of the Mississippi to its mouth, and which prompted Iberville to organize the expedition which was successful in its search for that river from the gulf, drew in its train some of the venturesome spirits of the colony, to whom that portion of the new world called Canada was already old. The vast belt of territory which the occupation of Louisiana brought under nominal French rule, stretching as it did from the lakes indefinitely northward and westward, and comprehending within its claims all the region which fed the waters of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, was, however, too great to be colonized by Canadians. The French king was staggered at the size of the task which was set him. He was at first reluctant to assert positively that he intended to colonize the mouth of the Mississippi, and only yielded to stories of wealth to be derived from mines, from pearl fisheries, and from buffalo-wool. Several years of experimental failure followed the first lodgment of the French on the shores of the Gulf, during which their success was limited to conquering a foothold on the spongy soil at the mouth of the great river, and a post in the burning sands at Biloxi, both of which were held by troops at the expense of the home government. Thoroughly discouraged and disheartened, the king, in 1712, determined to grant the monopoly of the trade of this indefinite region for a term of years to Antony Crozat, and the practical control of this vast territory passed into the hands of a mercantile monopolist. Five years of failure satisfied Crozat, and in 1717 he remitted his privileges to the Regent, and the grant was conferred upon the famous Mississippi Company. Until the collapse of Law's Bank the efforts of the company were put forth in a vigorous way to secure a population for the new country.

Concessions were granted to prominent men, and emigration was undertaken upon a scale altogether novel to Frenchmen. The character of the first emigrants who came forward under this stimulus was excellent. Agricultural experiments were started, and for a while it seemed as if organized emigration might prove successful. The demand, however, for laborers, combined with the fact that the company was, by the terms of its charter, compelled to import a certain number of negroes each year, led to opening up the slave trade. The collapse of Law's Bank checked the efforts of the company in behalf of voluntary emigration, and edicts were issued in France instructing the courts to aid the colony by sentencing convicts to exportation. Affairs in Louisiana soon assumed a shape of neglect and decay, which has been vividly depicted by French writers. La Harpe says, "This company began by sending over convicts, vagrants, and degraded girls. The troops were made up of deserters, and men indiscriminately picked up in the streets of Paris. The warehouses were openly robbed by a crowd of inexperienced clerks, who sheltered themselves from their knaveries by countless false entries." Another writer, who was also on the spot, says: "The army was without discipline; military stores and ammunitions of war were not protected; soldiers deserted at pleasure; warehouses and storeships were pillaged; forgers, thieves, and murderers went unpunished; in short, the country was a disgrace to France, being without religion, without justice, without discipline, without order, and without police." At the end of fourteen years the company abandoned its experiment, and the government resumed charge of the colony. Affairs were not much improved by the change, if we may believe the testimony of an anonymous writer of the time, who says: "A child of six years of age in New Orleans knows more of raking and swearing than a young man of twenty-five in France."

A partial offset to the dismal failures of the attempt at colonization in what was then known as Lower Louisiana may be found in

the little settlement in Illinois. In 1741, according to Father Marest, "there was no village, no bridge, no ferry, no boat, no house, no beaten path," throughout all this region. In 1746 the farmers who had planted their crops in the fertile prairies were able to come to the relief of New Orleans with food.

Separated from contact with the corruption at work at Quebec and New Orleans, the settlement showed signs of prosperity. The situation was not identical with that of the Acadians, but in its isolation it was similar. The prosperity of the former was evidently due to the fact that they were left to manage their own affairs. The difficulty of communicating with the settlers in Illinois was evidently an element in their prosperity.

It was not fated that either of the types of French colonists whose evolution has been recorded should be permitted to work out a further solution of the question. The deportation of the Acadians and the final withdrawal of the French flag from the American continent brought the settlers face to face with a set of questions different from those presented by ordinary colonization. Experience had demonstrated that the closer the connection between the colonies and the government, the less the chance for the individual colonist. The various monopolies had proved to be failures in themselves, and their existence had proved disastrous to the colonies. The measure of temporal prosperity seemed to have been proportionate to the freedom from interference on the part of commercial companies and government officials. If it be admitted that the inhabitants of Acadia and Illinois were priest-ridden and ignorant, we nevertheless find that their success was commensurate with their positions in life, and their opportunities.

Should the French Republic undertake to-day to found a colony, it could not be presumed that the policy of Louis XIV. would be maintained. We should not expect that a monopoly of the trade would be granted to a body of capitalists. It would not be in accordance with the spirit of the age for President Grévy to assert that it was "not for the advantage of France that manufactures

should prosper in such a colony." In short, it would be impracticable to maintain towards a colony today the attitude of the King towards Canada and Louisiana. If the wretched peasants whose fate forced them to Acadia and to Illinois could, under the adverse circumstances which surrounded them, conquer the partial success which attended their efforts at colonization, we may infer that under more favorable circumstances their success would have been more positive. The deplorable failure in Louisiana can be charged directly to the managers at home.

Notwithstanding the drag upon progress in Canada caused by the monopolies and the attempt to force the hot-house civilization of France in the backwoods of America, it is probable that even here the problem would

have been worked out as successfully as soil and climate would have permitted, but for the chronic hostility between France and Great Britain.

The course of events bids fair to make the capacity of the French as colonists a lively political question. Should this prove to be the case, may we not prophesy that the present government will be guided by the light of experience, will recognize the errors of former experiments, will give more latitude to the colonists themselves, will abandon attempts to reproduce Versailles and Fontainebleau in another world, and will permit her emigrants to add to the testimony furnished by the Acadians, that there is nothing in the Frenchman which prevents him from being a prosperous colonist?

*Andrew McFarland Davis.*

---

#### THE BUILDING OF A STATE.—V. EARLY BAPTISTS.

THE religious sentiment in man has seldom been more distinctly and generally developed in any community than among the early settlers of California. The term "early" in this article indicates the time beginning with the influx of population consequent upon the discovery of gold; more especially, dating from the beginning of the immigration from the Eastern States, inaugurated by the arrival of the first steamship from the Atlantic Coast, which occurred in February of 1849.

This development of religious sentiment was the result of natural causes. Men of large education, high attainments in every department of intelligence, taste, refinement, morality, and religion arrived in great numbers at the close of a voyage by sea that had been protracted far beyond their expectations; or after a trip across the continent, entailing trials and toils and disappointments that no one could have anticipated. In either case, as the tedium of the sea voyage lengthened out, or the dangers and sufferings of the overland journey multiplied, each day, by increasing the distance from the home of

dear ones and the solace of the sanctuary, tightened the cords that bound them to these. And as the religious sentiment is the most moving inspiration in man's being, it is most sure to be first excited in the presence of either disappointed purposes or the loneliness of isolation. Hence, in multitudes of cases, men sought on arriving the first opportunity to find the place of religious worship and the consolations of devotional exercises.

A single incident will illustrate a multitude of cases. Soon after my church was dedicated, one Sabbath morning, at the close of the service, a man of noticeable countenance and carriage approached the platform, and very quietly said:

"Would you allow me to have the notices you have just read, after you are through with them? I want to send them to my wife, to convince her that I am not with a people quite so barbarous as we supposed when I left home, and that I have not abandoned church-going or my religion."

I said, "Certainly, after I have repeated them in the evening."

When he came for them at the close of evening service, he said, with much apparent diffidence :

"My name is William Smith. I was lately Governor of the State of Virginia. You may have heard my name. My wife is a Baptist, and I am deeply interested in the prosperity of that church."

So strongly was the religious element in force, that a very large portion of the newly-arrived sought a place of worship, and spent the first Sabbath there, though most of them were on their way to the mines within the week.

Though the people who came in those early times were not a religious sect fleeing from persecution, though their emigration was in no way connected with or consequent upon a religious movement of any kind, though they were of all evangelical forms of faith, they had enough of pure Christianity to rise above all sectional strife, and join with one heart and one soul to diffuse through all the elements then combining to generate an embryo State a healthful religious sentiment.

It has been said that early Californians "builded better than they knew"; and this has been applied to both the religious and the political departments of their work, but it is not true in either case. When the "first steamship pioneers" (a more typical body of men never approached this coast) were on their way here, on board the steamer "Falcon," in the Caribbean Sea, on the 22d day of December, 1848, they celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth rock. Perhaps no better illustration of the intelligence, the plans, the purposes, the resolves, with which the early builders of this State entered upon and prosecuted their work, is needed than the "Preamble and Resolutions" unanimously adopted by that body. They were prepared and presented by O. C. Wheeler, and are as follows :

"WHEREAS, It is becoming to keep in remembrance those great events in history which have tended to advance the interests and increase the happiness of our race, and

"WHEREAS, We are now permitted to celebrate a most important event—one of which our present voyage, in its anxiously looked-for termination, by comparison and by contrast, is most strikingly calculated to remind us—it is with deep interest that we pause and reflect. While we see a beautiful comparison in the leaving of home for a distant shore, in the sailing of a pioneer vessel, bearing civil and religious institutions to a coast that has never known them, and hoping to rear there a great and happy people, the contrast is equally gratifying. They fled from a bigotry that oppressed their understandings; we are sent as the heralds of sentiments in which all our people participate. They, in a frail bark, encountered storm and calm, and every other peril of the sea, to land on an ice-bound foreign coast, among untamed savages, at midwinter. We, on a noble steamer—the fleet-winged hunting bird—defy the calm, and hasten to a mild and balmy clime—the elysian coast of our own country, with our own people. They had to generate, rear, propagate, and improve institutions for themselves. We take them with us, full-grown and mature, and set them up to bless a State for all coming time. And,

"WHEREAS, We trace back all that is beautiful in these comparisons, and interesting in these contrasts, to the principles and practices of that little patriotic band, the two hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of whose landing on Plymouth rock we today celebrate, therefore,

"Resolved, First, That we hail with gratitude the return of the day when our Pilgrim Fathers, under the guidance and protection of a merciful Providence, reached their destination, and commenced the work which has been fraught with such glorious results.

"Resolved, Second, That we see in the suffering, in the self-denial for conscience's sake, and in the enterprise and perseverance of those projectors of an untried plan—the progenitors of a people full of the love of civil and religious liberty—a spirit worthy of all emulation.

"Resolved, Third, That the results of their labor inspire us with increasing confidence in their principles; that these results include a self-diffusing system of civil and religious freedom, which has already penetrated far into the wilds of barbarism, lighting the lamp of peace and love in every vale and on every mountain top where it goes—the most free and full system of general education the world has ever seen, diffusing throughout the American Republic an enlarged form of enlightened freedom, and laying the foundation for an untold amount of peace and happiness, of greatness and glory, at home, and erecting in every kingdom and empire abroad statues of the only goddess to which man may safely bow—the right to govern self, and freedom to worship God.

"Resolved, Fourth, That, while we commend the spirit that led them to act, and rejoice in the results of their efforts, we would fain emulate the former, and strive earnestly to attain the latter—would count

no comfort of life too dear, no scene of home too sweet, no tie of friendship too strong, to yield to the important mission now before us, viz : To establish States of this great Union on a distant coast, to found institutions in a wilderness, to extend all the blessings of our fatherland to a country richer, and a people yet to be greater than the world knew at the time of the event we now celebrate."

These principles, formulated and expressed by the vanguard of that mighty host of "California Pioneers" who adopted and carried them out, show plainly that they knew precisely what they were doing, and that their plans were quite equal to the grandest possible achievements.

The Baptists, having a system of church government from which the framers of our national government received their ideas of the highest type of a republic, were, in this instance, as in all others where the great principle of the highest form of religious liberty was involved, in the van. They selected a man whom the whole denomination (then numbering more than a million of communicants) united in believing to be the man for the place. They commissioned him with a virtual *carte blanche* as to ways and means in his work, and placed him on board the first steamer that carried the United States mail direct from New York to San Francisco—the "Falcon," which sailed from New York at noon, December 1st, 1848. There were with him three other clergymen of other denominations, two of whom reached and landed with him at San Francisco February 28th, 1849.

To understand some of the prominent difficulties that surrounded the initial work in San Francisco, it is necessary to know that all his plans, and all those of the Home Missionary Society that sent him, involving his entire outfit, and every class of preparation that was made, were made without the slightest knowledge of the discovery of gold in California (the steamer had been at sea three days when the news of the discovery of gold in California was first published in Washington), an event which so completely reversed almost every phase of life connected with the formation of society and the transaction of business, that everything was absolutely new. No calculations or arrangements, no

provisions for supplies nor plans for work, made under any set of circumstances hitherto known to Missionary Boards, were at all adapted to the surroundings of the missionary as he landed, to begin his work.

Mr. Wheeler found here a Baptist man, Charles L. Ross, who had brought out to the Coast, some two years before, a small stock of goods, and had since been "merchandising" with great success, and yet retained enough of his piety to enter heartily into the work which Mr. Wheeler had come to do. He had some traits of character developed to a most extraordinary degree—traits which, on occasion, in the wild, unprecedented state of things consequent upon the heterogeneous influx of the gold-seekers, served as well in religious as in commercial enterprise. A fact or two will give an intelligent view of the man on this point.

After the discovery of gold, early in 1848, and before any communication was had with American or European commercial ports, the demand for supplies of almost every kind became often oppressive. There were no railways, no telegraphs, no steamships, by means of which they could communicate; no intimation when any vessel would approach the coast. Yet it was of the utmost importance to the merchant that he obtain the earliest opportunity to board an incoming vessel, and make such purchases as would in a measure forestall the efforts of his rivals. For this purpose, each of several trading houses kept in constant readiness a good boat and a set of oarsmen, with which they might hope to get on board any craft that came into the harbor, and secure the first chance. In the front rank of these competing houses, were those of C. L. Ross and of Howard & Mellus. It was extremely rare that a vessel of any kind came into the harbor with merchandise. One day, "A brig is coming in," was shouted. In a moment, Howard had the rudder-lines of his boat, and Ross those of his, and every oarsman sprung his "ash" to the utmost. It was about three miles to the brig, and the race was closely contested; and Ross was only a hundred yards ahead, when he grasped

the ropes and sprang over the bulwarks. The captain, who was also supercargo, met him at the rail, when, without one preliminary word, Ross said, in his peculiarly rapid manner,

"Got any red woolen shirts?"

"Yes," said the captain, "a hundred dozen."

Without asking a single question as to what else the vessel contained, Ross said,

"What will you take for your entire cargo—everything in the ship?"

"A hundred per cent. on the New York invoice," said the captain.

"It is done," said Ross, as he handed the skipper a hundred dollars, "and this binds the bargain."

And as the captain received the money and said "Yes," Howard reached the deck. There were no red woolen shirts in the country, and every miner must have a pair, even if they cost him a hundred dollars—and Ross *knew* it.

This spirit of dash and enterprise was correspondingly exhibited in his religious acts. When our steamer arrived, having on board Rev. O. C. Wheeler and wife—Mrs. Wheeler being the first, and for a considerable time the only, female missionary in California—Mr. Ross at once assumed the entire responsibility of their care and expenses. He had, some time before, suspended work on a dwelling for himself, because lumber had risen to \$450 per thousand; but before night of the first day he had several mechanics at work on the house, under orders to "complete it in the shortest possible time," notwithstanding lumber had risen \$100 a thousand since he suspended. He at once hired the best shanty to be had, advanced \$300 for the rent, and saw them as comfortable as possible until his own house was done, when he took them there and made their living free, at a time when such board and rooms were worth \$500 a month.

Afterward, when the pastor announced from the pulpit that he would on next Sabbath morning preach on the life and services of General Taylor, late President of the United States, news of whose death had just

reached us, as the congregation was dispersing, Mr. Ross said:

"Parson, if you are going to do that, this house must be enlarged, for it is crowded on common occasions."

And before next Saturday midnight, an addition of 25 x 40 feet was made to the church, seated, and all complete.

We also found at San Francisco a young Englishman, George Inwood, a Baptist, who had crossed the plains from Missouri a year or two before. He was not a classically educated man, but intelligent, and of unflinching principles, especially in his religion. He soon went to the mines, leaving his church letter with the missionary, so that he might become a constituent member of the first church when it should be organized. In a few weeks he sent down \$800 to the missionary, saying he wished it "applied toward the building of a church." At the end of ninety days he returned with \$14,000 in gold, which he had personally taken out of a mine during his absence, above his expenses and the \$800 which he had sent before. Of this \$14,000 he at once advanced \$5,000 (\$2,000 as a donation), to aid in the expenses of a church edifice.

With these two, and other coadjutors, Mr. Wheeler proceeded, as soon as possible, to organize a church and build a church edifice, which was the first erected by any denomination in California. It was only 30x50 feet on the ground, its walls twelve feet high, the studding 3 x 4 inch pine scantling, four feet apart, covered with pine clapboards from Massachusetts four feet long, six inches wide, one-eighth of an inch thick at one edge, and six-eighths at the other. The roof was made of some old sails, obtained from a brig in the harbor. Instead of lath and plaster, the interior walls and ceiling were of the cheapest kind of unbleached muslin, without paint or paper. The seats were merely benches with a narrow rail at the back, and yet it cost more than *six thousand dollars* in gold. Mr. Ross purchased the lot for \$10,000, and assumed the responsibility of the entire cost of both building and lot, toward which he made one per-

sonal donation of \$5,000, beside many smaller gifts, and an expenditure of time, which, for a man in such large business, in such times, could not be estimated in money.

On the 10th of July, early in the morning, the material being on the ground, I bored the first hole for the frame, and did the first carpenter work on the first Protestant church building erected in what is now the State of California: and on the 5th of August I preached the dedication sermon, from Psalm, cxxii. 1: "*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.*" All the Protestant clergymen resident in the town were present, and participated in the exercises, which were of an exceedingly interesting character. It will be observed by the dates given that the building, from the commencement to the close of its erection and completion, required only twenty-two working days. This church, erected by the Baptists, the first in California, was freely tendered to and occupied by the first Episcopalian clergyman who arrived under the auspices of his church, and his first service was held there on the first Sabbath after his arrival. The first preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church who arrived, now the Bishop of Africa, was also tendered and accepted the free use of the church for his services one half of each Sabbath, until his church was ready for his occupancy.

On the Sabbath, both morning and evening, the church was usually full to repletion, and often with no woman present but the pastor's wife. The men were mostly in red or blue woolen shirts, and often without coats: and yet, for true dignity of demeanor, for intelligence and enterprise of countenance, for acts and words and ways that bespeak the highest type of men and gentlemen, they have seldom been equaled—never surpassed.

A few months after the completion of the church, Mr. John C. Pelton, a Baptist and a teacher of experience, arrived, bearing testimonials from the highest educational authorities in Massachusetts, and proposing to pursue his profession here. After a somewhat thorough examination of the field, he came to Mr. Wheeler and said:

"If you will let me have the use of your church without rent, I will open a *free public school* in it."

The proposition was agreed to, and the school was opened and taught for several terms, free to all pupils, the expenses being borne entirely by the teacher and a few members of the church. Afterward the town authorities paid Mr. Pelton a regular salary, assumed entire control of the enterprise, and continued to enlarge the work, which—with the coöperation of Mr. T. J. Nevins, who brought with him from the State of New York a copy of the excellent public school system of that State—was soon formulated into what is now our free public school system: a system which covers the entire educational ground, from the lowest grade of the primary school to the close of our noble University course.

It was a prominent article in the instructions given to their first missionary, by the "American Baptist Home Mission Society," to spare no pains to see educational work commenced at the earliest practical day, and systematized and prosecuted with the utmost thoroughness." To this injunction he to whom it was given and his coadjutors, coming later, have continuously given diligent heed.

In September of 1850, Rev. F. E. Preveaux, from Massachusetts, arrived, and was soon thereafter installed in a school on Powell street, which he taught with varied success, and one or two changes of location, during a few years; when, his health failing, he returned to his native home, and soon died.

Rev. Hiram Hamilton and his wife, both experienced teachers, arrived at an early day and settled at Santa Clara, where they opened a school for young ladies, and taught with much success for several years. Some of the young ladies graduated at this school are now among the most cultivated and intelligent wives and mothers in the State.

Within the "early" period, or "first ten years" of the State, the Baptists established and conducted several other schools in different parts of the State, with gratifying success.

Their efforts in the direction of denominational schools, have been less successful, however, than they might have been, but for the fact that leading and prominent men in the denomination have steadily bent their energies toward the one great, absorbing interest of free public schools. It has always been, and still is, their highest ambition to see our public schools of all grades, including our fine State University, attain the highest possible state of excellence.

In the matter of organizing churches and the construction of church edifices, it seems to be undesirable to detain the reader with very much of date and detail. These things abound in the archives of the denomination, and are always accessible. Hence, my brevity on this point.

In the spring of 1850 I organized the first Baptist church in San Jose, and being still alone as a minister of my denomination, supplied them with preaching once a month for six months, when Rev. L. O. Grenell arrived, and was installed as their pastor.

In September of the same year I organized the first Baptist church in Sacramento. At the organization of this church there occurred an incident so strikingly illustrative of the uncongenial elements composing our population at that time, that it will be better than a whole page of description. In the midst of the work of adopting the order of receiving new members, the moderator read:

"It shall be the duty of the pastor, on behalf of the church, to give the hand of fellowship to each newly received member."

"What is that?" asked Brother B——, from Southwestern Missouri, rising in the far corner of the room, "The pastor give the hand of fellowship! I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"What has been your custom?" Brother B——?" asked the Moderator.

"Why, the whole church give the hand of fellowship, of course!" said Brother B——.

"What, every member of the church give the hand of fellowship?" said the venerable Deacon Wheeler from Rhode Island. "I never heard of such a thing in my life."

These men were almost from the extremes of our country, where customs in minor

matters differed, and each really thought the custom of his section was the only one practiced in any country on earth. The truth was, that the population in those early times had come from every portion of the civilized world, from every nation on earth, each a mature man, fixed in all his habits, and those habits often diverse as the poles on the same subject; which made the effort to unify and consolidate them in any class of work, in any department of life, most inconceivably difficult.

Another fact shows the everywhere-ness from which the people came at that time. At the first observance of the Lord's Supper, in our first church in San Francisco, there were only eleven communicants, and yet they were of seven distinct nationalities.

This diversity of birthplace and home fostered a coolness and indifference to acquaintance and social life that would not have existed had they all been of one nationality. Added to this was the anomalous fact that not one in ten had come with any sort of intention of making a home here, or of remaining longer than sufficient time to accumulate gold enough to make him "comfortable," and then go home to enjoy it. Hence, it was no uncommon thing when soliciting a person to become associated in some one of the organizations that we were trying to establish, to meet the rebuff:

"I didn't come here to stay. I don't want to join any society. I don't want any acquaintances."

The cost of everything needed in life was absolutely fabulous. For a few weeks after our arrival there were no potatoes in the town or vicinity. A small vessel arrived from the Sandwich Islands, her captain having gathered and brought with him the refuse of the crop on several farms, those that had been left on the ground as too small to be used. It was made public that potatoes were in the market. I went to the designated place with my basket, and asked the huckster:

"Have you potatoes?"

"Yes," he said.

"How do you sell them?" I asked.

"A dollar and a half," he replied.

I said, "A dollar and a half a bushel?"

"O, no," he said; "a dollar and a half a pound. They are very fine." And fine they were—not averaging as large as common English walnuts.

The new church had provided for our support, and we decided to go to keeping house. The only house to be had was one that had been erected with especial reference to accommodating us. It was 16x24 feet on the ground, a very low story and a half high, covered with undressed lumber, and lined and ceiled with cloth and paper. The owner said:

"You may have it for three hundred dollars a month, though it is worth a good deal more."

His statement was soon verified. We had just paid our first month's rent in advance, and had been in the house only a few days, when a Baptist man and his family arrived from New England, and must have a place in which to live. He came to me and said: I will give you three hundred dollars a month for one-half of your house, and will pay from the first of the month, when you took it." And he did.

Carpenters received sixteen dollars a day for their work, and physicians charged sixteen dollars a visit to their patients.

This strange mixture of peoples, plans, purposes, habits, manners, and customs often developed in business transactions the most ludicrous scenes imaginable. When we arrived there was scarcely any tea in the country on sale; and there were thousands of men in the mines who thought they could not do without their tea. In a few days a ship came in from China loaded with tea. As soon as possible the tea was landed, and stored in an immense shed or shell of a building. Messengers were sent into the mining camps, far and near, to notify traders that on a certain day a cargo of tea would be sold at auction. On the appointed day large numbers of dealers in miners' supplies from the country were present, each with a bag of gold dust, to purchase a few chests for his store. The auctioneer put up "ten chests, with a privilege." That is, with the privilege of taking more at the rate he had bid for the ten. The bidding was spirited, and the excitement increased, while a calm,

dark-complexioned man—Sam Brannan—sat on a high box in the rear of the building, quite away from others, and without at all abating his whittling, regularly raised the bid just as the word "Sold" was about to be pronounced. Finally the ten chests were knocked down to "Sam Brannan."

"How many will you take, Mr. Brannan?" said the auctioneer.

Without ceasing to whittle or raising his head, he, with the most utter nonchalance, replied,

"The whole d—n concern"—and Sam Brannan & Co. controlled all the tea on the coast. No matter what they paid, they were sure of ready sale and large profits.

Another feature which has probably no parallel in all the commercial transpirings of the world, was exhibited in the clerkship of the mercantile houses. Five hundred dollars a month, with the privilege of doing business in the store on their own account, was not unusual. Nor was it singular, if, in six or nine months, when the sheriff sold out the store, the clerk was able to purchase it and hire his own employer. Multitudes of men, when leaving their old homes, thinking that all that was necessary was to reach San Francisco, invested all they had after paying their passage in a mercantile venture of some kind, purposing to sell on arrival at large profits. Illustrative of many, many cases, the following scene was one day witnessed by the writer. A gentleman who had just arrived sought the store of a prominent merchant, to whom he had letters of introduction. The proprietor was "not in," but the "clerk with a privilege" was; and, bowing very politely, said: "Can I do anything for you?"

The stranger said: "I hope you can. I have a little venture that I wish to dispose of."

"Yes! What is it? Let me see your invoice?"

The stranger presented it. He ran his eye over it, and saw at a glance that it contained the very articles which were in constant demand, and which no house in town could then supply. Yet he handed it back, and, with well-feigned disappointment, said:

"You haven't brought *them* things out here with you, have you?"

"Yes, I have. They are now landing."

"I am sorry—very sorry—d—n sorry for you. Not suited to this market at all."

"Well, what will you give me for them?"

"Don't want 'em! Wouldn't buy 'em at any price! Couldn't sell 'em at all."

"Do give me something for them. They are all I have left in the world, and I must get to the mines. Beside, I am entirely out of funds, and am hungry." And as he said this, his two great, handsome black eyes each became an island, his chin quivered, and his whole manly countenance expressed woe of the deepest dye, as he turned to go.

"Sorry, *so* sorry, you have been so unfortunate in your selection. Wish I *could* do something for you."

The stranger was nearly half a block off, when the clerk called and beckoned at the same time: "Say! come back! I declare, I don't want to see a man starve. I'll give you fifty per cent. on the invoice price, if I lose it all! I'll share the misfortune with you."

The bargain was closed, the gold-dust weighed, and the stranger sought relief from his hunger. In less than thirty minutes the clerk had disposed of the entire purchase at more than a thousand per cent. on the cost—as he was well satisfied, all the time, that he could do.

In six months, this clerk bought the store under the hammer, turned the "boss" into the street, and is now a millionaire.

After 1851, arrivals of clergymen were more frequent; several of these were men of education and talent, and skilled in the work of the ministry. Early among these was Rev. J. B. Saxton, who is still doing yeoman service in the building of the State: soon after, Rev. O. B. Stone, who did several years of hard work, and then returned to the East. In 1854, Rev. S. S. Wheeler, with his family, arrived, "located" at Placerville, Eldorado county, and did missionary work in Eldorado, Placer, Nevada, and Amador counties, preaching, educating, and organizing churches for ten years, until he had a fall from his horse, which unfitted him for

further work, and in some two or three years caused his death.

It is not the purpose of this paper to eulogize individuals, nor to give the details of work: but to give some faint insight (a full view cannot be presented by language) into the character of the unique and strange population that gathered here from every part of earth, rushing for the mines like the circling waters of the whirlpool dashing upon the rocks below; and to summarize the part borne and the influence exerted by the Baptists in bringing this chaotic mass of humanity into the staid habits and symmetric form of a great and prosperous State.

During the period that has been, by my predecessors in this series of articles, denominated "early" the Baptists published religious newspapers, established schools in large numbers, and organized one hundred and eight churches in the country, from Siskiyou to San Diego, and from the sea to the mountain summits.

And although some of these churches, after a time, became extinct, yet each one bore its part, served its day, did its work, and exerted a healthful social, moral, political, and religious influence, tending to the consolidation of materials and the formation of the State, just as directly and just as perfectly as though it had endured for a thousand years. It is a fallacious idea that a church that exists but a short time ought not to have been brought into existence. All the churches established by Christ and the apostles became extinct one after another, but each accomplished the purpose of its existence while it lived. So with our churches in California, as in all new countries (and more so here than elsewhere, because we had a more intense newness than any other)—some had short lives, but all had active and useful lives.

As no people on earth have broader or more energetic views of human rights and "freedom to worship God" than the Baptists, so none are more consecrated to the work of securing to and establishing in the State the highest attainable excellence in every department of the government.

O. C. Wheeler.

## THE DRIFT OF POWER IN THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

VIEWED with respect to the distribution of power, the present position of England's central government suggests that after a long series of experiments, the nation has returned almost to its point of departure. The primitive government of the existing English stock in England was the government of an isolated community, in which the whole power rested in the hands of the freemen, and was exercised immediately by the whole body itself, or by its agents. This was a form of government adapted only to the limited area of the primitive settlement. When these primary groups became united, and the area of the enlarged dominion became so great as to prevent the whole body of freemen from participating directly in the affairs of the state, the first step was taken towards setting up the rule of an aristocracy presided over by a king. Immediately after the union of the petty kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon England into the kingdom of Ecgherht, the popular element of the nation did not participate in the affairs of the central government. The circumstances of expanded dominion had relegated the activity of the great mass of the people to local concerns. The conditions were, therefore, favorable to the existence of an aristocratic government; and that the aristocracy which governed the English people between the tenth and thirteenth centuries was something more than an aristocracy of wealth or of birth, is sufficiently indicated by the name of the assembly through which its power was exercised. This was England's experiment with a pure aristocracy; and the ease with which it was maintained at this time was due principally to two causes: first, the ignorance of all but the few; second, the absence of any tried and approved means by which the great body of the people could put forth their power while scattered over all England. The discovery and application of means by which the power of the people could be exerted under these con-

ditions closed the period of aristocratic exclusiveness in English politics. There followed a new experiment in the distribution of power.

The admission of city and county representatives to Parliament, in the thirteenth century, was an invasion of the aristocratic monopoly in government, and was a step towards the introduction of the democratic element to coöperation with the aristocracy. The immediate departure from aristocracy was, however, very slight; inasmuch as the counties in the beginning could be represented only by members of the nobility, and the representatives of the cities were elected by exclusive corporations. But even this slight concession was followed by a reaction in the form of the disfranchising statute of 1430. From this time onward the political history of England shows movement along several lines: first, to increase the functions of the central government at the expense of the local organizations; second, to increase, in the central government itself, the power of the Lower House at the expense of the Crown and the Lords; third, to make the Lower House the creature of a larger and larger number of voters. These changes have resulted in making the ministry merely a committee of the Lower House, and the Lower House a committee of the enfranchised part of the population. The connection between the English ministry of today and the great national party which it represents is scarcely less immediate than that which existed between the original Saxon settlers and their elected officers. The Crown and Lords still exist, but an independent decision on the part of either is no longer to be thought of. Under the constitution, the Crown is endowed with the power of an absolute veto, but its exercise at present would be regarded as a revolution, so completely has custom superseded the law of two centuries ago. And the House of

Lords has, under the same constitution, the power to reject any measure passed by the Commons. But no sooner is there manifest, on the part of the Lords, a disposition to exercise this power, than the nation begins to bestir itself to coerce them to conform their action to the will of the dominant party. The forms of these institutions still continue, but their ancient power has drifted back to the freemen, who exercise it in the most direct manner consistent with their large numbers. The action of the ministry must conform to the will of the majority of the Commons, and the majority of the Commons must be in accord with the majority of the electors. In this necessary harmony of the governmental executive and the bulk of the electors, is the ground for the statement that after several centuries of experiments in the matter of the distribution of power, the English people have returned to a position not essentially different from that from which they set out.

If we attempt to explain this drift of political power in England, we shall find an important cause of it in the difficulty—perhaps in the impossibility—of so distributing this power that the several departments of the government shall be held in a just and even balance. If this balance is disturbed by one department receiving more power than is necessary to place it in equilibrium with the other departments, this one department is thus enabled to encroach on the others, and, in the course of time, to dominate in the government. The power to loosen or tighten the national purse-strings was the specially efficient possession of the Commons, and constituted the principal advantage over the other departments, which have finally succumbed to its supremacy.

If the political drift which we have observed in England has an efficient cause in an inevitably unequal distribution of power, we must look for a similar tendency, or a tendency to the supremacy of some one department, wherever an attempt is made to distribute power derived from the nation. Assuming the permanence of the fundamental principles of human nature, and the con-

tinuance of the dominant social tendencies which are revealed in history, the course of England's political progress appears as the type of the necessary evolution of popular government. This gradual drift of power towards some given point in the organism is illustrated by the history of federal governments. Even the brief history of the United States shows this tendency of power in the relation of the States to the Federal Government. It was supposed by the makers of the Federal Constitution that they had so distributed the political power of the nation between the State and Federal Governments that there would be no encroachment of the one on the other. But, by placing the power of final interpretation in one of the organs of the Federal Government, as it was necessary to do in order that the federation might be held together, conditions were established favorable to the gravitation of power toward the center; for the human quality of the government made it more than probable that, in cases of doubt, the interpretation would be always in its own favor. For this and other reasons, wherever in the history of the world we find a federation having an internal organization sufficiently strong to maintain its own existence, we observe an inevitable drift of power from the several States to the central government. This is true of all the federations, from the Achæan League to the United States, that have been sufficiently permanent to win a place in history. Each of these governments shows the failure of an attempt to distribute the national power in such a manner as to preserve the State and Federal Governments in equilibrium.

The specific movement of power which has been observed in the history of the English government, is manifest also within the central government of the United States. There is to be noted, however, this difference: in England, the absence of a written constitution and the possession of sovereign power by the national legislature, have permitted this body, without an appeal to any higher authority, to modify the government, or to shift the preponderance of power from

one department to another; while in the United States, similar changes have been brought about, and, under the continued operation of existing forces, will hereafter be brought about, through judicial stretching and twisting of a written constitution, or through amendments of the constitution itself. The presence of a written constitution only renders slower the movement toward the accumulation of power at a single point in the governmental organization.

If we find in England alone the culmination of the tendency to bring the affairs of government into the immediate control of the electors, it must be remembered that in England alone there have been six hundred years of popular rule. In other States with popular rule, whether with restricted or universal suffrage, in which representatives of the people have the right to initiate laws, and consequently the power to shape the governmental policy, there are present the conditions and internal forces which conduce to the attainment of the same end. There appears to be wanting only time to enable all popular governments to reach essentially the same position, politically, that England has already reached, or that position in which the English will find themselves on the attainment of universal suffrage. All the dominant forces of existing Aryan society, those derived from the spread of popular education, from the increasing intercourse between communities and classes, and from the growing recognition of political equality, contribute to the establishment of this tendency. It finds confirmation, moreover, in the history and organization of popular governments everywhere. Our national history shows that in the United States there has been a marked drift of power towards the central government, and in the central government itself, a drift of power towards the Lower House. In short, every representative government in which the representatives of the people have the right to initiate laws, however the political power of the nation may have been distributed at first, tends to move in a certain course, whose end or culmination is the nearest practicable connection between the voters of the dominant national party

and the actual business of government. When this point is reached, and the whole burden of governing a great nation rests, as in England, on a committee of the representatives of the people, the political cycle of that nation is run. And when it is found, as it has been found in England, that the business devolving upon the governing committee is so multifarious and complex as to render its proper execution impossible, the time has arrived for a redistribution of power.

After the passage of one more reform bill, making the suffrage universal, this will be essentially the position of England. In view of the fact that the political power formerly possessed by the Crown and the Lords has been transferred to the Commons, and that the Commons have become the creatures of the whole enfranchised part of the nation, and the electors are thus brought as near as practicable to the actual conduct of affairs, there remains no important step to be taken in this direction.

The tendency of centuries having found here its culmination, there are abundant reasons for supposing that the next important change in English political life will be the result of a great reconstructive effort, put forth to create new and efficient organs of power in place of the Crown and the Lords; or, more particularly, in place of the Lords, whose functions, aside from their activity in behalf of their own perpetuation, have dwindled to merely those of opposition, yet an opposition which may always be overcome in the last resort.

At this point—that is, at the culmination of this tendency to bring the electors into the closest possible proximity to governmental affairs—it is asserted that there must be a redistribution of power. The reasons for this assertion may not be exhaustively given. It may, however, be said in general, that the attainment of rational freedom is one of the chief ends of the state, and that it is only through the means of political institutions that this end may be attained. If, therefore, the tendency which we have considered is to break down and ignore these institutions, it is clear that they must be revived or new ones created before the state

can be in a position to secure its legitimate purpose; and the revival or creation of political institutions is simply another phrase for the distribution or redistribution of political power. It may be stated, moreover, as a general principle of social activity, that there is a tendency in society to put forth its efforts for self-conservation and progress, in the line of least resistance; and it follows from this that no institutions which have lost all their functions but those of obstruction, can permanently remain a part of the social organism. They will ultimately either be supplanted by others, or be once more endowed with the power of positive action; and to effect either of these results there will be necessary a redistribution of that power which has drifted into the hands of the people. If at this point such redistribution does not take place, we have to suppose that all that activity which since the beginning of political life has been devoted to a fancied improvement of the form of the government will at once and forever cease—a supposition entirely at variance with the known laws of social activity. There is another and a practical consideration, which—the supposition having been reached—will urge imperatively the redistribution of power. I refer to the actual inability of the ministers, where the power of a great nation rests with them, as in England, to carry to a proper and successful issue all the varied and far-reaching undertakings that devolve upon them.

England is, therefore, about to face the great question of the redistribution of her political power. I do not mean that this work must be undertaken this year or the next, but that it is a task of the future from which there is no escape. If, moreover, present tendencies are indications of future conditions, it is a task which will ultimately present itself to every nation whose government rests for its primary foundation on the will of the people. It may require a longer period for a federal republic, like the United States, to reach the position which England has finally reached, than for a republic whose power is already centralized, like that of France. But in the nature of each there inhere forces which conduce to the same

end. Still, while it may be readily admitted that the history of our national life shows a tendency to place more and more power in the central government, it may, perhaps, be denied that there is any evidence of power drifting away from the President and the Senate, and tending to concentrate itself in the House of Representatives. A careful examination, however, will reveal certain considerations drawn from the nature of the Lower House, and from its relation to other departments of the government, that point clearly to its ultimate supremacy, and to the gradual crowding of the people nearer and nearer to the actual exercise of power. To indicate two or three of these we may mention: 1. The relatively greater and greater importance which the finances are assuming in the affairs of legislation and administration, coupled with the fact that in these matters the Lower House alone possesses the right of the initiative. 2. The claim of the Lower House to be heard in the making of treaties, which is fixed by the Constitution clearly as a function of the President and the Senate. 3. The more intimate relation which members of this House hold to the great body of the people, and the greater share of popular confidence which for this reason they are likely to enjoy; or, in other words, the increasing power and prestige which, in the progress of democracy, the members of the Lower House are to acquire more and more abundantly, as the bearers of the most direct, and consequently the most authoritative message from the electors. 4. The demand of the voters that the representatives shall pledge themselves to vote as directed by their constituents.

These are a few of a very long list of facts which indicate not only the disposition of the great body of electors to lay their hands directly on the machinery of government, but also their ability to advance toward their desired end. The relative power of the Lower House is likely to be further increased by the tendency to turn the Senate into a body of millionaires, men who, whatever their other qualifications, necessarily bring to the work of legislation a strong class bias, and who will be suspected by the people of hav-

ing interests of their own too absorbing to permit them to devote their energies unreservedly to the general welfare of the nation. Our political drift, then, is manifestly to break down and render powerless all institutions which stand between the people and their actual, and, so far as practicable, direct exercise of the functions of government. In other words, the present tendency in the political affairs of this nation will lead us, if continued, to the concentration of the bulk of the essential powers of government in the hands of a few persons who will be answerable to the electors. At the culmination of this tendency we shall stand face to face with the same problem that England will be soon called upon to solve.

In view of the embarrassment of this situation, we derive from the observed tendency of democracy a suggestion which ought to have weight in determining our political conduct. Having settled the important question that we are a nation, it is clear that that course should be pursued which will defer to as late a period as possible the culmination of the inherent tendencies of our political organization; for no thoughtful man can look with anything but anxiety to the time when the great irresponsible multitude will stretch its all-powerful arm over intervening institutions, and thrust its hand directly into governmental affairs. In all this we have the ground and reason of a vigorously conservative policy. Speaking generally from this point of view, that policy is praiseworthy which seeks to maintain the power and integrity of our political institutions, and that blameworthy which urges consciously the fatal drift of power away from our local organizations towards the center, bringing us nearer the unwelcome issue of democracy.

But when this need of a redistribution of power arrives, what then? In England, as has been suggested, such a need is not far off; and in the United States there appears to be a tendency towards it. The question of this redistribution, as it will appear soon in England, and ultimately in all countries with representative governments, is a question of the choice and adoption of a new form of government, or of a modification of the old.

The result of this choice will not be the same in all nations, although they may all have been brought to essentially the same political status. The social differences will determine the differences in the forms of government adopted. Take, for example, England and the United States as presenting a social contrast which, under the supposed conditions, would not be without its political influence. The people of the United States are dominated by a spirit of equality, while the English are staunch supporters of inequality. Gladstone says, "The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy." Every Englishman has the sentiments either of an aristocrat or of a truckler to an aristocrat. It is this spirit of the English people, in their present position, that would make the result of an attempt to redistribute the power which has settled in the Commons very different from a like attempt under a similar state of centralization in the United States.

In view of the importance of this question, not only with reference to England, but also with reference to the continued welfare of all civilized nations, it is pertinent to inquire into the constitutional possibilities of the future; that is to say, viewing the future from the standpoint of the existing forces of society, what forms of government are likely to be accepted in the later stages of our social growth? It is, of course, to be understood that there are certain general constitutional possibilities which hold with respect to the social conditions of all western nations, and certain particular possibilities which hold with respect only to certain particular nations. This topic is of primary importance, but is to a very great extent neglected in political teaching, both through books and from the professor's chair. It is of primary importance, because it is highly desirable to know what forms of government have a chance of existing in the future, in order that, in advancing to the great question of the redistribution of power, arguments may not be wasted to show that a given form of government is the best form, when a little thoughtful observation and reflection would show that it lies clearly without the field of

constitutional possibilities. It may not be easy to determine definitely the limits of this field, yet there are doubtless some things in governmental organization which the race has outgrown. If we can determine these by examining the history of governments in the light of the inherent tendencies of society, we can indicate certain forms of political organization which it is useless to advocate, and by this means indicate approximately the constitutional possibilities of the future.

There is probably no other form of government which accords so generally with the preferences of thoughtful men as aristocracy. It is easy to persuade one's self that a government of the best is the best form of government for any nation. Probably the bias of the bulk of college teaching in politics in this country is in favor of aristocracy; yet it is not altogether clear to my mind that this form of government, as generally understood and advocated, is not antiquated, and—at least, as it appears in the political history of the world—no longer among those forms which should be the aim of our political striving. At any rate, two questions arise respecting it: 1. Is its record such that its continued existence is desirable? 2. Are the conditions of modern life favorable to its continuance?

Time is wanting to pass in review the whole record of aristocratic rule, and a single general statement must suffice, namely: that wherever the power of government has rested undisturbed in the hands of an aristocratic class, this class has inclined more and more to wield this power to its own material advantage; while at the same time the spontaneous life of the people has been suppressed, and the intelligence of the nation crystallized into a stiff and unproductive formalism. Compare aristocratic Sparta with the more democratic Athens, or Venice with Florence. The creative intellect has left no record of great activity under a strictly aristocratic government. Better the continued turmoil and unrest of democratic Florence, if only thereby the human spirit is exalted and given free course.

Regarding the second question, as to the

prospects of any historical form of aristocracy under the conditions of modern life, there is abundant evidence that it is not likely to fit in well with the ideas and social organization of the future. Aristocracy has entered into the government of states either as the sole power, or as a power coördinated with a prince, or with a body representing the people, or with both. Where it appears in the second form, that is, as a power coördinated with another power in the government, it is the product of times whose fundamental idea as to the source of political power and privilege was totally different from that at present generally entertained. The mediæval pretension of the Pope, that he was the vicar of God on earth, charged with the control of man's spiritual interests, was the practical foundation of that theory which regarded the prince, or head of the state, as the source of all the political power exercised in the government of the nation; for if the Pope controlled man's spiritual interests, it was clear to the mediæval mind that the temporal interests, which were plainly inferior to the spiritual, should be subordinated, through the prince, to the bearer of the high commission of spiritual control. Thus, the divine right to direct the worldly concerns of a nation, to appoint officers and to bestow privileges, descended upon the prince through God's appointed agent. Under this view, through the appointment of the prince, arose those aristocracies which, in some countries, at present divide the power with the popular element. But the great revolution of the last three hundred years has its central and essential feature in the introduction and adoption of the idea that whatever power is exercised in the government is derived, not from the head of the state, but from the bulk of the nation. This view is accepted even by nations whose affairs are administered under the fictions and precedents derived from their earlier history. The English furnish an instance of this. In theory, the revolution may be considered to be complete. No one in these days writes as Sir Robert Filmer wrote in his "*Patriarcha*." If, in official titles and forms of administration, we are constantly pointed to

a former phase of political life, it is to be remembered that these titles and forms are only survivals of an age whose spirit has departed. With this revolution, then, disappears the head of the state as the source of aristocratic power and privilege; at least, as the source of that form of aristocracy which is represented in the English peerage, and which, before 1866, was represented in the nobility of Sweden. For it is not to be supposed that a crown which exists only by a parliamentary title, and which has no power of independent political action, will remain permanently the source of the power of an important department of the government.

History, however, shows us another phase of aristocracy, which does not proceed from the appointment of a divinely sanctioned political head. Such an aristocracy we find in those states which have been governed by a select few, without the coöperation of a body of popular representatives. These have been chiefly small states, like the States of the Netherlands, some of the Italian Republics, and many of the Republics of antiquity. Among the special conditions favorable to the existence of aristocratic governments in these cases were: first, the fact that only a small part of the population were really free, the majority being in Greece slaves, and in the modern states feudal vassals; second, the absence of the system of representation, which was unknown among the ancients; third, the ignorance of the great body of the people, and their consequent inability to combine for their own advantage. But, in the course of modern progress, all these conditions have been swept away. Slavery and vassalage are gone, except as the latter appears in the allegiance of employes in great enterprises to their employers; and, in place of the ignorant populace of the ancient and mediæval world, there has appeared a lower stratum of society, sufficiently educated to use the means of acquiring information, and eager to proclaim and forcibly urge their own rights, as interpreted by themselves. Aristocracy of this form having fallen by the removal of its ancient supports, it has been rendered practically impossible in the future, by the

introduction of political representation, and by the spread of free public education, which acts, in the first place, as a great leveling force, and in the second place, promotes a sufficient degree of intelligence to enable the masses to perceive the advantage they may derive by employing a system of political representation. Aristocracy, then, in either of its historical forms, may be set down as practically outside of the constitutional possibilities of the time towards which we are drifting.

These and other considerations lead to the conclusion that in the future distribution of power in England, in spite of the English love of aristocracy, the aristocratic element as such will disappear from the government, as it has already disappeared from the governments of certain other nations. On this point the case of Sweden is significant, because Sweden and England have followed essentially the same course of political development, the main difference being that class distinctions have been more sharply drawn in Sweden than in England. In England the representatives of the counties and of the cities were united in a single assembly—the House of Commons—but, in Sweden each of these two classes of representatives constituted an assembly by itself. In England the nobles and the clergy joined to form the Upper House; but in Sweden these classes met separately, and constituted the third and fourth Houses of the Swedish Parliament. In the Swedish parliamentary reform of 1866, the aristocratic element was set aside, and the national legislature was made to consist of two elective Houses, the lower formed by a direct, the upper by an indirect election.

If there are reasons which point to the disappearance of aristocracy from the governments to which our descendants will pay allegiance, particularly our English descendants, there are still stronger reasons for regarding absolute monarchy, of the Bourbon type, entirely and forever antiquated. The only form of monarchy which the dominant forces of modern political society do not controvert is that which, like the Napoleonic monarchy, has its constitutive in the suffrages

of the nation. And in one view this form of monarchy appears as the legitimate outcome, or ultimate phase, of popular government. However the power in a republic may be distributed, however numerous the checks and balances set up, the results of the governmental activity will never exactly accord with the wishes and expectations of the great body of the electors. It may be a very fortunate circumstance in the long run that this is so; nevertheless, the fact remains, and comes back to the minds of the voters with ever renewed force, that they are living under a government nominally directed by themselves, of whose results they have every day reason to complain. They feel that something is wrong, and in view of this there arises distrust of those in office. Somebody must have betrayed a trust, or everything would be right. Restricting the officers to specific instructions is found to be impracticable. From the difficulties of the situation there is, to the muddled mind of the voter, no surer means of escape than to fix upon one man of supreme ability and heavenly intentions, and to give him all power, but make him responsible to the voters. Thus arises the imperial government that has yet a rôle to play in the world.

If the experience and historical tendencies of the Aryan race go for anything, our descendants will confine their allegiance to variations of two forms of government: the representative republic and a monarchy constituted by popular suffrage. The former will almost necessarily obtain in nations where skill in local self-government has been acquired and maintained in practice. On the other hand, a nation wanting in the traditions and practice of local self-government will be liable to frequent changes from one form to the other. In France, where the officers of local government are appointed by the central authority, it is a matter of little moment to the great body of the people whether the central government is republican or imperial. The people of New England, however, knowing that a transition from republican to imperial rule would involve the substitution of officers appointed by a central government for their own elected local

officers, would not hasten to make the change. The force of the tradition of local self-government in England, and the continuing power of existing local organizations, make it practically necessary for the English, in the work of redistributing their political power, to leave the Napoleonic form of monopoly entirely out of consideration. They, therefore, appear to be limited to some form of a representative republic as the outcome of their reconstructive efforts.

Under the impression which the recent "blood and iron" policy of Prussia has made in the world, it may perhaps be objected that although Germany has representative institutions, and even universal suffrage, it does not show that drift of power which we have observed particularly in England and in the United States. The objection, however, arises from an imperfect understanding of the spirit of German history. As it regards the government, the history of Germany is divided into two parts by the Napoleonic wars. Between the middle of the tenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, Germany was a great feudal empire. It differed from the feudal kingdom of France particularly in the slowness of its development. The feudal bond was not completely broken in Germany until 1806, when Francis II. was compelled to lay down the imperial crown. This was the end of one phase of German history. With respect to the imperial government, this phase is marked by a gradual dissolution. The Congress of Vienna, at the close of the Napoleonic Wars, opens the constructive period.

The German States at this time were without any legal bond of union. The work to be done was to take these hundreds of fragments, each endowed with sovereign power, and mould them into a nation. Since the Congress of Vienna the Germans have been laboring in this undertaking, sometimes with feeble and misguided efforts, sometimes with the mightiest exhibitions of political skill and military force that the world has ever seen. The events of the last seventy years of German history become intelligible only when viewed as steps towards founding a national state. The Germanic Confederation,

formed at Vienna to be under the Presidency of Austria, was too loose to furnish an efficient central government. It failed, moreover, because it embraced two great powers with incompatible aims. The efforts of 1848-'49 were a second attempt at national unity. The failure of this attempt made it clear that a new method must be tried. It was idle to expect all the powers to unite at once. Those of one mind were united in the North German Confederation, which in 1870 had been extended so as to embrace all the German States but Austria. The next year the North German Confederation was transformed into the German Empire. Through the federal constitution of the Empire, the way is at last open to a strong national government. Some reasons for this statement are: first, the fact that the constitution cannot be changed without the consent of Prussia, taken in connection with the fact that it is for the interest of Prussia to have only such changes made as will strengthen the imperial government, as compared with the State governments; second, the manifest drift of power towards the center, during the fourteen years of imperial rule; in a word, the inevitable growth in a federa-

tion, when the central government is made strong enough to command the local governments. If, now, the imperial government is to maintain itself, and become in time more thoroughly centralized, it is clear that the Bundesrath, which is composed of ambassadors from the several States, must decline in importance as compared with the Reichstag, which is constituted by universal suffrage. The more centralized the Empire becomes, the more immediate becomes the Emperor's dealing with the Reichstag; and under these circumstances, all the forces that have operated in England to magnify the Commons will operate here, in a greater or less degree, to magnify the Reichstag. Wherefore, although a position similar to that which England has reached may be a long way off for the Germans, it is, nevertheless, the necessary outcome for a government which places in the hands of a popular assembly like the Reichstag matters of such vital importance as the national revenues and expenditures. I read, therefore, in the history and political organization of Germany, not an argument against the proposition here set forth, but one more illustration of its truth.

*Bernard Moses.*

---

## ACROSS EASTERN UTAH AND COLORADO.

### I.

It was "overland by mule team," in part, when we, the artist and I, took the journey across eastern Utah into Colorado, from Ogden to Denver. The railway has been finished since that trip. The sand dunes we slowly plodded over; the deep, dry *arroyos* we climbed into and out of; the long, flat sandy wastes we crossed have all been girded with rails, and today the traveler across the country from Ogden to Denver is rushed over eastern Utah, and into the cañons of Colorado, with scarcely time enough allowed him to notice particularly whether the country is hilly or level, dry or watery, cultivated or a desert. But only separated intervals of grading then

marked where the track was to run, and the region was still quiet. Leaving the end of the line at a point a few miles east of the Wasatch mountains of Utah, whose huge shoulders lay piled together against the heavens in the west, we made the trip across the eastern portions of the territory to the end of the Colorado division of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway in a buckboard, drawn by a diminutive pair of long-eared mules; and our only companion was Owen Sheets, grim, strong, and amiable, who acted as guide, cook, and companion.

"Seems kind o' strange," Owen said, just after starting, "that they're agoin' to run a railroad across here, don't it? Pretty lonesome place for an engine to travel. Kind

o' hate to see it come, too. One gets fond of a desert, dry as 'tis, an' I've known this one a good sharp while."

"Have you been across it often?" said the artist.

"Often?" repeated Owen. "Often? Well, rather! Guess I don't want to count the times I've driven freight over these plains. You can't see much road here, I take it, but the trail we're following now I've followed for ten years. This was the shortest way into Colorado at one time, an' a few years ago you might have seen pretty long caravans going an' coming. Well, the railroad will stop all that business, an' then we fellows'll have to fall back to be station masters an' train hands."

There was a good deal of information to be had of Owen, after he was known. He was familiar with every inch of the way, and every object suggested a story. He had prospected in the La Sal Mountains, which are visible from every section of eastern Utah; he had hunted game among the redtinged and tumbled rocks that are to be seen tossed together in the south; and he had explored the Book Cliffs, rising abruptly from the desert, and running from the Wasatch range to the very borders of Colorado, two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward. Where the man had originally come from, and why he had stayed so long in the dreary country, we never could discover. Talkative as he was at times, he was reticent, always, when we asked him too pointed questions.

"Kind o' hanker for home now an' then," he often said. "'Twouldn't seem bad to see a bit of green an' have a decent bed, but once a man gets into this region, it's hard to get out again."

But where that home was, he never told us. In days of old, before the railways had been built, and when Colorado and Utah and Arizona were isolated regions, rough, uncouth, and dangerous to visit, one found many men such as Owen. Some had been robbers and cut-throats at home, and had fled to the West for safety; some had become tramps from choice; some had come to seek a fortune, and had lost that they brought

with them, and so were forced to stay. But today civilization has pressed down upon them, and they have scattered, or become civilized, or gone home, or have died, and the frontiersman is a rare article—that is, the genuine frontiersman. There are imitations in abundance, but the copy is bad. Owen was rough, but never unkind; uneducated, but a lover of nature; used to hardship, but as tender as a child; fearless, but never courting danger; a whole-souled, warm-hearted man, temperate, never profane, good-natured, never tired. The days we passed in his wagon and under his protection are never to be forgotten.

I have no idea where the man is now. I have never seen him since the night I said good-bye at Grand Junction, where we gained the railway again. He drove off that night, and we rode away the next morning. But when I think of eastern Utah, I remember Owen, for he was part and parcel of the country, and to his care I owe many a good night's rest and many a day of pleasure. Let those who nowadays go overland by the railway that has reached out from Denver over the Rocky Mountains and across the Wasatch range into Utah, realize that half a dozen years ago eastern Utah was a wilderness, silent, neglected, trackless; let them look out upon the extended plains, dotted with sage brush, flat, dry, almost limitless in extent, and there can then be understood, perhaps, the regard the artist and I feel for Owen, who piloted us over the region, who told us stories through the day, lighted our camp fire at night, and brought us safely to our journey's end.

In making a schedule of time to run trains by today, the railroad people have taken pains to run their passengers over this section of the country separating Denver from Ogden in the night time. One is told there is nothing to see, that the region is dry, flat, and uninteresting—a desert, in fact. That is the word, and it means much to the uninitiated; for few believe that a barren waste has attractions, or that there are colorings there worth seeing, or vistas of exceeding loveliness. But I am ready to declare that those who shrug their shoulders, and

scornfully use the word, are ignorant of nature in all its aspects. True, the way to enjoy the region is not by riding over it in a railway train. Southern Arizona, as seen from the Southern Pacific, presents nothing that is attractive; and the Denver & Rio Grande, toiling across eastern Utah, allows one to see but little beyond wide, sandy plains, and clumps of coarse grass and deep *arroyos*. But southern Arizona, when visited leisurely, when closely examined, when explored as I have often explored it, and eastern Utah, too, have that which excites and satisfies the appetite for the strange, the grand, and the beautiful. There are the sunrises, when the softened light comes creeping over the yellow sands, silently, stealthily, causing no animal awakening, throwing no shadows, illumining no flowers, reflected in no brilliant drops of freshly fallen dew. Day comes upon the heels of night in the desert as it does upon a calm, unruffled sea. It lights the solitary region by flashing bold rays upon it, fearlessly, suddenly. And when the sun is fully up, and hangs in the east like a ball of fire in the heavens, there is no joyousness in the earth, no answering in the lifeless heaps of sand; and yet one is impressed and fascinated. Many a night I have watched go out; out with the camp fire; out with the departure of the noisy coyotes—wild dogs of the desert, who have been barking at objects of their imagination all the night. And when the day has come, I have watched the listless movements of men and beasts, getting ready for the coming journey, lighting the fires again, cooking the simple breakfasts, packing the heavy wagons. Weird and lonely? Yes; but strange, if featureless, odd, and interesting, this daylight coming, away from cities and green fields. Such scenes the sphinx of Egypt has looked upon. Such have been witnessed by the hardy toilers piloting their caravans over eastern Utah.

But if daylight comes in with colorless monotony, it departs with glory. Sunset hours are rosy-hued, brilliant with rich colors, teeming with life. The sun sinks into the west behind confused masses of rock that lie tossed in wild disorder about the

Rio Colorado, wandering through a wilderness toward the south; and as it fades from sight, long arrows of ever varying hue shoot out from the huge ball of fiery red, and illumine all the cloudless heavens and the snow-capped peaks of the La Sal range. Now look about you. Here the sands are golden and crimson; there the Book Cliffs, departing east and west, are a deep, dark purple; there the lower slopes of the La Sal range, over by the River Grand, are blue. The region is transformed, glowing, but still as early in the morning, watching as listlessly the departure of day as it did its coming. We saw many a sunrise, many a sunset, but never tired of them. Solemn as they were, they had their fascination. Amid the wide waste, standing in the silent gloaming, one's thoughts flew on uninterrupted. Every pulsation of the heart was heard. The desert did not seem so uninteresting as it had been pictured.

Eastern Utah is bordered on one side by the River Grand, that flows down from Colorado toward the Rio Colorado; and on another—the western side—by the Book Cliffs. Between the cliffs and the river, and extending north and south for some three hundred miles, is the neglected country that the Rio Grande Railroad traverses today, and over which we plodded on our way, from the end of the track in Utah to the end in Colorado. Escaping from Price River Valley, which extends in an easterly direction from the Wasatch range, the road led into more expanded country, and to a region more generally level than any hitherto encountered. The first day's travel, with its new and varied experiences, its jars, and dust, and hardships, brought us to the grove of cottonwoods lining the banks of Price River, where we made camp for the night. Tethering our mules and pitching a single tent that Owen had brought along, we ate a simple meal cooked over a camp fire, and a half hour later were fast asleep, curled up in heavy blankets spread upon the ground, with our feet to the fire.

Have you ever driven in a buckboard over a rough road all day? ever breathed for hours a clear, bracing air swept into your lungs by strong, fresh breezes? ever felt too tired to

talk, or move, or to do more than crawl into a comfortable position and rest? If not, then you can have but little realization of the sleep we had that first night in our camp. How good the supper of eggs and bacon and tea was! How good the fire felt to our chilled hands and limbs! How soft the sands were, and how softer still the blankets! Sleep came the minute our heads touched our coats rolled up for pillows. No dreams came to disturb us; no wakeful hours were ours to overcome. Armies of Apache braves, thousands of coyotes, herds of cattle trampling upon us at once, could not have awakened us. If the night had been twice as long, we should have slept contentedly on.

But at day-break Owen was up. Later, the artist still only half-awake, we crawled out into the chill air of early day. Then came the bath in the river, and, later, breakfast; and half an hour after that we were off again, with only a solitary heap of tin cans remaining to mark our resting-place. The second day was similar in experiences to the previous one: a halt at noon for lunch; occasional "footing it" by the side of the team for exercise; the same unvarying monotony to the view. At one side of where we drove ran the Book Cliffs, rising abruptly from the plains to a height of several hundred feet, and extending eastward as far as the eye could see; and on the other side a glaring mass of sand, reaching southward to where ledges of rock rose into view. As the sunlight grew fainter, and when, at last, the somber colors of night had stolen over the region, a long, silvery glimmer of light shone through a line of cottonwoods stretching across the country.

"That's Green River," said Owen, pointing to it and urging on his mules.

"And camp?" asked the artist.

"Yes, and camp," said Owen.

At his words even the mules seemed to take fresh courage, and plunged more recklessly through the deep sands that we had ploughed through all the day. Never did a homelike harbor of refuge seem more welcome to sea-weary sailors than the Green appeared to us. Forty miles we had made through the day; the way had been long

and tiresome; and here was rest and supper, and an end, for a season, at least, to the jolting and bumping of the heavy-laden wagon. Far beyond where the river ran stretched the deserted plains; away to the right rose the sharply pointed and snow-capped Sierra La Sal peaks; beyond them loomed the blue masses of Colorado's mountains, a hundred miles away; at our left were the Book Cliffs. No cabins were visible; there was not even a suggestion of civilization; the only sounds of life were those made by the twittering birds that live in the desert, and that are cousins or sisters of those that run, with their long, slim legs, over the sea-washed coast of far-away New England. Driving down a low incline, and with darkness stealing about us, and the air growing sharper every moment, we forded the river, gained the opposite bank, and again sat beside our camp fire; and later, slept the sleep of the just, while the coyotes howled to the blackness outside our tent, and the winds of the desert whistled dismally through the trees beneath which we rested.

It was only two years ago that we toiled over the region stretching between Green River and the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, but in that time the railway has been finished, and crosses the Green by a long bridge that extends over our old camp. The country is the same today that it was two years ago. The mountains are gathered in the distance still; the sand birds remain; the coyotes are alive. But a Pullman has taken the place of our buckboard, an engine has supplanted our mules, a town stands by the side of the Green. The progress of the century has reached eastern Utah. Its days of isolation are over. It lies upon the highway between the East and the West. And yet the country will be slow to adopt the new life that has come to it. It is, comparatively speaking, still a wilderness. It has been thought capable of irrigation and cultivation, but it has never yet been watered or ploughed. Containing thousands of acres of land, it has few valuable tracts. Nature and man have both neglected it. The rains of summer wash deep ravines for the miniature streams; the sun of winter bakes the earth

until its crust is hard and rough. Nearer the Wasatch Range, in Price River Valley, a few farms have been started, and land yields something to those who have watered and cultivated it. But around the Green nothing has been done, and there is but little prospect that anything ever will be.

And yet, there is wealth waiting for some one after all. "There's a heap o' ore in the La Sal Range," said Owen. "I've prospected there, an' know so. An' the Book Cliffs have got coal, too. See them long, dark stains in the face of the Cliff there? Yes? Well, coal makes 'em. There's enough coal there to run all the engines they'll ever bring here?"

But even Owen, enthusiastic as he was, was not nearly so much so as another old settler we met just before beginning our journey. What he did not know of the country we were to cross was not worth knowing. He was a gray-haired old sinner, this man; and according to his belief, as expressed to the artist, eastern Utah had nearly everything calculated to increase the wealth of nations and of individuals. There was coal in the Book Cliffs; gold in the La Sal range; water at slight depth all over the desert; silver mines in the rocky hills lying in the south. He had specimens without limit, plans as wild as he himself looked, and adjectives enough to fill a volume. He wanted the railway to come "right sharp off."

"Give us it," he used to say, "an' we'll show what this yer country kin do. All we want's a chance; that's all."

Beyond Green River our way led in a north-easterly direction for three days toward the Colorado boundary line. During the day we plodded slowly through the sands, and at night camped in the wilderness. A few miles distant from the Green a deep *arroyo* leads through the sun-baked sands into the Book Cliffs. Exploring this while Owen watered the mules at a spring, the artist found a rock-bound cañon, the sides of which were decorated with rudely made drawings representing men and beasts. None were present to tell us the story of the hieroglyphics; but Owen, versed in many things, said the figures were drawn by the Indians, who, at one time, used to cross the desert on their way

to and from Utah and Colorado. In the retreat we also found petrified shells and bits of moss and marks of fish upon their layers of slate. One of the curios graces my table today. It is a hardened lump of clay, exhibiting the marks of the shell which once enclosed it, and was found in one of the driest parts of the region. Undoubtedly, eastern Utah once had its ocean. The sands, dry today and parched, were formerly bathed by the sea. If scholars would explore the country, there would, doubtless, be found many a remnant of the past, and the stories of forgotten ages, told, would read like some tale of the imagination.

Another interesting association which eastern Utah has is that Sidney Johnston marched across it with his army when returning East from Utah. Marching over the Wasatch range by the road the railway follows now, he crossed the Green at a point near where we camped, and continued his tiresome journey into Colorado by following the Grand River toward its source in Middle Park. It was near our camp by the Green, too, that Major Powell began his perilous trip down that river into the cañon of the Colorado River. The Green is a long-drawn-out stream, rising in Wyoming or Montana, and flowing through deep cañons and across eastern Utah to mingle its waters at last with the Grand and the Colorado. Escaping from Utah, it plunges at once into a nest of red-tinged rocks, and into gorges of such depth and narrowness that even the Indians are not familiar with them, and are ever ready to dispute the statements Powell has made regarding his strange and exciting journey. From where we camped, we could see the rock-strewn region that the river tumbles through, and Owen told many a story of the dangers lurking there from cut-throats and robbers, who had selected the spot for their stronghold.

"It's as much as a man's life's worth," he often said, "to go down the Green. I don't take no stock in Powell, an' don't want to go near the stream after it gets out of level country."

"Have you ever been to the Colorado River cañon?" asked the artist.

"I? Not much. But it's down there, sure-enough, an' its *the* biggest thing in *this* country, too. Deep? Why, you can't see the bottom of it; an' as for narrowness—well, it's nothing but a split in the rocks."

As we neared the State line, and began to enter the valley that opens out from Colorado into Utah, we drove nearer than we had before, and often our road led through the cottonwoods lining the banks of that shallow stream. On the last day, and when the sands were particularly deep and our progress correspondingly slow, we grew hungry, breathing the bracing atmosphere; and Owen did his best to revive our drooping spirits by saying that a man had a store a few miles beyond, which he had opened for the accommodation of travelers across the country.

"We can get sardines and biscuit there," he said. "An' I know there are cigars—such as they are."

A little after midday we spied the tent, pitched on the sand, and around it was a group of men evidently laboring under some peculiar excitement. As we drew still nearer, two of the party rode rapidly toward us and halted at our side.

"Come across?" one of the men called out.

"Yes," we said together.

"Seen two men along the way, walking?" was the next inquiry.

"No; why?"

"Well, nothing, only Bob was killed last night by a couple of men, an' we think they went west."

And it was true. Bob was dead; the store-keeper had sold his last dime's worth, and we were to have nothing from over his counter, after all. Riding up to the tent, we looked into the little store. There, with a blanket thrown over him, lay Bob, dead, shot through the head. A pool of blood was on the floor; men were speculating where the murderer had gone; the place was drear and dirty. It seemed, so we were told, that two tramps had come into the store the night before, and told the proprietor to "hold up his hands and deliver." Not relishing, and not at once obeying the command, the fated Bob was shot down like a dog.

"Poor fellow," said Owen, "he died with his boots on, too."

"With his *boots* on," said the artist, "is that a bad sign?"

"Well, yes," said Owen, "rather. Don't none of us like to go off like that. Most want to die with bare feet. It's kind of a custom. There was a fellow down in the San Juan, once, who died with his boots on, though. He was a tough customer an' got into a scrape and was shot. Some of us stand-in' by went an' lifted his head, so's to take his last words, you know. Well, we hadn't more'n got him comfortable when he says, 'Drop my head, you d—n fools, an' pull off them shoes o' mine.' But we couldn't get 'em off in time, an' he died with 'em on, an' passed along lookin' mighty glum, I tell you. No, most of us likes bare feet when the end comes."

## II.

WE met the eastern terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway at Grand Junction. Long before the town, then very new and scattered, was reached, a cloud of dust filled the valley up which we rode, and marked the progress of the men laying the rails over the dusty region. Far away in the east rose the mass of mountains constituting the San Juan Range; on one side ran the River Grand, wide and shallow; around us stretched the sage-grown plains. The valley of the Grand extends westward for twenty miles from the town of Grand Junction, and is as level as a floor. Two years ago it was solitary and unbroken, a neglected waste, vast but valueless. But today a water ditch has been constructed down its side, and farms are beginning to supplant the sage brush. For the region is valuable after all, and there is an immense deal of it. At the present time, two years after I first visited the place, Grand Junction has become a town of considerable size and importance. The valley at the head of which the place is situated, has many attractions. It has a climate of exceeding mildness, its soil is rich and productive, and the fields are capable of growing every known cereal, and almost every fruit. Indeed, it is the country around

Grand Junction that is likely to rob Colorado of its hitherto distinctive characteristic of being solely a mineral and a mining region, for the recent settlers in the western limits of the State are purely agriculturists. In near vicinity to the town, there are extended grazing fields, and the more sheltered and secluded sections are particularly adapted for farms.

Before the railway pushed its way westward over snowy heights, through deep cañons and across wide plains, the State depended entirely for its reputation on the mines that had been discovered and worked. Colorado was essentially a mining State. Men flocked to it for its gold, and the railway was built primarily for the sole purpose of reaching the various and scattered mining camps. Now all has changed. While the main line of the road still forms a veritable network over the entire State—climbing high ranges, penetrating narrow cañons, entering fertile valleys—it has reached one long arm westward into what was once the Ute Indian Reservation, but which is now one of the best known and the more generally settled sections of the entire country. Grand Junction, Delta, and Montrose are all new towns, dating back not more than two or three years, but they all have enjoyed a steady growth, and today are centers of the new agricultural interest of the State. Western Colorado is still in its infancy, so far as real development goes; but the progress that has already been made—and it is considerable—has been due, not to mines, not to speculation, not to influence, but rather to the fact that the land is rich and productive, the area for cattle raising extended, and the climate particularly adapted to the farmer and the stockman. What was once the County of Gunnison, but has been lately subdivided into several counties, is larger in extent than Massachusetts and Connecticut together. It lies west of the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific slope of the country, and may be best described as an immense table land, enjoying an average location of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea-level, containing a succession of long, wide valleys that extend among flat-topped *mesas*. Along the north-western lim-

its of the county flows the Grand River, containing an unlimited supply of water that is now being used for irrigation, and through the county flow the Uncompahgre and Gunnison Rivers, giving their respective names to two of the best known valleys in the middle West. The Valley of the Uncompahgre River, especially, is a farmers' paradise. The winters there are free from snow; the soil, of a light loam, is most productive; and the river supplies all the water that is necessary to properly irrigate the land.

Before the Utes were removed to their present reservation in Utah, they had their home in the Uncompahgre Valley, and their largest encampment was near where the town of Montrose now stands. Old Ouray, the chief of the tribe, had his farm here, and the tents of his people dotted the surrounding country. All trace of the natives is lost at present, however. The whites have driven out the old-time residents, and a new town, prosaic and crude, and freshly laid out farms fill the region.

But the views remain; the vistas of grandeur have not been and never can be disturbed. The valley is not a garden yet. Much remains to be done before cultivation will be everywhere. But the scenery is perfect. Away to the south and to the south west tower the rugged heights of the San Juan range, lifting their massive shoulders capped with never-melting snow high toward a sky of deepest blue. Northward from the river, hugging a yellow line of bluffs that drop down from the tablelands stretching back into the country, other heights appear in sight, serrated and boldly outlined, looking down upon the sheltered vale. One visiting the valley for the first time is oppressed by the grandeur that is present. The ruggedness and the massiveness of the ranges overpower him. The valley is too vast and long and wide to be taken in at once, but acquaintance discloses the charms of the place. The coloring is varied and exquisite. Yellow sands stretch about red-hued rocks; the distant ranges are blue; the river, winding through green fields, or over grayish white ones, glistens in the strong sunlight. One breathes freer in the unobstructed re-

gion. The pulse is quickened; the mind made active; the scene is new and strange; it is peculiar to itself, characteristic of Colorado with its boldness and brilliant beauty.

Owen left us at Grand Junction, and from that town we rode eastward over the Rio Grande Railway into the cañon of the lower Gunnison, which empties into the Grand at Grand Junction, and out of it into the valley of the Uncompahgre. The Gunnison Cañon is long but crooked. In making a roadway through it for the track, the engineers had many an obstacle to overcome. There is hardly a mile that does not have its angle. On one side of us rolled the river, green-hued and shallow, and rippling over ledges of half-sunken rock; and on the other rose cliffs of yellow rock, worn by time into varied shapes, and bare of clinging shrubs. Here a castle loomed above us and there a tower. In and out we wound our way, twisting around sharp corners, rattling past huge boulders, following the river all the while. At Delta, which occupies a bit of level ground near the junction of the Gunnison and Uncompahgre rivers, we left the Gunnison and turned into the valley of the latter river, by the side of which the road ran eastward to Montrose, and in sight of all the ranges that guard the newly opened country. From Ogden to Denver, a distance of over seven hundred miles, there is one continual succession of attractive views. There is the Great Salt Lake, the City of Saints, the valley of the River Jordan; the pastoral beauties of Utah Lake basin, the richly colored cañons of the Wasatch range, Castle Gate with its two high towers guarding the entrance into the Wasatch Mountains, the Uncompahgre, the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, and the Royal Gorge. At one moment the track is in a valley, at another high above it, winding around narrow trails that are ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Riding over Veta Pass once with Governor Hunt of Colorado, who, with General Palmer, was the originator of the road, we watched the curves and grades, and noticed the odd and dangerous passes which the railway took. Over Veta Pass, in particular, the way is steep and narrow, and leads out of a valley, up a

hillside, and around a high point of the mountain, until an elevation of nine thousand feet is gained by sheer strength.

"Whatever suggested its being possible to get a road over a pass like this?" I asked.

"A mule," Governor Hunt answered. "General Palmer and I walked over Veta Pass time and time again, anxious to build the line, but discouraged by every engineer in the country from attempting it. At last, one day, I saw a mule walking up the mountain. He did not go straight up, but went in a zig-zag way. His movements suggested what we should do—wind back and forth up the mountain side. And later, our engineers made the surveys for us, and here we are—a grade of 220 feet to the mile, and the sharpest curve, ever known."

The Black Cañon, not far east of Montrose, is a wonderful phenomenon. One must see the place to imagine what it is like. He must visit it to understand its weird effect. Leaving Montrose early in the afternoon, we climbed by steep grades to the crest of Cedar Divide, from which the valley of the Uncompahgre River and the far-away mountains of the San Juan range are visible; and later made a quick descent through a constantly narrowing valley, to the level of Cimarron Creek, that plunges abruptly into a dark and narrow gorge on its way to join the Gunnison, half a mile beyond. Almost at a bound we rode away from sunlight into a rock-bound cañon. The way was narrow. High above the passing train rose the grimly colored edges. At one side ran the shallow stream, angered at its confinement, full of whirling eddies, flecked with foam, rushing with dreary roar over its rocky bed. The walls of the gorge grew higher as we proceeded. Here the solid mass rose a thousand feet above the road, here two thousand, and here again nearer three. No sunlight fell upon us; the air was chill; dark shadows lurked in the angles of the place. Look! the train rests upon an iron bridge spanning a troubled stream. Beneath it, a hundred feet, two rivers mingle, and one, the Gunnison, goes galloping off toward the west into a still narrower cañon than that it now forsakes. On all sides

ledges, massive, dark-hued, scarred by the elements, broken into narrow shelves, cut into isolated towers, fringed high above with hardy pines. The train is dwarfed. It is insignificance itself; a pigmy that has dared to enter a giant's gateway. Gazing at the cañon walls, thousands of feet in height, listening to the loud rumble of the river, which fills the place with noises long and loud and drear, one is frightened while fascinated, spell-bound by the grandeur of the scene. The cañon is but a cleft in the heart of a mountain. Cleave Mt. Washington from summit to base with a mighty stroke, and there will be made a gorge in the mountain resembling, in a sickly way, the Black Cañon of the Gunnison.

Beyond the bridge the way led for miles through the deep ravine. At all times the scene was impressive. By our side flowed the Gunnison, its waters clear and tinged a greenish hue; overhead hung the gaunt cliffs, bathed here and there by waterfalls that leaped out of the sunlight above into the darkness through which we sped. Dante might have described the gorge as an entrance to infernal regions. Rembrandt might have copied the somber shadows, and have added to his reputation. We seemed at times to be burrowing into the very bowels of the earth. The gorge was full of loud echoes. Masses of rock often hung entirely over our passing train, and the way was crooked as that of a snake in motion. Toward the end of the cañon, where the walls receded a little, and the coloring changed from dreary black to red and yellow, a solitary pinnacle, broad at its base and tapering gradually to a sharpened cone, rose majestically from the river's side. Currecanti Needle, as the peak is called, was fashioned by a master hand. Two thousand feet in height, its top is sunlit and its base wrapped in eternal shadow. Stunted pines cling to its side; the rock is vari-colored, red and brown and yellow, and minor pinnacles and isolated ledges transform the huge rock into a mass full of delicately turned angles and Gothic columns. Escaping from the cañon, and riding swiftly past a long line of yellow bluffs in front of which ran the river, the Needle still was vis-

ible, and lifted its mighty head toward the brilliant sky.

And after it was lost sight of came the green and fertile valley of the upper Gunnison, and the vast, mountain-guarded level in the center of which stands the city of Gunnison, the metropolis of western Colorado. From the town, built in obedience to the development that followed the discovery of ore in the neighborhood, a magnificent view presents itself. In one direction, toward the west, are the Elk Mountain heights, irregularly piled together and filled with whitened peaks. Northward rose other mountains, and everywhere, till blue summits were marshaled against the cloudless sky. All nature was bold but beautiful. The sight stirred one's dormant blood; called forth adjectives of laudation from the enthusiastic and the prosaic.

From Gunnison, our way led up Tomichi Creek Valley toward Marshall Pass, over which in former years prospecting settlers rode into Gunnison County, and which today is utilized by the railway. Gaining at every mile an increase of elevation, we were soon coursing through a rank forest of pine; and later saw before us, coiled on the side of a mountain, the bright steel bands of the road over which we had soon to travel. Now two engines were busily at work. Here the grade was one hundred feet to the mile, here two hundred. It was upward and onward all the while, though ever and anon we could see the track above and look down upon the one we had lately used. Gradually the prospect broadened. Away in one direction stretched Tomichi Valley, leading into the west. In another were tumbled heights, high and snowy, granite shoulder pressed to granite shoulder. As we mounted higher, gaining at last an elevation of over ten thousand feet above sea level, the scene was superlatively grand and beautiful. At one side rose a mountain, wind-swept and bare, covered with never-melting snows, lifting its proud head a thousand feet above us. Far below the roadbed lay revealed, winding among the forests, stealing loop by loop down into the fragrant valley with its diminutive creek. And eastward, what a prospect! First, a nest of hilltops, studded with gaunt

pinces, crowned with huge boulders, an ocean whose waves had been frozen into inactivity at the very moment of their wildest gambols. Beyond, a valley, long and narrow, appeared in sight, and at its end ran a line of serrated peaks, the Sangre de Cristo range, white with snow in some places, a deep dark blue in others. Even in summer the air at Marshall Pass is sharp and cold, and in winter fierce snow-storms rage about the elevated place. To reach the pass required months of engineering. The grades are heavy and the angles sharp. But careful attention is given every train, and accidents are unknown. Here the road leads by the side of deep gorges, here rounds a rocky headland, here passes into long snow-sheds. But every inch of the way has its prospect. One rides into and over a range separating the Atlantic from the Pacific Slope.

From Marshall Pass we slowly and carefully wound our way to the level of another valley leading between brown-hued and brush-grown hills. Following this we passed Salida, from which a branch of the road extends to Leadville; and later reached the Arkansaw, a swiftly moving, foam-decked stream that runs through the Royal Gorge, and out into the wide plains of Kansas. The coloring on the hillsides and clinging about the rocky headlands was as varied as the way was wavering. Yellow ledges rose beside red ones, whitened peaks rose above wooded slopes of blue. Nature's handiwork was free and bold. The train whisked around sharp corners, crossed airy bridges, clung to steep bluffs of red tinged stone, and at last thundered into the Royal Gorge, a rival of the Black Cañon, and the best known, perhaps, of all the attractions Colorado has to offer. It is 3,000 feet deep, and not 100 feet in width; lighter than the Black Cañon; the walls are more massive, and their face is less broken. No shrubs grow on the tall, smooth sides, no white waterfalls leap into the deep abyss. Far above us is the clear blue sky; at the side of the track rolls the river, chafing at its confinement, filling the place with its rumblings. Climb to the heights above, and the river will appear a narrow thread stretched through a darkened

rent. And as for the train, it will appear a toy from that height. When the road-bed was made, workmen lowered themselves into the gorge from the cliffs above, and blasted the ledges that otherwise were insurmountable. It seemed at first impossible that a train could ever be sent through the cañon. Widened all it could be, there still was barely room enough for the river and the road to pass. But when the line was built, Leadville was crying for communication with the outside world, and the Royal Gorge was the only pathway to the excited camp. And now it is a highway. Trains dart through it every day. The initiated travel through it heedless of the grandeur that is present. But the uninitiated gaze spell-bound at the awful cliffs and the wild, dark ledges.

Bidding farewell to the Grand Cañon, as the gorge is often called, the journey to which I have done so little justice here and in a previous article<sup>1</sup> was nearly ended. The rest of it, interesting though it was, had more picturesque than grandeur; and the way was through a region where broad fields were visible, and the mountains were all in the distance. Passing Pueblo, built on the ruins of an ancient town, and now a busy railroad and manufacturing center, we turned sharply northward and began our long climb of 120 miles to Denver. Eastward the brown plains of Colorado rolled far away to where they met the sky; westward rose the Rockies, with that grand old landmark, Pike's Peak, lifting its ever whitened head above its forest-covered neighbors. Forty miles from Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Vainton, noted summer resorts, were passed, and beyond came the "Divide," formed by an arm of the mountains stretching its length out into the plains from the range behind it. And then Denver was visible, and the journey was at an end. Beside us, later on, lay the new but pretty city, and from its streets we could see the Rockies and Long's Peak, behind which lay the desert of Utah, the green valley of the River Jordan, and California, warm and fragrant and the home of an eternal summer.

*Edwards Roberts.*

<sup>1</sup> "A Glimpse of Utah," January OVERLAND.

## ON THE EDGE OF A NEW LAND.

## XXV.

A SUPPRESSED excitement might be discerned in the little town, even by the most casual onlooker. It seethed and bubbled on the street corners, rippled among the snug homes, raged in the bowling-alley, and foamed about the tavern all day long. A squatter, it was said, had jumped the mining claim belonging to Salome.

Who he was no one knew, nor how long his stealthy occupancy of the cabin had continued. A thousand rumors prevailed. One thing, at least, was undoubted: he had obtained no permission from any one to work in the range. Horton had said that, when questioned, but he had also denied that Salome was the owner of the Old Cabin, or the deserted garden surrounding it. No—he had not included that in his purchase; nor did he know to whom it did belong. Old Ben left heirs; probably they still owned it. It had never been thought of any value.

"Stranger's struck it rich," said one, hazarding his opinion.

"Stolen and sold the lead, too," thought others among the miners. This, it is true, the smelters one and all denied; they had bought no lead from any stranger. But their assertions made little difference. The miners were confident that in some mysterious manner the lead supposed to have been discovered had been smuggled away.

"Easy enough," some said winking: smelters were but human; and a bribe, if adroitly managed, might easily make them forget that they had received any lead out of the ordinary way. Boats were plenty now on the river, and it would be "easy enough to run lead into St. Louis."

Especially were the miners of earlier days excited. Knots of them gathered on the green, swarming from their shafts, smoking, betting, swearing, inveighing loudly against the thief, the scoundrel, the squatter—this

robber meaner than all others, who sought to defraud a lonely and orphaned child. For how could he know that Salome's claim terminated at the blasted tree?

A grim, sullen purpose was visible in many faces—a purpose that implied a speedy and a righteous punishment. Vengeance should be quick, though discovery had been slow.

A party of men sent out to reconnoitre came to the unkempt tavern to report upon what they had seen. Yes, there was a shaft sunk right in the middle of the cabin. They had tried to look into the small back room but the window was boarded up—from the inside. No sound had been heard; no smoke rose from the chimney. They had come away silently, posting a guard a short distance away. The thief was caged—of that they were sure, though his secrecy had been so great. He was still within the cabin, and his retreat was cut off.

English Jack and Harrington, upon whom the leadership had fallen, issued their orders quietly and firmly. Their plans were promptly made, to be carried out to the letter.

Just at nightfall Squire Lyscombe came jogging leisurely down the road that led from Potosi. He had been absent a week, and was indulging in some agreeable speculations concerning the business he had happily completed. Casting his glance toward his home, he saw a long file of men, silently, cautiously creeping up to Old Ben's cabin. What could it mean? Something of such sinister import was conveyed to his mind, that, tired and worn as he was with his journey, he put spurs to his jaded horse, and cantered down the road.

As he turned up into the ravine, he was startled at the sight of Diana by the little gate leading out near the carriage house. She wore no bonnet, her face was deadly pale—a certain horror seemed about her, as with hand shading her intent gaze, she, too, sur-

veyed the miners, surging around the dreary cabin.

"Diana," cried the Squire, dashing up to his wife, "what has happened? What is wrong?" Anxious, covered with dust, he bent forward.

"I don't know," replied Diana. "There's some trouble up there. A squatter, I believe, has jumped Salome's claim, and stolen a lead. I saw Jack and Harrington go up about half an hour ago. Archy Reid has just passed, and—and—" she winced slightly, looking at her husband, "just before him—Hester."

"Archy Reid!" ejaculated he, "*Hester!*" He set off at once at a rapid gallop up the ravine, leaving his wife standing there. Where the pathway up the hill became steep, he dismounted, and pushed on as quickly as possible.

The sun had set, but a thin film of light still hung over the high lands, when the Squire threw open the cabin door.

Within, a howling, screaming crowd of miners had gathered about the freshly mounded earth, which testified so strongly against the unknown interloper. The door of the inner room was open, and as the Squire advanced, the men about it fell back a little. He looked in. Jack Creighton, standing at the foot of a bed, was scornfully confronting the throng.

"Get back, will ye!" cried the Kentuckian. He held in his hand a cocked revolver, and the light of a magnificent courage blazed in his face.

"Two at that game!" was the cry.

In the fierce skirmish that ensued, wild shots were fired. In the loud, tumultuous uproar, "Give him up," yelled the miners. "The thief—the squatter! Show your own hand, stranger!"

"Stop, boys!" cried the Squire, vainly attempting to quell the strife. His voice died away unheeded. In the midst of it all, the sick man half rose from his pillow.

"Fire, Jack! Fire again!" he screamed.

The Kentuckian smiled grimly, striking his opponents, right and left, and tossing away his useless weapon.

"Odds against us!" he answered back coolly, still fighting furiously.

Beside the tall Kentuckian, coming out from some dim corner of the room, stood a woman, pale and trembling. There were traces of great weariness in her quiet voice.

"Boys! boys!" she said, "listen! I will give you the squatter!"

In the sudden lull, she crossed over the little room and took her place by the sick man's pillow. Some of the boldest and angriest miners followed her in. English Jack did not, but Harrington, close at her side, saw her stoop down and whisper to the invalid.

Then she faced them. "Listen!" she repeated calmly. "There is no squatter here. I own this ground. This man has my consent to work here."

"Has *now*! Yes, Hester," cried a derisive voice. "You can't save him so."

"How came it your ground?" asked a second incredulously. "Don't come 'tween us and the likes o' him!"

The sick man leaned against his pillow, seeming to listen intently for Hester's words.

"Will you spare him?" she pleaded. "He's done no harm."

"No? didn't he? He meant to, all the same."

"Spare him, then," urged Hester, "because he's ill—because he can't defend himself—"

"No!" yelled the exasperated men, "Let him give his self up. It's for us to say, then, what we'll do."

"Shame!" cried the Squire. "Shame on you, boys! Let the law deal with him—not you."

"It's a dodge to get him off," said one.

A fresh tumult broke out. The Kentuckian forced himself through the crowd, and stood beside Hester.

"Boys!" cried Hester desperately, "if you'll not heed my rights—if nothing else will move you—spare him for my sake; spare him because he's—my husband."

So deep a hush fell on the crowd, that the chirp of a cricket by the chimney-stone sounded weirdly distinct.

Every eye turned from the slender woman to the man lying prone among the pil- lows. A gaunt, wasted face under its grizzled hair—a face lighted by the gleam of burning black eyes, that intensified its pallor—so wan, so worn, so anxious—could this be the man they remembered, so handsome and so strong? This the man for whose body they had searched through those forgotten days? This the man who had bequeathed to the woman at his side the horrible legacy of doubt, that haunted her, day and night, and made her worse than widowed? Had he come back now, to rob her of her property, as he had done of her peace?

All these unspoken questions the man before them seemed to comprehend. "Yes!" he said, staring back at them as if there were no more to be said. He looked at Hester dully. "I did not know it was yours. I thought the little girl owned it," he said faintly, turning his face away. "Where's—"

He stopped. A man at the foot of the bed was looking at him—a man, sun-browned and haggard, a little stooping, and with a harsh-featured face, and reddish hair, well streaked with gray; a man from whose pent-up emotion the hardest miner near him shrank away.

His hand seemed clutched upon something in his pocket. The miner nearest him, thinking he meditated some harm, put out his own hand in friendly fashion. "The man's sick! don't you see?" he said warningly.

The red-haired man paid no attention to him. His eyes remained fixed upon the sick man. His gaze did not waver, and seemed by its very fixity to hold Holland under it.

"There's your wife," he said at last, in hard, even accents. "I'll ask you—" His voiced failed him; his fingers nervously clutched the hidden weapon. "I'll ask you," he went on once more. "Where's *Janet*?"

With the word all his self-control deserted him. He flung one arm out furiously. Something in his pocket clicked distinctly. At the instant, without noise or bustle, Sa-

lome, unnoticed, stood beside him. She touched his arm lightly. He looked down at her, faltered, hesitated.

"Archy!" she whispered softly "*She* knows how you've suffered. Look!" She opened her hand gently before him. He stared into her eyes, quite bewildered, then at her outstretched hand, shrinking and trembling beside her. Salome smiled strangely, and glancing at Hester, deliberately and for the second time, opened her hand. In her rosy young palm lay a thin, battered, worn-out silver thimble.

One by one the miners stole away, their short-lived fury gone. The meaning of the Scotchman's emotion they now thoroughly comprehended. Not one among them but pitied; not one but respected him. They did not know all the events of these mingled lives; they could not take up the separate threads of their history. But they knew enough to enable them to discern the main events of the drama. They now recalled Janet and her unexplained absence. The Scotchman's questioning of the sick man had unraveled that mystery. Hester's relation to Holland they knew, though they found it by no means easy to comprehend her present behavior. Could she, indeed, forget her personal wrongs, now thrust so publicly upon her? That she had, in fact, forgiven them, appeared to be unquestioned, since her championship of her husband. The vigilantes were not entirely able to suppress a stirring of resentment at the thought that Holland had evaded their punishment now, as in times past he had been spared the expression of their contempt, by their own sympathy and esteem for his wife; yet the fact lifted Hester herself to a still higher plane in their affection.

All were gone at last, save the Squire and Hester, Salome and Archy. The Kentuckian, at a signal from Holland, raised him up as gently as a woman might do. The invalid looked at the bent figures of Archy and Salome kneeling beside him.

"I want—Janet," he said tremulously.

At the word, a woman, cowering close to the wall, rose up. She came out of her dark

corner, round to the spot where Hester sat. Her face was pinched and wan; great purple rings were beneath her eyes, and her lips were colorless.

"Do you hear? It's *me* he wants. Don't touch him!" she said, glowering at Hester. She slipped her arm under his head, motioning Jack away impatiently.

Holland whispered to her.

"Archy," she said timidly, "will ye no come nearer? He wants to say something to ye."

Archy did not stir; but Salome linked her arm in his. "Come!" she said, and moved with him to Hester's side.

"You—Archy, they call you—" Holland said querulously, "you need n't bear me a grudge—I'm going soon. I wronged you. I never meant it. I was young and thoughtless."

He paused a moment. "Hester," he said, "don't be hard on Janet. It was before I married you. I ought not to have married you. I was never good enough. It was only my cursed pride made me desert Janet—pride, and a fancy that I loved you. You are a good woman, Hester. I thought I was beyond your forgiveness; yet you saved me. Do you forgive me?"

He looked at her anxiously. Her lips were trembling.

"Yes," she answered earnestly.

"I treated you shamefully. I wronged you most of all," he said.

"No, no!" cried Janet, a faint red rising in her cheeks. "Oh, my love—don't say it!"

She stared fiercely at Hester, even now. But Mrs. Holland did not heed her. She slipped her arm about Salome, and drew her away from Archy.

"My husband," she faltered, "have you no word for her? *She* is the one you sinned against most."

"She?" asked Holland, looking at Salome, apparently unable to understand the meaning of Hester's speech. His mind wandered a little. "Janet," he said, "why don't you put the baby to bed? I'm tired." A moment later he opened his eyes, and said

clearly and distinctly: "Salome—my daughter—kiss me, just once."

Salome stooped down over him and kissed him. She turned away, shivering slightly, and took the limp hand of the silent Scotchman. She looked into his eyes.

"Uncle Archy," she murmured softly, appealingly.

The Scotchman started violently. He comprehended, for the first time, Salome's story—and her wrong.

Holland lay back upon his pillow, quite exhausted. The dark had fallen, and the Kentuckian lighted candles fearlessly now. In the flickering light grotesque shadows haunted the room where the sick man drifted out on the unknown tide. A long time the watchers sat silent.

Suddenly Holland turned his head with a quick, abrupt motion. He lay still awhile. He lifted his head again.

"Janet," he cried. "Where's Janet?"

She bent over him, unheeding the crimson current rushing from his lips, her arms still clasping him. A moment later she laid him down. She looked at Hester.

"See," she said, quite calmly. "He's all mine—now."

In the early gray of the morning, the Squire and the Kentuckian stood in the little cabin, gazing down into the stolen shaft. Almost up to its brim the cool, clear water had risen—the remorseless water that had cheated Frederick Holland of his hoped-for lead.

The cast-away revolver of the Kentuckian lay where he had thrown it in the fray. He picked it up, looked at it curiously, then hurled it into the shaft. The water splashed out upon them.

"What's that for?" demanded the Squire.

"It was his," replied Jack, nodding back at the little room.

"Well?" inquired the Squire.

"I don't want anything to remember him by," said Jack.

"No?" questioned the Squire. He looked at his companion with slowly dawning wonder. "Why?" he asked, after a pause.

"Because," said the Kentuckian, "I owed him a grudge."

"Were n't you friends?" asked the Squire, "I thought you were."

"Friends?" echoed Jack, a grim, ironical smile curving his lips, "not exactly."

He said no more; the Squire inquired no further. Both moved away from the shaft, and followed the familiar path down the hill. At the carriage-house door both stopped.

"Squire," said Jack, "would you mind shaking hands on it?"

"What?" asked Lyscombe, not in the least understanding his odd companion.

Jack flushed. "I mean," he said, "I thought mebbe you'd shake hands—I've been a good friend to her; so have you. You're an honest man, Squire, an honest, square-toed business man. You've befriended me, an'—"

The Squire smiled.

"The last," he said, "is of no consequence. Whose friend do you mean you and I have been?"

"Whose? Why, Hester's," replied Jack concisely.

The Squire put out his hand instantly.

"Yes, Jack," he said with emphasis, "we'll shake hands on that."

He took the rough, brawny hand of Creighton, and shook it heartily.

"A queer fellow," he said, as he entered his own door.

## XXVI.

UNDER the elms in the village graveyard Frederick Holland had been laid away now nearly a month. All over Katise the mystery of his flight, the story of his return, were openly discussed. The miners knew how he had been impelled to revisit the place from which he had taken his sudden departure—partly by his knowledge of the treasure hidden in Old Ben's claim; partly by Janet's constant repining for a sight of her child, so cruelly abandoned; partly, too—these instinctive fatalists were glad to believe—by that inscrutable and irresistible power that forced him to a just punishment on the spot where his evil deeds were wrought, and un-

der the eyes of the wife he had shamefully deserted.

He had come, seeking to purchase Salome's claim, alone and disguised. Failing in this attempt, and taking quick alarm at some fancied recognition by the miners, he had hastily returned to Janet, beyond the Rockies. But not to rest satisfied. Things had gone so ill with the fugitive, that the idea of all that hidden wealth grew intolerable to him. He was convinced that a few weeks, possibly a few days of labor, would reveal it all to him. His health failed under his ceaseless chafing. A feverish restlessness, a mad desperation, seized upon him. He must go back—and secretly. He remembered the ruined cabin. He determined to sink a shaft there, and to drift into Old Ben's range.

Luckily, chance threw into his way one day the taciturn Kentuckian, the only man, save himself, who knew of the concealed lead. They became companions—never friendly—simply tolerant of each other. Holland laid his scheme before Jack—unfolding it all, to the minutest detail in the work. Would Jack take the chance with him? The Kentuckian listened. When Holland ended, he said:

"If you'll try Old Ben's shaft, I'll work it with you."

But Holland dared not show himself at the Mines. He could not risk recognition. He insisted upon having the shelter of the cabin. For weeks Creighton tried to induce him to give up his plan, refusing to share in the venture unless they first tried Old Ben's shaft. To all arguments Holland remained obdurate. Fear made him persistent; secrecy was imperative.

At length Jack yielded to his wishes. "If," he said, "you will not take Old Ben's shaft, I'll go in with you in the cabin."

So it came about that, quietly and unsuspected, Janet and Holland took up their abode in the desolate cabin. Diana Lyscombe alone had seen the light flickering there, and speedily shut out, the night of their arrival, and she had soon forgotten it.

But Holland's work did not advance as rapidly as he had expected it to do. Fortu-

nately, the crevice he was following contained but little rock, and that not of a quality to require blasting. But he himself was too feeble to be of much use in the labor, and to avoid detection the night time only was suited to their task. His partner, too, though Holland little suspected it, was spending his real strength and interest quite without the cabin walls.

At last Holland believed himself upon the very verge of success. A few more hours, and wealth—fabulous wealth—would be his. Then he would seek a warmer land, where the gnawing cough already devouring his vitals would, perhaps, be healed.

So he dreamed one hopeful night. The next, Jack had drawn up the muddy tub partly filled with water. The mine had cheated him. It had turned out nothing more than a deep, yawning well—its treasure, longed for, delved for, nothing better than the cool, sparkling water.

After the funeral, Hester had asked Janet to share her home, at least until other plans for her comfort might be made. Janet gazed around the barren cabin, and at the mound-eath.

"I'd not been beholden to you, even for this poor shelter," she said, "if I'd known it belonged to you."

In such hostile words declining Hester's offer, she had gone with Lila.

"Will Salome bide wi' us?" she asked of her sister, taking a seat with a restless, yearning air. She walked aimlessly over to the small window that looked straight down the straggling street.

It was darkened somewhat with the tender green leaves of morning-glories trained up over it, and the woman, wan and eager-eyed, thrust them impatiently apart, that they might not interfere with her view. As her fingers came in contact with the familiar vines, she broke into low, hysteric laughter.

"Ay," she cried mockingly. "They be mornin'-glories, Lila. Wait till they be bloom-in,' lass—as they used to in the auld land. Ye mind, Archy, daft lad, liked to say I were like them mysel' in the auld days. Bid Salome look at them when the mornin' dew

is glintin' on them: an' when the frost has nipped them an' they are lyin' black an' sodden under foot, let her look at them again. Happen some day, my daughter'll come seek-in' me, though I be nippet an' frayed in the cruel frost."

## XXVII.

THE lilies were in full bloom in Diana Lyscombe's pleasant yard, when Hester walked briskly up to the front door. She went in without knocking, as had been her wont.

"Prissy," she called to that personage, who was busy sweeping the upper hall, "will you tell Mrs. Lyscombe I'd like to see her?"

She went into the cool, shaded parlor and sat down.

Presently Diana entered, her finely moulded figure seeming taller, statelier than ever. An odd embarrassment was manifest in her demeanor. She knew well the story of the last few weeks—and how much more than that, she thought bitterly, coming forward to Hester.

She had not seen her since the day of the funeral. She had not been well—that was very evident. Baby Jean, too, had passed through one of the many crises common to childhood, and the mother had not been prevailed upon to entrust her to any one, not even to faithful Prissy. Learning of this, Hester had gone over to see if, as in other times, she might not help Diana. She was told that Mrs. Lyscombe was trying to sleep, after a night's vigil, and was not to be disturbed. She had left an affectionate message, and gone away. That was two weeks ago.

Today, as Diana advanced to her, Hester was aware of a subtle change in the face of her old friend. A certain alteration of manner, too, she saw—a something she could not define, though she clearly perceived it.

"Diana," she said, rising, an impetuous tenderness sweeping away her momentary chagrin, "sit down, dear. You look so tired!"

She gently pushed her into a chair. Diana said nothing. She looked at Hester wearily, even coldly.

"I've wanted to see you so much. There's so much I've wanted to say to you, dear," said Hester brightly. "Are you ill, Diana?" she cried, noting her friend's apathy.

"Yes—no," answered Diana dreamily. "Go on; tell me what you wish to say to me."

Hester colored vividly; a smile came to her lips, a little quiver in her throat. She looked so strikingly young and girlish, that Diana involuntarily cried out:

"You *are* pretty, Hester!"

Hester blushed again, this time a deeper crimson.

"I find it hard, after all, to tell you, Diana," she said. "If I were younger—if my life had been just like that of other women—if I had been quite as they are, it might be easier. Perhaps some one else could have told you better than I."

She paused an instant, Diana regarding her closely. She went on again, with eyes uplifted to her listener.

"Why need I fear to tell Diana?" she said, as if reasoning with herself. "Diana never mistrusted—she never misjudged me. When others failed me, she was firm. She'll not misjudge me now."

Diana thrilled with sudden interest.

"Oh, Diana!" broke out Hester eagerly.

"Do you remember all the long years of my worse than widowhood—I did not believe that my husband was dead? Always, always, I expected that somehow, somewhere, we should meet again. Others thought him dead—sometimes, perhaps for a little while, I thought so, myself. There was one," she said—her voice vibrating pathetically—"who permitted himself to love me. He was generous—he knew how evil tongues would gladly wag to blacken the fair fame of a lonely, unprotected woman. That I might be spared all the torture of these slanderous tongues, he kept himself aloof from me. We seldom met, but I knew through one dear to him that all of love his life would ever win was bound up in me. It seemed to me a crime. It was hopeless. It was sad—sadder far, Diana"—her eyes were downcast now—"because I was struggling against myself. Do not despise me, Diana, when I

say I loved him. It was wrong; I do not defend it—I dared not encourage it. I rejoiced wickedly when I knew his love would never, never change—that in spite of myself he would always love me. But at last I sent his friend to tell him all I feared, nay, all I knew, about my husband's life, not death, for now I had learned that he was still alive. I begged his friend to be my ally—to show him how useless, how hopeless, it all was—to persuade him to go away and leave me to forgetfulness. My own peace was dying in the long struggle; his life—a noble, a beautiful one—being ruined.

"I learned of my husband's return; of his secret work in the old cabin. The night after I knew this, I walked up the path by the old cabin—"

Diana abruptly turned her face full upon her. "Go on," she said, "I am listening."

"He joined me, this man who loved me—this man I had tried so hard not to love—this man who had believed me widowed for years. Oh, Diana," she broke off, "don't look so coldly at me. If you could know how I struggled against it, you'd pity me. No soldier ever fought more desperately than I. I won the battle, because—I loved him."

"What!" cried Diana, "and you can tell me that!" She drew up her tall figure, her face literally transfigured; all her coldness, her apathy, gone.

Hester looked at her, fairly stunned with surprise.

"Tell me," demanded Diana, "what you told him—this fond, generous, honorable lover of yours."

Hester's head drooped slightly; she paled perceptibly. "I told him," she answered, "that after all other obstacles to his love were gone, there yet remained one that could not be surmounted. I told him a little parable I once knew, that seemed to express all I wished to say."

She glanced up, and, meeting Diana's eye, shrank a little under its blaze.

"Ah," cried Diana, "no doubt it was a pretty story. Listen," she said, leaning forward, her fingers clinched in the arm of her

chair, her very throat throbbing with passion. "There was one mistake in it. Do you know what it was?"

"No," returned Hester indignantly. Her deprecating air had vanished under Diana's manner.

"I'll tell you. *The Queen was not dead.* Diana rose up towering over the smaller woman. "You are not ashamed to declare this guilty passion? How dare you," she cried with terrible intensity, "how dare you tell me that he loves you!"

"Because," answered Hester haughtily, "I am not ashamed of his love. Because," she said, a thrill of tenderness coming into her voice, "He cannot—he cannot—love me better than I love him.—My Richard—"

"What!" cried Diana.

She stood staring at Hester. She began to tremble. "Richard! Do you mean Richard?"

She seized Hester's hand quickly, sitting down helplessly, humbly. That *she* should have been tricked by the identity of the Lyscombe voices and figures, which so often confused acquaintances, but had never before caused her an instant's mistake!

Hester, too, trembled, as she saw Diana's overmastering emotion. The whole significance of it rushed instantaneously upon her. The red died out of her cheeks; her lips were ashen.

"*Diana!*" she cried. "After all these years, you—" She slipped down upon the low foot-stool at Diana's feet and burst into bitter tears.

Diana waited a few moments. Then she laid her hand gently on the bowed head. "Long ago, Hester," she said simply, "you asked me to kiss you, in token of my entire confidence in you. Will you kiss me, now, and forgive me?"

Both rose, and tenderly kissed each other.

"Dear," said Diana, "if you had only told me—" But she refrained from further reproach.

Long after the two friends had parted Diana sat in the cosy parlor, happy in the restored confidence that had blown away the clouds of their estrangement.

When she stood that night by the little beds, she stooped and kissed the children with an overflowing heart. Then she went down to the Squire, sitting comfortably in his big arm chair, and told him the whole story. When she ended, the Squire drew her to his knee, and kissed her upturned face. "No," he said gently. "My queen is not dead."

## XXVIII.

ARCHY and Salome, returning from the first long ramble of the season, with such a collection of flowers as made the Scotsman's eyes glitter, came into the cabin where Hester was busily sewing some suspiciously thin, white material. It was not often that the carpenter indulged in a social visit.

"Come, sit awhile; will you, Archy?" asked Hester.

"Thank ye, leddy," answered Archy. "I mak' no dout Lila'll be waitin' supper for me. I told her I'd be home."

"No, she won't," said Salome, "for I told her you wouldn't. Come, you're to stay."

Salome's orders were always obeyed: so Archy, not quite at his ease, seated himself in the sunny kitchen, near the hanging shelf whereon he had placed for Hester her first meal in the far West. The smaller shelf he had fashioned for the first woman of the new land still hung under her modest mirror. He glanced at it.

"Yes, there it is yet," said Hester, a flood of grateful recollection rushing over her. "Archy," she added, "You've given up the old cabin long enough to me; I've been thinking it's time for me to leave it for you—and Janet."

The Scotsman stirred uneasily. "Not yet," he said in a husky voice: "I canna tak' her back yet. Dinna ask it, leddy."

Hester was silent.

"Leddly," resumed Archy earnestly, "keep it always, yousel'. You've a right to it—you and Salome. You've lived in it so long. It's humble, but it's home. If you won't keep it for yoursel', keep it for her you've cared for when her ain kith deserted her."

"It is home, Archy, and I shall always

love it," said Hester. "But there's a new home building for me. Haven't you guessed it? Aren't you building it yourself?"

She spoke to him, but her eyes were fixed upon Salome.

"Ay?" said Silas, a quiver of surprise in his speech. "The gran' house on the hill? He never told me. Only I was to lose no time building it. Ay?" he ended musingly.

Hester dropped her work. "Salome," she said, "come here. I want to tell you what is in my heart—here, where Archy may know it all. Yes, it is true: I am going to marry the best, the truest man I have ever known. But, Salome, there's as much room for you in the new house as there always was—as there always will be—in my heart. Richard has thought of you—has planned for you."

Salome, standing in front of her, took her hand with the odd, caressing movement she had used as a child. Her face flushed a little.

"Richard!" she murmured softly. "At last, Hester?"

"Did you know it—did you guess it, Salome? When?"

The girl's eyes brightened. "I think," she answered, "I knew it always. Hester," she began again, "If ever I've learned anything from your life, I ought now to put it into practice. Always, always others—never yourself—that's the way it's been with you; that's the way it is still. I've been thinking lately that I have duties towards others." Her words were so low, the listeners scarcely heard them. "Others—that once forgot me. Archy, bear witness that I love Hester this moment better than I ever did in my life; better, better now, when I leave a happy life with her for one I must set myself—to forget to hate."

She choked at the last words; and Hester, looking at the pure, grave young face, felt a throb of keenest triumph. She was first in Salome's love—she, not Janet. Then she put down the feeling, thinking of the lone, loveless woman, sitting sullen at Horton's hearthstone.

"Salome, my own dear love," she said, "you must choose as seems right to you."

"Yes," replied Salome, seriously. "No matter what it costs me, I must choose as seems right. That's what Hester has always taught me. Well,"—she threw her arms about Hester with a passionate clasp—"I choose—Janet."

They looked at each other an instant, then Salome gave to Hester the first kiss she had ever bestowed upon her—a kiss, fervent, tender, pure, and solemn; such as she might have pressed on lips already sealed to earthly love.

"Archy," said Salome, turning to him when Hester had slipped with tear-brimmed eyes into the little parlor, "I often think of the first money you ever earned. Do you remember how you spent it? I know. Do you see? Lila gave it to me."

She took from her pocket a faded velvet pouch, and from it drew forth the same battered silver thimble that had so powerfully moved the Scotchman at Holland's bedside.

"The mither's," he said reverently. "My mither's, lassie; though she's bin lyin' long in the auld kirk yard."

"Yes," responded Salome. "You were her only son. The silversmith laughed when you bought this—he looked at your worn cap and your shoeless feet. But have you forgotten, even now, Archy, when you're an old man, the very words she said when you gave her this? 'His mither is ever first wi' Archy. He'll allays forget himself—my ain lad—but he'll aye remember his mither.'"

"They're the very words, are'n't they? You said awhile ago you couldn't take Janet back again. Can't you do it now, Archy?" She laid the thimble in his hand. She looked at him with a beseeching, penetrating gaze.

"Ay, lass—ye maun ha'e your ain way," said the Scotchman. He rose up unsteadily and went out.

As Hester put out her light that night, the moonlight shining in at the small window showed Salome, with her dark, tangled locks, as it had shown the little Salome years before.

"Dear," said Hester, looking down on her, "you are not unhappy—not jealous?"

"I'm glad," returned the girl, frankly. "Richard ought to have you—just you—no one else in the world."

## XXIX.

THE plain, square church doors had been shut and locked. Richard Lyscombe and Hester Holland had passed in together; man and wife they had gone out.

"I seem," said Hester, "to belong to them all." And so she had chosen to be married there, under the approving eyes of her tried, true friends, the hardy miners of Katise.

This marriage was eminently fitting and entirely to the taste of the outspoken community. All the elements of Hester's character, the events of her life, had been rediscussed. Bride and groom alike were followed by the warmest wishes of the humble and strong-hearted men of the border. Miss Ann and the weaver's wife, venturing a few acrimonious remarks, as to the nearness of Hester's wedding to Holland's funeral, were promptly and indignantly silenced.

"Ef—" drawled English Jack—"Hester don't bear malice, 'seems to me you women mought cry quits."

The merry marriage feast was over, too, and the long line of friends upon the wharf watched the gaily decked "Brazil" swing out into the river, bearing Hester and Richard away on their bridal trip to St. Louis. Captain Hazlitt, still suave, still courtly, still the gallant lover of all fair women, stood smilingly beside this one, as he had done when she first entered into the new settlement at the Mines.

The miners burst into hearty farewell cheers; the boat's whistle responded with frantic weirdness; shrill echoes resounded from the rocky bluffs; and the boat sped away to the South.

In the days of her friend's journeying, Diana Lyscombe found delight in superintending the fitting up of the "new house." Every morning she walked across the rippling brook, to add some dainty adornment to the rooms in the pleasant home beyond it, that might please the eye of its beloved mistress.

The burden had fallen from her, and left her light-hearted, even childishly happy. She had latterly seen much of Salome, and had been amazed at the maturity and beauty of character displayed by the once forlorn and disliked waif. "I am not so clear sighted as Hester," she reflected. "She knew this strange little soul from the first: while I—I was torturing myself with a resemblance—a fancied resemblance at that!"

The girl's creamy, tintless face and soft shadowy eyes kept recalling to her her own agonizing and unfounded sufferings. "You, Diana Lyscombe," she would tell herself, "you remember how this girl's promise of peculiar beauty made you almost hate her. Her eyes were soft and dreamy—so were his. An abstracted, visionary child! You had faith in inherited traits. He, too, was visionary and abstracted. Truly, a wise woman! a Daniel come to judgment!—to the judgment of your own friend, whose hand you are not good enough to touch, and your own husband, whose very inmost thought is honor!"

With very excess of happiness, she overwhelmed herself with ridicule, irony, and scorn, and exulted in it. But she and Salome meanwhile became firm friends; and she looked forward with amusement to Hester's surprise and pleasure when she should see this.

She had put the last finishing touches to Hester's pretty parlor, and with Salome was approvingly regarding the general effect of her work.

"Come, Salome," she said, "We've done our best. I'm satisfied with it all. Shall we go?" She glanced down smilingly at the girl. Salome looked about her oddly. "Yes," she repeated in a muffled voice, "we've done our best. I'm satisfied."

She went up to a small picture—a rather inferior crayon sketch of Hester—that hung suspended by a blue ribbon from the wall. She passed her fingers over the face with the caressing motion once habitual with her.

"Good bye, Hester," she said, and turned at once away. Not another word she uttered on their way home. Diana did not trust her own voice, for by some subtle associa-

tion, her thoughts went to the small green mound in the elm-shaded graveyard, where lay little Diana.

They parted wordlessly. Under the locusts the children were playing. Baby Jean came flying down the long walk. "Mamma'th come," she lisped, laying hold of Diana's skirts.

Robbie came in that evening from his customary visit to the old carriage-house. "Papa," he said, "Jack wants to see you."

Diana looked up, wondering at so unexpected a summons. Since the day of the squatters' attack, the Kentuckian had been more silent than ever before. The Squire laid down his paper and went out. In a few moments he sent in for Diana.

She found Jack sitting in a rickety old chair, his high cheek-bones startlingly prominent, his gaunt, loose-jointed frame more than ever attenuated, a wild, fierce hectic in his face. As Diana approached he gave her his usual furtive, sidelong glance.

"Diana," said the Squire, "Jack is sick. He needs your care."

The Kentuckian lifted his eyes shyly as she came near, and made her a quaint, old-fashioned bow.

"I'll be better soon," he said. "I sent for him," he went on, indicating the Squire, "because he's a jam-up business man—a straight out, honest man—an' I've got some business that must be 'tended to." A paroxysm of coughing stopped him.

Distressed at the gravity of his symptoms, the Squire lost no time in getting him to bed—for he utterly refused to leave his quarters for the more convenient mansion, though Diana herself urged it heartily. The Squire discouraged his attempts to talk upon his business matters, and he obeyed without a murmur.

"Time enough, Jack," said the Squire, observing his anxiety. "We'll soon pull you through."

When Diana and the doctor left his bedside that night, however, both knew that Jack Creighton's life was hanging by a thread. The Squire, too, watching beside him, recognized his peril.

For two weeks he lay racked by a burning fever, sometimes tossing in delirium, sometimes rigid and cold, and always his mind rambled over the "prospect up the ravine," or something connected with his winter's work. At last the doctor told them that if there were matters he wished to attend to, he might now be allowed to speak.

Jack was lying quietly now, and entirely rational. He seemed to realize his condition. As Diana gave him a cooling draught, he looked at her gratefully. "The Squire," he said clearly; "will you call him?"

The Squire came to his bedside and felt his failing pulse.

"Squire," said Jack, scanning his own thin hand with great delight, "We shook hands—didn't we?"

"Yes, Jack," answered the Squire, recalling their parting in the gray of the morning after Holland's death.

"Squire," said Jack, very earnestly, "if I only could live till Hester got home, I'd be glad. But I may not. Is your wife here?"

"I'm here, Jack," said Diana.

"I want you to hear, too," he went on. "Squire, the old cabin on the hillside—you know—where Holland died—the shaft's all full of water."

"Yes," said the Squire.

"Listen!" cried Jack. "It's there! The lead's there!" A great trembling seized him. "It's Hester's!" he cried. "Holland was 'most on it. He'd 'a' had it in a few hours. I meant Hester should have her own. I dammed up the overflow down in Old Ben's shaft. I—" he stopped, uttering a low, triumphant chuckle. "I knew where the mineral was years ago; I worked in Old Ben's shaft once. I took out a little mineral—he hesitated, gazing at the Squire—"just a little pocket," he added evasively. "The crevice barred on Old Ben, an' he lost the trail; but I found it. It won't take five hours to let the water out through Old Ben's. I've got everything ready to do it. I would have done it sooner if I hadn't got this fever on me. If I could only live to give Hester her fortune! I always said I would.

Squire," he said, "will you take care of it till she comes?"

"I will," replied the Squire. "Don't distress yourself, Jack."

"I wanted to give it to her myself," said Jack, regretfully. "If I could only live till—"

"You will, you will, Jack," cried Diana, tears welling up.

"Perhaps," said Jack. He lay back reflecting for a long time.

There was a slight stir without the door. Diana looked at the tiny clock impatiently, ticking the hours away. The Squire slipped out cautiously.

When he came in again, he was not alone. Jack had his wish at last.

"Made it!" said the Kentuckian. "Just by the skin of my teeth." He raised himself slightly, and looked at Hester as he said it. It was evident that in a few hours he would be beyond earthly pain, or pleasure.

"Tell her—" he said faintly, addressing the Squire. And there with his bright, soft eyes upon her face, Hester heard the story of the hidden lead—of poor Jack's labors, and the swelling waters in the cabin shaft.

When the Squire ceased, Hester leaned down. "Jack—my poor Jack!" she said.

"I told you, 'some day,'" he answered. "'Some day,' Hester." He smiled happily. "I, Jack Creighton," he said, feebly, "give you, Hester, your fortune."

He lay back a moment, resting. "Hester," he whispered, "put your hand on my breast—there! Is it there yet?"

"Yes," she said, through rising tears.

"I've kep' it there all these years," he said. "You must bury me with it. 'Hester—Holland'! You could hardly read the name now—an' the paper's mos' torn in two. It won't last much longer, anyway—but it will outlast me."

Richard Lyscombe came in with the kindly minister, who brought to the dying the comforting words of faith and of prayer. Jack listened quietly, and when the minister rose from his knees he said humbly:

"All too good to me. Thank you, friends."

For some moments he lay with Hester's hand in his, his eyes upon her face. Suddenly he said:

"When I was a little chap I was kicked about the world, just like a pair of old boots. I hadn't no friends anywhere—nobody. Hester," he said appealingly, "I didn't *know* no better."

A moment after he put her hand upon his heart. "The sore's there yet, Hester. Do you think," he said, "it will be cured up yonder?"

And with the question on his lips, Jack Creighton's soul passed into eternity.

### XXX.

THE warm June Sabbath was full of the summer's soft perfume. An eternal peace seemed to shine upon the whole world, when Richard and Hester, returning from poor Jack's funeral, took once again the solitary path through the mandrakes, and up the hillside, past the old cabin. Still further on they went, and came out upon the highest summit of the lofty range.

The afternoon shadows lengthened about them. The broad Mississippi, flashing in and out among the blue hills far southward, the green, rounded bluffs, the pretty, picturesque town, set on its smooth plateau, the serene sky, made up a picture most perfect.

The two paused awhile looking upon it. "Hester," said Richard at last, pointing to their home, peeping out among green trees, "it hardly seems real to me yet. Even now, sometimes, I half expect to waken and to find it all a dream."

"Or, perhaps, a fairy tale," said Hester, turning a face all brightness on her husband. "Do you remember, Richard," she asked, "a story I once told you—about a king who coveted a poor woman?"

"Yes," he said.

"After all," said Hester, "the parable was not quite true. For the woman was not an alien, nor entirely unlearned. Even her poverty is no longer left to her. Poor Jack!" she added softly. "Richard," she said, "I

think he will not mind if Salome shares the fortune he gave me. He will know I could not be happy otherwise."

She was looking down at Old Ben's shaft, in the mandrake thicket. "Salome always hated the spot," she mused. "She declared the odor of death hung over it. Strange! for after all, it was the key to unlock our fortune."

She turned her eyes in the other direction. The sun, rapidly sinking, left a thin line of red on the low-lying hills, nearer the river. The old Indian trail was in shadow. The windows of the new house shone redly in the departing sunshine.

"See," cried Richard, pointing to it. "My omens are brighter than Salome's. We are going into the sunshine!"

"Yes," echoed Hester, "into the sunshine—together."

Half way down the narrow path, she halted once again. The thin red line had faded from the hills; the glow had died out of the window panes. Twilight was closing in over river, forest, and valley.

"Richard," she murmured, half under her breath, "perhaps we are going into the shadows."

"Perhaps," assented her husband cheerfully: "into the shadows—together."

*Ada Langworthy Collier.*

[THE END.]

## TREASON AGAINST LIBERTY.

ELECTORAL corruption has been aptly described a treason against liberty; for the elective privilege, "the right preservative of all rights," is so closely identified with civil liberty, and so necessary to its preservation and defense, that any attack upon it, either from within or without, is regarded as an attack upon liberty itself. It may surprise many to be told that electoral corruption has become a very common practice in American politics. It is generally accepted that legislators, and even jurors, have been improperly influenced in the discharge of their duties. But to corrupt by bribes at general or local elections any considerable percentage of voters, will be regarded by casual observers as highly improbable, even manifestly impracticable: and this, not because the people are believed to be better than their representatives, but simply because they are more numerous. It will be asked: How is it possible to corrupt so great a mass of individuals? Granting its possibility, what candidate or cause would bear the necessary enormous outlay? And finally, if it is done, why is it not detected, and the guilty parties punished?

It may be said in answer, that there is no need of corrupting a very large number in order to affect the result of an election; that very often a candidate is not the party most interested in his success; and that punishment has not been meted out to offenders, because public sentiment—on account, principally, of its ignorance of the practice and its effects—is not sufficiently aroused against it. But that electoral corruption exists, and is extensive in the United States, there is no doubt. That it leads to the gravest and most disastrous consequences is easily proven. The press of the country abroad and the evidence of our senses at home, alike testify to its wide-spread existence. In fact, ocular demonstrations of bribery at the polls in the recent election in San Francisco suggested the topic to the writer of this article.

The "Century" Magazine for November said editorially that the practice of bribing voters has reached a development in this country that calls for thoughtful attention on the part of patriotic men. "Harper's Weekly," of November 18, 1884, said: "The election has recalled the country to the sense of

a constant and rapidly growing public danger—the use of money at elections. The sums of money spent at a general election are enormous, and the larger they are the nearer is civil disturbance and the overthrow of popular government”; and the facts force the conclusion, that “this kind of corruption is one of the most pressing of present public questions.”

But there is a class of people who contend, in the face of facts, and with some plausibility, that, where the constituencies are so immense as in the United States, electoral corruption can have no appreciable effect on elections. But slight reflection will show the contrary. Elections have come to be so closely contested that a few votes—aye, one vote—may be sufficient to determine the result. The change of a single vote in each election precinct in the State of New York would have been sufficient to put the dominant party elect into a minority, and given a different complexion to the government and history of fifty million people for at least four years to come! And it will be recollected that in the Fourth Congressional District of California, after the election of November, 1876, the vote stood for Mr. Pacheco 19,104, and for Mr. Wiggington 19,103, or one vote less. In cases like these, how efficacious corruption might be, and how great the temptation thereto! How *valuable*, too, the suffrage of even the humblest of citizens!

But it will be said that it is not often that elections are so close; and, on that account, it may be answered, the public is subject to greater outrage. For then not one or two votes are diverted from their conscientious employment, but hundreds, and maybe thousands! The individual candidate may of himself only influence wrongly a few voters, but it is the political party and the combination of interests which is able to corrupt, and does corrupt, on a magnificent scale.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dorsey, in an interview with the New York “Sun,” thus shows how great popular verdicts have been assisted. Referring to the election of 1880, he says:

“I thought our sole chance lay in concentrating all our powers on New York and Kings counties (that is,

So it is not the size of the constituency which makes corruption impracticable; it is the size of the majority. It would be difficult to force the election of a Democrat in Kansas, or of a Republican in Texas. It would be easy to do either in Indiana, Ohio, or New York: hence such States as these are the selected battle-fields where the sinews of war are most employed.

In England, before the passage of the Reform Act of 1832, corruption had taken a deep and ineradicable root. But the evil was recognized, and a remedy sought. The advocates of the bill then argued that the extension of the suffrage provided for would ameliorate and perhaps cure this national disease. Were their predictions verified by time? After half a century, and after frequent extensions of the privilege, we are confronted with the obstinate fact that the general elections of 1880 were among the most corrupt on record.

In many cases they gave rise to some remarkable inquiries. The committee which sat at Macclesfield reported that they were “much struck by the open, fearless, and confiding manner in which corruption was practiced on both sides.” They went on to say that “though it seems doubtful whether a contested election has ever been fought in Macclesfield on really pure principles, the corruption at the late election was far more wide-spread and far more open than had been the case at any previous Parliamentary election.” They also gave it as their opinion that out of 6,000 voters, more than 5,000 had been operated on by bribery. The same state of facts existed at Sandwich, Ches-

in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn). Well, we did so. We cut down the Democratic majorities more than 75,000, and the State was carried by 20,000. You want to know how this was done,” continued the Senator, smiling. “Well, we had a big campaign fund, but as to the way it was spent, I would refer again to Mr. Stevenson. He handled the money. There was spent in Indiana about \$400,000, not a nickel of which came into my hands. The Republican organization there was as good as it could be, and the credit of it is due to John C. New and Colonel W. W. Dudley. All of this money was paid out by Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Dillon. They live in New York. There can be no difficulty in verifying from them my statements. I do not think they will deny them.”

ter, Gloucester, Oxford, and so on. (History of the British Parliament, pp. 388, 389.)

It follows from these premises that the immensity of our poll is in itself no preventative, and that electoral corruption is not only possible, but practicable and actual.

The time is ripe for the reform movement to embrace this question : a political danger of the most radical character to the American form of government. And the present moment seems auspicious for pressing its consideration, inasmuch as the circumstances of late elections showed that the independent voters of the country, ignoring other questions of seeming importance, made legislative corruption the paramount issue.

It goes without proving that bribery is, both in morals and law, an offense at once serious and contemptible. It alike affects him who gives and him who takes. And when employed to induce men to betray public trusts, it vitally affects the State, and should be punished in an exemplary manner. The ballot is such a trust ; but some ignorant persons look upon it as theirs, to do as they please with, even as with a piece of merchandise ; and the law, as now laxly administered, makes a tacit admission of the claim. They hold the ballot, think they, as a constitutional right coeval with their citizenship, and flowing from it ; whereas, it is a mere privilege granted by the State, which may be forfeited for abuse. In the "Compendium of American Criminal Law," Sec. 70, c, is this concise statement :

"Citizenship does not of itself give the right to vote, nor the want of it prevent a State from conferring the right. The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States does not confer the right of suffrage on any person. The electoral franchise is not a natural right or immunity, and a State has exclusive power to regulate the right of suffrage."

When it is understood that the tenure of the franchise by the voter is not absolute, but granted by the State for a wise purpose, and forfeitable under certain circumstances, then the people will become more respectful to the State, more chary of their rights, and more scrupulous in exercising their electoral privileges.

First, and above all, a man is expected to

vote conscientiously, according to his best judgment as to what is right. He may, justifiably and acceptably to the theory of our government, have either of two ends in view when determining his choice, viz : first, the common good, and second, his individual good. In the first instance he would act patriotically, and in the second selfishly. But in voting selfishly he would not necessarily antagonize the general interest. For, if each citizen cast his ballot for that cause and that candidate which is really most in accord with his interest, the common interest would thereby be subserved ; that is, the greatest good of the greatest number would be attained. But the ballot is given to men as members of the State for its beneficial political use, and its sale for immediate pecuniary gain is entirely repugnant to its object and end, and indefensible.

But we have a historical instance of a stern moralist defending bribery at elections on the ground of necessity. The example is profitable, and serves to show that, once admitted to creep into the State, corruption becomes contagious, and free elections are impossible. The facts are these : Lucius Luceius and Marcus Bibulus were contesting the consulship in Rome, when Cæsar intervened and stood for election. He joined issues with Luceius, on condition that he would give money to the electors in their joint names. But Bibulus, not to be outdone, offered as much as his opponent and was elected. It was on this occasion that Cato, who feared the ambition of Cæsar, said that bribery committed under such circumstances was for the public good. But what effect had this practice and this speech, but to precipitate that general demoralization which paved the way to Cæsar's later usurpation ? The patriot was here the unconscious traitor to the republic as much as Cæsar. That corruption which he condoned had put his country beyond all surgery, and it perished.

But it will appear to most people that if the liberal ethics of democracy allow such a wide latitude to voters in the matter of motives governing their choice, drawing the

line only at dishonesty, there should be little trouble in attaining satisfactory government. Let us consider it. In the most recent attack on democracy, in the "Quarterly Review" for October, the writer takes the ground that, if voters in a political community would only use their power for their own interest, we ought to have an approximately perfect rule. But he contends that democracy is a failure, because the people do not know their own interest, and consequently do not vote their interest. He thus turns the principal argument in favor of democracy against itself, provided his premises be correct. Now, do the people know their own interest? Let alone, they certainly do. Do they vote according to their interest? They always do not. The friction is here: They are bribed or intimidated into voting for somebody else's interest, and thus the whole scheme of democracy is undermined. So it is not on account of ignorance, as the writer quoted contends, that democracy will fail or has failed, but on account of corruption.

For instance: Corporations controlling the means of subsistence of a large body of people, regulating the prices of the necessities of life, exercise a political power dangerous in the extreme to the liberty and happiness of the people at large. Every attempt to restrain this power is met with corruption at the polls and in the legislature. Yet many of these corporations are invested with a public use, and subject to the jurisdiction of the State. Where is the relief? Punish the corrupter? But the men who bribe others to abandon their judgment and patriotism, and vote against their own interests, are not better nor worse than the slavish and mercenary electors who sell their American citizenship, won by the blood of heroes, for the money of the powerful.

Yet it is heard now on every side that the poor men, and men of moderate competency, are losing their political equality, on account of the large contributions levied on candidates for election purposes. Legitimate political outlay is no burden—the illegitimate is. And it is within the power of men of this class to cleanse our politics and restore their own

equality; for it is the needy alone whom the corrupter approaches, and, in almost every instance, it is their poverty, and not their will, that consents. A bribe is never offered in a good cause, and it should be remembered by those who accept money because they are poor, that their ballots are sold to men who will keep them poor.

The most despicable of all governments is that in which a noble form is used simply to shelter iniquities, and generous privileges are made the facile instruments of wrong. In a democracy there is no appeal from the judgment of the people, unless it be from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Hence the despotism of a corrupt democracy is more galling than that of a monarchy, because there is no remedy. But, unless pure, "democracy" is a misnomer. If a minority, holding the balance of power, sell it, as has been done and will be done, then the democracy has ceased and the plutocracy begun.

It is the free and honest judgment of a majority of voters that is supposed to determine the policy of the republic and select its officials. Because this is implicitly believed, the defeated minority acquiesce in the decision. If that judgment is not free and honest, the government is subject, after each recurring election, to such a strain that, even under favorable circumstances, it cannot long endure. Every independent citizen looks upon a fraudulent or corruptly gained victory as a personal wrong to be avenged, and liberty suffers for the crimes that are committed in her name. To bribe voters, then, defeats the fundamental principles on which our system is based, and destroys it. Therefore the offense should be in law, as it is in its nature, treasonable, and punishable by the severest penalties.

It is difficult to underestimate the effects of electoral corruption. For of all the forms of bribery, weighed by its results, it is the most fatal to the rights of the people and the well-being of the State. Bribe a legislator or a juror, and you affect only an agent of power: bribe the voter, and you corrupt the source of power itself; you poison the well from whose supply free government sub-

sists. Again, bribe a voter in a wrong interest, and you practically disfranchise the honest man who holds his ballot as a sacred trust. Let professional politicians, public corporations, and self-seekers, buy and sell votes, then the privileges of citizenship lose their title to respect, and have no value which is not expressed in dollars and cents. Under such a condition all good men will keep away from the polls, or, if interested in issues and debased by environment, they may contribute the value of their votes and deem their duty done. The orator will be silent, for reasons will have been superseded by other considerations, and the "political agent," or "money captain," as he is called in England, with a following of enfranchised mercenaries, will alone remain to voice "the sentiments of the people."

But, if bribery, as every other offense against the purity of the ballot, is made infamous by law, by punishment, and by public opinion, the dignity of the theoretical conception of universal suffrage would be maintained, and the foundations of the Republic strengthened.

Universal suffrage, by which every male citizen has one vote to be freely cast and fairly counted, should, if kept undefiled, make a State immortal. By liberty of conscience, speech, and press, together with fair elections, treason, rebellion, usurpation, despotism, turbulence, the common destroyers of States, are all disarmed. But the most subtle enemy of free government must be recognized as corruption which preserves the form while it consumes the substance; and, unless it is overcome, a reactionary feeling against Republican institutions is inevitable, with anarchy and absolutism as alternatives.

## II.

Now, as to the remedy, which must be found in the law and its enforcement. It is within the competency of the legislature to make effective laws on this subject; hence, it is not untimely to glance at the present condition of the statutes, and see wherein they may be amended to advantage, and how enforced.

The basis of the law of the United States is the common law of England, except in the State of Louisiana, which follows the Codes of France. And it may be said in passing, that the laws of Louisiana bearing on bribery are more severe than those of any other State. But even at Common Law, bribery or attempt at bribery of a voter at any governmental election is an indictable offense; and it matters not whether the person bribed voted or not, or even that he had not the right to vote. An attempt to bribe is likewise a misdemeanor.

The Penal Code of California, under the title "Of Crimes against the Elective Franchise," Sec. 53, provides as follows:

"Every person who, by force, threats, menaces, bribery, or any corrupt means, either directly or indirectly, attempts to influence any elector in giving his vote, or to deter him from giving the same, etc., is guilty of a misdemeanor."

And it, Sec. 61, prescribes the penalty thus:

"Every person who wilfully violates any of the provisions of the laws of the State relating to elections, is punishable by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in State prison not exceeding five years, or both."

The State Constitution, Art. xx., Sec. 10, supplements this with the following section:

"Every person shall be disqualified from holding any office of profit in this State, who shall have been convicted of having given or offered a bribe to procure his election or appointment."

The penalties, then, are fine, imprisonment, and disqualification from holding office.

The law, on its face, appears satisfactory, but in view of the peculiar character of the offense, it is deficient in several particulars, which the English law on the same subject supplies. (1) In defining what constitutes bribery (§ 7), it lacks in definiteness and detail. (2) Its provisions are not such as will reach both agent and principal. (3) There is no incentive held out to those privy to the offense to give information.

The English law is more elaborate on account of the frequency of bribery in Great Britain, and the science to which it has been reduced. It may be that we can profit by briefly considering the English statutes. By

the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act of 1854, the following persons were deemed guilty of bribery :

(1.) Every person who shall, directly or indirectly, by himself, or by any other person in his behalf, give, lend, etc., or offer, promise, or promise to procure, etc., any money or valuable consideration, to or for any voter, or any other person, in order to induce any voter to vote or refrain from voting, or shall corruptly do any such act, on account of such voter having voted or refrained from voting at any election.

(2.) Every person who shall make any gift, loan, promise, etc., to any person, to induce such person to procure the return of any person to serve in Parliament, or the vote of any voter.

(3.) Every person who shall, in consequence of gift, procure or engage, promise, or endeavor to procure, the return of any person, or the vote of any voter.

(4.) Every person who shall pay any money with the intent that it should be spent in bribery, or who shall pay money in repayment of any money wholly or in part expended in bribery.

Persons so offending are guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to forfeit the sum of £100 to any person who will sue for the same, together with costs, and also be struck off the list of voters—that is, disfranchised.

The explicit statements of this statute are due to the complexity of corrupt practices. As the duty of the "political agent" is to devise ways and means whereby considerations may pass without offending the dignity of law, it is extremely difficult to detect and punish bribery. But the policy of the law in holding out a substantial inducement for third parties to sue on information they may have, seems wise. Bribery is done in secret, but the law can not see in secret. A person, therefore, who has been approached, may, even for mercenary motives, take advantage of the law, and, by suing the corrupter of elections, render a service to the community. Here the statute makes the "money captain's" business precarious.

But in 1868 a change was made in the law of a decisive and revolutionary character, viz, the partial transference of jurisdiction from the House of Commons, whose committees theretofore tried all cases of bribery, to the judicial tribunals. The report of a judge was thereafter to have the same effect

as the report of an election committee under the old law; and if he report that corrupt practices have prevailed extensively, a commission of inquiry may be issued. Candidates held by the judge to be guilty of bribery shall be incapable of being elected to the House of Commons for seven years, and during the same period may not be registered as voters, or hold certain specified offices. Other persons suffer the same disqualification after hearing. Again, any person who has been guilty of bribery or undue influence, and has been convicted criminally, is liable to perpetual disqualification. This advance of the law takes the consideration of this important matter to some extent out of partisan hands, and makes bribery at elections a question for judicial determination.

At present in the United States all legislative bodies possess the right to pass on the qualifications of their own members, and on this account many illegal and criminal practices go unpunished and unexposed. The public gives credit of charge and counter-charge, no matter how damaging, to partisan malice, and the real offenders against pure elections are never brought to justice. If the jurisdiction of the courts were extended over contested elections, a better result might be had.

But the English have a drastic remedy for corruption when all others fail. If the election commissioners report that corruption is particularly active in any constituency, bills may be brought in *for its entire disfranchisement*. It is done by simply voting down a new election writ, or by resolution. Bridgewater, Beverly, Sligo, and Cashel were disfranchised in 1870; the boroughs of Tontes, Reigate, Great Yarmouth, and Lancaster in 1867. But this is an exercise of power forbidden to legislative bodies in this country. Parliament is omnipotent, and hence, while it can act with greater freedom and promptness, it is apt without limitations to commit injustice, as the disfranchisement of a whole constituency undoubtedly is. Such legislation punishes the innocent and guilty alike, and is besides impolitic, for it naturally reacts in favor of corruption. Thus, when a com-

munity is in danger of being wholly disfranchised, no member thereof will feel encouraged to make complaint; on the contrary, corrupt practices will be allowed free charter, and be concealed from courts and committees.

In 1883, another law on this subject was passed, slightly differing from the others. It limits election expenses—a sworn account of which must be returned—to £3,000, in constituencies of 70,000 voters. This is on the presumption that any money expended over that amount is used illegitimately. And the presumption is a safe one.

But to follow out the remedy: Disqualification and disfranchisement of the individual are not repugnant to our Constitution. They are the logical penalties for crimes against the elective franchise. Disqualification from holding office is a penalty prescribed by the State Constitution itself in an article already quoted. The same instrument (Art. xx., Sec. 11) further provides:

“Laws shall be made to exclude from office, serving on juries, and from the *right of suffrage*, persons convicted of bribery, malfeasance in office, or other high crimes. The privilege of free suffrage shall be supported by laws regulating elections, and prohibiting, under adequate penalties, all undue influence thereon from power, bribery, tumult, and other improper practice.”

This section empowers the legislature to act, but as yet nothing beyond what has been cited has been accomplished. Disfranchisement would serve, if made a part of the penalty, as a brand to stigmatize the traitor against liberty, and keep him from association with loyal citizens, who desire to be faithful to the discharge of a public duty of first importance.

From this incomplete survey of English law, it appears that our own might be made more efficient by adopting some of its provisions. For instance:

(1.) The courts might be given a larger jurisdiction in election cases.

(2.) What constitutes bribery, given very minutely in English statutes, might be stated in detail in ours, so that no evasions could be easily made.

(3.) The liability of principal for the acts

of agent should be particularly defined, with a view to reaching the former.

(4.) Inducements should be offered for information, as a money reward might offset the temptation of a money bribe, and cause convictions. And finally,

(5.) Candidates should make oath before election that they will not, directly or indirectly, by themselves or through others, use corrupt means to gain votes; and after election candidates-elect should be required to swear that they have not done so. Thus a man would be put upon his honor, and liability for perjury be added to that for bribery.

This is as far as the law can go. But there is one question more: How may the law be best enforced?

We may take a lesson from the manner in which the law is violated. It is a matter of history that in Athens, bribing associations, called *synomasy*, were formed and conducted for the benefit of members. Is there no trace of this in the politics of today? Do we not know that there are such associations in the United States, formed for the same purpose, and known generically as *syndicates*? They raise funds at election times to defeat candidates and elect others, or to cast their fortunes with a political party. The great corporations have learned the advantages of united action, and find that combination is more profitable than competition. No individual can cope against such powers; therefore, organization is necessary to stem the current of corruption. As Edmund Burke has said: “When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.”

There should then be established in every American community a patriotic association for the prevention and punishment of corrupt practices at elections. It should see that stringent laws are enacted by the legislature, and have an agency for the detection of illegal conduct, and for the collection of evidence to be used against offenders. It would be an association to which the wronged candidate could appeal and expect redress.

Its usefulness is manifest. If the English idea were adopted, by which the penalty is paid "to any person who shall sue for the same," it would supply an active association with sufficient revenue, and at the same time create an incentive to exertion. Among various bodies throughout the country there might be correspondence and coöperation; and properly conducted, setting out with patriotic purposes, such an association ought not to fail.

It must be recognized that electoral corruption is essentially destructive to free gov-

ernment. The ballot is the medium which materializes liberty: without it, free government is an impossibility, but without its being pure, free government is an imposture.

The simplest method is to make the voter honest; the most practicable is to make the law efficient and enforce it. The struggle of the legislature is with the hereditary tendencies of human government; and as the history of republics has unhappily been their conquest by corruption, the legislature, to fulfil its duty in this new land, must prevent history from repeating itself.

*James D. Phelan.*

### HIS CHECKS.

IT was a stormy afternoon, and the naturally dull business of Honcut had subsided into an idlers' holiday. Jo Goodall poked his head out of the half open door of Beeker's grocery. "Helloa! Grinnell," he called, "what y' looking so sober about? Come in here, and put your toes up to our fire, and you won't look so much like a Greely sufferer."

"I'll come in, but I'm not cold. I've come to tell you, boys, that old Teffen's sick as a horse down there in his cabin, and it's my opinion the old man's going to pass in his checks pretty quick. Some of you boys better ride down to Hustleton for the doctor, while Chisholm and I help him out if we can."

"Hanged if I want any such ride this day," said big, brawling Bill Mears.

"I'll go," cried Jack Rodgers, louder than the half-dozen jeering disapprovals, which fell upon Bill and roused him to shame-faced anger.

"Well, go, if you're so mighty free-hearted; hope you'll have wind and rain enough to enjoy yourself. Teffen's never done nothing for me, but advise me about what was none of his business. I ain't got any stock in any such goody-goody old woman of a man."

"Shut your blamed mouth, Bill Mears!

Any man that don't know goodness when he sees it, and ain't got any respect for it nuther, ain't agoin' to dwell long in these parts. Now, you can jest get out of here, Bill Mears, or hold your tongue!" Old man Collins lifted his bulky body out of his chair with an agility indicating immediate commotion in the store.

"Say, stop your noise, will you?" the store-keeper called out authoritatively.

"Boys," said Grinnell, "old Teffen is dying, and we want to do the old man some good, if we can. Who's going with me?" There was a general stir among the loungers whom the rainy day had gathered about the store-keeper's fire, and they finally voted to go in a body. Along the street and the field path they walked briskly through the rain, hands in trowsers pockets, and shoulders hunched up as if to shelter their heads.

"I never seen the old feller touch a drop o' liquor," said one.

"Well, I'll tell you what I did see him do: I see him give Gus Williams's wife ten dollars, when Gus was killed in that row."

"Yes, and I'm dead certain it was him that spirited that girl back to her folks that had run away down here. She never went back home, and went to behavin' straight, on her own hook."

"An' I jes' tell y' when I broke my leg,

he brought me heaps o' salve, and he set and kept the flies off o' me every minute he could spare from his work."

"We ought to have taken better care of the old man. I'm afraid it's too late," said Grinnell.

"We'll look out for him now, you bet!"

Their kindness might have been expressed in wiser ways, but all ways were now closed to the old man but the one way of death. Having done all kinds of rough labor, he had drifted from the cold heart of the mountains down to this little foothill town, whose outlying knolls were covered with the stubble of harvested grain. The neighbors, too though they were showing all the warm-hearted chivalry of early mining days, now lived as slipshod farmers or laborers, having drifted with the times from a life they followed with zest to one which they followed of necessity.

When the men reached Teffen's cabin they awaited the entrance of their party one by one, with hands upon their hats in readiness to lift them when under shelter; one by one they stepped upon the little rickety doorstep, walking halt to keep their calfskin boots from squeaking.

"Wall, boys, I was glad y' come," said the feeble voice of Teffen, as they ranged themselves about his little cabin on the boxes and barrels which were his household furniture. "No, nuthin', boys; there ain't nuthin' y' can do fer me," he answered to some one's question. "I'm going to pass in my checks, and afore daylight, too. I'll never see the sun acomin' up behind the old Sierras any more. It was a pretty sight as ever a man put his eyes on; but my eyes is done seein', and I ain't sorry neither. Boys, I want to tell y' my story ef I can keep a hold o' my breath. I never had a thought o' dying an' lettin' no man know nuthin' 'bout me; that wouldn't be settlin' square with the world, would it, boys?"

"No, tell us, Teffen," said Grinnell, as he poured some whiskey into a glass for the old man.

"You'll listen?"

"You bet!"

"Thar ain't no man in this country that

knows much 'bout me," said Teffen, after sipping some of the whiskey. "I hed a brother once, and he was younger than me, with a scar on his forehead. But I tell y', he was a fine boy! I never tole anybody here 'bout him, an' it makes me feel 'most like I'd been a devil when I think of him these days. My father lived—he lived near Canton, New York, an' my mother, she died when I was nigh eighteen year ole. My father, he married another woman; she was younger'n I was, an' pretty as a picture, that she war!" Teffen closed his eyes, and lay motionless; the rain rattled fiercely against the one window, and the wind raced round and about the cabin like a wild witch. The men moved uneasily, and cast restless glances about the rude, but neat cabin.

"But father, he never took no comfort with that pretty woman," said Teffen, rousing himself. "She was a devil an' a misery in my father's ole age. She took no care o' her house, an' made no home for him; he lost his sperits, an' men fooled him an' got his money away from him. That made her mad, an' she run off with a man that was more worthless than herself, an' left father all alone with the prettiest two-year ole boy ever y' see."

Again Teffen's eyes closed, and the grave might have claimed him but for the faintest flickering of his breath. The wind shrieked, whistled, and moaned; the twilight deepened like a pall, and the rough men gathered about their fellow's deathbed were wrought upon by the creeping darkness of the weird black night.

"The ole man took sick to his bed," resumed Teffen, "an' would 'a' died, an' the boy, too, ef it hadn't have been fer the neighbors. One o' the neighbors he wrote me how things war goin' on at home. I was working in New York City, in a foundry. Wall, I come home, an' I got the woman back agin, fer I thought mebbe it was hard fer her like, livin' off thar with the ole man; leastwise, I thought she oughter have another chance, though I never could git over her leavin' of her child; the worst wretch of a woman scource ever'll do that—one thing that women's

better 'n men about. Wall, the woman, she come; I never see her afore. Lord, but she was handsome! It ain't no use fer me to tell y', fer it won't make y' see her like she was. God makes sech women sometimes, but they mostly does hell's work. She hated me, else likely I should 'a' been in her sins too, fer she held folks by a spell they couldn't help; even them as hated her said so. Wall, father he lived fer a year, an' in that time she ran off with another feller, an' we jest left her alone; we'd hed more'n we could stand, anyhow. Three months afterward she come back to us, sick, an' no money; we tuk her in, an' she died in two weeks, an' we buried her. I could 'a' piled a ton o' stun top of her, fer I felt as ef the Lord hadn't no use for sech folks at the resurrection. She made enough o' shame an' misery in our house to have been buried fer eternity. Wall, my father he died, too, an' his property was all used up, an' I hedn't nothin' o' my own, an' I hed that half brother to raise."

Teffen paused for breath, but old recollections seemed to give him new strength. "But I tell y', he was fine lookin'—jest like his wicked mother, an' jest as takin' in his way. Y' couldn't no more help likin' of him no more'n y' could fly. But O God, he was wicked! like her, spite of all I could do. Why, I tell y', I jined the Church in New York city, an' I bought him books to read; I dressed him fine, an' tried to edicate him. I spent piles o' money on him, an' it seemed like I tried harder 'n any man could to bring him up good. But it wan't no use; it wan't no use! Them that's born with sin in every drop o' their blood an' every bit o' their flesh, thar ain't much show fer other folks makin' 'em over in this world. This brother o' mine, he war named Heman Carle; an' I tell y' my name ain't Teffen—its Ezra Carle.

"Wall, Heman he deceived me fer some time. But one night I tracked him to a gamblin' den, one o' the very worst of 'em in the city, an' I couldn't git him to come home with me. I jest begged Heman to come home, an' talked, an' talked, till I got mad. Eh! those devilish eyes o' that boy!

I never'd seen 'em glint afore—it makes me shiver now—him a standin' by that table, an' them eyes sickenin' me like a viper's breath! An' I tell y'—it's true as death—he drawed his pistol on me, an' made me walk out o' the place. He follered me fer three blocks, a tellin' me ef I hed him 'rested, or bothered him agin, he'd murder me.

"Wall, I went home, but it jest about broke my heart. I seemed to be wrapped up in that boy, like my father was in his mother. Seemed like I couldn't go off an' leave him to his ruin. I see his face every night in my sleep, an' I missed him all the time; fer I never see him agin till he got inter trouble with a feller, an' jest about killed him. Wall, I helped him out o' the scrape, an' he come an' stayed with me awhile; but it was worse 'n when he was away, fer he hated me like his mother did. After awhile he went away agin, an' he was in prison twice, an' I never went near him; an' then he come back to me agin. Seems like these weak, wicked folks does like to see the steady ones sometimes, ef they can't be steady themselves.

Wall, finally, Heman he got to runnin' with a feller named Stephen Hearstue—" Teffen breathed heavily, and clutched the blankets as if he saw something which filled him with agony and hatred. The men had never seen his grim, quiet face working with such passion. "Steve an' Heman they lived pretty lively, makin' their money fly, an' sometimes they stole my money. They worked in a cigar store; Steve, he hed the best place, but somehow or 'nother he got turned out of it. an' Heman got his place. I never did know what was the matter, but they hated each other worse an' worse. Bimeby Steve he threatened to kill Heman, an' Heman he was mighty careful fer awhile; but one night he was full o' liquor, an' he come upon Steve in the street. Steve didn't see him, an' Heman pushed through the crowd, an' slapped Steve in the face. Steve jest wiped out his knife, an' stuck Heman right through the heart.

"I was thar—I see it all! I drawed the drippin' knife out of his heart, and the smell o' blood made me like a devil. Eh! it

seemed like my life was to be all misery, an' I didn't care fer nuthin' Oh, Lord, it was awful—it was awful! Him so young, an' so handsome, an' so wicked, an' yet I jest thought I couldn't let the boy die. Beats all, how awful strong the heart hangs to some things! Oh! I was ravin'—I swore I'd kill Steve, an' acted so crazy like they shet me up. Steve, he got clear, fer ef he was a devil, he had a rich father that didn't want no son o' his to swing. Finally, I quit my ravin', fer I see I warn't goin' to get no chance to kill him that way, an' they let me out. But I jest lived to kill that man. I hated the sight o' myself, an' I hated everything, an' I hated that man worse 'n all else. I had murder in my heart, an' it growed like weeds. Eh! I tell y', I oughter been hanged, I war wicked enough! Poor Heman, he was lovely as a baby, an' he layin the street with the blood runnin' out o' his heart, an' they carried me off—"

His voice died away for a moment; one of the men sighed heavily; a box which served as a seat creaked noisily; but a superstitious hush kept the men from moving while Grinnell hunted for a candle. The storm kept up its fury without the cabin, and at times it made Teffen's voice almost inaudible.

"But Steve, I didn't tell y' of him. I was bound to kill that man, an' I follered him fer three months in New York city, but his gang was smarter'n a man that was learnin' murder agin his will. Steve, he got tired o' my follerin' of him, an' he skipped to Boston. I jest kep' a' follerin' of him, till we both of us got to San Francisco, but it war a month 'fore I ever see him alone; 'sides I hed to do somethin' fer a livin'. But one night—it was like this night, seemed like the weather was more wild mad than I—I was goin' 'long the street an' see this man ahead o' me, an' alone. The wind howled, the rain slapped me in the face, an' I was so tired an' hungry that I hed jest as much a hankerin' fer dying as I ever hed in my life—a man will hanker a long time fer dyin' afore he wants to try it. But I see this man ahead o' me an' alone, an' the sight of him was fire in my blood. If it was Steve, it was the only good luck o' my life.

The preachin' folks says God sees all folks does in this world, but I tell y', I should jest hate to look very long at all folks does. Wall, I walked faster, an' a man passed by into a house, a sayin', 'Helloa, Steve!'. Them words jest drawed my muscles up tight an' strong as fiddle strings, an' I follered him softly. He went past a house, an' a man with a lantern standin' in the door, says to him, 'Devil, old boy! what y' doin' out in this rain?' 'None o' yer business,' says Steve, mighty sharp. 'Who is it?' somebody wanted to know inside the house. 'It's Steve Hearstue, and he's crosser'n a grizzly,' says the man with the lantern as he shet the door.

"I stepped out o' the shadow an' follered him, an' sir, he jest made straight fer the bay. What he was goin' fer, 'less it was fer me to kill him, I didn't know; but I tell y', I walked softer'n any cat as I follered that fellow to the water. Sometimes I jest reached out my hands like I couldn't wait fer to clutch him, like a wild beast craunches bones. He was goin' nearer an' nearer the wharf, but once he stopped an' was feelin' in his pockets fer full five minutes, an' I wasn't sure but he was athinkin' he hed a most unhealthy shadow. We'd got clear of all the buildin's, an' thar warn't nuthin' to protect me, so I jest stood thar behind him, an' them was the longest minutes o' my life. But he never turned 'round, an' I jest kept behind him till he was at the water's edge.

"The bay was like a wild beast beatin' of its cage that night, an' the waves come tumbelin' up agin the wharf like they was just waitin' to lap somebody up. Somehow the wind was so loud an' wild, an' the rain pelted so furious, that I was jest held still a bit by a feelin' of somethin' awful, somethin' like hell in the weather, for it seemed in bigger torment than I was. While I was waitin' fer to spring on that man—the Lord bless my soul! ef he didn't jest drop off into the water like a seal off a rock.

"Why, I tell y' I was that scared that I was a-goin' to run away, for it seemed like I hed come into a world whar thar was a bigger devil'n I was. But then it come over

me like a pistol shot that a man was drownin', a human bein', somebody as was so miser'ble as to drown himself, when I hed no sech idee. Wall, boys, I hed come thar to murder that man, but I off with my coat that quick, an' with the wind a-howlin', the rain beatin' down, the bay a-roarin', and the night darker'n the devil's heart, I jest jumped into the bay after Steve Hearstue. I've done a good bit of swimmin' in my time, but I never felt no water like that uneasy bay that night; my blood hed been a-boilin' with madness, an' my nerves shakin', scart at the weather an' the water—wall, boys, it jest washed a new soul into my body! Ef the devil was stirrin' up the bay with his spoon that night, he jest stirred up one good sperit out of all that ragin' water, an' it come to me, boys, for I struck out with a strong arm an' a stiddy stroke to whar I thought the man would be. Nobody could 've listened harder fer whispers to come out of a grave than I listened in all that storm noise. Wall, I brung him out, boys, an' he was most as dead a man as ever I could 'a made him. I got the perlice, an' it don't matter nuthin' 'bout his comin' to; that ain't what I'm tellin' my story fer—only that he was sick an' out o' money an' out o' friends, 'bout as near out as a man can get in this world. And it warn't more'n a week a-fore he was dead without any help, 'ceptin' that o' him as gets his hands on us all after awhile.

"Wall, I helped Steve finish up this world—an' a mighty poor finish, too—an' then I lit out fer the mountains an' tuk up a claim fer myself, fer I felt somehow like I wasn't fit to live with my own kind. Them was lonely years, an' I hed a mighty hard time of it."

Old Teffen sighed heavily. The burden of his story was told, and the men waited for his feeble voice to bring it to an end, with hearts whose latches were loosed and opened to the purer lights of life. Uncouth and sometimes evil in their ways, they were at this moment humbled in spirit by that inborn love of goodness which makes humanity a common thing among us.

"Eh! yes, the end, boys, the end; it's

what I was comin' to afore I pass in my checks. I tuk that ocean spirit with me to the mountains, an' I thought thar it would take some o' the misery out o' my heart; but it warn't strong enough, an' I've seen the time, boys, when I would jest 'a' give every dollar I hed dug out o' the ground, jest to see a gamblin' den fer five minutes. Sometimes I jest thought as I should be runnin' off with myself some day, when I warn't a knowin' of it. Bimeby I got ter thinkin' pretty heavy, an' I says to myself, "Taint nat'ral any man should live without none of his kind, an' I'm goin' back to whar folks is livin, but I'm goin' fer some good purpose." Wall, I went out to the side o' the mountain, an' takin' out a pretty good sized stun, I picked it inter toler'ble shape, an' set it up on some other stuns in sech a way as nobody else would ever think nothin' of it. An' I says to myself, 'This stun is the ocean sperit stun, an' every year o' my life I'll come an' look at it, an' say to myself, "I've done more good in the world than I did the year before."' Then I jest made a kalkerlation on myself, fer thar ain't nothin' right without figgerin' 'bout it. I says to myself, 'I don't know much 'bout the big world yer livin' in' (no; the pain's right here, Grinnell); 'y' don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout the new fangled notions of edicated folks, nor nothin' much 'bout all these new machines as is bein' turned out every day, an' it won't do fer sech a man to set out to do nothin' very heavy, fer y' don't know enough. But,' I says to myself, 'there's heaps o' things any human bein' can do that ain't a fool, an' them's the things I'm goin' to do.' Then I jest took what things I hed, an' left fer parts whar human bein's likes to live."

Teffen ceased speaking, and his face was drawn with pain. "Nuthin', nuthin', only a pain ketched me. 'Tain't likely a man'll die so very easy when it's so blamed hard a livin'. I jest tell y' boys, thar ain't been a minute sence when I ain't hed more'n any man could do. Wall, this is jest what I've found out by livin' what looks to most folks a sorry sort o' life; it's jest this: that folks that's always cryin' thar ain't no God, the

world's all wrong, an' the rich has got to give some o' their money to the poor, is folks that's lazy with their hands, that wouldn't be grateful to the Lord ef he was to give 'em the whole world; they're folks that don't care fer nuthin' but their own stomach an' skin. They're folks that isn't willin' to do what they're meant to do, an' ain't smart enough to do half decent what they're all the time despisin'. I heard a man talk once 'bout the first sort of animals the Lord made bein' all stomach; an' these folks is all stomach for good things that's always to be *give* to 'em. Now, boys, ef y've got sand, an' got sense enough to know what yer good fer, y' may make sure the Lord made y' good fer something. That's my pherlosophy, boys; thar ain't much learnin' 'bout it, but thar's a heap o' *knowin'*. Mebbe yer sometimes rough, an' sometimes y' ain't good, but yer good fer somethin'—only jest be about it, boys. I'm a dyin' now, an' jest as happy a man as ever hed a chance to die. Ef I ain't hed no happiness o' my own, I've hed enough o' other folks' to make the way light as day down to hell. Don't be lookin' fer the doctor, boys—I ain't needin' of any doctor. But y' jest remember, boys, yer good fer somethin'; *I know* yer good fer somethin',

fer I've lived to find it out; only jest git up yer grit an' go about it."

The wild wind had hushed itself into moaning; the rain grazed the window panes lightly, and the candle, tormented by a draft through a crack in the cabin, had shortened itself into grotesque shape, while its flame madly strove to tear itself from the wick and leap—where? Not more into the unknown than the flickering spirit of this dying man—the unknown, only as God's faith makes it known. The rough men wiped the tears from their faces, making the old man easy as best they might, and grimly wondered about the weather, as they thought in the same breath of that land to which he was going, and which human eyes have ever strained to see.

Before the doctor who braved the storm could reach the cabin, the old man was dead.

"Passed in his checks," murmured one of the men, softly breaking the awe-spell which held his fellows silent.

"Yes, an' if there be a God he won't refuse 'em!"

"There *must* be a God, for such checks is too white for the devil's fingers."

"There be a God, an' he'll take em," said old man Collins fervently.

*Gregory Mitchell.*

---

## THE CAMP AT JABONCILLOS.

THE Archduke Maximilian ruled on Montezuma's throne;  
 From Northern Pass to Yucatan he deemed the land his own.  
 The Marshal to Napoleon wrote: "The French have proved their might;  
 Except the Yankees cross the line, there's no one here to fight."  
 So fortune frowned on Mexico, so bowed her sons to be  
 The vassals of the foreign duke, and Gauls beyond the sea.

Out spoke the *comandante* brave of San Fernando town;  
 Unto his friend the Alcalde said: "*Compadre*, sit you down,  
 And give an ear unto my plan: it rests with you and me  
 To strike a blow against the foe for God and Liberty,  
 For country—for our Mejico. Across the desert gray  
 The French, five hundred weary men, come toiling up this way.

"My scouts unseen have watched their course, as jaded, worn, they strain  
 To reach at eve their cheerless camp, upon the dreary plain.  
 Our citizens, a thousand strong, shall muster to a man :  
 Be yours the care to guide the rear, myself will lead the van ;  
 And bravely '*Viva Mejico !*' our battle cry shall rise  
 At dead of night, as we in might the drowsy camp surprise."

From out the town a martial band defiled at break of day ;  
 And well they speed to reach the goal, full thirty miles away.  
 A gallant show indeed they make, with gleaming lance and gun,  
 As twice five hundred weapons bright reflect the morning sun.  
 For country, home—for Mejico—each heart is beating high ;  
 Determined all to win, or fall ; to conquer or to die.

'Tis midnight on the cactus plain, a dreary waste and bare ;  
 Silent, unguarded, lies the camp, and dark, save when a glare  
 Of burning nopal lights the scene a moment and expires ;  
 Or when the fitful gusts dislodge the ashes from the fires.  
 But hark ! the shout—the signal cheer—the answer from afar—  
 The thundering speed of rushing steed, the clash and din of war.

As meteor darts thro' azure space, down on the camp they ride ;  
 With shot and shout they charge about ; where do the foemen hide ?  
 The horse and lance on flank advance, in front the rifles glare,  
 And friends converging meet their friends—no foe, no Frenchman there  
 Vainly they spy, they peer around ; naught in the gloom they find  
 Save ghostly tents that angry flap their white shrouds in the wind.

Confused, perplexed, a while they pause, they march to scan the plain,  
 And still in doubt, inside and out the camp they search in vain.  
 The panic-stricken French have fled, 'tis plain to understand.—  
 On spoil intent, on plunder bent, the conquerors disband.  
 As bees the flowery field invade, through camp and tents they spread ;  
 The valiant hand that held a brand now grasps a prize instead.

"The foe ! The foe ! to arms ! to horse !" Too late, too late, they hear  
 That summons wild, when lance, nor horse, nor friendly gun is near.  
 Pell-mell from out the tents they rush in mad, tumultuous rout ;  
 High in the air rings loud and clear their captain's rallying shout :  
 Loud answering "*Viva Mejico !*" a thousand voices cry.  
 Hark ! "*Vive La France, Vive l'Empereur !*" five hundred throats reply.

Where shall they flee ? The surging host to gain the roadway strives ;  
 But lo ! a living belt of flame the bravest backward drives.  
 They charge, they fiercely charge the line. Hurrah ! they win !—they fail !  
 And from a prisoner's fate not one escapes to tell the tale.—  
 'Tis said that San Fernando's burg enjoyed a prosperous year :  
 Twelve months the women ruled the town, with none to interfere.

*J. M.*

## THE INWARDNESS AND SOLUTION OF THE SCOTCH "CROFTER" QUESTION.

It has been said, and, unquestionably, with good reason, that socialism, nihilism, communism, and all other isms which contemplate very radical changes in the existing order of things, are nothing else than protests (more or less emphatic, according to the courage of their convictions possessed by the protestants), against monopoly, in one or other of its many forms. Whether a final and satisfactory solution of the intricate social question, "How are monopolies to be prevented?" is likely to be reached in our day is exceedingly doubtful; and the student of the history of the last century or so, of this country and of European nations, cannot help reaching the discouraging conclusion that but trifling progress, in the way of desirable reform, seems to have resulted from the efforts of energetic, enthusiastic, and even fanatical, anti-monopolists. The chief reason of this failure seems to be that, in spite of the alluring promises made by those reformers, and the undeniable hardships which exist in the world in consequence of monopolies—which hardships the proposed reforms are guaranteed to remove—the principle remains unshaken and universally recognized that there is, practically, no limit to the amount of wealth, either in money, goods, or property, which a man may be permitted to accumulate by lawful means. To decree otherwise would be to trench unmistakably on the liberty of the citizen. Hence, where a man has, in the fair and legitimate way of business, by exceptional industry, ingenuity, or enterprise, obtained such an amount of wealth as gives him certain advantages, and even a degree of power, over his fellows, it appears unjust, on the face of it, to deprive him of all the benefits which will naturally accrue to him therefrom. The protests, therefore, of other men who have fallen short of the success he has attained (simply because they did not possess, or failed to exercise, the business qual-

ities which he employed to such good purpose), are not to be regarded by fair-minded people as of any real weight, nor should they be allowed, in the least, to influence legislation on the question. In cases, however, where property, and the privileges which are the natural results of its possession, have been acquired by their possessor in an unjust manner, the question of his continuance in the rôle of owner assumes quite another aspect, and only one view can be taken of it by men of honest instincts. It may be that a certain prescriptive right will be claimed in some instances by those into whose hands the said property has descended by inheritance, but such a right is one of the law of expediency and not of strict justice.

In the matter of land, it is argued that a distinction must be made as between it and other kinds of property. While it is admitted that men may accumulate wealth in other directions without restriction as to its amount, the unlimited, or even extensive, acquisition of land is alleged to be emphatically wrong, and in the last degree prejudicial to the well-being and prosperity of the commonwealth. It may not be easy to define, with logical clearness and accuracy, why this is so; but the position is regarded as unassailable by its advocates, who hold that the monopoly of land tenure is, in its effects, the most injurious to the nation, and the most prejudicial to that independence of the individual citizen which is the necessary factor, in the liberty of the States, of all forms of monopoly. In it, they assert, there lurks a most serious danger to the United States; and to it they attribute all, or nearly all, the troubles which have so long disturbed European nations, and are now, notably in Ireland, and the Highlands and islands of Scotland, exciting men to deeds of outrage and rebellion. From landlordism, and the one-sided land legislation which landlords have given to those

countries, they allege that all the grievances under which the people have for years groaned, and under which they have finally become restive, have developed; and that those grievances can only be removed by a reform of the land laws, so sweeping as to demand redistribution of the soil, regardless of all vested rights and title-deeds whatever.

I do not propose to discuss the question, whether the position thus taken up is a tenable one, nor to inquire whether the remedy proposed would prove, in the end, either a successful or a permanent one, although I hold very pronounced opinions on the subject. What I do propose to show is, that landlordism has little or nothing to do with the troubles in question—at any rate in the Highlands and islands of Scotland. And I may be permitted to say that I know whereof I write, having spent years of my life in the most intimate relations and intercourse with the very class of people about the hardships of whose lot there is, at the present time, so much excitement in the country, and to whom the authorities of New Zealand are just now offering thousands of acres of good land, by way of inducement to them to emigrate to that country.

No amount of discussion of abstract theories of land tenure will account for, still less remove, the more obvious and real of the grievances which have caused the troubles in Ireland and the Hebrides of Scotland. Those grievances I believe to be real and clamant, and not altogether (but only very partially and remotely) the result of defective or unjust land laws. The poverty, in parts at least, of Ireland, and in the whole of the Hebrides and the northwestern districts of Scotland, doubtless is extreme; and, naturally enough, of recent years that poverty has become greater and more severely felt, owing to the great depression in the prices of agricultural products—a depression which has not been met by a proportionate decrease in rents. But the penury of the people originally results chiefly from the poverty of the soil; in some measure, also, from their own indolence and improvidence, and from other causes which need not be mentioned specif-

ically here. There are vast tracts in both countries, now under a kind of struggling system of cultivation, which are absolutely worthless for that purpose, or, indeed, for any other that I can think of. Travelers in Ireland tell us of poor, marshy farms, lying in hollows from which the peat has, in the course of years, been removed for fuel, and on which the tenants, ague-stricken and half-starved, live in wretched mud buildings, at which a Mexican greaser in his adobe hut, or a Sioux Indian in his *tepe*, would turn up his nose in contempt. In Scotland we find "crofts" lying on barren hillsides, with scarcely enough gravelly soil on them to hide the primitive rock below; and on such crofts men struggle and toil, from youth to a premature old age, in the vain endeavor to extort the mere show of subsistence from the unkindly earth, living the while in huts which are just as dirty (we had almost said as deadly) as those in the peat bogs of Ireland.

And the wonder, to the practical mind, is why they cling to such places, when the world without is full of opportunities for the man of energy and determination to earn for himself comfort, if not affluence, or, at the very least, that measure of independence and consequent self-respect to which every free man is entitled. A fig for the glamor of false patriotism which poets and romancers throw around the obstinate, limpet-like adherence to such a spot! In consequence, chiefly, of the foolish, sentimental feelings which have been engendered in the public mind by such lucubrations, the term "clearance" has come to be regarded with a certain very pronounced degree of opprobrium by the general run of readers, and the promoters of such a heroic remedy are looked upon as pitiless and sordid-minded tyrants. While I do not deny that there have been instances where enforced emigration (such as, for example, the infamous "Sutherland clearances") were not only unjustifiable, but absolutely barbarous, and that landlords have been found, so utterly lost to all sense of their duty to the nation in which they lived, as to expatriate, when they had the power to do so, the best bone and muscle of the country, for the base

and selfish purpose of increasing, by a few hundred annual pounds sterling, their own personal incomes; yet I do say, and without fear of successful contradiction, that there are tracts of country, both in Ireland and Scotland, which are absolutely worthless for agriculture, and which ought to be cleared of their half-famished tenants in the interest of those very tenants themselves, even more than in the interest of the landlord. It is, of course, a very different affair, when it comes to clearing fine valleys like "bonnie Strathnaver," and other districts of Sutherlandshire and the eastern Highlands. There men lived and prospered, and were contented; and from such districts were drawn periodically, and without conscription or the use of the press-gang, the finest soldiers the world has ever seen. But, even in their case, was it to the disadvantage of the exiles that they were driven forth? Any man who has seen the prosperous, independent, and even wealthy colonies of Highland settlers in more than one district of Canada and the United States, will hardly say that it was.

There could not, however, be a much more marked contrast than will be found to exist between the racial characteristics, the habits of life, and the disposition of the inhabitants in the eastern Highlands of Scotland, and those of the dwellers in the west. A contrast almost as definitely marked obtains between the soil in the two districts. In the former the land is fairly fertile—at least it is susceptible of cultivation; in the latter, in the great majority of instances, it is absolutely unproductive. The people of the east are, probably from the infusion of Scandinavian blood in their Celtic veins, more intrepid, more daring, and more industrious. In the west the inhabitants are, for the most part, indolent, slow of thought and action; content to crawl, rather than walk, through life; satisfied with the most meager fare, because the acquisition of better would entail an amount of exertion to which they are, by disposition and habits, decidedly averse; and clinging to their homes more because of an indisposition to move at all than from any romantic love for their native land.

It has been said, and not without some show of ground for the charge, that the Celtic race is constitutionally lazy, and averse to physical labor of any kind, except that which is of a warlike nature. I do not believe it. The best laborers in the world are drawn from Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, *when they drift, or are driven, away from the habits and influences of the country of their birth.* It was not a naturally lazy race that hewed out comfortable homes and cleared smiling farms from the tangled wildernesses of Canadian woods, but one ready and able to "endure hardness" when a worthy motive prompted, and the hope of some real and substantial recompense in the future beckoned them to toil. Yet the same race barely earned, and indeed, seemed little inclined to earn, more than a scanty subsistence—utterly undeserving the name of livelihood—in Scotland.

Is this indolence, this almost Italian fondness for the *dolce far niente*, to be blamed in those poor Highlanders? Nay; it is rather to be pitied. It is not even to be wondered at, when the conditions of their life are understood. It would hardly be believed by the reader, if a truthful statement were made and a faithful description given of the miserable, poverty-stricken life led by the crofters of the western Highlands and Islands. Such a pen-picture would form a striking back-ground to the glowing and poetical, if somewhat exaggerated, descriptions, given by William Black, of the wonderful landscapes and seascapes of the Hebrides and the mainland vicinity. The squalor, the poverty, the filth, and the indolence of the wretched people are something terrible to think of, in such close proximity to the industry, the intelligence, and even the culture, which exist in the adjoining portions of Scotland; and when one sets himself to think how the poor creatures can extort a subsistence at least from the land, he is forcibly reminded of the dry remark of the old Scotchman who tethered his cow on a bare hillside, consoling himself (and her) with the reflection that if she had not much to eat, she at any rate "had a fine prospect." Men cannot,

however, live on mere scenery, assuage the pangs of hunger on startling effects of light and shade, or clip their winter's clothing from the skirt of a mountain's mantle of mist.

Is it possible to devise a better system of land laws, such as would give the crofters of Skye some little chance of becoming even as independent as the general run of their compatriots in the east and south? I think not; nor could more liberal landlords improve their lot, unless, indeed, by subsidizing them (which is, in other words, supporting them in idleness) each year, as the American Government does its Indian "wards." I hope to adduce such reasons for this my belief, as shall satisfy the reader of its being well founded, and, indeed, absolutely true.

Henry George makes the remark—a somewhat startling one, I should think, to some of the would-be land law reformers—that neither in Ireland nor in Scotland, nor indeed, anywhere on the continent of Europe, are the land laws so favorable to the landlord and so unjust to the tenant as they are in America. He might have added, without fear of contradiction, that the laws regulating the letting of land are easier for the tenant in Ireland than they are in Scotland. When, in addition to this, it is considered that nowhere in the whole of Ireland, except, perhaps, in the very heart of her comparatively few mountainous districts, are there such utterly sterile tracts as are found throughout the west Highlands of Scotland; yet, until lately there has been no discontent—at least of the clamant, riotous description—in the latter country, though the people there are of the same blood as the malcontent Irish. The reason is obvious. The spirit of the race has been broken; not so much—indeed, hardly at all—by oppression from the landlord, but by the hopeless struggle with an unkindly soil, the dampening effects of a weeping climate, and the almost utter absence of means of realizing what opportunities to better their position the outside world offers. The Highland land-owners have not been, as a rule, oppressors. Doubtless there have been exceptional cases where a spend-

thrift young laird made an effort to squeeze out of his tenantry the means of ministering to his dissipated tastes, and found willing instruments of his extortion in such men as that wretch of a Skye (or Lews) factor, whose brutality struck the keynote of the present discord in that island. But I am glad to be able, from personal and extensive experience, to say that, as a general thing, the "lairds" in the Highlands have met their tenants' demands in a fair and upright spirit, and the result has been that comparatively unbroken peace has reigned on their estates, a moderate prosperity (where existence was at all possible) rewarding the work of the farmers.

But in Skye the state of the case was different. The best farmer in the world could not raise a crop worthy of the name—and still less a remunerative one—on the soil and under the climatic conditions of Skye. The attempt to do so on the part of the miserable tenantry was simply a case of flying in the face of Providence; and nothing could possibly excuse that attempt but the gross ignorance of the crofters, and their hopeless indifference to their own interests. From the conditions of their life they necessarily give way to a gloomy despair, which causes all the men to degenerate into a lot of "constitutionally tired" loungers, and makes all the women early victims of hypochondria, tinged with religious melancholia. This is no exaggerated statement, but the simple truth.

How could it be otherwise? In 1871 the writer had occasion to visit an outlying portion of the estates of Sir Kenneth MacKenzie, of Gairloch, in Ross-shire. I see no reason why I should not give the name of the particular place, especially as Sir Kenneth is the most generous, the most kindly, and the most heartily "Highland" in feeling, manners, and policy, of all the landlords of that country whom it has been my fortune to meet. The place is known as Melvaig. At this distance of time I cannot venture on more than the merest guess at the number of households that stood on the slope of that bare hill by the stormy Minch, but I should say there were at least forty. In each one

of these, with the exception of four, the visitor had to pass through the byre (where usually a cow and calf, and perhaps a horse, stood) to enter the little dark room which constituted the kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and bedroom of the whole household, numbering, in some cases, eight or nine persons. The fire was in the center, and around it from the rafters were hung quantities of fish in various stages of preservation and (judging from the smell) of decay. The only window was a hole in the turf wall, which was stopped up at night with a "clod." In the four exceptional houses already referred to, there were panes of glass in the small windows, and some other indications that the inhabitants had heard of the civilization of the outside world, if they had not come into very close or familiar contact with it. The poor crofters tilled small patches of the meanest kind of soil, and eked out a miserable existence by occasionally fishing, when they could sufficiently overcome the depression of spirits which seemed chronic with them to venture out to sea. Remember that I had spent all my life up to that time in Scotland, and deemed myself fairly well acquainted with all the phases of peasant life, at least in the eastern Highlands; and yet I had not dreamed of anything like the scene that met me there. The misery, the wretched filth, the evident disease which greeted the sight—as well as other senses—in every hut, were something startling to find in a civilized land, at least outside of the lowest quarters of a large city. If there was no vice, it seemed as if that was because there was hardly vital energy enough left in the poor creatures to be vicious. Or it might be that pleasure or indulgence of any kind was something unknown in their experience, and therefore never thought of.

Their food was simple and monotonous. Oatmeal in some form was usually to be seen at their tables, though by no means always. Probably its occasional absence, through its being impossible to refill the exhausted "meal-kist," served to give a grim variety to their diet. For the rest, potatoes and fish in some form (usually herrings) were the "invariable," unless, indeed, the fishing

season happened to be a bad one, or the frost or blight killed the tubers in their miserable little "lazy-beds" of fields. In such a case, God help the poor wretches! There was nothing for them but another twist of the terrible torture-vice of starvation, and a chance of lying down to rest from their misery in the distant churchyard.

Let it not be supposed that this is a solitary, or even an exceptional, case. The writer has seen it reproduced over and over again in the west of Scotland since then. Nor let any one run away with the idea that the landlord was, in the very least, to blame for such a state of things. By no means: on the contrary, all that a kindly and enlightened policy could do to ameliorate their hard lot he did, and he was ably seconded in the good work by his younger brother, one of the most kindly Christian philanthropists that ever lived. Sir Kenneth shrunk from eviction, because his sympathetic Highland nature could not bear to contemplate it; and any other method was absolutely unavailing.

Yet eviction was (and is) the only true remedy. What matter if some violence be necessary, and there appear to be somewhat of harshness in transplanting a tree from sterile to fertile soil? Will any one, therefore, question the wisdom of the step? Nay, more, will not the tree itself bear witness in its future growth and thrift to the beneficent effect of the change?

I repeat, that the "crofts" of the west of Scotland are absolutely worthless for purposes of the plough. Turn them into sheep-runs, or deer-forests, or grouse-grounds, or what ye will; but in the name of our common humanity let them not be used for what the Creator never intended them for—homes of civilized human beings! And bring the men and women and children out to America—to California—where they may, in a very few years, literally, each one sit under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid. Instead of starvation they are offered plenty; instead of abject poverty, honorable independence; and instead of a gloomy looking forward to an old age of penury, of sick-

ness, and privation, a hopeful outlook, and the confident expectation of seeing their children's children's smiling faces clustered round their aged knees in the gloaming of life.

And they will prove desirable additions to our population. No factious political plotters are they. They are actuated by no rooted antipathy to any race, creed, or class; but are strong, faithful, and industrious, if they only had Hope's benign influence to bring out the latent spirit of their nature.

We have heard a great deal about the undesirable class of people drafted into this country as "assisted emigrants," and have been told (and believe) that paupers, broken not only financially but physically, were being dumped from Ireland on our shores. The Skye crofters and their families are indeed poor and broken down in spirit, but in them will be found the making of the most desirable class of citizens in the world. When the pall-like influence of their straitened life is lifted

from off them, and they see what it is to deal with a prolific soil and a kindly climate, and are enabled to realize the possibility of attaining to comfort and independence in the world, then there will be found a change in them no less striking than the change in their location; and it will be seen that it would well repay the government of this country to "assist" any number of such "emigrants" to come and settle up our country. Let our statesmen think the matter over. It will be found worth their while, in the very near future, to find bone and sinew of the Celtic kind growing up and thriving under the favorable conditions of the free western life, and to find them, in the shape of citizens, zealous for the safety and prosperity of the country, and eminently law-abiding and peaceable.

In this latter respect, it may be as well, however, to note that there are "Celts and Celts."

*Aymar Gordon.*

---

## AN HONEST WOMAN.

"EMIGRANTS a'ready! I swan, I didn't think they'd smell out this yer valley fur awhile; but thar's a load on'em, Alick," and Mr. Wilkes scowled as he descried an approaching wagon, in which sat a woman and two children. The lean yoke of oxen were driven by a feeble-looking man; at his side walked a bare-footed girl of fourteen, who, though weary and dusty, trod the earth with an elasticity of step that betokened a buoyant nature. Behind the vehicle plodded two lads, some sixteen and twelve years old.

The single glance cast at Mr. Wilkes's premises by the family collectively exhibited no curiosity; indeed, despite apparent poverty and travel-soil, they carried themselves with an air of much self respect.

When the jaded cattle had labored past with the covered wagon, Alick looked up from the *riata* he was braiding, to remark: "I wish they'd a camped out yer fur the night; thet thar was a mighty peert-looking grl."

"Alick Royce, you're the biggest fool about women folks I ever seed!" returned his employer. "I hate 'em like pison. They're as tricky as the ole boy hisself; and the purtier and more innocenter they look, the more meanness they've got into 'em!"

"Your mother—" reproachfully began the listener.

"Ye needn't throw that thar into my teeth; I never axed her to be my mammy; besides, I reckon them old-timey creturs was honest; but now-a-days women is up to all kinds of shenanigan. I knowed a feller in Oregon that had a half section of land, and he tuk in a emigrant family jest across the plains and plumb starvin. They had a yaller-haired girl, and she jest laid fur the fool. She made him b'leeve she fa'rly doted on him, an' he kep' the whole outfit fur a year, and bought her four silk dresses. Blamed if her father didn't enter the feller's claim right out from under him, and the girl married a man that she was promised to

afore she left Missouri! Yes, women's tormented scaly; thar's only one kind of men that can hold a candle to 'em—them thar's preachers, and *they* keep a sawneyin' round the female seck till they ketch their triflin' ways. The ole bilk that played that fool rancher was a preacher, and I don't want none of them, nor no women in mine."

Alick braided with great intentness at his strands of rawhide, to conceal his surmise that the narrative of his employer was a scrap of personal history.

"I bl'eeve thar's honest women yet—a heap of 'em," he doggedly persisted.

"Yes, *virtuous*, maybe, but not on the squar' in business like men. 'Pears like they think we're their nat'ral enemies, and the wuss they can skin us, the better 'tis. Widders is even scurvier than girls; they're allus a whinin' 'bout bein' lone and unpertected, while they're a cheatin' a feller out 'n his eye teeth. I *sabe* 'em, you bet. I come out into this yer valley to git shet of 'em, an' now I'll bet a hoss these yer folks 'll squat within a mild of me, and bum on to me fur the next ten year, an' inside of a fortnight thar 'll be a dozen more wagons a stringin' along. They 'll jest swarm around like turkey-buzzards arter a dead cow. Git out, you mis'able hound!" he said, venting his wrath on an inoffensive black dog that lay near him.

Alick glanced furtively from beneath his wide hat-brim at the irate bachelor, who strove to hide the conscious weakness of his breast under his opprobrious language. Reuben Wilkes was a border son of Anak, whose six feet four inches of height were balanced by a corresponding breadth of beam. Awkward and unlettered he was to a painful degree, yet the frank kindliness of his hazel eyes, the candor of his broad forehead, were patent to unprejudiced beholders. His trustful nature had wrought its own undoing: crafty young women, stimulated by shrewd parents, had more than once played him false; he had the Samsonian infirmity that often accompanies the Samsonian bulk, and felt, with the bitterness of self-contempt, that if he again crossed the path of the temptress, he must again succumb to her wiles; hence his flight into the wilderness.

VOL. V—19

Typical of this weakness seemed his thin falsetto voice and high-pitched feminine giggle. Startling it was, after marking his grand physique, to hear issuing from his heavily bearded lips those shrill notes. One small personal vanity was displayed in the manipulation of his auburn hair. Prematurely bald on top, he studiously combed his thick and long side-locks over his shining crown, and believed that even his inseparable companion, Alick, was deceived by the artifice; and only to one confidential barber did he assign the clipping of his tawny fleece.

"Arter that whip's braided, you better lope along down the fence and see whar them thar folks's camped. I'm afeerd they've heerd about my fencin' more land than I can hold, and are agoin' to jump it. If they're on my claim, jest h'ist em."

Alick finished his task as quick as possible, and set off—to return at dark with a sheepish air.

"Well," demanded Mr. Wilkes, "whar was they?"

"Camped jest outside your fence, at the east corner."

"Did you start 'em?"

"No, Reub; their cattle was so awful pore, and the man's sick. I told 'em hit was your land, and they said they'd leave in the mornin'."

"You've played smash, Alick! Thar's enough of that quarter section out from under fence for 'em to git a foot-hold. If they stay all night, an' I drive 'em off in the mornin', when the land comes into market they'll swar they made a settlement and I druv 'em off. I've got school warrants to kiver all the land in my enclosure; but you seed that blasted girl, and went back on me. Go right back and make 'em git," said Mr. Wilkes with hasty wrath.

"I ain't a-goin' a step. *You* may go and chase them half-starved young ones and that holler-eyed man off, if ye want to," retorted Royce. The whole country don't b'long to *you*."

"I'll make 'em skedaddle by daybreak. You git up and hev grub ready by five. I ain't a-goin' to be fooled by no emigrant trash," defiantly asserted the master.

Before dawn Alick roughly awakened him, saying: "Light out, ole man, if you're bound to chase off them thar emigrants."

"You git up the band of colts to brand, and I'll come back and help you," said Mr. Wilkes, finishing his repast of black coffee, hot biscuit, and bacon. Bracing himself to sternly order the trespassers off, he rode toward the camp.

The gaunt oxen were greedily cropping the dry grass, and the family were eating their breakfast, which consisted only of bread and water.

Mr. Wilkes, riding up to the group, was appalled at the scanty fare. "Lord bless my soul, *no coffee!*" was his sympathetic reflection. "This yer is awful tight papers!"

The husband rose with a hasty apology. "Mr. Wilkes, I suppose. Your man told me last night that we were on your premises. I should have gone on at once, but our cattle are footsore, and we were quite worn out. We are preparing to start on immediately. Pray excuse the intrusion."

Mr. Wilkes glanced down at the speaker, who was small and slight, with black eyes of painful brilliancy. The refinement of his air, the cultivated tone of his voice, contrasted sadly with his meager belongings. His hurried breathing, emaciated features, and short, dry cough were a poignant appeal. Mr. Wilkes sprang from his saddle to offer his hand to the stranger. "Howdy, howdy, Mr. —"

"My name is Bell," was the reply.

Mr. Wilkes took off his Peruvian hat, bowing deferentially to the pretty, delicate woman and the hunger-pinched children. Then he said, with a fine assumption of coming with hospitable intent:

"Well, now, Mr. Bell, don't be in no rush. What was ye allowin' fur to do?"

"I am looking for a tract of government land. I have been unfortunate in business, and lost my health. I hoped to recover by taking a trip across the plains. I've gained some on the way, and believe this climate will finish the cure. I am a little straitened for means, but I can preëempt land; and if my health is restored we shall get on nicely."

The great, warm heart in Mr. Wilkes' massive frame swelled. He took both the thin, cold hands of the stranger in his own toil-hardened palms.

"Look yer, Mr. Bell; here's gov'ment land a plenty. I've put fifteen hundred acres under fence accordin' to Californy law. But, bless ye, I can't keep half of hit when hit's surveyed. Now, jest ye drive inside my fence, and pick out a quarter section, and I'll help ye git up a log cabin, and see ye fixed afore hit rains. Hit's powerful lonesome without no neighbors, and I've jest been a-waitin' to find the right stripe of a man."

"Oh, thank you! I fear I ought not to accept so great a favor," hesitated the grateful immigrant.

"Don't act the dunce, but make yourself comfortable, and introduce me to the madam," pleasantly returned the proprietor.

"Proud to make your acquaintance, madam; and seeing yer jest arrove in this country, don't be no ways backward in axin' fur any little thing ye mout be out on. I had accommodations when I fust come to the coast, and if I can help *you*, and *you* pass hit along to the next, we'll be actin' like white folks. I was in a manner froze out of grub when I got to the settlements, and if yo want any groceries or little tricks afore ye git a chance to go to town, call on me."

She thanked him with a tremulous voice.

Opening a gap in the fence, he bade Mr. Bell drive in, and select a place for his house; then remounting, galloped back to his own corral.

"Well," cried Alick with a sarcastic countenance, "I allow ye sent them campers a whirlin' out of these parts."

"No, Alick," humbly admitted his employer, "I couldn't; them thar pore little cusses of children hadn't nothin' but bread to eat—no coffee, no meat—and that thar pitiful little scrap of a man'll get a title to *his* preëmption—six foot by two—afore spring; hit's jest crowdin' the mourners to run 'em off, so I told him to go inside my fence, and take up a quarter section."

"I knowed you couldn't stand the sight

of that thar poverty-stricken woman, and her young ones, and the pore, consumed man," said Alick; "and I reckon ye seed what a purty gal they had."

"I never seed no gal," retorted Mr. Wilkes hastily. "Ye better turn the colts out and git up a beef critter to kill right off; them gaunt emigrants has obleeged to git a squar' meal afore night, if I live. I'll go off, and get some of the boys to help put up a cabin for 'em."

This benevolent intention was carried out; beef and other provisions were furnished; and a log house built, at one end of which a mud chimney was erected; so that, in a week, the family were made as comfortable as lay in their kind neighbor's power. To spare their feelings he employed Harry, the twelve-year-old boy, to help about the cattle and horses.

When Mr. Wilkes went to Marysville, he bought the necessary supplies for the Bell family, and many delicacies for the invalid. When he delivered his purchases, and Mrs. Bell received them with reluctance, though with tearful appreciation of his generosity, he carefully explained that he was seeking his own interests. "I allow to let yer boys have seed to put in a crop, and take half on it, and git my pay that-a-way, madam; and excuse me fur sayin' ye don't appear neighborly inclined. I reckon ye never seed tight times like I have. I've been *pison* poor since I come yer, and folks has done me good turns, an' I've been able to pay 'em back. Hit's kinder selfish not to let me giv' ye a little lift, when hit's a pleasure to me. As to them thar few little knick-knacks, ye ain't beholden to me fur them; bekase, if I ain't a pushin' myself too much, I allow to come and eat a tasty dinner with ye every Sunday. I'm reg'lar sated with bachelor's grub, and I'd like a benefit of women's cookin' once a week. Another thing: I've got truck to make me and Alick some shirts and jumpers, and if ye've got time to make 'em, hit'll help us out mightily."

The delicately-reared housewife sobbed bitterly. "Heaven bless you, I will take your kindness as freely as it is given. You

have been so good to us, and my own family have been so cruel! I married against their wishes, and in my husband's illness they refused to help me. Do you think he is very ill? Is there hope of his recovery?"

"I've seed a heap of folks come here on their last legs, as you might say, and git sound and well; I don't see nothin' to hender Mr. Bell a pickin' up," was the comforting response; but Mr. Wilkes, after he withdrew, communed severely with himself. "I'm a white-livered sneak, a dumb coward, to lie that-a-way to pore Mrs. Bell; but I hadn't the sand to tell her what's a comin'."

His prophecies as to the advent of more immigrants were speedily fulfilled, a dozen families settling in the valley before the lapse of a month. Mr. Wilkes kept studiously aloof from the later arrivals. The painful destitution of his gently-bred *protégés*, and the rapid decline of the head of the household, appealed so urgently to his inborn chivalry that he constituted himself their guardian. His natural distrust of women was not aroused by the dark-eyed girl, whose bright, brave smile was like her father. She was only a child, and her frank kindness of manner to him was as innocent as that of her little brothers; but he would not trust himself in the houses where well-fed matrons with buxom daughters might entrap him.

The domestic life of the Bells was an object of painful interest to their friend. The dainty little courtesies of their every day intercourse, the respectfulness of the children in word and manner, the scrupulous observance of every form of social decorum in their bitter poverty, seemed marvelous to a man whose experience only embraced the rude amenities of frontier society. The evenings were devoted to study under the cheerful and sympathetic instruction of the parents, and the Sabbaths were made the occasion of inviting the neighbors to join in a Sunday school.

The happy current of affairs was too soon disturbed by the failing strength of Mr. Bell; not even his sunny hopefulness could deny that he was growing feeble. A physician, summoned by Mr. Wilkes, "dropped in while

passing," and found the invalid beyond help. All that he could say was that when spring came Mr. Bell would doubtless rally; that some recoveries had taken place in California in patients that seemed at death's door.

Weeks of anguish followed, the dripping rain adding to the gloom that oppressed the family, and no face but that of the sick man wearing a smile. *His* courage was not quite destroyed, and the sweetness of his disposition triumphed over suffering. Mr. Wilkes had been devoted in his ministrations, and was the stay and comfort of the stricken household. The new settlers were kind and attentive, but his great physical strength and boundless sympathy alone upheld the anxious mother and children.

On one of his daily visits he found the family elate with the happy change in Mr. Bell, who was rejoicing in freedom from pain and unusual return of strength. The glad faces of the group, the eager hopefulness of the husband, wrung the heart of their friend. He congratulated them soberly, and hastened home to send Harry Bell to see his father.

"Tell 'em I'll be up to spend the evenin'," he said as the boy departed.

After supper he rode thither to find Mr. Bell sitting up by the fire, wearing a radiant expression. "I'm pleased to have you with us tonight," he said, putting out his thin fingers; he clasped the great warm hand, holding it as if some of its full, generous power might be communicated to his own. "I am so well and strong, and my future looks so bright. I had grown despondent, fearing I must leave my dear ones in such cruel want; but now I see that I shall soon recover, and repay you your unnumbered kindnesses."

"I'm powerful glad to see you feelin' so peert," returned the visitor, "but don't war yerself out a talkin', Mr. Bell."

"It doesn't tire me in the least. I breathe so easily. And I want to tell you what a rich man I find myself. No man ever had a truer, tenderer wife than mine has been. I took her from a wealthy home, but she has never murmured at sharing my scanty means." He looked at her with infinite love, and softly stroking the thick, dark curls

of the daughter who knelt beside him, continued: "and Lida has been so brave and cheerful that she has kept up my courage. These stout boys of mine are part of my good fortune; and you, my best of friends, have been a blessing in our sore need. I thank you from the depths of my heart."

Mr. Wilkes pressed the father's hand appreciatively, and his rugged features worked convulsively. "I'm afeerd ye're a talkin' too much; we'd better hold on a little. Hit's a pourin' rain, and if 'twon't interrupt ye, I'll onsaddle my nag and stay all night."

The hostess assured him of their pleasure in entertaining him, and he withdrew, to stride up and down the field in great mental conflict, regardless of the falling drops that drenched his heavy locks.

"I had orter, I had orter," he muttered, grinding his palms hard together, "but I hain't got the backbone to do hit."

When he reëntered, the children were singing a good-night hymn, and at its close Mr. Bell held each in turn to his breast, and gave a kiss and a word of blessing.

When the family went to bed, Mr. Wilkes begged leave to roll himself in his blanket near the hearth. He lay in dumb apprehension till midnight, then dozed off, to be awakened by a cry from Mrs. Bell: "George has fainted—I can't wake him!"

Mr. Wilkes sprang to the bedside. One look was enough.

"My pore woman, he will never suffer no more." He laid his hand on the forehead. "He's been gone this hour or two."

"No, no," she urged, "it isn't death! He's only fainting. Do something!"

He held the light near the placid face. "Ye don't never see no sich heavenly smile as that on livin' bein's."

With a cry that roused the frightened children from their sleep, she fell beside the corpse. They gathered around in wild lamentation.

Hastily dispatching James for the nearest neighbors, and Harry with a message to Alick, Mr. Wilkes bathed the forehead and chafed the hands of the fainting woman, while he admonished the weeping daughter.

"See yer, honey; ye musn't take on in

this yer way. Ye haven't got no father now, and ye musn't make no fuss when yer mother comes to, or she may leave ye, too. Hits awful hard, sissy, but ye must be a soldier."

Lida repressed her tears, and led the little ones from the room. Mrs. Bell revived, only to sink into a stupor of grief, neither weeping nor speaking. Alick coming in haste, the widow suffered herself to be led away till they had arrayed her husband for the grave. Then she returned, and sat beside him.

Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Hays were not long in appearing at the house of mourning.

"Moss and Hays would have come too, and willin'," said Mrs. Moss, "but them young ones is too noisy to fetch, so they staid to keep 'em at home."

The women were very sympathetic, and lavished many kind words on the children; but it was evident that a sense of melancholy pleasure was associated with the excitement, and they entered with lugubrious zest into the details of the event.

With urgent solicitations they sought to remove Mrs. Bell from beside the corpse, but she was insensible to all appeals.

"Can't thar nothin' be did?" demanded Mr. Wilkes with painful anxiety.

"If any one was here that could pray with her, I think it would comfort her," said Lida, with the simple faith of a child.

Mr. Wilkes beckoned Mrs. Moss aside. "Can't none of you emigrants make a pra'r?" he asked with deep concern.

"I don't allow thar's a soul of 'em could *now*. Ole man Higgins used to exhort afore he left Illinois; but he druv a mule team across the plains, and they say he's plumb fell from grace," thoughtfully responded the matron.

He drew Lida apart. "Sissy, I'm a-goin' to town to git"—he stopped, unwilling to mention the coffin—"to git some little tricks that's needin'. Thar ain't no religion among them thar low-priced emigrants; but I'll git a preacher if I go to Marysville for one."

Alick brought a mustang four-in-hand, and the proprietor set off with a heavy heart.

"Forty mild of loblolly and 'dobe to be

made in this yer peltin' rain, if I go thar and back by dark," he soliloquized. "I wish I could ha' staid with them thar pore critters, but thar's things Alick couldn't have seed to. Pore Mrs. Bell! I'm afeerd she's got her death, too. That thar little Lida is a soldier, though, if I ever knowed one. I don't look at her as a girl, though," he apologized, apparently to his wiry team. "I jest consider her as a feller-bein'; she ain't none of them low-down, tricky ways that thar Lovina Moss has, that's tryin' to ketch Alick. But pore Bell, pore Bell! he won't see no more satisfaction with his purty young ones." And mournfully recalling the virtues and high breeding of the departed, Mr. Wilkes drove on through the sticky mud, which released his horses' feet with a loud report at every stép.

Arriving at the town, he sought the undertaker, and was much displeased at the obsequious blandness of that tradesman. "I'm sent by the friends of a gentleman to buy the best coffin in this yer shop. I don't want none of yer cussed redwood truck with filigree handles, that'll bust open on the road, but somethin' handsome and *substanch*, too. They've sent the cash, so ye needn't hem nor haw about it," he said with aggressive frankness. He asked the way to the parsonage, and there summoned Mrs. Dean, the clergyman's wife, with a peremptory knock. She was astonished to find a mud-splashed giant, in a huge white rubber overcoat, standing at the door; and her surprise was increased when he removed his dripping hat, and with a bow of exceeding awkwardness inquired, "This yer's the preacher's house?"

She bowed assent.

"Is he anywhere about home, madam?"

The ridiculous contrast between his portentous size and his thin, piping voice was almost too much for the lady's gravity; but she answered with studious decorum, "He is not."

"The deuce he ain't! This yer's awful bindin'," he returned, with such unfeigned distress, that Mrs. Dean asked what service was required.

"Why, madam, a gentleman out in our

settlement died very sudden last night, and his wife's in a manner gone out of her senses. I want a preacher for to pray with her and to preach the funeral sarmon," he explained, with an intentness of manner that redeemed his rude vernacular.

"Pray, come in," said the lady, warmly interested.

He glanced down at himself depreciatingly. "I ain't fit to do that thar. Yes? Well, then—" he removed his overcoat and hat, and with a "Beg pardon, madam!" removed his great muddy boots, and entered the parlor in his stocking feet.

By the fire sat a slim, fair-haired student with a book in his hand.

"My brother, Mark Atwood," said the lady, "Mr. —?"

"Wilkes, madam; proud to make yer acquaintance, sir," said the rancher.

"Mark," asked Mrs. Dean, "can you go out with Mr. Wilkes to visit a family in great affliction, and to officiate at the funeral? My brother is studying for the ministry, but is not ordained yet," she observed to the applicant.

"A preacher in the dough, sorter," meditated Mr. Wilkes, regarding the handsome, boyish face with much perplexity. The youth's frank return of his searching scrutiny pleased him. "Well, can you make a tip-top pra'r, and can ye stan' twenty mild of slush underfoot and rain overhead to git out thar?" he shrilly queried.

"I can certainly bear the trip, and will do my best," said the slim student readily.

"Then, madam, if, without putting yerself out, ye could give me a hint about crape and mournin' bunnits for them pore ladies, hit would be a great favor. I'm a runnin' this yer buryin' fur 'em, and I want things in shape."

Mrs. Dean cordially assisted in making a list, while her brother prepared for his journey. Heartily prepossessed by Mr. Wilkes's manifest goodness of soul, she gave him her hand at parting, with a promise to call on his *protégés* as soon as possible. He completed his purchases, and set off homeward as fast as his jaded team could travel.

"That thar sister of your'n is a genooine lady. Sich females is skurser than hen's teeth: if there was more of 'em, a man wouldn't despise the whole seck," he observed to his passenger.

"Do you despise it?" roguishly asked Mr. Atwood, guessing that he should be entertained by the views of his driver.

"Ye better believe hit! I don't do nothin' previous," deposed Mr. Wilkes.

"Why?"

"Bekase they're so blasted hypocritical and cowardish. Most of 'em is allus a whimperin' and whinin', and as greedy of money as pirates, and ready to play the low hand onto any feller that had an honest mother, and don't *sabe* their low-flung tricks. Arter they're married, if a man don't do to suit 'em, they're a goin' into highsterics and a raisin' the ole boy promiscuous. I despise the whole bilin' of 'em, exceptin' may be a half-dozen that I've come acrost in my time."

"I have been more fortunate," said the divinity student, "I have known few women who were not braver in time of trouble and more truthful in everyday life than men."

Mr. Wilkes regarded the candid expression and regular features of young Atwood with a gentle smile. "I'll bet a hoss you're like yer mother, and I'll bet another one she was a No. 1 woman, too. And as to lyin' and bein' chicken-hearted, I hain't got no call for to bemean women-folks fur that. I tell ye, Mr. Atwood, last night pore Bell tuk one of them sudden changes that often comes before the eend in his complaint. I went and found 'em all cheered up, sure he was a-goin' to git well; and I knowed it wasn't anything to last. I was that sneakin' and cowardly that I couldn't drop 'em a hint. Mebbe if I had, the pore woman wouldn't ha' been so interrupted. I tried to say somethin', but it give me a misery in my breast, and I let 'em go onprepared. I tel you, when I see him layin' thar, so white with that thar innercent smile onto his face. I'd gladly ha' put my ole lumberin' carcass in his place.

"This yer ain't business, though," resumed Mr. Wilkes after a few moments. "What I

want to know is, can you do things up brown at this yer buryin'? These yer folks is real quality, and I want ye to put in yer best licks. Now, when I go up the spout, I don't care a cent for no spread. Roll me up in an ole blanket, and heave me into the ground, and hit's all serene. But this yer little man was religious, and no discount on it. And religion, when hit's the ginooine article, is a blamed good thing; but most of hit that's fetched across the plains gits spiled on the way. So I want pore Bell to be preached and prayed over, so his children can remember he was buried like a Christian."

"I have never performed the funeral services before, but, Heaven being my help, shall do my best," answered the novice with dignity.

"You'll make it," confidently returned Mr. Wilkes. "Do you sing, parson? S'posin' you jest strike up 'On Jordan's Stormy Banks.' My ole mammy went her pile on that thar hymn."

Atwood complied, his companion joining him with much fervor, if little harmony. From this they glided into other familiar devotional airs, thus beguiling the rest of the journey.

Mrs. Moss met them at the gate, and replied to Mr. Wilkes's anxious query: "Miss Bell ain't no diffrunt. She lays there jest *a-sythin'* and a-moanin', and don't take no notice of nothin' that we say to her."

Atwood, being duly presented, was ushered into the house of woe. In his comfortable studious life he had never before been brought face to face with anguish like this; and with a feeling of utter helplessness he dropped on his knees beside the bed, and poured out his earnest young soul in a prayer for divine compassion and support in this extremity. The good women, Alick, and the mourning children had knelt, and were sobbing at his side. The fervor of his petition, joined to the memory of other prayers in hours of distress, touched the benumbed heart of the widow. Ere he rose, her tears fell freely, and the pinching gripe of sorrow was relaxed.

Mr. Wilkes, quietly entering, beckoned the neighbors away, dropping the blanket that served to partition off the bed-room, and gave his purchases into the hands of Mrs. Moss.

"Well, if I ever!" said the two ladies with restrained enthusiasm. "Crape and mournin' bonnets! I am proud! I do *enjoy* a genteel funeral better'n anything else."

Mrs. Bell, though benefited by young Atwood's good offices, would not absent herself from the body, so the student and Mr. Wilkes kept vigil with her during the night.

A grave had been dug under a weeping oak, not far from the cabin, and the next day every settler within a radius of ten miles came to the funeral. Atwood officiated with much solemnity and honest sympathy. Mr. Wilkes, with a very deep band of crape on his white hat, supported Mrs. Bell during the funeral; she had roused herself to bear the ordeal, but at the sound of the earth falling on the coffin, she fainted, and was borne back to her desolate home in his strong arms.

Meanwhile the impressed neighbors lingered in the rain to express their approval of so handsome and orderly a funeral. "Hit's beautiful to see sich a stylish coffin, and her a behavin' so becomin'—faintin' when they shut the coffin, and then here! I hain't seed anything that's done me so much good since I left Missouri, as seein' a man put away like folks," said Mrs. Moss, whose feelings had been shocked by the uncereemonious interment of her fellow travelers on the Plains.

Lida had borne herself with grave self-control through all the trials of the occasion. Her face was pale with grief, but her manner was so calm that no one felt any anxiety for her. Mark Atwood persuaded Mrs. Bell to take an opiate, and before accepting Mr. Wilkes's hospitality for the night, saw her sleeping quietly. Alick and Mrs. Hays remained at the house of mourning.

The student's youthful fatigue soon brought slumber, even in the hard bed of a bachelor's cabin; but his host tossed uneasily. At midnight he arose, and went to see if Mrs. Bell was resting comfortably.

Nearing the new-made grave, he heard a sound of uncontrolled weeping. A superstitious dread arrested him for a second, then he hurried forward to find Lida sobbing on the mound. "Father, father, I can't give you up; I can't leave you here alone in the rain and the night!"

"Lida," he said, with tender firmness, as he bent over her, "this yer won't never do." He pulled off his blanket coat, wrapped it round her, and lifted her as if she were a baby. "Ye don't want to go a ketchin' yer death and a closin' out yer ma!"

"I can't help it; my heart aches so. I have kept back my tears for mother's sake; but I can't sleep when father is here alone."

He laid her head on his broad shoulder. "Jest cry yer satisfaction here, sissy, and you'll feel better; but you mind Mr. Atwood tole us yer pa wasn't yer in the ground. If thar's a good place, he's thar, sure. I allow 'twould interrupt him mightily to think of you out yer on this damp ground to-night. Do jest what he'd think right, honey, and ye'll be glad of hit by and by."

She lay quietly sobbing in his arms till her emotion had spent itself; then he carried her to the silent house.

"Slip in, and crawl into bed, honey, and nobody'll know you've been gone," he whispered.

Mrs. Bell tried to live for her children, but poverty, hardship, and bereavement had shattered her frail constitution; she drooped and faded with startling rapidity. Mr. and Mrs. Dean visited her early in her widowhood and proved assiduous in ministrations; while Mark Atwood came often to express his kindly interest in the bereft family, and Mr. Wilkes was the watchful guardian of the household. The bright courage, the elasticity of temperament, that had upheld her in toil and want, had been buried with her husband, and Mrs. Bell abandoned herself to hopeless grief.

Early in March she consented to see the physician who had attended Mr. Bell. On his departure she sent for Mr. Wilkes.

"I want to talk to you," she said, with unusual animation. "The doctor admits that

I am in a very dangerous condition. You have been my best friend, and I want you to take charge of my boys. When George died, I wrote to my father and brothers, asking them to care for my orphans: they have never answered my letters. I think Mrs. Dean will give Lida a home, and with your kind advice my boys may earn their bread here. It is terrible to leave them so poor and among strangers; otherwise I should rejoice to follow my husband; I know he is waiting for me."

Mr. Wilkes had changed color more than once while listening, and now, with much humility and embarrassment began: "Mrs. Bell, I hope ye won't take no insult at what I'm going to say. I'm a miserable, overgrown, ignorant, jewlarky of a feller, but I don't like fur to see Lida beholden to anybody. I've been a steddin', seein' how ye're fixed, that if ye was agreeable, I'd send her to school till she got her eddication, and when she got ole enough, if she could stomach such a rough ole b'ar of a man, I'd marry her. If she was promised to me, the boys would be, so to speak, my own kin, and I'd school 'em. I ain't no fool nor no bilk, to go a kissing and a makin' free with a girl under them circumstances. "Hands off and money down's" my motter; and if she tuk a disgust at me, or liked another man better, she'd be perfectly welcome to say so, and no hard feelin' on my part. I'd git a title to this place fur the boys, and I'd make a will leavin' her my property in case I died, and you'd have your mind settled."

Mrs. Bell had looked into the honest face of the suitor as he talked. Perhaps she was near enough to the entrance to the other life to look through the clumsy material garment that hid his royal soul. In his charge her children would be as safe as if entrusted to their father's care.

"Thank you," she answered, "if Lida is willing, I shall feel as if no earthly anxiety remains. Go, and send her to me."

He hastened to seek Lida. Walking back with her, he picked up an axe, and fell to chopping to allay his nervous excitement.

Mrs. Bell laid the magnanimous proposal

before her daughter. "Remember, my darling, that you are only a child, and can hardly know your mind; if, after careful thought, you feel any repulsion for his uncouth appearance and lack of education, don't accept him. He is noble-minded, and says that if, in the future, you are discontented, he will free you from the engagement; but betrothal is as sacred as marriage in my eyes, and you are only fifteen."

The child's face shone with confidence. "He is the best man living. No one else is half so good, so delicately generous."

Her mother kissed her with a sigh of relief. "Go, and answer him, my daughter."

Lida went frankly and unhesitatingly to her brawny wooer. He dropped his axe to look questioningly at the grave young face, whose dark eyes were humid with recently-shed tears, and the red lips tremulous with feeling.

"Is it 'yes,' Lida?" he asked after a moment.

"Yes," she quietly assented.

"Freely and willingly, my girl?" he queried, while an expression of pain and doubt clouded his brow.

"Freely and willingly," she repeated slowly and distinctly, but with an ingenuous smile.

He took her hand. "God bless you, honey," he whispered with a sob, and without any further caress led her to her mother.

A fortnight later Mark Atwood read the burial service for Mrs. Bell, who was interred in her husband's grave. Mr. Dean was present, but Mr. Wilkes desired that the student should officiate. The admiring neighbors declared that two such funerals were a credit to the community, and fondly hoped that the settlement might ever conduct similar exercises in as decorous a manner.

Mrs. Dean took Lida and the two younger boys home with her. The others remained with Mr. Wilkes till the adjustment of affairs was over. The night after the burial the two lads were sleeping, when Mr. Wilkes opened his heart to Alick as they smoked by the cabin fire.

"Kin you keep anything from them long-tongued Moss and Hays women-folks?" was the preliminary remark.

"I reckon I could, if I agreed to," was the response.

"Then I'm a-goin' to take ye into confidence. Lida Bell an' me's promised to be married, but I'm a-goin' to school her fust. I'm a-goin' to put five thousand dollars in the Bank of Californy in her name now, and I'll make a will leavin' her the rest of my property if I go off the handle. I'm a-goin' to appint you egzeketer, and you'll take ker of her and the boys if I ain't here to do it."

Alick was overcome with the dignity of his trust. "Ole man," he said in a broken voice, "you do me proud, and if anything goes wrong with you, I'm *thar*. But I hope ye'll live to see a heap of satisfaction with yer wife; and I'll be as close as the bark on a tree regardin' this yer business."

They ratified the understanding by a long and emphatic shaking of hands.

"Well," queried Alick after some minutes of reflection on the revelation, "I allow you think *thar's* one honest woman in the world, Reub?"

"I do that, Alick. I b'leeve that girl tuk arter her father—not sayin' nothin' agin' pore Mrs. Bell, fur she was a reglar born lady—but *thar's* somethin' squar and honest, and sorter brave and determined about Lida, jest like pore Bell. Well, we'll git them papers made out right off."

## II.

MR. WILKES carried out his generous plans. He entered James and Harry at the Oakland College School, leaving the little boys with Mrs. Dean, and confiding Lida to the care of the principal of a highly respectable "female seminary" recommended by the Deans.

"Miss Bell's goin' to take all them *extr's*," he said to the principal. "She's got money in the bank to pay in advance for anything she wants. I'm her guarddeen, and I've had orders that she's to be given the best and most expensive schoolin' that's to be had.

Her kinfolks is powerful high-minded. Give her the best room in the house, madam, and charge accordin'."

"The young lady is an heiress, then?" asked the principal.

"That's what ye call hit, I reckon; but she won't put on no frills about hit. She's got mighty hard sense," said Mr. Wilkes.

Happily unconscious of anything but disinterested kindness, Lida was deeply touched by the consideration bestowed by her teachers and schoolmates. Jennie Atwood, Mrs. Dean's young sister, shared her room and her confidence. Her older brothers visited her often. The little lads wrote every week. When she wakened from vivid dreams of her father's and mother's death-bed, she could hardly realize the comfort and ease that blessed her daily life.

At Christmas the orphans were gathered together to spend the holidays under Mrs. Dean's roof. A blissful week it was to them and to their guardian. Not the least of Lida's pleasures was the day spent with her old friends at the ranche, on the occasion of Alick's marriage to Lovina Moss. Mr. Wilkes gave an old-fashioned in-fare, and the Deans, with Mark Atwood, were his guests, as well as the five young Bells, and the entire settlement.

Returning to the seminary, Lida pursued her studies with interest, till the next summer's vacation brought her again to her brothers. They spent the time together on the tract of land secured to them by Mr. Wilkes. A better house had replaced the shanty, and a decent family occupied it as tenants. The Bells were very happy here during their weeks of reunion, for Lida's heart yearned over her brothers in a mother-like fashion. Domestic affection had made poverty easy to bear, and now, in her plentiful and tenderly-guarded life, she hungered for the old household love. To be petted and teased by the four lads, to caress or advise them, was the dearest happiness she found.

Two Christmas seasons came and went again. At the third, Mr. Wilkes met her at Mr. Dean's. "I reckon these yer little brothers of ourn had oughter be sent to Oak-

land for schoolin'," he suggested, as they sat on Christmas Eve discussing affairs.

Lida wore a look of troubled doubt. "I fear it is not best. I am anxious about James since he went to college. I often wonder if it would not have been better for him to remain in the country. He is growing reckless about spending money, and seems to lack purpose. Harry does very well so far, but he is younger and still in the preparatory school. Let the little boys stay here; the school is good enough for the present."

"Jest as you please, Lida, but don't go worryin' about Jim. Boys of that age always has to raise a rukus somehow. But his father's son is *obliged* to turn out all right. But, changing the subject, yer's a ring I got for ye, now you're most eighteen, bekase I'm told they're all the style."

She opened the little case, to find a handsome solitaire.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "Will you put it on for me?"

He took it in his clumsy fingers, dropped it, regained it, and handed it to her. "I'm too mis'able bunglin' to put on a lady's ring for her," he protested.

She laughed, slipped it on her finger, and watched the light sparkling from it; then she hesitated. "It is really too elegant and costly for a school-girl. If you will permit me, I will not wear it till after I graduate."

He glanced sharply and suspiciously at her ingenuous face.

"Sissy," he said with warmth, "don't think I'm a tryin' to spring anything on ye. You shall have a fa'r shake; I don't forgit I hain't got no dead thing on ye. Act on the squar' with me, and if ye see a man ye like better, say so. You was only a little child when ye give that promise to me, and if ye don't like my style, jest say so, and I'll be jest as good a friend as I am now."

"Oh, no!" she cried in penitent haste. "I have never thought of any one else. I can never be as fond of any other man; but the Principal disapproves of jewelry. Don't, pray don't, think I suspected you of any ungenerous design."

He rose without replying, and paced the

floor, his heavy, ungainly tread shaking the room. Lida watched him with a troubled face. After a long silence he came back to his seat beside her.

"My child," he said with remorseful tenderness, "I hain't done the fa'r thing by ye. Ye don't never see no men but young Atwood, and Parson Dean, and them blasted little Dutch and French professors at the seminary. Ye'd orter go in company, and see what men is like, afore ye tie to one for life. Now, if ye're goin' to marry me bekase ye're grateful, or bekase ye've promised, I don't want none of hit in mine. I ain't no calf, nor no molly-coddle, an' I've been stuck arter other women afore; but with you it's a diff'runt feelin'. I love *you* enough to be willin' to give my life fur to make ye happy; but thar's somethin' else, another way I've got of lookin' up to you. Ye seem 'way above me; I can't b'leeve ye'd ever be able fur to do a selfish or a dishonest trick. I hain't never meant to play it low down. Ye mind, I hain't never spoonied 'round ye, fur if I did, ye'd think ye couldn't decently marry no other feller. But I'm a goin' to have ye see some other folks, and not go it blind."

Mr. Wilkes carried out this idea when he accompanied his ward on her return to Oakland.

"I'm afeerd Miss Bell's a-steddyin' too hard; and, seein' she hain't got no mother to take her out in company when she's done school, I'd like for ye to take her out amongst 'em, and give her the hang of it," he said to the Principal.

Under the eye of that dignified matron, Lida was therefore introduced into society, and admired as a fresh-faced girl who is an heiress deserves to be.

Happily for Mr. Wilkes, the young men of the period seemed to her insipid and frivolous. The poverty and bereavement which had fallen on her so early had made her singularly earnest of purpose. Only her sunny cheerfulness, inherited from her father, preserved her from despondent gravity. Life seemed so full of serious duties, that at first the time spent in social amenities was, in her view, a vapid waste of opportunity.

To Jennie Atwood, her room-mate and friend, she confided her disappointment at the trivial character of masculine conversation. That pretty blonde did not find it distasteful.

"You are just like Mark," said Jennie, "always thinking about great principles and moral obligations. I wish you'd spend the summer vacation with us. You could go mousing about with him into sailors' hospitals and Chinese dens, where I despise to go."

Lida accepted the invitation. She and Mr. Atwood were good friends already. The pale slimness of the student had vanished in these years, and his features were no longer effeminate. He had the gentle breeding of a widow's only son, combined with a wholehearted frankness and sympathy not always found in his profession. As he had not taken to polemic theology, he was assigned to missionary rather than to pulpit work.

To Lida, who had such poignant memories of grief and want, it was very sweet to share in his labors for the needy and afflicted. Easily and naturally Jennie slipped out of tasks that were irksome, and left her friend to accompany Mark in his visits to unsavory people and ill-conditioned homes. Lida grew confidential, and told Mr. Atwood of her sorrows in regard to James, who was growing worldly and skeptical, and asked the clergyman's influence for her brother; and in return she promised to seek to arouse Jennie from her easy-going selfishness.

Vacation ended, but Mr. Atwood paid frequent visits to the seminary, asking his sister and Lida to aid him in his charitable errands. Thanksgiving brought a choral service to which he offered to escort the two girls. Jennie, however, developed a violent sore throat, and the Principal graciously permitted Lida to go without her. The devotional music of the evening carried the two young enthusiasts almost to the gates of heaven. They passed out of the church in rapt silence. Each could see by the clear moonlight the elevation and ecstasy of the other's face. They walked slowly toward the seminary, but at the gate he stopped, saying:

"Lida, this summer has been the most

blessed season of my life. Your aid and your sympathy have made my work so easy and so effective, that I am presumptuous enough to ask you to share and lighten my labor from henceforth."

"O, Mr. Atwood!" she interrupted, trembling with pain and surprise. "Don't ask me this! I am not free to hear it. Surely, Jennie told you of my engagement to Mr. Wilkes?"

"To that ignorant, irreligious man? Impossible! Lida, can you think for one instant of such desecration of marriage as that?" His face was blanched, his voice husky.

"Hush!" she said indignantly. "You speak of the noblest man I ever knew. Mr. Atwood, when we reached California, we were starving. My poor father's death was hurried by want. Mr. Wilkes gave us bread. He buried my father; my mother died in his arms. He bound himself to me, and took us children, five wretched little paupers, as his very own. The very clothes I wear, the education my brothers receive, the kind care the little ones enjoy from your sister, are all of his providing. Yet, in his delicate generosity, he has kept our dependence and his bounty from the world."

"You are right," Atwood returned with effort, "he is a good man. But such beneficence deserves gratitude only—*love* gives itself, but is not bought. May you not wrong this great-souled man by marrying him? You know you cannot be happy with him. What have you, a fastidious, cultivated gentlewoman, in common with him? You will find life with him unutterably dreary and lonely."

"If I am a fastidious, cultivated gentlewoman," she hastily repeated, "his generosity has made me such. Had I remained in the wretched poverty in which he found me, my sensibilities would have been less acute."

"Lida"—and Mark Atwood's penetrating gaze was fixed on her earnest face—"you speak steadfastly and courageously, but you have not once said '*I love him.*' You dare not say it; you know that I could make you infinitely happier than he can."

Her brave eyes fell. "You are ungenerous," she answered. "I have a strong affection for Mr. Wilkes. By his magnanimity, I am free to break the bond at any hour—no, do not interrupt me—but my many obligations would weigh me to the earth. You say you could make me happy; but ingratitude and broken faith would bring wretchedness. If indeed you love me, help me to be honest and honorable. You, a clergyman, should be the last to tempt me from duty. Forgive me, and farewell."

He bowed his head in acceptance of the rebuke. "Forgive me; you are right. But God help us both."

He opened the gate, and they walked silently to the door. She did not offer him her hand, but with a slight gesture of farewell she sought her room, to put on her betrothal ring. "Had I only worn it since last Christmas, how much I might have spared Mr. Atwood and myself," she thought.

The next day, Jennie rushed into the room, angry and excited. "You cruel, heartless thing!" she cried. "How could you break my brother's heart?"

"You are in fault, Jennie," sorrowfully pleaded Lila. "You knew of my engagement, and never told Mark. I never dreamed that he was ignorant of it."

"Of course I kept it from him; I meant you never should marry that ridiculous old ignoramus, who has nothing to attract you but his money. I know you were just born to be Mark's wife, and I threw you two together on purpose. Think how much you could help him in his ministry!"

"Jennie, I cannot break my promise, and I will not hear you speak ill of Mr. Wilkes."

"But, Lida, Mark says Mr. Wilkes is ready to release you from the engagement. I will go to him and tell him that you would be happier with Mark, and—"

"If you do, I will never see your brother again," broke in the indignant listener. "I will not take every benefit that his generosity can bestow, and then refuse the only return in my power."

"Oh, yes," sneered Jennie, "you are wonderfully high-minded; but the real truth is

you prefer Mr. Wilkes and his money to poor Mark and his straitened circumstances. I won't room with you, and you needn't speak to me, for I won't answer you."

Not long after Jennie's angry retreat the Principal sought Lida.

"My dear girl," said the matron, "I am shocked and grieved to hear that you are engaged to your guardian. I hoped you were to lead a useful and happy life with Mr. Atwood, to be whose wife you seem eminently fitted. I understand that you have been engaged since you were a mere child. A contract of that sort, made at such an irresponsible age, is surely not binding. Jennie hints at pecuniary obligations, but Mr. Wilkes informed me that you had means of your own."

"Neither my brothers nor I have a farthing that we do not owe to him. Pardon me, if I say that this matter is for me to decide, and that I do not choose to discuss it further," said Lida with unusual haughtiness.

"Yes, it's really a thing of mercenary interest, as Jennie says," sighed the Principal, as she retired to give Miss Atwood permission to remove herself and her belongings to another apartment.

To Lida the month that followed was bitterly painful. Feeling in fault that she had so long concealed her engagement, she overcame her sensitive reticence enough to speak openly of her prospective marriage. Jennie's angry assertion that her guardian's money influenced his ward's choice, and the Principal's grave air of disapproval, changed the effusive fondness of the schoolgirls to offensive coldness. Stung by this, Lida avoided the recreation room, and sat lonely and sore in her dormitory.

When a letter of gentle remonstrance from Mrs. Dean made it impossible for her to spend the holidays as usual, she chose to visit the spot where her parents were buried. James, with exceeding ill-grace, escorted her thither. His plans had embraced a stay in San Francisco with college friends, and a fortnight spent with his family in the rustic settlement was particularly irksome.

When Mr. Wilkes saw his betrothal ring shining on her finger, his look of unutterable delight filled her with penitence.

"This yer means that ye're ready to tie to me for good," he said with moistened eyes, lifting her hand to his lips with timid awkwardness.

Involuntarily she blenched at the caress.

"I beg yer pardon," he said. "This yer is a-makin' too free."

"Oh, no," she answered, chiding herself for the repulsion that overcame her at this modest assertion of a lover's privilege.

Henceforth, during her stay, she conscientiously treated him with the domestic familiarity due her betrothed. On Christmas day she asked him to assume the place of host, taking her seat opposite him at the board, while her brothers, with Alick and his wife, were guests. James but slightly veiled his contempt for the unconcealed happiness and the sublime awkwardness of Mr. Wilkes; and Lida, bearing herself with affectionate deference to her betrothed, hated herself for the guilty remembrance of Mark Atwood's easy grace and refinement that intruded on her fancy. For, picturesque as are these frontier giants, contemplated in the abstract, they are at a manifest disadvantage at a modern state dinner. James left them on the morrow, to finish his vacation amid more congenial surroundings.

"Ye look terrible peaked," said Mr. Wilkes after the departure of the supercilious youth. "I'm afeerd you war yerself out a-steddin'. I want ye to go slow this yer term, for I'm a-makin' money hand over fist, and I'll take ye on a foreign *tour* if ye like, as soon as ye graduate. Ye can jest pick out a plan for a house, too, jest to yer notion. I'm bound ye shall see rest and satisfaction, and git the meat back onto yer bones agin."

"Don't be so lavish of your means for me," she answered sadly. "I can never repay half of your goodness."

"Lida," he said benignly, "thar's been a streak o' luck, or maybe a blessin', ye might say, on everythin' I've teched since we was promised. I wasn't very lucky afore, and I played the low hand for whiskey some; but

since then, everythin' I've gone into has panned out big. **H**its all along of *you*."

Her eyes filled with tears of self-reproach; she bent her head in shame. With infinite gentleness he drew it against his broad shoulder, softly stroking her curls: "Ye shouldn't orter come here, honey, so close to these yer graves; hit brings back all yer old troubles."

"No," she sobbed, "this is my home. I love it better than any other spot. I want to live and die here."

"I'm afeer'd yer frettin' because Jim's got the big-head a little. Now, I don't care no more for them *frills* he puts on nor for the capers of Alick's baby. Boys has allus them thar peert ways when they fust use a razor; but the little fellers is as funny as monkeys with me, and don't keer if I am a big, overgrown somebody."

She leaned against him wearily, dumb with self-contempt. Surely, if she were not the most ungrateful of creatures, this man's generous love would outweigh all trifling defects. By a perverse contradiction, she had never before clung so entirely to him for affection, and never before so keenly realized his deficiencies.

The return to school tasks, with the added stress of preparation for graduation, left little time for morbid thought; and the honor of the valedictorian satisfied her girlish ambition.

Mr. Wilkes, arrayed in full dress, in pursuance of a suggestion from his tailor, and carrying the costliest bouquet in the audience-room, seated himself beside Harry Bell, to witness the closing triumph of Lida's school-days.

Catching sight of a familiar face, he whispered to his young neighbor: "Has Parson Atwood been sick? He looks sorter holler-eyed and consumed-like."

Harry shook his head, annoyed at the shrill whisper that drew many eyes to Mr. Wilkes; but the entrance of the graduates attracted the attention of the questioner from Mark's haggard countenance. Little cared Mr. Wilkes for the essays of the half-dozen pretty girls who first graced the rostrum;

but when the valedictorian appeared, serious and marble-pale, his heart swelled with rapture. She was no genius; but the sweetness of her voice, the grave dignity of her manner, the elevation of her face, lent a charm to the crude thoughts of the reader. Mr. Wilkes with difficulty suppressed a sob as he listened; this pure, delicate woman was his very own; and with an awe that thrilled every fiber of his huge frame, he gazed on her girlish beauty.

The diplomas were presented, friends pressed forward to congratulate; but Mr. Wilkes whispered to Harry:

"Give this yer bouquet to her. I dass n't go up thar now. I'm afeerd of makin' a reg'lar calf of myself; I'd bust out a cryin' for two bits."

He gladly followed in the wake of those who went out, ashamed to trust his tell-tale face among acquaintances. As he stumbled along the pavement, blinded by the darkness after the glare of gaslight, two young men in front of him freely discussed the valedictorian.

"Miss Bell looked stunning," said one.

"But Mark Atwood didn't seem particularly festive," returned the other.

"Is he sweet on her?"

"I believe it! Jennie told my sister all about it. Miss Bell spent last summer vacation at his mother's, and flirted with him right along; went to prayer-meeting and Chinese Sunday school with him till he proposed, and then flung him higher than a kite. She knows a trick worth two of marrying a poor dog like him. She's engaged to that big, awkward booby that sat with Harry. He's got no end of money, they say."

"That's all she marries him for, then. Of course, she wouldn't look at a hulking ignoramus like that if he wasn't rich."

"They'll all do it; but the Atwood game was rather sneaking. Jennie's madder than a hornet about it."

The two lads turned the corner, while the listener stopped, reeling like a drunken man, catching at the fence near him for support. This idle gossip had given him a mortal wound.

He groaned to himself. "O Lord, can that thar be true? Is Lida deceitful and greedy of money, like all her cussed seck? I'd ha' laid down my life on hit that she was squar and honest."

He thought of Atwood's haggard countenance, of Lida's late depression of spirits, and the wretched story seemed amply confirmed. Avoiding the prosperous streets, he now turned toward the bay, and walked to the end of Long Wharf, where he sat down, covering his face with his hands, rocking to and fro, cursing himself and the girl who had broken his heart. There was a deeper pain even than that of disappointed love gnawing at his breast. His saint had fallen from her shrine.

"I'd jump into this yer bay," he muttered, "only that hit'd be givin' her the money she's a-sellin' herself fur. O Lida, Lida, how could yer father's child do that thar! If ye'd a told me honest-like that ye didn't hanker arter me, and wanted Atwood, I'd ha' given ye up and loved ye still; but this yer's what takes away all the good feelin's I ever had fur any human critter. If *you* ain't on the squar, thar ain't nobody, and I hate the whole bilin' of men and women."

He rose and staggered back to the first low gambling den he could find. Near its door, a wretched woman in tawdry finery addressed him. He roughly pushed her aside. "I hate the sight of yer kind," he said, plunging into the saloon to drink and squander money in frantic recklessness.

Late in the afternoon he presented himself to Lida.

"You did not come to congratulate me last night," was her gentle reproach.

"No, I'd taken a severe misery in my breast, and went out to git some medicine; besides, I didn't want to push myself among yer genteel friends, the Atwoods and sich.

She flushed at the allusion and at his rough manner, and regarded him with grave, appealing eyes.

"What do ye want to do?" he asked abruptly. "We hain't been much on the soft sawder, and I reckon neither on us is in a particular rush about marryin'. S'posin' ye

rest and visit round, while I git fixed fur it." He defiantly rattled a handful of money in his pocket, and, after looking at her with a sharp glance, rudely asked, "Do you want any more cash?"

She shook her head, in extreme wonder and mortification. Could he be intoxicated?

"Whar'll ye stay, at Dean's or Atwood's?" was his question.

"I should prefer to stay here," she answered, coloring painfully. "But are you angry with me? Have I done anything to offend you?"

"Not a drotted thing. I'm all right, but I ain't quality. I ain't been to no French dancin' master, and ye musn't look fur gentility. Well, I'll rustle round and git things in shape. Bye-bye."

She held out her hand with a face of such sorrowful questioning, that he caught her up, kissed her lips rudely, passionately, and roughly setting her down, rushed away.

"What can have changed him so?" asked Lida of herself a hundred times in the ensuing month; and while she was wrestling with this new perplexity, James came to visit her, wearing an air of great patronage.

"Well, sis," he said, giving her a brotherly salute, "we've just had a little windfall. Our affectionate grandfather has been considerate enough to pass in his checks without making a will; so we come in for our share of his property with the rest of the heirs. It's nothing very gorgeous, but it will enable you to pay off that lumbering old Wilkes, and I advise you to drop him. He's been playing fast and loose with his money, gambling, losing heavily on stocks, drinking like a fish, and he's nearly down to the bedrock, I hear. I always abominated him, with his overgrown bulk, and his contemptible, whining voice. Atwood's no great catch, but he's a hundred per cent. better than Wilkes.

"James Bell!" cried his sister, "you are the most ungrateful boy living. I wish Mr. Wilkes had left us dependent on charity, and not given you the opportunity to make such a mean return for his generosity."

"I'm the head of the family, Lida," loftily returned the youth, whose superior advan-

tages had prepared him to properly despise his benefactor. "You ought to let me decide for you. It's all bosh about our obligations to him; he spent his money to get you, as a dozen other men would be glad to. I say, pay him off, and let's wash our hands of him."

"I shall keep my promise, James. I have a little regard for honor, if you have none."

"Very well; but when you reach the bottom of Wilkes's purse, don't ask me for help," and the lordly brother strode away in wrath.

A week later, Lida sat alone in the Principal's private parlor, when the door was flung open to admit her guardian in his shirt sleeves, with bloodshot eyes. He heavily dropped into a chair. "Howdy, Lida," he said with an angry stare. "I've gone to the dogs; I've lost my pile on stocks, and I've come to let ye off yer promise. Thar won't be no money fur ye, no *tower* of Europe, no fine house, nothin' but hard work, and big, ole, ignorant, ugly *me*." He threw off his hat, dashed aside the heavy side locks that concealed his bare crown, and sat confessed in his baldness and uncouthness. "You're pretty enough, my girl, to catch some feller that's got learnin', and money, and good looks," he added bitterly.

"Reuben," said she earnestly, "we need not be *very* poor; my grandfather has left me a little means, and I am used to poverty. I am glad to give you a little return for your many kindnesses. You cannot give me back my promise, for I won't take it; indeed, indeed, I am glad to show the world that it isn't your money I care for. People have been cruel enough to say that, and I have lately feared even you thought so. Now, they and you can see that the charge was as false as it was unkind." She timidly bent over him, and touched her lips to his forehead.

He covered his face with his hands, sobbing like a child; it was some time before he raised his head, to regard her with remorseful eyes, and his features softened by the old reverent tenderness.

"God bless you, honey," he murmured,

"you're your father's own child." Then, with brisk cheerfulness of tone, he asked: "Shall we be married this day month? I allow thar's been enough hangin' by the gills about it."

"Yes," she agreed.

He stepped to the mirror, carefully replaced his hair in its usual order, and once more contemplated her with an expression of humility and unworthiness.

"Whar shall the knot be tied? I allow ye'd like things ruther private; and shall young Atwood jine us?" he deferentially inquired.

"Here, and the Principal shall invite all the guests she wishes. I have only my brothers and Alick Royce and his wife to ask. The Atwood family and I have disagreed, so I think you had better choose another clergyman."

His lips trembled. "Lida," he penitently whispered, "I ain't fit to tie yer shoe laces; and folks thinks I can't make ye happy. But I will, and ye shall say yer weddin' day was the gladdest day ye ever seed."

When it came out that Mr. Wilkes's loss of property had not influenced Lida, and that she was about to keep her youthful engagement, Mrs. Dean and Jennie, smitten by remorse at their unjust accusations, held out the olive branch and helped in preparations for the marriage. The Principal withdrew her opposition, and even James condescended to assume a neutral position in regard to the alliance.

When the day arrived, Mr. Wilkes was so preposterously happy, and so continually under foot, as to bewilder the ladies in charge of the proprieties of the occasion. Just as Jennie and Mrs. Dean had finished the bride's toilet, he demanded to see her.

"If you'd be kind enough fur to let me speak a private word, madam, afore the ceremony, I'd be obleeged," he said to the Principal; and at her request the attendants retired, and he entered, putting his hands behind him to regard her from head to foot with delighted eyes.

He was overcome with admiration of her veil, and unable to look with calmness at

the orange wreath, but he spoke with a face beaming with generous emotion.

"I want to make a confession to ye, honey, afore we're married. You mind the night ye graduated? Thar was two young fellers on the street a-talkin' as I left the house, and they said ye'd played the fool with young Atwood, and was only a-marryin' me fur my money. My pore child, that thar set me plumb crazy, and ye know how barbarious I acted next day. I went home jest wild, and told Alick I was a-goin' to change my will. Now, he thort mighty well on ye, and he says right off, 'Hit's a lie; she hain't gone back on ye, and I know hit. Jest give her a show and ye'll find hit out.' So him and me put up a job on ye. I come down yer dirty and ondecient, and told ye I was dead broke, and showed ye my disgust-in' ole bald head, and ye never weakened. When ye showed me the kind o' woman ye was, I felt lower down than the rubbidge in a pig corral, and I ax yer pardon for sich no-account actions; but my mind had been so full of pesterments that I wasn't hardly in my right senses.

"But for all you said, honey, I knowed yer feelin's had got the *underholt* of ye, and ye couldn't never love me like I loved you. I tried to feel like givin' ye up; but thar's nat'rally a brute beast inside of a man that jest howled at the idee of givin' ye to anybody else. But I fit hit powerful, an' kep' a steddin' about hit night and day. I minded how I'd seed women a-goin' round the house kinder quiet-like, but never a-complainin',

smilin' sorter sad, maybe, but doin' their duty up to the scratch; fust thing I knowed, they died off suddint, or took the gallopin' consumption, folks said, when hit was a broken heart that ailed 'em. I knowed if ye went that a-way, I'd be bound to shoot myself; and if ye didn't make a die of hit, and was a-mopin' and a-pinin' around, I'd cuss myself for takin' a woman that had a fancy for another man. Then, too, I've never knowed ye to have a single, solitary fault, and hit'd be powerful mean to go a-findin' 'em after ye was my wife. I b'leeve now that thar's one female jest as honest and brave as any man dar be, and I don't think I'll resk losin' my good opinion of ye. I love ye so well, to tell the truth, that seein' ye can't give me as much in that line as I can *you*, I won't take ye at no price. No, no, honey, I'm a runnin' this yer weddin', and though I'm a-goin to crawfish, I've got a substitute. Ye see, Atwood hauled right off the track when he found ye was promised to me, and didn't come no crookedness. So, bein' a honest preacher's as big a curiosity as a honest woman, I'm bound to see ye into one family."

She clung to him, sobbing like a child, but he softly wiped her tears. "Thar, thar, my child, the day'll never come when ye won't be free to call me yer friend. Jest take my arm, and when we git down to the parlor, and the preacher says, 'Who giveth this yer woman to be married to this yer man?' I'll make ye over to Mark Atwood free and joyful, and God bless ye both!"

*Mary T. Mott.*

## THE LATE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—VII.

### THE SITUATION IN THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE BEFORE LIMA DURING THE BATTLES OF SAN JUAN AND CHORILLOS, JANUARY 13, 1881.

FOUR miles to the northward of Chorillos, behind the redoubts of the right wing of the second line of defense before Lima, at the little town of Miraflores, lay encamped the main body of the Peruvian reserve—the division of Suarez.

VOL V.—20.

Notwithstanding the active, enterprising, and indefatigable spirit which he had shown during the campaigns in the South, Colonel Don Belsiario Suarez—"Suarez of the white horse," as he had been surnamed while serving as chief-of-staff to General Buendia in

Tarapacá—did not, on the 13th of January, 1881, on perceiving the defeat suffered by the arms of his country in the front line of defense at San Juan and Villa, advance to reinforce Colonel Iglesias on the Morro Solar above Chorillos. In answer to the criticisms made about his conduct in this matter, he claims that his instructions were contradictory. An adjutant, serving in his division, describes the situation in and around the second line of defense, during that eventful day of January, as follows :

"Shortly before dawn, we were aroused from sleep by the galloping of horses, hurried steps, shouts, and the noise caused by the removal of train wagons. A dull sound, interrupted by others more resonant, hummed in our ears.

"The battle has begun!" we cried in chorus, and instantly we sprang to our feet and dressed. It was then about 6 A. M. By impulse we hurried to the redoubts. Preparations were here made to advance. Cartridge boxes were filled, and train wagons in motion with ammunition. The officers, equipped for action, had revolvers stuck in their belts.

"*Viva Perú!* *Viva* our commander-in-chief! To Surco!" shouted the officers in turn. The shouts were repeated with enthusiasm by thousands of voices.

"The order to advance was awaited with anxiety. But the order did not come, and it was now 7 A. M. The shooting in the direction of San Juan became brisker for each moment. Two batteries on the left of the central positions, especially, kept up a most vigorous fire. One of them was, however, soon silenced, while the other continued firing yet awhile. Suddenly a thick, dark column of smoke was observed to rise at a distance of about three miles from us and toward the southeast.

"San Juan is ablaze!" burst despairingly from our lips.

"It must now be the turn of Chorillos," we surmised.

"And we were right. The men of Davila, Caceres, and a detachment of those of Suarez had given way, and only the men of Iglesias, the minister of war, stood firm in their iso-

lated positions on the Morro Solar above Chorillos.

"The first fugitive who arrived in Miraflores was a private soldier. With a voice weak from exhaustion he told the sad story. Three to four wounded arrived a little later. Soon did we witness the evidence of the disastrous occurrence. The road became crowded with troops fleeing in wild confusion. Wounded dragged themselves along, imploring help. Some came with arms, others without; their uniforms were torn, and soiled with blood. It was, indeed, a sorry sight. A long cordon of people crowded and pushed its way onward along the railroad, while groups of soldiers hurried over the fields.

"We ordered the fugitives to halt, but they heeded not our command. We threatened to punish them for insubordination, but they cared not for it. Then we opened fire upon them, and our balls brought some of them up. This was, indeed, to suffer a sore disappointment. Was this the army proclaimed invincible? A feeling of mingled rage and despair took possession of us. To stem the further flight a force of cavalry charged the panic-stricken troops, while another force of infantry spread in skirmishing order to cut off the retreat to Lima. But as time wore on the mass of fugitives became denser, the sight more painful to witness. Disbanded cavalry came sweeping along at a break-neck speed; so did troops of mules loaded with boxes of ammunition, mountain guns, and mitrailleuses, while horses without riders galloped hither and thither over the ground. Men of all arms, officers of every grade, invaded the railroad, causing a fearful confusion everywhere. This was not, as we had been told, a disbanded division, but an entire army in flight. Several of the battalions arrived complete in number at our camp. The greater part of one formed to the left of the track.

"Piérola arrived about 10 A. M. with a reduced staff, among the superior officers of which were observed the Generals Buendia and Segura and Colonel Suarez. The dictator rode right in among the battalions and

was greeted with enthusiasm. He ordered them to the redoubts, and to the adobe walls between them serving as breastworks. Thus the second line of defense was considerably strengthened.

"Five thousand men of the disbanded troops had, meanwhile, been gathered together. Some of these had voluntarily reported themselves. The remainder continued the flight in spite of the fire opened upon them, hiding now and then behind the walls or in the ditches of the fields.

"As Piérola rode across the railroad track, a soldier, who was considerably intoxicated, accosted him with abusive language and reproaches.

"*'Silence!'* was all the dictator said, as he moved on without taking further notice of the fellow.

"The cause of the defeat was the chief topic for discussion amidst all this confusion. Some accused one chief, some another, and these again put the blame upon the troops. But few resigned themselves to consider the battle entirely lost. The rumor even became current that San Juan had been recaptured, and many allowed themselves to give credit to this absurdity. Those who circulated the report were ignorant of the fact that the Chileans had just hoisted their flag on the fortress crowning the brow of Morro Solar, commanding the town and all the positions around Chorillos. Such an assertion would, however, have met with a strong opposition, for hardly any would believe that that position so strongly fortified could be carried. But those who had taken in the situation rightly observed indignantly: *'Vigilance has evidently been relaxed, and a surprise has taken place.'*

"Piérola and his assistants, who had been laboring in gathering troops to place the second line in an attitude of defense, at last succeeded in organizing a force 2,000 strong, with which to return to the scene of battle. A little after noon, this force, which was the rescue Piérola had promised to hurry to Chorillos, was dispatched on the road to that town in a train of iron-clad wagons, carrying heavy artillery. From loopholes the soldiers

could open fire upon the enemy. However, on nearing the town, it was observed that the Chileans were masters of the situation, and thus, with task unaccomplished, the expedition returned to Miraflores. Then first vanished the illusions of victory, which, until then, notwithstanding the disastrous sights, had been cherished in the Peruvian camp."

#### THE SITUATION IN LIMA.

THE capital of Perú passed, meanwhile, hours of extreme anxiety and severe trial. Nearly all the families who could afford it had evacuated the city. Some had taken refuge on board the ships of neutral powers at anchor in the bays of Callao and Ancon; others, with their friends and relatives in the interior; while others, again, had left the country altogether. But many had remained, and it was now to be the lot of these to experience the pangs of bitter disappointment, and to witness sights of a most heart-rending nature.

Wounded men from the battle of San Juan began to arrive in Lima as early as 8 A. M. They reported the defeat of the right wing of the army, and that the other army seemed doomed to the same fate. Frightened by this intelligence, hundreds of the citizens sought refuge in the offices of the foreign legations, while others immediately left the city. When the report of a complete rout had been confirmed, the anxiety culminated. With the enemy at the gates, and the city abandoned by nearly all its men of standing, and with no force whatever to sustain it, the situation had indeed become most embarrassing; much more so as there exists in Lima, as in all great cities, a dangerous class of idlers and malcontents, ready for mischief whenever an opportunity offers itself. At the time, this class in the Peruvian capital numbered about 30,000, mostly negroes and half-castes.

When the rout was announced a certainty, the mob, which had been stirring ever since the first reports of the battle reached town, became infuriated. To wreak vengeance upon the foe whom it dared not face, the

cowardly crowd made a movement to kill all the Chilean women found in town. There were several who, being married to Peruvians, had remained. A raid was subsequently made upon a house where a Chilean woman was known to live. She was dragged out into the street, brutally assaulted, and stoned to death. Luckily, however, for other women of Chilean nationality whose whereabouts might have been traced, other events attracted the persecutors' attention. Not being able to account for the defeat, when such a glorious victory had been predicted by the dictator's organs and officials, otherwise than by the theory that treachery had been committed, the mob now raised a clamor against the political adversaries of Piérola, accusing them of being at the bottom of the disaster. The local authorities, leaning toward this opinion, caused several persons to be arrested. The building of the French Consulate, where it was reported that some of the accused had sought refuge, was, during the search, almost leveled to the ground. General La Cotería, Minister of War during the administration of Prado, and commander of the forces which had opposed the revolt that elevated Piérola to the dictatorship, was unjustly accused of being in league with the traitors, and bringing the defeat about, for the purpose of effecting the downfall of the Supreme Chief, during the general confusion which the disaster would cause.

To escape falling a victim to the evidence of the mob, the General was obliged to seek refuge on board an English man-of-war at anchor in the Bay of Callao. No further disturbances occurred during the day, but it was evident that a tempest of far greater magnitude, and of a more fearful nature, was about to break loose over the city.

Meanwhile the good people of Lima began to comprehend the true situation of Perú; that further resistance would be nothing short of madness, promising no other results than new defeats, new disgraces to the country, and dreadful consequences to the capital. Even the courageous Limeña, who at first held that the city should be defended to the very last at any hazard and

under any circumstances, lost suddenly her confidence. Peace at sacrifices even greater than those demanded at the conference in Arica seemed now to the rational mind far preferable to the desolation and extreme misery in store for the country, should the victor be compelled to enter the capital and dictate his terms at the point of the bayonet.

But it was not to be. In the evening the dictatorial press began its work of deception again by circulating extras depicting the engagement with the enemy as a drawn battle, in which the Supreme Chief had shown himself a veritable hero and skillful leader. The Chileans—so it was asserted—had not at all carried San Juan and Chorillos by assault. Piérola had merely withdrawn his forces from the front line to the rear line of defense at Miraflores, for the purpose of consummating a plan to gain a final most glorious victory over the Chileans. The movement was pronounced a most clever military evolution, full of thrilling incidents, proving the excellent discipline and undoubted spirit of the men of the army. As an example it was related that the troops on the isolated cape and ridge of Morro Solar had cut their way by steel and lead through the Chilean line. Early the next morning the bulletins went even further in their ridiculous assertions, by stating that the loss of the Chileans was greater than that of the Peruvians, and that a great number of arms had been captured from the enemy. As usual, they ended with predicting the complete annihilation of the Chileans ere long.

#### IN THE CAMPS AFTER THE BATTLES.

THE Chilean army encamped, meanwhile, at the *hacienda* of San Juan, and at a locality north of the ruined town of Chorillos. On the 14th of January, notwithstanding the heavy losses it had suffered and the hardships it had endured during the previous day and the night before, the army might with safety have been led on to new struggles. But it was not the policy of Chile to drive hostilities with her neighbor any fur-

ther than necessity strictly demanded. Acting in accordance with the spirit of this policy, and hoping that the results of the previous day's encounter had sufficiently convinced the enemy of the futility of further resistance, General Baquedano dispatched, on the very morning of the 14th of January, Lieutenant-Colonel Don Isidoro Errazuriz, adjutant to the Minister of War, as emissary to the Supreme Chief of Perú, for the purpose of persuading him to open negotiations for peace. In his missive the Chilean Commander-in-chief set forth that the negotiations must be carried on in the Chilean camp, and would be accepted on the condition that the line of defenses at Miraflores be immediately surrendered. He begged the Supreme Chief of Perú to consider the dangers to which the ancient capital of the country would be exposed should hostilities be prolonged at its very gates. It was his sincere wish, he concluded, to prevent more bloodshed, and to save Lima from suffering the same fate as Chorillos. Colonel Iglesias, the captured Peruvian Minister of War, accompanied the emissary, for the purpose of procuring him admission to the Dictator.

Admission was, however, not obtained. The Supreme Chief was inspecting, just at the time of the arrival of the emissary in the morning, the line of defenses around Miraflores, and sent the message to him that he was not disposed to enter into a discussion of any kind, if he had no authority to negotiate. When he was handed the missive and had informed himself of its contents, Piérola answered that though he desired peace, he could, however, only agree to open negotiations on his own conditions; which were, that the Chilean Government should send its representatives in the matter to him, or else stipulate its terms in a note. The negotiations must be carried on in the Peruvian headquarters, and not in the Chilean.

This haughty reply of the defeated Chief at once destroyed the hopes of ever coming to a peaceful understanding. Yet the general opinion among men of rational mind and foresight was, in the Peruvian camp as

in Lima, in favor of peace, as the chances of making an effective resistance were now but few, notwithstanding the formidable redoubts, breastworks, and deep trenches constituting the second line of defense. But their ruler's arbitrary ways shut the road to peace, and left open the one to further miseries and defeats for the already distressed people.

The determination of the victor was now to force his way to Lima, and at the point of the bayonet dictate his terms of peace in the capital of the foe, should Piérola not alter his mind. After a careful reconnoissance of the hostile line of defense, the Chilean General decided to attack the central positions with the first division, supported by the artillery, while the third division engaged the left, and the artillery of the fleet the right wing. During the night a detachment of the third division advanced toward Barranco, a small village deserted by its inhabitants, situated about midway between Chorillos and Miraflores, and known to be infested with dynamite mines and automatic shells. These it was the object of the Chileans to destroy, as they might prove fatal in case of a battle. Not being able to do so, they fired the edifices at dawn with shells, and thus the village, transformed into a veritable infernal machine, was consumed by the flames.

Preparations for resistance were meanwhile vigorously pushed on in the Peruvian camp ever since the afternoon of the fatal 13th. The troops who had escaped after the defeat were distributed among the troops of reserve, while strong artillery forces in the meantime were posted in the redoubts. It was known to the Peruvians that the Supreme Chief had denied the Chilean emissary audience. But among the officers the necessity for capitulation was the topic of conversation.

In the afternoon of the 14th Piérola convoked a council of war, consisting of field officers. After informing them of the conditions upon which the Chilean General had offered to open negotiations for peace, and that he had refused to accept them, consid-

ering them humiliating, he begged the officers to give their opinion as to the fighting condition of the troops, and their views as to the result of a resistance.

Several of the officers were of the opinion that the troops were hardly in condition to fight a new battle. A colonel even advanced the suggestion that a resistance would only add one more disgrace to those already suffered by the Peruvian arms. When the council dissolved at 7 P. M. no final decision had been reached.

About this time a train arrived in Miraflores from Lima, with members of the foreign diplomatic corps in the Peruvian capital on board. They came to solicit an audience with the Supreme Chief, and were immediately ushered into his presence. After a long conference, the diplomats dispatched an emissary to the Chilean headquarters, where he arrived about midnight, and was received by General Baquedano. The emissary was bearer of the request that the diplomats be granted an audience, and the Chilean Commander-in-chief consenting, appointed the hour for meeting at 7 A. M. on the 15th.

#### THE INTERVENTION AND THE ARMISTICE.

Early in the morning, at the appointed hour, arrived, in a special train carrying the white flag of truce, the Ministers of England, France, and San Salvador, Sir Spencer St. John, Monsier De Vorges, and Señor Pinto, the latter being the aid de camp of the body of diplomats in Lima. The Chilean General received them in audience in the presence of his council—the Minister of War, Colonel Don José Francisco Vergara, the Quartermaster-General, Don Eulogio Altamarino, Don Yragoien Godoi, and his own Secretary, Don Maximo Lira. The Ministers first solicited a guarantee for the safety of life and property of neutrals in Lima. This the General granted, on condition that the neutrals should not interfere in the proceeding of the operations of war.

"But," continued he, "if the Peruvian Government does not desist from making the capital the center of resistance, then and

in that case I have authority to attack the city without delay."

The Ministers then declared that the main object of the audience was to persuade the General to enter upon negotiations for peace with the Supreme Chief, through them as mediators, granting a suspension of hostilities during negotiations.

"This latter point the Chileans, as victors, neither could consent to nor ought," was the response of General Baquedano. And he added that, under the circumstances, it was completely impossible for him to negotiate, if the line of defenses at Miraflores, and Callao with its forts and batteries, were not surrendered to him during the day. He gave the Supreme Chief time to consider until 2 P. M. On the earnest appeal of the Ministers, the General consented, however, to extend the time for deliberation until 12 midnight, and a suspension of hostilities until then. There should be no advance from the positions actually held by the respective armies at the time the agreement was made; but the Chilean General insisted upon carrying out a movement just begun opposite the hostile right, and this the foreign Ministers agreed to. Then they departed for the Peruvian camp to communicate the result of the interview and the conditions upon which the Chilean General would open negotiations for peace.

Piérola continued, meanwhile, to make his preparations for resistance along the line of defense. To the reserve troops, or the division of Suarez, had, as formerly stated, been added 5,000 to 6,000 of the survivors from the defeat on the 13th, and 2,000 of the garrison at Lima had, moreover, been added. It appeared, indeed, as if the Supreme Chief was earnestly intent upon offering another battle, although he received but little encouragement from the majority of his field officers. Yet it was the conviction in the Peruvian camp, as well as in the Chilean, that the mediation would open the road to peace.

Piérola had taken quarters in Miraflores in the beautiful villa of Mr. M. Schell, agent of the financiers Messrs. Dreyfus & Broth-

ers, who had become famous in Perú for the heavy sums they had advanced the Government in guano securities. At their return to Miraflores, the Foreign Ministers found the Supreme Chief here, entertaining the English and French Admirals of the Pacific Station, Stirling and Du Petit Thouars, who likewise had come to persuade their host to desist from risking another battle. Piérola would not give a decided answer to the demands of the Chilean General through the diplomats, and continued to occupy himself with his warlike preparations.

General Baquedano was, meanwhile, of the opinion that Piérola would accept his basis of negotiation. He could not very well imagine that the Peruvian Dictator dared oppose his reserve, even greatly strengthened as it had been, to the victorious army, now fully refreshed after its late hardships, and strengthened, too, by a reënforcement 800 strong, just landed at Chorillos. (This reënforcement was the force which had been left in Pisco as garrison to cover the rear of the brigade of Lynch, when on its march along the coast to Lurin.) However, in order to be prepared for the event of a non-acceptance of his terms, the General mounted with his staff, to reconnoitre once more the position of the enemy and the ground over which his troops must advance on the attack.

The second line of defense formed an arc, the chord of which was nearly of the same length (six miles) as the chord of the first line of defense, the two lying parallel to each other at a distance of about four miles, and extending in a southwesterly direction from the foothills of the Cordillera to the ocean. Midway between the two flowed the irrigating canal of Surco, led off from the Rimac about five miles above Lima. At the estate of La Palma the canal splits in two, the southern branch reaching a little to the south of the estate of San Juan, to Santa Teresa, at the northern foot of the heights which blockaded the passage to the South, and upon which was constructed the line just carried by the Chileans. The north branch of the canal continues, like the main stream,

in a southeasterly direction to the town of Surco, where it splits again, two branches passing due south on either side of the town, another forming a shallow ravine, dry at the time, and passing westward by the town of Barranco to the sea. This canal and ravine of Surco served as a sort of outer trench to the second line of defense. The Fort of San Bartolomé, on the peak of a ridge of isolated hills extending along the southern bank of the Rimac, between Lima and the head of the Canal of Surco, constituted the northern extremity, or extreme left, of this line. It was mounted with heavy guns of large range, and supported by the Fort of San Cristóbal, on an almost inaccessible eminence immediately in the rear of Lima and on the northern bank of the Rimac. The isolated battery of Monterico Chico, on the slope of the foothills to the east of the Surco, which really had constituted the support of the extreme left of the first line of defense, could cross its fire with the above-named forts of first rank, and do much good work, especially in the onslaught of an attack. Hillocks between San Bartolomé and Miraflores were taken into the second line of defense, and crowned with redoubts mounted with artillery. From San Bartolomé the line passed over the hill of Valdivieso, with the redoubt by that name; then by the estates of Pífo, Mendoza, San Borja, La Palma, and the Huaca Juliana, by the town of Miraflores, to the brink of the cliff falling off toward the ocean. Here, on the extreme right, was the fifth redoubt on the line, the fort of Alfonso Urgarte, mounted with two heavy Rodman guns. Miraflores was the headquarters and central point of operation, and thither trains of iron-clad cars mounted with guns could arrive with re-enforcements from Lima. The adobe walls forming the enclosures of the fields were perforated in two rows for riflemen kneeling and standing, thus constituting excellent breastworks. The adobe walls outside the actual line of defense were, indeed, most appropriate for skirmishers. When compelled to fall back from the more advanced position, they could in succession take up a stand, and open fire

upon the assailant from those behind. As to the approach to the line, the obstacles offered by the ground itself were considerable—the water course of the Surco, the numerous ramifications of its irrigating *acequias*, and the network of adobe walls forming the boundaries of the fields, giving an army on the attack but a poor chance to unfold and carry out its evolutions.

The movement which the Chilean General had insisted upon carrying out during the armistice was that of placing the third division, the men of Lagos, 4,500 strong, opposite the hostile right, with his field artillery in the rear. A little after noon, this task was accomplished.

Where the General had placed himself with his staff, the movements of the enemy were distinctly visible. From Lima arrived trains loaded with troops. It was the garrison from Callao. The men were placed in the redoubts and along the entrenchments, and thus a solid line of battle was soon established.

At 1 P. M. the Peruvians were actually ready to give battle. A telegram received in Callao from Lima ran thus:

"We are informed by telegraph from Miraflores that the battle will begin within a few moments. The signal to open fire along the Peruvian line is only awaited. Great enthusiasm. VELASCO."

Was it the intention of Piérola to balance the odds between his and the hostile forces by attacking the latter during the armistice, and annihilate, each by turn, the separate Chilean divisions? Several of the Chilean staff-officers hinted to their General the possibility of such an event, but Baquedano answered that he placed implicit confidence in the good faith of the enemy. His opinion was, that the Peruvians only made a display of strength for the purpose of wresting milder conditions for peace negotiations from him.

The Chilean General was riding in front of the right wing of the third division, the men of which at the time were resting, or busily engaged with the preparation of their meal, when, a little after 2 P. M., a brisk fire was opened upon him and his staff, and poured into the division behind. The alarm was

immediately given, and several companies began to answer the fire. The General ordered the shooting to cease, believing that some mistake was at the bottom of this action. After the lapse of a few moments, there was, however, no doubt as to the real intention of the foe. Along the entire Peruvian line a tremendous fire was opened upon the Chileans, under circumstances most disadvantageous to them, especially to the isolated third division.

The Chilean artillery, planted behind the third division, immediately responded to the fire of the enemy, and sent shot and shell into Miraflores, where, at the time, in the villa of Mr. Schell, the Supreme Chief of Peru, assisted by some of his officers, was entertaining his distinguished guests, the Foreign Ministers and Admirals. The tremendous fire opened so suddenly during the armistice put an abrupt end to the convivialities. There was an outburst of surprise and indignation. No horses were in readiness, and the house being exposed to the fire of the Chilean artillery, Ministers and Admirals departed without ceremony on foot, to place distance between themselves and danger.

Leaving the defense of the right wing and center to be directed by others, the Supreme Chief went to station himself in a redoubt on the left.

#### LAST STAND BEFORE LIMA. THE BATTLE OF MIRAFLORES, 15TH OF JANUARY, 1881.

The battle opened at 2:20 P. M. The sudden and unexpected attack upon the third Chilean division almost stunned the men who were reposing after their toils. The complete isolation from the remainder of the army placed the division, moreover, in a most critical position. But, thanks to the undaunted spirit and great presence of mind of Colonel Lagos, the efforts of his officers, and the excellent discipline of the men, the division was soon drawn up in line of battle, and commenced, supported by the field artillery in the rear, a most effective resistance; intent upon holding its ground or dying

hard in the attempt, and thus giving time for the other division to come up before it had succumbed. The division soon received aid toward carrying out this resolution successfully in the fleet. The iron-clads "Blanco Encalada" and "Huascar," the corvette "O'Higgins," and the gunboats "Pilcomayo" and "Toro" enfiladed from the sea, and brought their guns to bear on the hostile right with such telling effect that the Rodman guns in Fort Ugarte were soon disabled and silenced.

General Baquedano had, meanwhile, been greatly aided by the chief of his staff, General Maturana, in hurrying the remainder of the army to the front. At a double-quick the reserve under Martinez, and a little later some battalions of the first division under Lynch, arrived to the rescue of the gallant third. It was in the very nick of time. The Peruvians had sallied, and were attempting to outflank the division, whose skirmishers, especially the men of Valparaiso—the "navales" led by Urriola—were suffering heavy losses in the endeavor to check the enemy. The appearance on the battlefield of Martinez and Lynch frustrated at once the plan of the Peruvians, who were forced back behind their redoubts and parapets. This operation was greatly supported on the Chileans' right flank by a charge of cavalry, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Don Manuel Bulnes.

But the object was not only to repulse but to crush the enemy. For this purpose Colonel Lagos now reformed his battered division, and advanced in skirmishing order, the brigade of Barceló on the left, the brigade of Fuenzalida on the right. The movement was supported by the field artillery in the rear, and the men-of-war on the ocean side. Attacked most vigorously in the front by the division, and on the right flank by the fleet, the skirmishers of the Peruvian right wing, who occupied at the time an advanced line, fell back to the line in the rear, whence resistance was made with great tenacity under the direction of the gallant Colonel Caceres, stationed in the Ugarte redoubt on the extreme right.

But, losing no time in skirmishing while

exposed to a withering fire from an enemy behind parapets, Lagos launched his men against the defenses, giving at the same time a signal to the fleet to cease firing.

With great celerity the distance and the obstacles in the way—the mines and trenches—are cleared, the breastworks and redoubts reached. Before the Chilean bayonets the Peruvians recoil, take to flight, or fall back to reinforce the center. In possession of the right wing of the line of defense, Barceló and Fuenzalida advance at the head of their brigades to Miraflores, where the headquarters of the Peruvian General's staff was established. The town was fired to prevent the fugitives from establishing here, as was done in Chorillos, the center of a last and most desperate resistance. This accomplished, the division without delay marched on to the attack upon the right flank of the Peruvian center. It was then about 4:15 P. M. The aspect of the battle had completely changed.

On the Peruvian left, where the Supreme Chief and Davila conducted the resistance, some very hard fighting was meanwhile going on. It was the fight of the students and merchants. They fought well in defense of their country, in the noblest cause for which men can take arms. With them was a corps of foreigners, the Garibaldi Legion, composed of Italians who had gone out to help their Peruvian friends in the last stand before the place of their adopted home. The defenders' gallant resistance was supported by troops of the reserve, two thousand strong, while the guns of San Bartolomé and those of San Cristóbal kept up a sullen roar on the extreme left and in the rear. But they had to face veteran soldiers, who, though they had suffered a temporary check in the onslaught, for want of ammunition and of sufficient numbers, now, when reinforcements had been received, and a battery of Krupp guns placed on the heights of Huaca Juliana for support, advanced to the assault and carried the positions at the point of the bayonet. This was effected at 4:45 P. M., and at about 5 P. M. the struggle had ended on the Peruvian left.

The resistance was now concentrated at the central positions of the line, near Miraflores.

On perceiving the advance of Lagos upon the right flank of these positions—which were defended by men who had suffered, comparatively speaking, but little, as yet, in the battle, and who, moreover, by sheer force of numbers, might be able to outflank and overpower the greatly thinned and battered third division—the Chilean Commander-in-chief on the field, aware that the turning point in the battle was now at hand, immediately launched his reserve and part of the first division upon the center and left flank. Under a withering fire, the combined movements of Lynch, Martinez and Lagos were carried out with great rapidity and aplomb, notwithstanding the numerous obstacles in the way. Again, for the last time in the campaign, the bayonet was brought to bear with terrible effect, and the struggle became most desperate. But by 5:35 the Chileans were masters of the situation.

The contest was still raging at sunset, when a train of cars, iron-clad and mounted with guns, arrived at Miraflores from Lima, bringing troops to reinforce the defenders. Attacked in the front by artillery, and on the flanks by skirmishers of the Lagos division, the last forlorn hope of Perú was beaten back. Shortly after, the entire defending force gave way and took to flight, chased by two regiments of cavalry as far as the adobe walls would permit it.

By six, the fell work was done. Night then set in, drawing its dark curtain over the dismal scene, where the last stand before the doomed city was fought.

Dearly had that last stand cost the Peruvians. More than two thousand dead swelled the list of mourners in the country, and there were about as many wounded to be cared for. Most touching, indeed, to behold, was the wall of patriotic dead, over which the invader must pass to reach the goal of his ambition. On the left, where the students and the gentlemen of the press under Rébeira, the lawyers under Uranue, the young idlers of Lima, men of all professions, and

merchants, the corps of Don Juan de Aliaga, the Count of Lurigancho—in short, where the *élite* of the country had fought—there were old as well as young men of high social standing, learning, and refinement among the slain. Dr. Pino, Judge of the Superior Court of Puno, aged sixty, Señor Los Heros, Secretary to the Lima Chambers of Commerce, Señor Marquez, a distinguished diplomatist, brother to the poet; members of Congress, magistrates, two editors, and several wealthy landed proprietors, the young son of Colonel Iglesias, the gallant defender of Morro Solar during the fatal 13th, and Miola, Chief of the Morochó Indians, who the day before had arrived at the head of his tribe, were killed. The venerable General Vargas Machuca was wounded; so was General Silva, chief of the staff, and General Segura. Colonel Cauavaro received a severe wound, while Colonel Caceres, who so nobly conducted the defense on the left, received not less than five honorable scars.

Dearly, too, had the Chileans bought their victory. The loss in dead and wounded amounted to 2,125, belonging almost exclusively to the first and third divisions, and to the reserve. Among the dead were several officers of great merit and superior rank. Colonel Don Juan Martinez, who had taken part in all the campaigns with glory, fell at the head of his regiment, the "Atacama," which formed part of the first division; and Lieutenant-Colonel Don José Maria Marchant, in command of a battalion of the "Navales" regiment, forming part of the third division, was pierced by a bullet while gallantly rallying his men. There had been a greater mortality proportionally among the officers than among the men. This is hardly to be wondered at, considering the trying circumstances under which the battle opened, calling upon the officers, especially in the onslaught, to be the very first to furnish examples of rigid discipline and fearless determination. The first struck was the Commanding General in person, Baquedano: a piece of a bursting shell tore one of his spurs off and crazed his horse, causing the fiery steed to become almost unmanageable. The

Minister of War, Colonel Vergara, furnished an example of daring and gallantry, charging, under a brisk fire, with Bulnes, at the head of a cavalry regiment.

But the loss on the Chilean side was not nearly as heavy as was the loss on the Peruvian, though the contesting forces were about equally matched in number, about 13,000 men having fought on each side. The second Chilean division took but little part in the battle, nor was the great bulk of the Lima reserve under Colonel Echeñique, stationed on the extreme left, brought into action.

The result of this day's work was of a decisive nature. Attacked by surprise, the Chilean army had, on this occasion, more forcibly than ever proved its stability, firmness, and discipline, conditions which gave it great advantages over the enemy, and secured it the most glorious victory in a battle opened under circumstances which otherwise would have resulted in a terrible defeat to the Chilean arms. It might safely be said that never was a victory more complete; for the routed army was so entirely broken up and scattered that it ceased to exist, leaving on the battlefield more than a third part of its number in dead, wounded, and prisoners, the entire artillery, and a numerous quantity of arms of all kinds.

#### LIMA DURING THE BATTLE, AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

The system of deception which had been introduced into all branches of the dictatorial administration's published bulletins and dispatches, had finally succeeded in lulling the public within their influence into the belief that an effective stand could be maintained at Miraflores with the troops at disposal. The belief was greatly strengthened by sanguine officers in the very line of defense. The telegram of Velasco, already quoted, which, like all of the kind, was speedily published and put into circulation, might even suggest that up to 1 P. M. on the 15th the idea of a peaceable arrangement by mediation was not popular among men of the army; that their inclination was for another fight, even if a breach of the armistice

was not intended. Thus, when the tremendous cannonade of 2:25 P. M. startled the inhabitants of Lima and told of what was going on outside the gates of the capital, there were gleams of hope in their anxious minds that fortune at last would smile upon the arms of Perú, and somehow repay them the many precious sacrifices they had made, and, before the close of day, again would make, on the altar of the country. The bulletins, which were issued each hour, announced the proceedings of the battle, or rather the proceedings of an imaginary battle, in which the Chileans lost ground and were expected to suffer a dreadful defeat. At 3 P. M. the following dispatch from Miraflores was published :

"General Baquedano prisoner. Things go brilliantly."

A telegram signed by naval Captain Don Aurelio Garcia y Garcia, formerly the unfortunate commander of the "Union," now secretary to the Supreme Chief, arrived a little later, and ran thus :

"The battalion of marines has just broken the hostile line, marched victoriously through the ravine of Barraneo, and returned to its former position. We are sure of victory !! Thrice the enemy has been repulsed, and the third time with such heavy losses that he will not be able to recover. The reserve is in excellent condition !"

Those who had faith in the victory-predicting bulletins left the city when the roar of the battle ceased, eager to be the first to greet their triumphant countrymen on their return, and with them partake in the jubilee over the victory. A few moments later and they returned, mingled with the confused mass of fugitives, to take refuge in the consulates of foreign powers, in the convents, and in other places which they thought would be respected by the victorious foe. The disbanded troops heeded no command. Panic-stricken as they were, their only thought was salvation by flight. No human power could detain them, still less make them retreat in good order.

Piérola arrived in Lima at 7 P. M. His mission had ended. He had failed to redeem his promise to defend the capital from invasion, to crush the foe at its gates. The

city must fall. To make it the center of a last desperate struggle would be madness, even if troops had been at hand to base a resistance upon. But there were no troops. The army of Perú had, as if by magic, disappeared. It was now undoubtedly the sacred duty of Piérola to submit before the urgent necessity, and save the capital from being trodden by the foot of the enemy, the country from utter ruin, and possibly from more bloodshed.

But the Supreme Chief thought otherwise. This man of ambition and undaunted spirit would not recognize that his mission had ended, would not give up the idea of mending in person the terrible evil which had come upon Perú. Lima must surrender; but not so the country. And the Supreme Chief, intent upon signing no peace at the point of the bayonet, but organizing a new resistance in the strongholds of the wild Andes, whence to parley with the enemy, departed from Lima at 11 P. M., taking the road to the little town of Canta. Owing to the hurry in which he left the city, and the great confusion that reigned everywhere, he was not able to place his correspondence and the public archives, which contained badly compromising documents, beyond the reach of the invader. Piérola's cortége consisted of more than two hundred persons, among whom was Naval Captain Don Aurelio Garcia y Garcia, his privy counsellor and secretary. This officer was the same who, for his repeated flight before the enemy, had been withdrawn from the command of the "Union," and had later taken part in the peace-conference in Arica as one of the delegates of Perú. The Supreme Chief of the country left the capital and its port to take its own measures in regard to the surrender, and, what is still worse, at the mercy, meanwhile, of a vicious mob, who, excited by the dictatorial press itself, now unchecked, would rise and subject the city to a reign of terror.

#### AGREEMENT OF SURRENDER.

At about midnight the aid de camp of the diplomatic corps in Lima, Señor Pinto, Minis-

ter of San Salvador, received a note from the Chilean Commander-in-chief, in which the General declared that he considered himself freed from the promise he had given in regard to the fate of the capital, on the ground that the armistice had been violated by the Peruvians. It was therefore his intention to bombard the place, if it did not surrender unconditionally at once. Before this note arrived at its destination, another note was received by General Baquedano from the diplomatic corps in Lima, soliciting an audience before he took further steps. This the General granted, and appointed the conference to come off at noon the following day in the Chilean camp at Chorillos. At the hour indicated the foreign ministers and admirals arrived with the Municipal Alcalde of Lima, Don Rufino Torrico. They were immediately received by the Chilean Commander-in-chief, in the presence of the Minister of War, Señor Vergara, and the Quartermaster-General, Señor Altamorana. The conference led in a few moments to a final agreement. The Municipal Alcalde of Lima declared that the capital was in no condition to defend herself; that her inhabitants were aware of the fact; and that he, as the representative of the citizens, came to deliver him, the General, the keys of the city, soliciting only a concession of twenty-four hours, in order to disarm the last remnants of the Peruvian army. He volunteered then to use his influence with the military authorities in Callao for the surrender of that city. The Chilean General agreed to take no steps within twenty-four hours, but declared that the surrender must be unconditional, promising at the same time to maintain order in the city. This agreement was immediately signed.

#### THE REIGN OF TERROR IN LIMA AND CALLAO, JAN., 16TH AND 17TH, 1881.

The surrender of Lima and Callao was, however, not to be effected before riots had taken place and great crimes been committed. Some of the disbanded soldiers had disarmed after the rout, but others had not, and these

latter committed, wherever they passed through, all sorts of crimes and depredations. In the capital and port the soldiery accused their commanders of cowardice, and claimed that it had always been the poor who had borne the burden of the unfortunate war. It was claimed that the wealthy had evaded military service, had cowardly left the country, and had refused to support the cause of the people, though their riches had been accumulated at the expense of these.

At nightfall on the 16th it became evident that a tempest would sweep the city. Bands of ill-boding figures began to scour the streets, threatening the passers by, sure of not being punished, as the authorities were absent or hiding. They directed their steps to the Chinese quarters, situated in the eastern part of the city. It will be remembered that the Chinese, imported for labor on the plantations, when the Chileans landed at Pisco and Curayaco and later encamped at the borders of River Lurin, deserted their masters, who treated them badly, and sought refuge near the victorious army, whose soldiers they considered as sent by providence to free them from the yoke of thralldom. The Chileans did not refuse them shelter because the Peruvians were likely to wreak vengeance upon them for their desertion. The Chinese consequently kept in the tracks of the Chilean army, forming a sort of rear-guard, useful especially in the service of the train and as guides. The adherence of the Chinese to the enemy became known in Lima, and naturally turned public opinion against that race in general. The Chinese quarter in Lima was principally inhabited by Asiatics who had settled in the country as free citizens after the expiration of the term, contracted for in China, of eight years' servitude in Perú. Here were also established many Chinese who had emigrated on their own account, capitalists, professional men and artificers. It could boast of having a physician and an artist whom the natives were obliged to recognize for their professional skill. Some of the wealthiest merchants in Lima were Chinese. The quarter was

not altogether inhabited by that race, but by Italians and other persons in humble life, shop-keepers, and grocers, and restaurateurs. The small, ordinary restaurants, the *fondas*, were almost exclusively run by Chinese.

Under pretext of being hungry, the excited mob and soldiers fell upon the Chinese *fondas* and provision stores. The doors were found closed and barricaded, and were cut down with axes, or forced open by blows of the butt of rifles. The establishments were sacked and then fired. The unfortunate owners who resisted were assaulted and killed. The rioters then went to the jewelry and dry goods stores, sacking, firing, and committing murders. They did not stop until the quarter was gutted completely, and left to ruin and devastation. Upwards of three hundred Chinese had paid with their lives for the defense of their property. When one of the wealthy merchants saw his warehouse committed to the flames, he had his books sealed in the English Consulate, and it was thus later ascertained that he had lost more than £140,000.

The streets Bodegones, Melchior Malo, Palacio, Pulvos Azules, Larala, Capon, Albaquitas, Hoya, and nearly all those below the bridge of Rimac, presented as many dreadful scenes of destruction and murder. Here it was not only the Chinese but the Italians who were the sufferers.

On the morning of the 17th, the sun shed its light upon these frightful scenes. The square before the Government House was strewn with dead; likewise the streets Hoya and Albaquitas, where crime had run wildest. The fire-brigade was early on the alert with its engines, but the firemen were furiously attacked by the mob and soldiers, and were obliged to beat a retreat to save their lives, leaving the engines and other utensils to be destroyed. This called for energetic steps on the part of the foreigners to prevent further bloodshed and destruction, and after having formed with all speed a safety-guard, they marched out with the neutral fire-brigades to quench the riot and the fire. By their exertions the bloody bacchanalia were brought to an end. The French,

North American, Spanish, Swiss, Columbian, and Ecuadorian corps distinguished themselves especially in the service.

Callao was in the meanwhile subject to a similar reign of terror. After the garrison had been withdrawn from the port on the 15th, to reinforce the line at Miraflores, no force remained with which to maintain the public order. Alike, the mob of Lima and the mob of Callao hated the wealthy class, and immediately contemplated a communistic movement when they saw the town abandoned by its police.

In the evening of the 16th, men, women, and even children scoured the streets, armed to the very teeth, shouting "*Viva Peru!*" Commerce was stopped, and all houses naturally closed and barred. But the doors of the stores were burst open and the establishments robbed. Frightful orgies then took place. The confused noise caused by these excesses was accompanied by the roar caused by the explosion of the mines by which the artillery men and engineers blew up the forts and batteries of the place.

A gang of the mob now directed its steps to the wharf, to help destroy the remnants of the Peruvian fleet moored here—the corvette "*Union*," the floating battery "*Atahualpa*," the schoolships "*Me-teoro*," "*Apurimac*," and "*Marañon*," with the steam transports "*Chalaco*," "*Rimac*," "*Talisman*," and "*Limeña*," the torpedo steam launches "*Arno*," "*Urcus*," "*Independencia*," and others. But the rioters' zeal was such that several of the mariners, to avoid being harmed, took to the boats and sought refuge in the bay, where they were picked up and taken prisoners by the Chilean fleet.

Other gangs, after having gutted the warehouses, fell upon their proprietors, especially the Chinese and Italians. Many foreigners fled from the city; others hid away to save life.

But in the morning, when the remaining foreigners perceived that the disturbance grew more formidable instead of diminishing, that the number of the murdered increased, being already several hundred, and

that the perpetrators, excited by liquor, prepared for carrying out new atrocities, then they gathered and formed, as in Lima, an urban guard to protect life and property. The corps took energetic measures, attacked the mob, and at the cost of several lives succeeded in restoring order. The ring-leaders were then summarily punished.

Meanwhile the Chilean Commander-in-chief had received the following note from Señor Torico, the municipal Alcalde of Lima:

"At my return here I found that a great number of the troops had disbanded in possession of their arms, and that it was beyond my power to call them in for disarming. The urban guard was as yet not formed, and thus the demoralized and armed soldiers, together with the mob, have made a raid upon the property of several citizens, causing sensible losses by arson, plunder, and assassination. I deem it my duty to make your Excellency acquainted with these facts, so that you may take the steps which you think most appropriate under the circumstances."

Acting upon this advice the Chilean Commander-in-chief immediately gave the Inspector-general, General Don Cornelio Saavedra, orders to enter Lima at the head of his division—the second.

#### THE OCCUPATION OF LIMA AND CALLAO.

The final act of the first period of the late war in South America was at last at hand. At 4 P. M. the second Chilean division entered the Peruvian capital, where now the deepest silence prevailed. The march through the city of the victorious troops was witnessed by thousands of people from balconies, windows, gateways, and roofs of houses. Many feared that they, after escaping from the fangs of a ruthless mob, would fall a prey to the excesses of a greedy and reckless soldiery. Several of the inhabitants had therefore, to save their property, placed great inscriptions on the façades of their houses, announcing that the proprietor was a citizen of a neutral power. This fear was due to the statement of the Lima press, describing the Chilean soldier as uncontrolled, greedy, and bloodthirsty. Great was therefore the surprise of the spectators when they beheld the Chilean troops march in order and silently through the city, creating no other

noises than those caused by their martial step on the pavement, and their arms, interrupted only by the word of command of the officers.

When the division had arrived at the central square, *la Plaza de Armas*, its band of music broke the silence which it hitherto had observed by playing the air to the Chilean national hymn, "*Dulce patria*, etc.," while the tricolor was hoisted on the pole

ized a police force, and had the principal rioters imprisoned.

The new chiefs of police immediately took measures to recover articles stolen during the riots. Those that were discovered were carefully stowed away, and on the 19th a bulletin announced that these were on exhibition in the prefecture of Lima, and could be claimed by their owners.

Many of the inhabitants of Lima and Cal-



LA PLAZA DE ARMAS DE LIMA.

above the portal of the Government House. The troops then defiled past General Saavedra, and each corps went to establish itself in the quarters which had been assigned to it. Lieutenant-Colonel Echevarria, at the head of a battalion formed of men formerly in the police service of Santiago, was established in the prefecture, and received charge of the police service of Lima.

Callao needed likewise the protection of the Chilean arms to secure the maintenance of order. On the 18th, Naval Captain Lynch entered the port at the head of the first division, and quietly took possession of the place. Immediately some of the inhabitants, who had sought refuge from the rioters in the suburbs, returned; Lynch then organ-

lao stayed away from these cities for fear of the Chileans, and more than 5,000 men, women, and children had taken refuge in Ancon, on the coast north of Callao. The Chilean Minister of War went to the place, gave the people a safeguard, and persuaded them to return to their homes, proving to them how erroneous their ideas were in regard to the character of the victor. Thus in a short while all had returned, and business men and merchants, most of whom had served in the reserves, opened their offices and stores. To avoid further troubles, General Saavedra and Captain Lynch decreed that all arms which yet remained in the cities should be delivered to the Chilean authorities within forty-eight hours after the issue of the or-

der, and that all sorts of atrocities would be expiated by capital punishment. Another decree was issued, announcing that officers and men who would be at liberty to depart whithersoever they pleased, must sign a pledge not to take arms against Chile in the pending war. Within a fortnight the registers open at the prefectures for this purpose were filled with the names of five generals, ninety-four colonels, sixty-five lieutenant-colonels, about five hundred subaltern officers, and innumerable privates. The Chilean government at the same time gave liberty to the prisoners who signed a like obligation.

Meanwhile, the Chilean engineer-officers were busily engaged destroying all the unexploded dynamite mines, torpedoes, and automatic shells. Several of these had already killed people accidentally since the battle; among these victims was a Peruvian physician, on his journey to the ruin of Chorillos.

The blockade was suspended, the custom houses reopened under Chilean administration, and trade, which had suffered a severe blow by the barriers at the entrance to the harbor for more than nine months, began to revive, though under the pressure of a terrible crisis.

Thus ended the Lima campaign. Prepared with so much care by the Chilean government, it had successfully been carried out by the Chilean army with both speed and *élan*. In less than a month after the landing of the expedition in Curayaco, Lima and Callao had fallen, the Peruvian army had been annihilated, the last remnant of the fleet destroyed, and the conquered cities subjected to the rule of the victor.

Enormous was the material taken by the Chileans. There were 222 guns (165 of which were taken on the battle field, and 57 in Callao), 19 mitrailleuses, more than 17,000 rifles, besides a great quantity of ammunition, powder and dynamite.

The happy result to Chile of the Lima campaign was due not only to the undaunted spirit of its army, officers and men, the tactics of the Commander-in-chief, General Don Manuel Baquedano, supported by men such as Maturana, Lynch, Lagos, Martinez, Barceló, Tuengalida and others, but in a very great measure to the foresight and activity of its patriotic citizen, the Minister of War "in campaign," Colonel Don José Francisco Vergara.

With the fall of Lima ends the first period of the late war in South America.

*Holger Birkedal.*

---

### STAR-DUST.

THROUGH spaces infinite the circling stars  
 Leave dusty trail, and earth with measured flight  
 Speeds onward in the path of unseen gold.  
 Her gorgeous sun-king through the glittering dust  
 Looks earthward, and his fiery glance at eve  
 Inflames the West. The cosmic ether glows  
 With blood-red hues that turn the brilliant stars  
 To palest gold.

Through ages bountiful  
 Great minds have lived and left a golden trail,  
 And lesser planets in the dust of thought  
 Have circled. Eternity, God's boundless West,  
 Is all aflame with glories from the sun  
 Of truth, and thoughts that live through centuries  
 Celestial burn. Star-souls leave meteor-sparks  
 That flash the truth through all Eternity.

*Fannie Isabel Sherrick.*

## ETC.

PERHAPS no State of our Union has ever suffered more than California from the influence of doctrinaires, venders of wild theories and new systems, quacks honest and dishonest. Boston is the historic home of all strange *isms*; but the Boston *isms* are chiefly for amusement's sake, and each one seems able to muster its fervent circle of "long-haired men and short-haired women" year after year, without producing the smallest effect on the general frame of society. Not so the *ism* of the West: that is an active, practical, and malignant folly. It controls newspapers, legislatures, schools, adopts constitutions, upsets money-markets, infects not merely eccentric coteries, but mows down steady-going farmers, sober business men, honest workmen, efficient editors, by the acre. And yet there is not a place in the world where "the Practical" is more deified than in California—where "hard common sense" and material success are more completely the ideals of existence. The soundest good advice receives the cold shoulder if it comes with the name of "theory"; the veriest nonsense receives suffrages if it calls itself "practical talk," and appeals to the wish to improve the material condition. Why should such a strange contradiction occur? that a people who respect and desire of all things material well-being should be peculiarly liable to those heresies that injure material well-being.

For the very reason, we think that this people have this same too exclusive respect for material success. Material success is invariably built upon intellectual progress. No number of ignorant millionaires, or of college dunces who make money while their clever class-mates remain poor, can in the smallest degree alter this fact—the prime one in the history of the world. Intellectual power is by no means sure, in individual cases, to bring wealth or success to its owner: but the aggregate intellect of a country is the source from which its aggregate wealth comes. But for the development of brain-power, the race would have remained squalid savages forever, though living in the midst of natural wealth. The Digger Indian might dwell a thousand years among gold mines and valleys rich with potential wheat and oil and wine, forests capable of being made into the navies of the world, and waters capable of carrying them, and never accumulate more wealth than a few sacks of acorns and dried grasshoppers for winter use, unless an improvement should take place in his intellectual nature.

That is a mere truism, says the reader. The most hardened materialist admits that brains are the foundation of all success. But he thinks that brains can be best developed by money-getting, and that for its material progress a country needs only that amount of intellect that is produced by manufacturing, and

buying and selling, and raising crops. Science and literature and sociology are good as amusements for leisure hours, adornments of life; and those who follow them are amiable eccentrics, of no great value in the serious business of money-making.

Now it is true that those who choose "the intellectual life" do not consider its highest value to be in its contribution to the world's wealth. They hold that the object of wealth is to make life pleasant. If they can show a shorter road to a pleasanter life, so much the better off they. Money absolutely without intellectual tastes can give two things, and two only: it can give bodily comforts and pleasures; and it can give means of display. The resources of the man of money and of no intellectual pleasures whatever, are, therefore, strikingly similar to those of the Digger Indian, in a somewhat more elaborate form; and whether wines and equipages go farther to make life pleasant to him than acorns and red ochre to make it pleasant to the Digger, is an open question. If they do, he has to thank the achievement of centuries' brains for having somewhat elaborated for him the only two sources of pleasure open to him. If life is to have any source of pleasure whatever beyond these two, it must be found in things that money alone cannot procure. When intellect and money are put together, money becomes a power so tremendous that none but fanatics can speak slightly of it. And, practically, they must always be put together to make life at all happy: without this coöperation it would be merely a more artificial savagery on the one side, a starveling struggle on the other. But some men choose to make material pursuits the main occupation of their lives, to seek to get much money, and let the intellectual pleasures come in as the occupation of leisure moments, or the reward at the close of years of toil: others choose to rest contented with a small proportion in those things which money procures—comforts, displays, and even those pleasures of taste that are to be had only at considerable money expense—and seek instead a large proportion of those intellectual pleasures that can be had only at large, and even absorbing, expense of time, attention, and mental work. Such was the preference of Dr. Agassiz, when he refused a tempting proposal with, "I have no time to make money." The highly practical ground upon which students justify their existence is, then, that they find by experiment more sources of happiness in a moderate, tranquil life of intellectual activity, and of that peculiarly pleasant social intercourse that intellectual occupations produce, than in the money-getting and money-spending life; moreover, that while the needs of society and the variations of individual fitness

would make it absurd to urge their manner of life on all, nevertheless much larger numbers than have yet tried it would find it the happiest; and even those who would not, would still add to the enjoyment of their own mode of life by increasing the proportion of intellectual interests in it. The share that students have in producing the wealth of the world, in advancing its strictly material interests, may therefore well be considered a secondary matter. And, in fact, most students do so consider it, and with great tranquillity allow it to be ignored by the world. Yet this is none the less a great part of their function; and any nation, State, or community, that limits the action of its student-class, pays for it not merely in the narrowing and coarsening of its sources of happiness, but in dollars—and many of them. This is slowly becoming recognized with regard to physical science, and the law-maker who says of Venus, "Let her transit," not only pillories himself to be laughed at by the future, but—what is of more practical importance—finds himself in a minority in the present. Social science is as yet farther from being rated at its true money value. Hence the phenomenon of a State peculiarly distrustful of "theorists"—of students' views on practical affairs—losing money enough every decade or so to have built a dozen Universities, because of the grip some doctrinaire *not* a student has obtained on people's minds. The fact is, that there is many a fallacy and many a craze which business men cannot meet and disarm, and professors and theorists can.

To some of our readers this, again, is a truism. Yet by a very considerable number of intelligent and admirable people it is not accepted even as a truth—by a number proportionately larger in this country than in Europe, in this State than on the Atlantic. You will hear from them again and again, "These are practical matters, and surely better understood by practical men than by theorists." A curious and very common illustration of the tremendous, the appalling, power of words to overshadow facts in men's minds! These two words "practical" and "theoretic" carry in them a peculiarly fatal confusion. For what is "practical," after all? Simply, able to compass the desired end. The practical man is he who knows how to achieve his desires: by what right do we refuse the term unless those desires be for money or fame? As the terms are usually applied, he who is called a "theorist" is in fact likely to be a practical man whose vision of ends to be achieved and means of achieving them extends over a wider range than that of others. He who forecasts well for a year, a decade, a life-time, is "a practical man"; he who forecasts well for the children, the grandchildren, the remote future, of a community is "a theorist." It is best to drop the confusing words. They usually mean nothing, in common speech, but "the man of material success," and "the student."

Now the reason that, as between these two men,

the judgment in material matters of the one is apt to be too sweepingly trusted, of the other too sweepingly distrusted, is simply the old, old fallacy of looking only to the *immediate* results. The most casual observation shows results constantly following upon the action of the one, the outcome justifying his advice: it may take three centuries to justify the advice of the other. Says the one: "Do this, and the country will prosper in five years." Says the other: "But the country will suffer for it in fifty years or in five hundred; this other action, which promises less return, will give a slow and permanent success, not a quick success and final failure." The fifty years and the five hundred roll around, and justify him; but the casual observer who sneered "Theory!" when the student spoke, is not there to be convinced; and the new casual observer does not know that the student ever made the prophecy. He who does know is a student himself, and when he dives into history and offers this precedent as a guide for future action, *his* contemporaries say "Theorist! of course practical men understand the matter better." Again, large and remote ends are seldom to be achieved by the action of a single man, but need the coöperation of many; while small, individual successes may be achieved by the energy and genius of one: therefore, perfectly wise and practical forecasts of the student are often discredited by failure, for lack of equal wisdom and practical sense in all the coöperators.

Great expanses of facts must be brought to bear in the formation of a judgment as to what is wisest in the long run, or in the wide reach; more facts, covering more extent of time and space, than can come under the individual observation of the shrewdest and soundest man, whose force and whose time are much absorbed in making immediate actions produce speedy results—in other words, of the man of material success. There is no way to become acquainted with all these facts except by being a student; yet long forecasts as to even the most purely material matters are not possible without knowledge of them. It is just here that by refusing the counsel of the shrewd and practical men who have given their lives to study—that is, to understanding the working of things *in the long run*—a community often achieves success in the short run at cost of ultimate failure; not so often failure for the present generation as for its successors, yet sometimes for the very men who refused the advice of the "theorist." One instance of this (out of many) is found in the management of finance. The countries of soundest and steadiest finances will not trust them out of the hands of trained financiers, students of the subject. It is only too familiar an experience, that where the ability to make money for one's self is considered proof of an understanding of finance, the most dangerous heresies shake the prosperity of a country. For one man's means of making money may be working sure loss to many others. The continuance of a depreciated paper currency, for instance, would undoubtedly

have opened means of fortune to all who were shrewd enough to keep themselves on the winning side of its fluctuations; and there were not wanting men of standing and intelligence who urged it. Yet it would probably be admitted everywhere, now, that this was a case—and we could multiply instances beyond any possible limit of space—in which the country would have had to pay in hard cash for refusing to listen to the students. Plato long ago said that no country would ever prosper until the kings became philosophers, or the philosophers kings.

### Venice.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

WHERE rose-hued Venice sleeps  
No single shallop creeps,  
No fisher casts his line,  
No torch doth shine.

Sole watcher of the strand,  
The lion, mute and grand,  
Lifts, dark against the sky,  
His foot on high.

About him, ranged in groups,  
Lie galleons and sloops,  
Like herons clustered round  
In rest profound.

They nod upon the wave,  
Or cross their pennons brave  
In gentle eddies whist,  
Half-seen through mist.

The modest, shrinking moon,  
Not yet attained her noon,  
Lifts a star-studded cloud  
Her face to shroud ;

So Santa Croce's dame,  
The abbess without blame,  
Her folded hood draws down  
Upon her gown.

The antique mansions dim,  
The portals grave and grim,  
The stairways gleaming white  
Of many a knight ;

Each bridge, each street, each square,  
Each statue worn with care,  
And the unquiet seas,  
Curled by the breeze,—

All's hushed, except the guard,  
From pause or stay debarred,  
Upon the arsenal's  
Embattled walls.

Albert S. Cook.

### Local Color in Fiction.

ONE of the reasons why so many of our talented novelists fail to interest the public, is their lack of attention to the matter of local color. People go to fiction for relief from the monotony of their present surroundings. We may subtilize as much as we

please about the taste for novel reading. The simple secret of it is, that people are bored. They require of the novelist, first of all, that he shall transport them to fresh pastures; and the more "abroad" a story is, the better, provided the foreign atmosphere is given vividly enough. Nothing would be easier than to make the homeliest narrative fascinating, if our writers would only bethink them of this little artifice of the local color. As it were thus, for example:—

One sunny morning, during the *fêtes* of the *Arroyo*, our hero rose from the perusal of his *vaquero*, ran his finger lightly along the edge of his newly sharpened *gatal*, and took the rocky path that the mute spy had pointed out to him from the roof of the ruined *sirwash*. Flinging over his broad shoulders the folds of his *vodka*, he walked proudly at first, humming a snatch of an old *dahabeah*; but as the rocks towered more loftily, and the frowning *déjeuner* threw its shadow along the blossoming *cudjee*, he trod more softly. Now he threw a rapid glance at the *burnous* that roared along the gorge, and now at the *coups de pied* that clustered overhead. Ever and anon he was unable to repress a start, as some frightened *hacienda* flew up before him with a whirl, or the solitary *tarantass* uttered its shrill cry from a withered tree-top.

Suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, he yelled with rage to see emerging from behind a *narghileh* a gigantic *upanishad*, clad from head to foot in a gleaming suit of *poi*, and brandishing his naked *mueszin*.

"Ha, ha!" cried our hero, "*gnothi seauton, qui dort, dines!*" and leaping forward, he dashed his *uzbeg* against the bandit's breast, and forced him backward into the *sampan*.

But the end was not yet. A shrill whistle was heard from the *baksheesh* below, instantly answered by the piercing notes of the *koumiss* gathering on the cliff above. A volley of *burros* hurtled through the air, and both the combatants were buried forever in a heap of ruin. Alas! no more shall the tender *chibouk* see her knight come back to her bower, nor the feathered *fellaheen* perch upon his shoulder, nor the *fford* and the *hadji* bark their inarticulate joy at his return. Never again shall he lean on his *elborz* to watch the light *umbagog* glide along the *popol-vuh*. Never again shall he put on his *rig-veda* and mount his gallant *ixtilxochitl* to chase the wild *gamuldas-injoppér* o'er the plain.

But travelers to that lonely spot relate that oft at midnight, when the *soojook* no longer urges his overladen *mudir* along the mountain pass, and the weary *kibitka* is reposing on his *sofi*, a spectral *salaam* may be seen to glide along the edge of the precipice, waving a phosphorescent *fakcer* above its head, and uttering at intervals the peculiar moan of the sepulchral *samovar*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>If the novelist wishes to combine instruction with amusement, he should speckle the bottom of his pages with laborious foot-notes, explaining how the *samovar* is a Russian tea-pot, etc.

E. R. S.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

## Recent Verse.

No name has more rapidly taken possession of a prominent place in the most fastidious magazine company in the country than that of Edith M. Thomas. It was even striking to see, at one time, how frequently recurred the signature. It is noticeable, however, that all this has not made Miss Thomas, to any extent, a well-known poet. There is something worthy of note here. The relation of poetry to the magazines is really a very curious literary phenomenon of the present time, and worth a more careful consideration than we can now give it. The magazines have become, practically, the sole court of judgment upon the poetry of the country. Publishers refuse to undertake the publication of poems, unless the author has become known as a poet of the magazines. The half-dozen volumes of verse from those who are outside of this circle are paid for by the authors, and reveal at once to the critic the almost invariable justice of the magazine standard of exclusion or admission. It is probably safe to say, too, that they never pay for the cost of publication—which in some sort expresses the acquiescence of the public also in the judgment of the magazine censors. Yet instances are not wanting in which poems that are of much more than average quality, and that are well-adapted, too, to go to the heart of "the people," fail to reach the knowledge of readers or the attention of reviewers, simply for lack of this same magazine introduction, and the hopeful support of publishers which is in this way alone to be had. As to such poetry it is only a question of time: the world does not let die any really excellent work, unless it has been sunk in absolutely unknown and ephemeral prints. Fifty years after the author is dead, the forgotten volume that fell dead from some local press is exhumed from the corner of a library by some one who knows poetry, and has the world's ear; then there is an article in a leading review on "A Forgotten Poet," a reprint by a leading publishing house, a scattering fire of reviews, a new name added to the lists in every manual or "Index of Authors," a permanent place on the rolls, large or small, in very fair proportion to desert. It is probable that absolute greatness could not remain obscured for lack of magazine introduction even this long: the great poem would shine out from the corner of the country newspaper, and catch some appreciative eye soon. So, too, a remarkably happy hit in the way of "popularity"—not merely a good one, but an eminently striking one—would be copied and recopied, and get as wide and

as long life as it was entitled to. But in so vast a majority of cases that the exceptions are not of any practical consequence, the magazines are the only road to reputation in poetry. How singular it is, then, turning to the converse of the phenomenon, to see that while they can prevent a poet from being known, they cannot really make him known! More than once or twice they have "taken up" a poet—made his the most often-recurring name in the table of contents—and left him with his name sounding a little familiar to constant readers, and with some estimate of him formed in the minds of the critical few—and not a line of his adopted into permanent literature or into people's memories.

None of these poets thus "taken up" have really possessed the qualities of Miss Thomas; and yet she belongs to the class of those whom the freedom of the magazines will probably fail to make "well-known." She has great (though not invariable) dignity of expression, and a very distinct echo of Milton, and the Elizabethan poets, and the classics, which is refreshing nowadays—refreshing in that it is not an affectation, nor exactly an imitation, but a frank echo; for somewhat rococo imitations of Elizabethan verse are common enough. But she rarely catches the heart or the memory. Even the descriptions of Nature, good as they are, fail to hold or satisfy. There is something beyond, always, that she has not caught; a chord untouched that far cruder bards sometimes strike unerringly. Many of the poems in the pretty volume<sup>1</sup> (perhaps rather *too* pretty) just published, prove, upon reading over again to see why the dignified lines should have left so little memory in the mind, to be at bottom the merest platitude—surface thoughts, very trifles of poetic situation. Perhaps the following is as good an instance as it is possible to quote without being too long:

*A Parallel.*

A grape seed, in the new red wine afloat,  
Put endless pause to blithe Anacreon's note;  
Thus antic Death, with light and sportive hand,  
The pampered life from out its flower-nook fanned.  
But tragic Otway, stung by hunger's thrust,  
In breaking fast was choked upon a crust.  
Still antic Death! to make the prop of life  
Serve the same end with fatal cord or knife!

The thing said was not worth the saying, and especially the saying with so much state and respect. The merest trifle of thought may be tossed off in a poem and seem worth the trouble, if it is done in a casual, off-hand manner, indicating that it is not regarded by the author as anything of importance. But whether her metre be light or stately, Miss Thomas never quite seems to make it unpretending enough for the

<sup>1</sup> A New Year Masque, and other poems. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chillon Beach.

extreme tenuity of the thought it often has to carry. Often : not always. Several of the poems have quite enough matter in them to justify themselves. "Lityerses and the Reapers" suggests itself first among these. It is swift, eloquent, full of beauty of language, and feeling adequate to the beauty ; the subject is tragic and worthy ; the note struck by this poem, in fact, suggests a possibility of a far higher level of achievement than the rest of the volume shows, had the author, who is understood to be young, written less, met less encouragement, waited for more powerful emotional and intellectual impetus. Another that is "fit, and fair, and simple, and sufficient," is short enough to quote:

*Omens.*

As, ere the storm, a silence fills the world,  
No blade is stirred, no banner is unfurled,  
In conscious field or wood ;  
So, all the morning, hushed and tranced with fear,  
I seemed to see a messenger draw near,  
Whose errand was not good.  
I turned, and lo ! within the open door,  
The one I deemed beset with perils sore,  
Close by me, smiling, stood.  
I know not why (I said that summer night)  
The heart in me should be so wondrous light,  
So sweet each moment's breath :  
Assurance kind greets me from every star ;  
The all-gathering breeze, that hastens from afar,—  
How glad a thing it saith !  
That was the night my friend beyond the seas,  
Within a tent beneath the olive trees,  
Turned his blue eyes on death.

Nor is it any small thing to be able to use words as well as they are used in all these poems, and to scatter through the pages bits of fine imagination, such as :

"Here, in the depth of the land where the hills are a shade and a silence,

Listening, I hear the myriad, mounting feet of the tides,

As they follow the moon, their white priestess."

"As I sped by, as I sped by,—

And fervid noon was in the sky,

And sickles rested on the swath,—

One bearded stalk awoke from sloth,

And lightly swayed it to and fro

Till all its fellows swayed arow ;

And where no breathed sound had been

Went bickering whispers fine and thin."

"There, the night hath no stars, but dim beacons that flare in the wind ;

Black is the spray of the fountain ; many a river runs blind,

Pouring with hoarse lamentation, through measureless chasms below."

It is no little thing, either, to write in unstrained rhythm, which yet never degenerates to carelessness or jingle. It is a great deal to respect one's art, to show an intimacy with the best models, and to be free from morbid tricks, obscurities, melodrama ; a great deal, too, to be impersonal, to touch one's deep-

est chord in lamenting Daphne's fate, instead of one's own troubles. It takes more fresh-heartedness than goes into most poetry nowadays to catch an echo of Milton as genuine (though faint) as this :

*January.*

I see whirling phantoms go  
Through the fields of drifting snow ;  
Huddled flocks in wind-swept fold,  
Cattle, sheltering from the cold,  
Underneath a roof of hay,  
Where the stack is grazed away.

*July.*

I can see the nibbling flocks,  
Lately shorn of fleecy locks.  
In the pool the cattle stand ;  
I see clover-purpled land ;  
Tasseled maize and yellow grain,  
Gleam of sickle, harvest wain.

It would be taking risks to prophesy much about Miss Thomas's future. More than one before her has become a magazine favorite for a time, and then slipped away, unable even to equal himself, much less to go on gaining. Not only sufficiency of natural endowment, but good environment—stimulating society or unvexed solitude, continued mental training—is necessary. Certainly, there must be more originality and power, more thought and feeling, in her poems, before she can make any permanent place in literature. Unique she is now—but not original.

THE field of Literature has become so extensive that, more and more, men are coming to have in it, as in the field of science, their specialties. For those who are chiefly interested in prose—for him, even, whose interest in verse does not go beyond the popular bards—the little volume<sup>1</sup> of the collected poems of Jones Very will have small significance. But for those who are interested in mystical poetry, and particularly in that of religious mysticism, these poems will always have a peculiar value. They are a perfectly quiet, perfectly delicate expression of a quiet and delicate spirit, in its yearning for an intimate nearness to the Divine Spirit, and in its serene conviction that this was at times completely attained. As in this sonnet:

*The Presence.*

I sit within my room, and joy to find  
That Thou, who always lov'st, art with me here ;  
That I am never left by Thee behind,  
But by thyself Thou keep'st me ever near.  
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,  
And seems a kinder servant sent to me :  
With gladder heart I read thy holy book,  
Because Thou art the eyes by which I see ;  
This aged chair, that table, watch, and door,  
Around in ready service ever wait ;  
Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more  
To fill the measure of my large estate,  
For Thou thyself, with all a Father's care,  
Where'er I turn, art ever with me there.

<sup>1</sup> *Poems by Jones Very*, with an Introductory Memoir by William P. Andrews. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

As Milton invoked the Holy Spirit to inspire his song, and as Wordsworth felt himself "a dedicated spirit," so Jones Very, though in a more special sense than either of those greater, but not more sincere poets, believed himself to have a divine mission. And as in the case of Wordsworth, this continual sense of the presence of the Deity gave even to inanimate Nature a divine charm. So in the sonnet entitled

*Nature.*

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,  
Because my feet find measure with its call;  
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,  
For I am known to them both great and small;  
The flowers that on the lovely hill-side grow  
Expect me there when spring their bloom has given;  
And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,  
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven:  
For he who with his Maker walks aright,  
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;  
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,  
Each object wear the dress which then it wore;  
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,  
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

Whether one has or has not any intellectual sympathy with the creed of such poets, it can be nothing less than pathetic to him who has any feeling of the profounder aspects of life, to see this perpetual reaching out of human hands towards something beyond and greater than man. As in

*The Prayer.*

Wilt Thou not visit me?  
The plants beside me feel thy gentle dew,  
And every blade of grass I see  
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.  
Wilt Thou not visit me?  
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;  
And every hill and tree  
Lend but one voice,—the voice of Thee alone.  
Come, for I need thy love,  
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;  
Come, gently as thy holy dove,  
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

To many readers, the most interesting part of the little volume will be Mr. Andrews's intelligent and appreciative Memoir of the poet. The life of Jones Very was a remarkable one, though he lived, from the time of his leaving the Cambridge Divinity School in 1838 to his death in 1880, in complete seclusion in the quiet old town of Salem. It was remarkable, in these busy and practical and somewhat noisy times, as being the life of a genuine religious mystic; a survival of a type now almost unknown. He might have been a Neo-Platonist of the third century, though by his poetry he is own brother to George Herbert. His peculiar form of mysticism was a direct outgrowth of the old New England Unitarianism, working upon a contemplative and poetic mind. It was a natural inference: If Jesus was a man, and especially if he was only a man, and yet was so inspired,

then why not any man? As Dr. Clarke wrote of Very: "He believes that one whose object is not to do his own will in anything, but constantly to obey God, is led by Him and taught by Him in all things. He is a son of God as Christ was THE SON." Whether this belief acted altogether as an inspiration—whether it was not in the poet's own case rather a paralyzing influence—this complete arrestment of the human will in awaiting the Divine—may be a question. He carried it very far, as may be seen in such lines as these:

"The hand and foot that stir not, they shall find  
Sooner than all, the rightful place to go."

And again:

"I idle stand that I may find employ  
Such as my Master when he comes will give;

My body shall not turn which way it will,  
But stand till I the appointed road can find.

A laborer but in heart, while bound my hands  
Hang idly down still waiting thy commands."

Yet it would be a grave mistake to say that Jones Very found no worthy work to do in the world. These poems, little as they are known, or will, perhaps, be known to the hurrying public, are—to those who know them—a very sufficient work to have accomplished. He did not seek fame. He could hardly be induced to publish what he wrote. His was a strange mingling of genuine humility with an equally genuine sense of some peculiar nearness to Heaven. Both feelings were permanent and pervasive of all his life. He says in one poem:

"I would lie low—the ground on which men tread—  
Swept by thy Spirit like the wind of heaven."

And in another:

"Thou wilt my hands employ, tho' others find  
No work for those who praise thy name aright;

Whom Thou hast blest with thine own Spirit's sight.

In thee I trust, nor know to want or fear,  
But ever onward walk, secure from sin,  
For thou hast conquered every foe within."

Like George Herbert, as a poet Very was largely endowed with fancy, rather than with imagination; but with a fancy so "pure and sweet and clean," that we do not think of any deficiency of the deeper power. Sometimes, indeed, the deeper power is present, as in this sonnet, with which our notice must close:

*The River.*

Oh! swell my bosom deeper with thy love,  
That I some river's widening mouth may be;  
And ever on, for many a mile above,  
May flow the floods that enter from thy sea;  
And may they not retreat as tides of earth,  
Save but to show from Thee that they have flown,  
Soon may my spirit find that better birth,  
Where the retiring wave is never known;

But Thou dost flow through every channel wide,  
With all a Father's love in every soul ;  
A stream that knows no ebb, a swelling tide  
That rolls forever on and finds no goal,  
Till in the hearts of all shall opened be  
The ocean depths of thine eternity."

BROWNING's latest book<sup>1</sup> will hardly increase his reputation as a versifier. Indeed, those who are pleased to cavil at his ruggedness and obscurity, will find in it fresh occasion to air their caustic wit, or, at least, to vent the treasures of their spleen. Nor would censure appear unjustifiable, if directed at such lines as these :

"What if such a bracing were?

If some strange story stood—whate'er its worth—  
That the immensely yearned-for, once befell—  
The sun was flesh once?—(keep the figure!)"

or the following, which is the opening stanza of the poem entitled "A Pillar at Sebzevah":

"Knowledge deposed, then! I' groaned whom that  
most grieved,  
As foolishhest of all the company.  
What, knowledge, man's distinctive attribute,  
He doffs that crown to emulate an ass,  
Because the unknowing long-ears loves at least  
Husked lupines, and belike the feeder's self—  
Whose purpose in the dole what ass divines?"

But it is unjust to Browning to isolate such passages from their context, and then to rail against them as though they were the first-born of Egypt, the birth of Cimmerian darkness and weltering chaos. They are quite the contrary. Paradoxical though the statement may sound, they are the offspring of extraordinary lucidity. When the author is at his worst, his penetration is marvelous; when he is at his best, it is not merely his own intellect that is clear, but the whole subject that he is treating is flooded with the sunlight of his genius. Unfortunately for the world, he is somewhat too rarely at his best.

Mr. Browning has been called a metaphysical poet, and such he doubtless is. His curiosity being insatiable, he has made himself at home in foreign countries, and familiarized himself with the customs, the sentiments, and the arts of many peoples. To use his own words, he has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes." It were strange if this intellectual restlessness should spend itself upon mere externals—the masks that hide the faces, the faces that hide the hearts. This were frippery and folly in which the new poet can not indulge, and with which Browning has no cause to reproach himself. Whatever he is not, at all events, he is a student of the human heart. Its unwritten histories he has felt himself called upon to write. Its most secret yearnings, its profoundest doubts and needs, he has striven to

voice in such a manner that his own century may hear, and to record in such a way that future times must take heed. To quote his own words from the "Epilogue" to the volume entitled "Pacchiarotto":

"Is it a fancy, friends?

Mighty and mellow are never mixed,  
Though mighty and mellow be born at once.  
Sweet for the future,—strong for the nonce.  
Stuff you should stow away, ensconce  
In the deep and dark, to be found fast-fixed  
At the century's close: such time strength spends  
A sweetening for friends!"

"Let us stow it away, as the poet suggests!" many a novice in Browning's poetry will be tempted to cry. Agreed! provided it is only the poet you harm by slighting him; unfortunately, the greatest injury is thus done to one's self.

Addressing ourselves to the book before us, we see that the author, always prone to mysticism and allegory, has chosen the Oriental apologue as his medium. Frequently aphoristic, like Goethe, he turns with advancing years, like Goethe, to the land of the "Arabian Nights," of the bulb and the rose. But it is with no intention of lapping himself in sensual slumber that he betakes himself to the East. His aim is not to compose a new "Lalla Rookh." He flies at higher game than the bulbul; he intoxicates himself with a more searching perfume than that of the rose. Such music as this is smitten from no Anacreontic lyre:

"Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they,  
the faces  
Faint revealed, yet sure divined, the famous ones  
of old?  
'What,' they smile,—'our names, our deeds so  
soon erases  
Time upon his tablet, where Life's glory lies en-  
rolled?"

"Was it for mere fool's-play, make believe and  
murmuring,  
So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or  
whined?  
Each of us heard clearly God's "Come!" and  
each was coming:  
Soldiers, all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag be-  
hind!"

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our  
Leader!  
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings  
left and right:  
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,  
Lay the blame, or lit the praise: no care for cow-  
ards: fight!"

These are the accents of a new Tyrtæus; never has Browning been more direct, more terse, or more heroically inspiring. To him, evidently, for this is

<sup>1</sup> *Ferishtah's Fancies*. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

his lyric mood, and he is speaking in his own person, life is worth living; the world is not outworn and ready to sink into the abyss.

Beyond almost any of his preceding volumes, this may be termed theologic in its character. The East is the cradle of religions, and his Eastern similitudes all convey some profound moral lesson. Sometimes, this is one that is readily apprehended, but in others, it is more recondite. Now and then, the poet climbs so high on the cloudy stairs of his imagination, that with his head he seems indeed to touch the stars, and to have lost himself in regions beyond our ken. The problems that he treats are world-old, but are only to be discerned as such by repeated readings and long meditation. Though theological in nature, they are not always specifically Christian, nor even Judaic. Only in a single poem, "The Sun," does he appear to confine himself to purely Christian conceptions, and to be discussing the mystery of the incarnation, and even this may be understood of the Hindoo avatars.

In "The Family," he reasons on the futility or utility of prayer; in "Mihrab Shah," on the uses of pain; in "The Eagle," on the preference between the speculative and the active life. In "Shah Abbas," "A Pillar at Sebzevah," and more obscurely in others, he returns to the theme of "Paracelsus," and touches, with less of that youthful rapture of poetry which the readers of the latter poem find so contagious, upon the relations of love and knowledge. He no longer agonizes over the attempt to reconcile the two. He is content to ascribe the superiority to the former. More novel, yet quite in accordance with Browning's well-known views, are his conclusions regarding the function of sensual pleasure, as advanced in "Two Camels" and "Plot Culture." The last poem of the volume is an optimist's reasonings upon pessimism, and will prove an excellent mental gymnastic for readers who are not fully conversant with Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann.

Besides a general prologue and epilogue, there are shorter lyrics appended to each of the twelve parables, respectively. Each reflects, usually in an address to the poet's mistress, the central thought of the preceding disquisition, or Fancy of Ferishtah, but this time, as sentiment and not reasoning—as love rather than knowledge. These flights of song might, perhaps, be included under the title "Any Lover to Any Mistress," but they are rather to be interpreted as the poet's own apostrophes to his wife, conceived of now as living, and now as a glorified spirit. In this serial they recall the conclusion of the first canto of "The Ring and The Book," and are among the most pleasing of Browning's personal revelations.

If we find ourselves disposed to quarrel at times with Browning's apparent disregard of poetic canons, his dissonance, his wantonness of oddity, we shall grow more charitable when we read this declaration:

"Verse-making was least of my virtues: I viewed  
with despair  
Wealth that never yet was but might be—all that  
verse-making were,  
If the life would but lengthen to wish, let the mind  
be laid bare.  
So I said, 'To do little is bad, to do nothing is  
worse,'—  
And made verse."

In fact, many, we suspect, will be inclined to forgive him altogether after the perusal of the following lines:

"Loving! what claim to love has work of mine?  
Concede my life were emptied of its gains,  
To furnish forth and fill work's strict confine,  
Who works so for the world's sake—he complains  
With cause, when hate, not love, rewards his pains.  
I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty.  
Sought, found, and did my duty."

MISS PHELPS has collected some sixty poems into a volume under the title *Songs of the Silent World and Other Poems*.<sup>1</sup> The title is given by the first section, which includes eight poems on immortality—upon Miss Phelps's special view of immortality, as already expressed in prose: a passionate belief in the near presence, the comprehensible, *human* existence, the continued affection, of the dead.

"There is no vacant chair. The loving meet—  
A group unbroken—smitten, who knows how?  
One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat.  
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?"

"There is no vacant chair. If he will take  
The mood to listen mutely, be it done.  
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart  
must ache.  
Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

"Death is a mood of life. It is no whim  
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.  
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,  
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on apart."

"The shadows watch about the house:  
Silent as they, I come.  
Oh, it is true that life is deaf,  
And not that death is dumb.

"I cross the old, familiar door,  
And take the dear old chair.  
You look with desolated eyes  
Upon me sitting there.

"A year ago some words we said  
Kept sacred 'twixt us twain;  
'Tis you, poor Love, who answer not,  
The while I speak again.

<sup>1</sup> *Songs of the Silent World and Other Poems*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

"I lean above you as before,  
Faithful, my arms enfold.  
Oh, could you know that life is numb,  
Nor think that death is cold!"

There follow some twenty poems of personal love, and then several sections of more general poems, including several dedicated to individuals.

There is a remarkable quality of emotion in these poems—fine, and fervid, and tender; a music-like quality that touches the nerves and brings the tears (the figure, by the way, is hers:

"The tenderness that touched the nerve  
Like music").

There is an eloquent and beautiful quality of expression, too, rapid and intense:

"Put your finger on the lips  
Of your soul; the wild rain drips;  
The wind goes diving down the sea;  
Tell the wind, but tell not me."

"Oh, well the ships must remember,  
That go down to the awful sea,  
No keel that chisels the current  
Can cut where it used to be.

"Not a throb of the gloom or the glory  
That stirs in the sun or the rain,  
Will ever be *that* gloom or glory  
That dazzled or darkened—again."

"All night the living waters stepped  
Stately and steadily. All night the wind  
Conducted them."

"Though all the wine of life be lost,  
Try well the red grape's hue.  
Holy the soul that cannot taste  
The false love for the true.

"And blessed aye the fainting heart  
For such a thirst shall be."

Several more of the poems that we should like to quote have this fine and eloquent feeling so diffused through them that we cannot give any idea of it by detaching extracts—"Vittoria" and "Sealed," especially, of all in the book. There are lyric heights touched in many that minor verse very rarely reaches. Yet they are by no means up to their own standard. Not a poem of them all—not even the two noble ones we have just named—is absolutely free from blemish. The fine thought satisfactorily told, with restraint and clearness, is to be found, from page to page, as we turn them over; but it alternates with vague feeling, strained expressions, superfluities. One often finds what seems to be a mere expression of some specific emotional experience of the author's own. No appreciativeness on the part of the reader can supply the key to obscurity of this sort. The feelings that underlie the special experiences of people are much the same, and either a lyric expression of the general feeling or a narration of the special experience will reach the

comprehension of those of like temperament; but the most sympathetic reader cannot altogether interpret the language of personal experience and personal relations; and when one speaks to readers it should not be in a language known only to one's self. The daring figures and epigrams, sometimes beautiful, have a tendency to run into what we should call affectations, were it not that a certain unmistakable sincerity pervades them all:

"Calm as a sigh she swept us all,  
Then swiftly as a word leans to a thought,  
We saw her lean to him, and fall."

Here and there this same strained quality runs through a whole poem—idea and expression. In a curious way, the impression of passionate sincerity given by these poems, take them all together, is mingled with an impression of consciousness and of instinctive dramatic pose. They have a sort of flame-like leap toward the very highest regions of poetry, and then a falling short of it, an abundance of excellences and of defects, which sets them quite apart from the usual completeness in its own sort of American minor verse.

NOTHING could illustrate better this other sort of minor verse than the poems of another woman whose poetic rank and reputation would perhaps be roughly classed as about equal to that of Miss Phelps, while her circle of readers is doubtless much wider. *The Poetical Works of Lucy Larcom*<sup>1</sup> is a complete edition, including "Earlier Poems," "Memories," "Verses for Occasions," "Childhood Songs," "Wild Roses of Cape Ann," and "Later Poems." There can be no doubt that there are too many of these poems—nearly three hundred, while most lovers of poetry would find it hard to mention a dozen poems of Miss Larcom's, if called upon suddenly to do so. Through these many poems (and most of them quite long), is diffused a gentle and simple poetic quality, a charming love of Nature—wild flower, and hill, and wood—and a devout and kindly spirit. As is not infrequent with poets whose literary surrounding and training has come to them as reward for their early work, instead of having directed, and perhaps inspired, that work, the later poems show a very marked superiority in literary quality over the earlier ones, comparing them collectively. The most popular of all her songs, however—"Hannah Binding Shoes"—was one of the first. Really, the best group in this collection is that devoted to children: several of these poems are delightful, and we have known children to cherish certain of them with most devoted admiration for many months, with all the incessant repetition that children bestow on favorite verses. Both in this class of verse and in her other poems, Miss Larcom has the rare ability to tell a story simply and pleasantly in verse. She has not fire enough for a ballad-writer, but in a quiet story

<sup>1</sup> The Poetical Works of Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

she has a sustained dignity and grace that is really seldom found. No breath of modern "schools of poetry" seems to have touched her; somewhat old-fashioned, somewhat slow and diffuse, she is always absolutely fresh and unspoiled. The edition is a very pleasing one, in the style of most of this winter's books from the same publishers—which is to our taste the most agreeable in general appearance of any that they have hitherto adopted.

### Ramona.<sup>1</sup>

SOME enthusiastic eastern critic finds in *Ramona* The Great American Novel. We had supposed that criticism had forgotten that title: but since it is still extant, we take occasion to say that while Mrs. Jackson's story is not the great American novel, it is beyond comparison the best Californian novel that has yet been written. It has not seemed to occur to people here to claim it as a Californian novel—partly because its author is already thoroughly identified with Eastern literary circles, and partly, too, because it has not at all the spirit and manner that we recognize as Californian. Somehow, by some impalpable quality put in or left out, this misses being *our* California. The truth is that it probably is no one's California; that while every description is true to nature, the story is really laid in the poet's land, which can never be exactly the same as any region of the realistic earth.

Yet there is no breach of probability in it; the story unfolds itself as naturally as life. It is hardly like a novel with a plot at all: it is almost as if Mrs. Jackson were narrating some real history of the life of some one she had known. There is an old Spanish house on an old Spanish estate (we should, perhaps, say Mexican, as Mrs. Jackson does; but in this part of the State the Californian dons are habitually spoken of as Spaniards, in virtue of their pure Spanish blood, though they were subjects of Mexico), and this house and estate, its servants and ranch-work, are such as must have been common around the Mission country at that date; there is Ramona, the half-Scotch, half-Indian foster-daughter of a proud Spanish household, running away to marry the handsome young Indian chief of a neighboring rancharia, and thereby casting in her fortunes with the Indians, just as they are dispossessed of their land and driven about by the in coming whites—and this, too, is a perfectly possible story. The first impression of every reader seems to have been that a false light is cast on the story by idealizing the victims of injustice; that, especially, Alessandro is an impossible Indian. It might be answered that it is probable that every story of injustice idealizes the victims; that victims of class or race injustice are very apt to be squalid and vicious creatures, who would like only too well to be doing injustice themselves, and do tyrannize most brutally wherever they get the chance; or else to be

far from blameless in their behavior under injustice, doing many things that go far to alienate sympathy. But, in fact, take Alessandro point by point, he can hardly be challenged in any one as impossible. He is handsome and noble in stature, face, and bearing. "Impossible!" says the reader, looking at the shambling, flat-faced "Digger," who lingers about the old Spanish settlements. Yet the records of the first explorers of the coast of California testify to the existence there of tribes of Indians of stalwart build and handsome face, and complexion no darker than the Spanish. The tribes who were taken from the coast islands and attached to the missions are, in especial, described as being of this fine physical type, of very gentle and kindly disposition, yet trained to the greatest physical hardihood, capable of any endurance or exertion, brave when actually in combat, but not given to seeking quarrels, silent, shrewd, and reticent. There seems to be testimony enough that this better sort among the Indians found by the Franciscan missionaries were affectionate and faithful; and even that they held their women in high respect seems likely from the fact that monogamy was the rule among them, and that women could inherit chiefship and rule unquestioned. Add to these pagan virtues several generations of training under some of the best Franciscan Fathers, and it will be seen that there is really no intrinsic impossibility in the development of such a character as Alessandro. As for his proud self-restraint in the matter of submitting to imposition from the whites, because he knows it is useless to resist, it is mere matter of history that in all the troubles with Indians in this State there have been individual chiefs who understood the uselessness of resistance, and tried, sometimes with success, to restrain their people from it—while yet feeling most bitterly the aggression. THE OVERLAND has published from time to time accounts of the Indian wars of the State, written by men familiar with the incidents: hardly one of these—though, of course, written from the white man's point of view—fails to give evidence incidentally of this same power of caution and self-restraint on the part of the Indians.

Yet, though the author might easily bring authorities for every point of Alessandro's character, when all is done, he has not the *effect* of an Indian. But neither has any other character quite the air and effect of his special class: the Señora does not remind us that she is Spanish; nor Felipe that he is a don; nor even the Padre that he is a Spanish priest. This is partly, no doubt, because the novel is practically historic, and it was not possible for the author to study and reproduce those specific tricks of speech and manner with which Bret Harte so deftly makes priest, or don, or señora, or miner, stand in visible presence before us. But it is also because she has not tried to be realistic and specific; she has gone down to common human nature, and to that she is quite true. Ramona, for instance, is in her general traits quite what a

<sup>1</sup> *Ramona*. By Helen Jackson (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

girl naturally docile, loving, simple, and very loyal would become with her strong religious motive. The whole narrative is a little lifted away from any close realism, and told as a story more than as a study.

Putting aside, therefore, the criticisms on points as to its realism, which are partly incorrect and partly malapropos; regarding it simply as it is meant, it is hard to say adequately how pretty and tender and complete it all is. The purposes of art have never been sacrificed to the plea on behalf of the Indians: in fact, we suspect that this may have been a little sacrificed for the sake of the art; for it never becomes painful reading. Alessandro's wrongs, the repeated breaking-up of his home, the baby's death, the unseating of his reason, his murder, and Ramona's despair—all, we read without distress, merely with tenderness and sympathy. The poet has, perhaps, been a little stronger than the reformer in the author, as she wrote it. Here is no burning appeal, no crushing arraignment, no such book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That was a book of rougher fiber, of purpose little hampered by any over-scrupulous taste; and that it idealized the victims of injustice without any hesitation detracted nothing from its power. It is foolish to compare the stories. "Ramona" is an idyl—sorrowful, yet never harsh; more suggestive of "Paul and Virginia," or "Evangeline," than of reforming literature. We think, therefore, that the author obeyed a true instinct of art in leading the sorrowful story out into a sort of shadowed peace in Ramona's second marriage, instead of leaving it in the catastrophe of Alessandro's murder, for the sake of the horror and indignation that should be waked in the Indian's behalf by such an ending. It may have been bad for the plea; it was better for the story.

Yet we would not say "Ramona" fails to wake indignation. By no means. It fails to make the blood boil; but not to make it tingle a little sometimes. The incidents that are not too painful for an idyl in reading, come back in thinking of the story afterward with considerable force—the first eviction, at Temecula, and the outrage of taking the stock to pay costs; the second at San Pasquale; the liability of Ramona, as an Indian's wife, to insulting advances when Americans came into the neighborhood; the descent of whites upon her home on the shadowiest suspicion of lost stock; finally, the brutality of the murder of Alessandro, the nonchalance of the Americans, the impossibility of punishment by any American jury. For no one can say that Mrs. Jackson has exaggerated in any of these things; on the contrary, she has used remarkable restraint, considering how strong her feelings are known to be upon this point of the wrongs of the Indians. American pioneers are not slow to testify that "the massacre of a village for the theft of a cow" was good enough law for the Indian in those days; and so with each other point made in "Ramona"—it could not be merely paralleled, but surpassed, from the actual records of California history. Much on the other side, too, could

be told—much of Indian cruelty and depravity—but history has never been very silent on that point. In California, there seems to be very little doubt which was the aggressor. Even in Alessandro's own speech, Mrs. Jackson does not seize any opportunities to speak indignation beyond what the story calls for. Perhaps the most vehement speech she puts into his mouth—and it is one of the things that makes the American blood tingle a little—is the one in which he exclaims:

"If there are Americans who are good, who will not cheat and kill, why do they not send after these robbers and punish them? And how is it that they make laws which cheat? It was the American law which took Temecula away from us, and gave it to those men! The law was on the side of the thieves. No, Majella, it is a people that steals! That is their name—a people that steals and that kills for money. Is that not a good name for a great people to bear, when they are like the sands in the sea, they are so many?"

#### Money in Politics.<sup>1</sup>

This book differs from the bulk of recent writings on the monetary affairs of the United States in two essential particulars. In the first place, the views advanced are, in the main, sound; in the second place, it advocates honesty on the part of the government in dealing with the money of the country. Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has written an introduction to the volume, says: "It gives, in my judgment, the best record of legislation in the United States yet presented in regard to coinage, to legal tender acts, and other matters connected with our financial history." The thoughtful reader will find that this opinion needs no essential amendment. The writer is not a believer in "cheap money for the poor." He is, moreover, not persuaded that it was economically expedient to meet the expenses of the Civil War with depreciated paper money. The following passage gives the reason of the faith that is in him, and may be taken as fairly characteristic of the writer's treatment of the topics in hand:

"The pressure for providing means for carrying on the war still continued, however, and the Secretary applied to the banks for a third loan. They were unwilling to take any more of the seven-thirty bonds, as little market could be found for them among their customers. The Secretary, therefore, offered, and the banks accepted, \$50,000,000 of the twenty-year loan, authorized by Act of July 17, 1861, a sufficient discount being allowed to make the loan equivalent to one bearing interest at seven per cent., a less rate than that of the notes.

"Meanwhile, the banks had persistently and constantly urged the Secretary to forego the issue of Treasury notes, which were circulating as money, and to draw upon them for coin in payment of their subscriptions.

<sup>1</sup> Money in Politics. By J. K. Upton, late Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. With an Introduction by Edward Atkinson. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1884.

"To a question of the Secretary the New York banks replied: 'In New York we are entirely willing to pay in coin; in any other cities, in whatever funds the check-holders may demand—in coin, if the creditors insist upon coin and the bank is willing and able to pay in coin, but otherwise, in bank-notes.'"

"To this the Secretary would not consent, although, at that time, no payment to public creditors in coin, when demanded, had been refused by any of the banks. He said: 'If you can lend me all the coin required to conduct the operations of the war, or show me where I can borrow it elsewhere at fair rates, I will withdraw every note already issued, and pledge myself never to issue another: but if you cannot, you must let me stick to United States notes, and increase their issue just so far as the deficiency of coin may make necessary?' This was the reply of Secretary Chase, on November 16, 1861, to the bankers with whom he had just negotiated the \$50,000,000 loan.

"The policy therein avowed was the first step taken towards that inflation of the currency which subsequently played so important a part in all the affairs of the country, and from whose unhappy effect we are not yet free.

"The necessity of taking such a step is far from evident. The government during that year had negotiated \$250,000,000 of loans, of which less than \$30,000,000 was in Treasury notes. These notes, however, had come into competition with the paper issues of the banks, and were rapidly driving them from the channels of circulation, which they had previously occupied. The bank notes, not being needed for circulation, were returned to the banks for redemption. As the banks were putting forth their best energies to place the loans they had taken of the government, they naturally did not want their notes to come in at that time for redemption, as they inevitably must, if the issue of Treasury notes continued; and the urgent demand of the banks upon the Secretary to put no more Treasury notes in circulation seems natural and proper.

"Had the Secretary yielded to the request of the banks, and the government accepted the bank issues in payment of dues, the demand for such issues would have increased rather than diminished; the banks would have been relieved from any necessity of redeeming them in coin, and could easily have paid specie to the government for the loan which they had just taken. But the resolution of the Secretary was unalterable, and the evil which he was trying to prevent became inevitable. The banks being obliged to take care of their notes, and at the same time to pay specie to the government, were unable to meet the demands upon them, or, at least, thought they were; and on December 27, 1861, they yielded to the pressure, and suspended specie payment.

"For this action the Secretary appears to be mainly responsible. The amount of outstanding circulation of the banks had, at that time, been reduced to

\$183,000,000, and the specie reserve increased to \$102,000,000; and during the fiscal year of 1861, the excess of imports of specie over exports amounted to more than \$16,000,000, a balance more favorable than that of any year since 1847. Careful estimates since made have fixed the amount of specie in circulation at the time of the suspension at about \$250,000,000. The large expenditures of the government for 1861 had been made in specie; but this specie, when paid out, soon found its way back to the banks, where it was needed, and there had been at no time during the year the slightest embarrassment arising from any lack of specie as a circulating medium. In the action taken by the Secretary there was nothing to be gained, and experience has shown that the integrity of the country was to be lost" (pp. 72-75).

In the chapters on "The Silver Dollar," "Circulation of the Silver Dollar," and "Monetary Conferences," strong grounds are taken against the recent legislation regarding silver; and it is clearly shown that a continuance of the coinage of silver will have as a result, that "the government will have no resources with which to meet its obligations, except these silver dollars" (p. 220); the gold coins will be driven from circulation, and the silver dollar will be substituted as the unit of account, much to the benefit of railroads and other corporations having outstanding large amounts of bonded indebtedness" (p. 226).

The enormous indirect losses which we have suffered, and are liable still to suffer, from the application of erroneous theories concerning money, give to reliable books on finance an importance which they would not have if the nation were less abundantly endowed with financial ignorance. This volume is worthy of attention, not only for its general soundness of views, but also for its clearness of statement.

#### Johnson's Persia.<sup>1</sup>

The third and last of Samuel Johnson's studies of oriental religions was recently published, soon after the death of the author; he left it, in fact, without the final revision and arrangement, though so nearly completed that the missing touches are of no great consequence. It appears with a more than cordial preface from O. B. Frothingham. This volume, of nearly eight hundred pages, constitutes, with the two previous ones of about the same size, the exposition of a theory which was the inspiration of all Mr. Johnson's years of diligent study in comparative religion. This theory is that each of the great early religions turned upon one central idea, which ideas put together cover the whole ground of religious activity. The religion of China was the apotheosis of conduct—of practical morality; that of India the apotheosis of contemplation—the religion of theology

<sup>1</sup> *Oriental Religions: Persia.* Professor Samuel Johnson. With an introduction by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

and theosophy; the Persian, of personal will—of individuality and power. The Hebrew religion, in its intensely personal form, he regards as derived from the Persian; and so also the Christian, of course, and the Mohammedan; undergoing variations, as taken from an Aryan people and rendered by Semitic or Turanian minds, but still variants of the same primitive idea of the worship of personal will.

In one sense, Mr. Johnson's books have long been recognized as standard; that is, his knowledge of the very best authorities on every point connected with his subject is profound—one may say exhaustive; his frankness and honesty perfect; and while he is not an Orientalist, he is recognized by Orientalists as having made entirely competent use of the materials provided by them (save for some minor slips which Prof. Müller complains of as being peculiarly irritating to an Orientalist, but which do not really affect the value of his work to any other sort of reader). And, as Mr. Frothingham suggests, it is quite possible that a person may be all the more competent to write of an oriental religion for not being profoundly versed in the language, nor habituated to delving in inscriptions and antiquities to bring to light new material for knowledge of the people and its thought: for the simple reason that the years of arduous toil required for this are apt to leave a man neither the time to acquaint himself with every one else's work, and draw broad conclusions from the whole mass of details, nor the generalizing habit of mind necessary to such use of material. It is usually, to a certain extent, one who must gather materials and another who must use them. But only to a certain extent. The best recent historians, for instance, have proved themselves competent investigators from original sources; and, indeed, "investigation from original sources" is becoming rather a shibboleth of this historical school. The man who knows little of the general purposes for which details are being collected is hardly able to collect them intelligently, and science feels much surer that it understands all the bearings on important theories of a new fossil if it has been seen *in situ* by a scientific geologist, than if it was brought to him by a mere collector. So, conversely, he who is merely a user of materials, and not acquainted with the process of finding them, seems to lack something of ballast. So philosophical a scientist as Tyndall, is also one of the most careful conductors of minute experiments; the father of the greatest of generalizations, Darwin, was notably a collector of details; and Spencer is, perhaps, the only very great generalizer who may be said to depend on others altogether for the collection of data. While, therefore, it is possibly of some advantage to Mr. Johnson in the study of comparative religion that he is not a professional decipherer of inscriptions and tracer of etymologies, it is also probable that if he had some experience in this sort of careful and accurate work, he would be a soberer and slower

theorizer. For it cannot be denied that the fundamental theory that runs through his three books is rather fanciful, when carried out to so great an extent. There is a strong tendency to the practical in the Chinese religion; to the contemplative and theoretic in the Indian; to personality in the Persian, and also in the Hebrew and Mohammedan. In a brief treatise, Mr. Johnson might have established his point. But to apply any such three-fold distinction to all the minutiae of the different religions, and of every item of national development under them, is both fanciful and tedious. There is much room for a liberal and appreciative treatise upon oriental religions, giving the facts about them, and some such general interpretation of these as may be of interest; and this not a merely popular book, but one written for all intelligent readers who are not specialists in comparative religion. Mr. Johnson, however, assumes such a knowledge of the facts as is hardly possible to any but specialists, and then builds upon this his theory. The whole series is really a monograph—a gigantic, two-thousand-page monograph. People will read it because they are desirous of knowledge of oriental religions, and there is a great scarcity of satisfactory English books on this subject; because it is written so enthusiastically, and sprinkled with so much of interest, that it is by no means unreadable. But they will never read it enough to pay for the enormous expenditure of conscientious labor, of enthusiasm, of real ability, that its author has put into it.

An element in the books that will still farther limit their circle of readers is Mr. Johnson's frankness in revealing his dissent from any accepted form of Christianity—unless it be such an extremely rationalistic form of Unitarianism as reaches the borders of agnosticism. An agnostic Mr. Johnson is not, nor is his somewhat pantheistic form of theism such as is absolutely unknown in late days to orthodox pulpits. It is in his attitude toward the foundation of Christianity, rather than in his attitude toward the accepted theism, therefore, that he will shock and displease even the liberal among orthodox readers. He is not in the smallest degree an aggressor. On the contrary, the excellence of serenity with which he neither seeks occasion to depreciate the religion of his countrymen nor evades comment on it that cannot fail to offend, when the course of his exposition leads him to it, is really remarkable. He neither attacks nor apologizes; he is not even unfriendly, but simply devoid of hostility or allegiance. He criticises Christianity in exactly the same spirit in which he would criticise Buddhism. This attitude, while it recommends him to a few readers, necessarily alienates many. Still, it is most creditable to the temper and spirit of a man, that, standing so apart from the religion of his time, he should be able to do it without either timidity or anger; and agrees with everything that is told of the frank and gentle personal character of the author, of whom Mr. Frothingham's preface gives a very winning picture.

### With the Invader.<sup>1</sup>

THE OVERLAND is always inclined to look kindly on any literary production of the West, thinking it but fair that such efforts should have at least one outspoken champion, since they have to overcome much prejudice even among Western people, too many of whom are apt to value literary as well as other articles, in proportion to the distance from which they come. The book now in hand is written by a frequent contributor to the OVERLAND, and some chapters of it have already, in slightly different form, appeared as magazine articles in our pages. In the small compass of one hundred and fifty-five pages, Mr. Roberts has given a bird's-eye view of a large territory. His survey begins in Kansas, and the first chapter is spent in traversing its fertile plains and noting its rapid increase in wealth. This State, whose spirit is all of the present day, and whose face is set toward that which is to come, is an excellent preparation, by way of contrast, for the country entered after passing through the tunnel in the Raton range. Here lie the lands that look back on a civilization that was ancient when Columbus was born, and here are tribes that yet hope for the return of Montezuma. Later the Spanish built in these territories an empire that boasted flourishing cities and grand cathedrals when the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on Plymouth Rock. And these cities and churches yet stand unchanged, save by the gentle touch of time, and shelter a mode of life as little altered as themselves. True, this state of things is not to last much longer. The railroad has entered New Mexico and Arizona, and even Mexico itself, taking with it the tide of American life. The miner, the squatter, and the trader, with Anglo-Saxon push, are rudely disturbing the dreamy lands that have not been so roused since the days of Cortez. Now, side by side with the pueblo, is the new town of brick stores and shingled houses, and in a few years the most careful search will find no place that retains unchanged the picturesque and poetic flavor of the past. It is this fact that has impressed Mr. Roberts most strongly, and to the task of portraying the glamor and romance of that fading antiquity he brings an appreciative mind and a sympathetic touch.

New Mexico, Arizona, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Southern California each has its chapter or two, in which its physical characteristics, its past, its present, and its hopes are discussed. Those who think of these sections as barren and unfit for agriculture are confronted with statistics of grain and fruits produced in each of them, and the marvels wrought by the irrigating ditch are shown. The reason of the collapse of the mining boom of two years ago in Arizona is given, and the steady development of mines now going on is made clear. If only in dispelling false impressions on these matters, the book is calculated to do a vast deal of good.

<sup>1</sup> With the Invader. By Edwards Roberts. San Francisco: Samuel Carson & Co. 1885. For sale by all the booksellers.

Mr. Roberts's eye is quick for the picturesque, and even without the aid of the illustrations—though these, to be sure, are a help—would give the reader a good idea of Sante Fé and El Paso, of Chihuahua and Guaymas, of Tucson and Santa Barbara. The parts of the book that describe Guaymas and Santa Barbara will prove already familiar to readers of the OVERLAND, since, in slightly different form, they were printed recently as "Two Sea-ports of New Spain." His style is easy and readable; and his descriptions have the quality—very welcome in travel-sketches—of making the reader wish he might go to the place described. These and other qualities are already known to our readers from the author's articles already published in the OVERLAND, and have, no doubt, prepared them to give this more extended work of his a welcome.

### In the Lena Delta.<sup>2</sup>

The sad story of the Jeannette expedition is one of which the public never grows weary. And indeed, it is a tale so full of daring and courage, of hair-breadth escapes and terrible suffering, and leads to an end so pitiful in its tragedy that it is worthy of being recorded in its least details. It is wholesome reading in these days of enervation and luxury: the story of these men that risked their lives, not for gain, but in the cause of knowledge, despising suffering, danger, and death itself, that the world might grow wiser. Deny the good of such sacrifice as much as we may, call it useless and foolhardy as much as we will, demonstrate to our perfect satisfaction, the impossibility of success in reaching the pole and yet we cannot but feel that such men are of larger mould than those that are content to pass their lives in seeking only their own ease.

In the book now in hand, the history of the expedition is told by the most competent living witness. Chief Engineer Melville commanded the crew of the whale-boat after the separation, in the fatal gale of Sept. 13, 1881, of the three boats that contained the crew of the lost vessel. After conducting his men, by better fortune than befell his superior, to a place of safety, he was the central figure in the long search for tidings of the other two boats, and finally was the man to discover the dead De Long lying frozen in the attitude he had kept from the time he had made the last entry in his journal, on Oct. 30, 1881, till Melville brushed the snow from his face on the 23d of March, 1882.

The publication of De Long's journal made it unnecessary for Melville to do more than sketch the events that happened up to the gale that separated the boats, and, as he believes, and as De Long's party believed, overwhelmed the second cutter containing Lieutenant Chipp and his men. From that point the narrative is minute enough to satisfy the most eager interest. It gives every detail of the

<sup>2</sup> In the Lena Delta. By George W. Melville, Chief Engineer U. S. N. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

whaleboats' further cruising, of the meeting with the Yakut fishermen, and, after the men were safely housed at Jamaveloch, of the long, solitary journeys through the months that followed, by which Melville traversed the whole Lena Delta, till the natives complained that he had killed all their dogs and all their reindeer on his travels. Half the time on the verge of starvation, with feet so frozen that he was often unable to stand at all, sleeping in the snow, or amid the indescribable scenes of the native huts, he yet managed to keep so full a journal that almost every hour is accounted for. It would be unreasonable to expect of such a man much attention to literary style, and only once or twice does some attempt at fine writing show that the dress of the story is given a thought. In the main, it is clear and forcible, with a touch of the sea about it that is not a defect.

It would, perhaps, be equally unreasonable to expect of a man that had gone through with such experiences as Melville's, a keen delicacy in matters of taste. It is in this point that the book makes the largest demand on the reader's patience. It was necessary to relate many disgusting things to give an adequate idea of the hardships that these brave men endured, but it was not necessary to dwell on them, and to revert to them again and again. It can hardly be imagined of what service Mr. Melville Phillips, whose name appears as editor of the book, has been, since he did not tone down or expunge the most offensive of these evidences of a blunted sensibility. He has not the claim on charity that the bravery of the author gives.

Concluding the history of the Jeannette expedition, Mr. Melville relates that of the Greely relief expedition in the summer of 1884, of which he was a member. It is a brief account of the voyage of the *Thetis* and the *Bear*, telling how they battled through the opposing ice-floes to succor the remnants of Lieutenant Greely's starving party, rescuing six survivors at the point of death, which had seized their nineteen comrades. All these terrible experiences have not cured Chief Engineer Melville of the fascination that Arctic exploration exerts over those who have once embarked in it; and as a third part of his book he explains a scheme by which he feels sure the pole may be reached. His premises, established to his own satisfaction by facts which he adduces, are: First, an ice-cap at the pole held in place by islands, and undisturbed by the changing seasons, as are the floes further south, and consequently a smooth palaeocrystic sea of ice. Second, that Franz Josef Land reaches as far north as this ice-cap, say to 85 degrees. The southern shores of this island are reached every year by fishing vessels. Third, the southward drift every summer to the shores of Spitzbergen furnishing a means of escape to boat parties without a vessel. The plan is to establish on Franz Josef Land a series of supply stations extending to 85 degrees north latitude, or further. This leaves but about seven hundred

miles to be marched by a party with sledges (no dogs, as they consume more food than men in proportion to work done), over the comparatively even surface of the palaeocrystic sea, to the pole, and back to the most advanced station.

To the ordinary mind there are a good many contingencies in the matter, and too lively a remembrance of past losses and failures to allow it to believe that the pole can be so easily gained; but Melville is so sure of it, that he expects again to face the Arctic gales in proof of his theory.

### Fresh Fields.<sup>1</sup>

SINCE the days of Thoreau, Nature in New England and the States adjacent has had no worthier high priest than John Burroughs. As compared with the hermit of Walden Woods, Burroughs has an equal love for the beauties of wood and stream, an equal success in entering into the holy of holies where Nature hides her most precious things; and with it all a gentle, humane spirit that does not shun human companionship, but delights in leading the neophyte, provided only he be earnest and reverent, into the woodland temple, and amid the sanctities of creation.

In his latest volumes Mr. Burroughs has collected the essays that record his impressions during a recent trip to Great Britain. *Fresh Fields* is indeed a strange name to give the ground that has employed the pen of the essayist, as well as the poet's song, ever since the time when Chaucer heard "the smale fowles maken melodie" on a May morning five hundred years ago. If all the ink that has been used in describing those fields since then could have been sprinkled over them at the time of Mr. Burroughs's visit, it is doubtful if he could have found a spotless daisy in the kingdom. Yet these are "fresh fields" to him, and he vindicates his title by writing in a simple, straightforward way of the things he saw with those eyes of his, so trained in the craft of woods and fields that no mystery, could escape them. Certainly, no American can read these essays without gaining a picture of rural England and Scotland that is more vivid, and probably more truthful, than he has found in any other author; and it is equally certain that few Englishmen can read the book without finding that this clear-eyed stranger has seen much in the few weeks of his sojourn that they have left unnoticed all their lives. This sharpness of vision is not confined to that microscopic quality that pries into things too small and particular to reach the common eye; for nowhere has a writer been found that conveys to his page a better impression of the general sweep and prevailing tone of a landscape. He is on as good terms with Ben Venue as with a wren's nest.

The purely literary essays in the present volume

<sup>1</sup> *Fresh Fields*. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

are two on Carlyle. Emerson is Mr. Burroughs's godfather in literature and philosophy, and so much of the spirit of the Concord sage did he imbibe, that his first essays, published without a name, were attributed to his master. Later our author broke away from the style thus formed, but he has always retained a love and admiration for Emerson, which it was easy to transfer to the great Scotchman who was Emerson's constant correspondent and friend. The essays on Carlyle, therefore, are written from the position of an admirer and an apologist. The admiration is not so blind that it sees no faults. Carlyle's are too glaring to admit of that; and yet it is strong enough to color Mr. Burroughs's judgment to an extent that makes it impossible to follow him with the faith that is put in his opinions on matters in his peculiar province, natural history. Of Carlyle's contempt he says: "There is no malice or ill will in it, but pity rather, and pity springs from love." Again: "Nothing but man, but heroes, touched him, moved him, satisfied him. . . . Bring him a brave, strong man, or the reminiscence of any noble personal trait—sacrifice, obedience, reverence—and every faculty within him stirred and responded. . . . It is the tragedy in Burns's life that attracts him, the morose heroism in Johnson's," etc. Yet how are we to reconcile these sayings with the brutality with which he wrote of Lamb? Was it "a heart bursting with sympathy and love" that made him speak so harshly of gentle Elia, whose life was a tragedy most pitiful, a sacrifice most complete, a heroism the more great and touching because it was not morose? And yet Mr. Burroughs "fears that poor Lamb has been stamped to last," and justifies the stamping by adding that "it was plain from the outset that Carlyle could not like such a verbal acrobat as Lamb." It is not strange at all that "none of Carlyle's characterizations have excited more ill-feeling than this same one of Lamb." Myriads of readers who love the cheery, tender spirit that was gay and childlike amid a life of sorrow, that thought only of helping and gladdening his fellows when there was everything to make him gloomy and depressed, could not but quarrel with the man who smote Charles Lamb cruel blows even with a dead hand. They will distrust his purpose and his judgment with a distrust so hearty and deep-rooted, that it will include all persons that excuse or palliate the act. Poor Lamb is not stamped to last. As long as English literature is read at all, he will win the love of men; they will honor him for his tenderness, his courage, his sweet humor, and his self-sacrificing spirit; listening rather to his gentle preaching than to the jeremiads of this prophet of pessimism, who, even Mr. Burroughs admits, "had a narrow escape from being the most formidable blackguard the world had ever seen."

Emerson's influence on Mr. Burroughs's early style has been mentioned; his later writings, when on philosophical themes, still show the effects of that influence, and there are not a few paragraphs in the book under consideration that bear a strong tinge of Carlyleism as well. It is when he writes of nature that his style is at its best, simple, manly, and clear, with so much to tell which the world is glad to learn, that his thought is only to find the simplest way of expressing himself. Occasionally a phrase is used too homely or too colloquial to be the purest of English, and there are repetitions here and there that should have been cut out in preparing the essays for the permanency of book form; but these are minor defects, hardly worth mentioning in comparison with the pleasure and profit that Mr. Burroughs's book will give its readers.

#### Briefer Notice.

*The Young Men and the Churches: why Some of them are Outside, and why they Ought to Come In*,<sup>1</sup> a valuable little volume, contains a review of twenty-nine reasons assigned by young men for not attending church regularly, given in response to a circular of inquiry on the subject. The topic is handled with Mr. Gladden's usual skill.—*Duxbury Doings*,<sup>2</sup> *Our Two Homes*,<sup>3</sup> and *Mr. Standfast's Journey*,<sup>4</sup> are all excellent books for the family and Sunday school library, from the same society, which is issuing many carefully prepared works for this purpose.—*Consumption; its Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Cure*,<sup>5</sup> is a manual for the general reader by a competent specialist in throat diseases and other affections of the mucous membrane: it is written in a manner perfectly clear and comprehensible, and intended for the very wise purpose of increasing preventative effort on the part of people themselves. Dr. Kitchen believes consumption far more preventable and far more curable than is generally supposed, and holds that the confused and ignorant state of the public mind with regard to this disease is responsible for its being unnecessarily contracted.

<sup>1</sup> *The Young Men and the Churches; why Some of them are Outside, and why they Ought to Come In.* By Washington Gladden. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.

<sup>2</sup> *Duxbury Doings.* By Caroline B. De Low. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.

<sup>3</sup> *Our Two Homes; of Without and Within the Gates.* By Mrs. S. A. F. Herbert ("Herbert Newbury"). Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.

<sup>4</sup> *Mr. Standfast's Journey; or The Path of the Just.* By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.

<sup>5</sup> *Consumption; its Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Cure.* By J. M. W. Kitchen, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

---

VOL. V. (SECOND SERIES.)—APRIL, 1885.—No. 28.

---

## THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF ART AND THEIR APPLICATION TO THE "NOVEL."<sup>1</sup>

As the novel is a branch of fine art, some preliminary words on the true nature and end of art become necessary. In fact, these preliminary words may be regarded as the most important part of what I have to say. In all subjects the chief difficulty of the writer or speaker is to bring his audience to his point of view. If this is successfully achieved, there is little more to be done, for his audience can then see as well as he. If you agree with me as to the essential nature and ends of true art, there will be little difficulty in making you agree with me also in their application to any particular branch, as the "novel."

Art, then, may be primarily divided into two groups—useful and fine. The end of one is fitness of the other, beauty. The one is an embodiment of the laws of force; the other, of the laws of form. The one contributes to our comfort; the other, to our delight. The one is more closely connected with the understanding; the other, with sen-

timent and feeling—the one, therefore, with physics; the other, with æsthetics. The physical or useful art is the more fundamental, and is, therefore, independent of the fine; but not so, conversely; fine art is usually—perhaps always—underlaid and conditioned by the mechanical. I need not say that it is only with fine art that we are here concerned.

Again, fine art may be divided into the imitative and non-imitative. This may not be a thoroughly philosophic division, but in some respects, at least, it suits our purpose. To the former class belong, first of all, sculpture and painting. These represent some natural object, actual or conceivable, of which the work is professedly an imitation, though it may be and ought to be much more. To the same class belong also, although to a less degree, the drama and the novel; for these are supposed to represent truly events, actual or conceivable. To the other class belong music, poetry, and architecture. These are in no sense a representation of anything which exists, or could exist, in external nature. They are pure creations of the human mind. The former are works produced from materials furnished from *without*; the latter, from materials furnished from *within*. The

<sup>1</sup> This article was read at a recent meeting of the Longfellow Society of the University of California. Its substance may be found in a much more extended article published in the Southern Presbyterian Review, 1863. A portion of the latter was entirely recast in the present form for the occasion mentioned.

two groups may seem, therefore, at first sight, widely diverse. They are so in materials, but not in the mode of using them. The raw materials, however derived, are composed into a work of art by the same creative imagination, and the result is addressed to the same faculties. It is evident, then, that the so-called imitative arts must be more than imitative, otherwise they would not belong at all in the category of fine art.

We have said that the end of fine art is to please, to delight. We must not, however, on that account, imagine that it addresses itself only to our lower and sensuous nature. The end of fine art is indeed to delight, as of science to inform; but our delights are of grades as infinite as our knowledges. As knowledges rise through all grades from sense-impressions to apprehension of general laws, so our delights are of every grade from sense-delights to the perception of the divine beauty of holiness.

Now, it is evident that the question of the true end of art must find its solution in the nature of man—actual and ideal. Man's mind, like his body, may be regarded as a complex organism, consisting of many correlative faculties or functions. These faculties must not be classed as good and evil, but only as higher and lower. Evil consists in the dominance of the lower over the higher. All culture consists in the increasing dominance of the higher over the lower, and the final subjection of all to the highest. When this is completely attained; when the whole nature of man, with every faculty in its highest possible activity, but each under each in due subordination, work together in perfect accord, and the whole strives upward to still higher planes, with eye fixed steadily on the highest, the infinite, the divine—when, I say, this is completely attained, then we have reached the *ideal*; for this is true holiness, and the only true freedom.

But the *actual* man is far otherwise. There is no doubt about the fact—we all feel and acknowledge it—that in most men always, and even in the best men, except in their highest moments, the lower are relatively far

too strong; the higher relatively too weak. The higher faculties are overborne by and in bondage to the lower, and all is discord instead of harmony. Our sensuous and animal nature is stronger than our spiritual; and among our spiritual faculties, those most nearly related to the sensuous and animal are stronger than the higher and more distinctively human. Thus our several faculties are feeblar in proportion as they are higher. It matters not how it came so—whether by a sad fall from a more ideal pristine condition, as is generally thought, or whether the human spirit, born of the animal soul, is struggling to adapt itself to its higher spiritual environment, but sadly hindered by its animal inheritance, as others think—the fact is all that concerns us here. Now all culture strives to bring order into this chaos, by strengthening the higher, and, if necessary, by weakening the lower; but at any cost, to bring all into harmonious activity. This ideal condition is what we call the divine image. All noblest effort—science, art, religion—strives ever to *restore* or perfect—take it either way, the divine image in the human spirit: science strives ever to restore that image in the human reason, as truth; art in the human imagination, as beauty—the type of spiritual beauty, which is holiness; religion in human life and conduct, as *duty* and *love*. Thus, in the human spirit there is a kind of antagonism between the higher and lower, which has been often compared to warfare; and it is the business of all culture to help the right: not, indeed, to destroy the lower, but to bring it into subjection, as the willing and useful servant, to the higher.

Now, there are two forms in which this antagonistic relation between the higher and lower may be considered, viz: 1, as intellect and æsthetic sentiment, in their relation to the bodily senses or sense-impressions; and 2, the same in their relation to appetites, passions, and lower emotions. The state of balance in the one case determines the grade of intelligence or higher susceptibility; in the other, the grade of character. Dominance of the lower in the one case tends to stupidity or levity, in the other to vice. As respects

art, the one determines the grade of art, whether high or low; the other not only the grade, but also the character of art, whether pure or corrupt, whether healthy or morbid, whether elevating or debasing in its effects. In the one case, Nature external is too diverse, too complex, for us to understand and appreciate—the higher is overpowered, covered, buried, by the multiplicity of sense-impressions, and art, like science, is the *revealer* and interpreter; in the other, Nature internal is too strong for us. Art, like religion, must help us to conquer.

*High and Low Art.* We have said that the effect of a true art is to kindle and strengthen the higher and repress the lower, and thus to bring the mind of the beholder into a condition approaching the ideal man. This is done by emphasis on whatever appeals to the higher, and a subduing of whatever appeals to the lower; so that an exalted state of the whole nature is produced. In proportion as this effect is attained, the art is high; in proportion as the artist attains only clever imitation of what any one may see in the object represented, the art is low.

I know no department of art which illustrates these principles so well and in so simple a way as portrait painting. If any department is purely imitative, surely it is this. It is generally supposed that the portrait painter is successful in proportion as he reproduces with mathematical accuracy the outline and color of every feature, so that the man stands before us exactly as he looks in his ordinary daily life; so that, taking the picture frame as a window, we actually imagine we are looking at the man in another room. If this be the ideal portrait-painting, then has it become a useless art; for the photograph is far superior in everything except color, and this is easily added. If this be so, then genius is a useless endowment, for it is far outstripped by sunlight. Yet who does not feel that the pleasure we take in a successful photograph is far different from and lower than that which we feel in viewing a real work of higher art. Why is this? We explain it thus:

Our nature, as already said, is a mixture

of high and low, divine and animal, well expressed in the beautiful outlines of Retzsch by the figure of the Sphinx, with its animal body half buried in the earth, and its divinely human head among the clouds. The whole of this mixed nature is expressed in the human face, the several elements in various proportions according to our original character or degree of culture; but in all, under ordinary circumstances, the lower and sensuous too strong, or perhaps the higher or divine too weak. In many, alas! the divine is so obscured by the animal that it seems utterly gone. It exists, however, though invisible to us; otherwise the face would be no longer human. There is not a human face, however revolting, there is not a human character, however degraded, but has in it something worthy of love—yea, even of reverence. If we cannot see it, it is our fault. God sees it, and compassionates its eclipsed condition. It is the business of genius, amid all the obscurations of inherited depravity, amid the still sadder obscurations of individual vice and passion, to detect, bring out, and embody it in art—to disentangle and separate the gold from the dross. In a state of repose or mental vacuity, only the low, and sensuous, and animal is visible. The eye must be kindled and the whole face lighted by noble emotions, by high thoughts or holy purpose. The face must be taken at its best. Now, it is impossible that the photograph should take the face except in repose and mental vacuity, and therefore in its lowest condition. Any attempt at expression becomes affectation, and is worse than mere vacuity. The photograph is powerless to express what is best in any face. The highest ambition of the mere imitative artist is to emulate the accuracy of the photograph—to make an exact copy of what a clown might see, or a mechanic with rule and compass might execute. The great artist, on the other hand, may be less minutely accurate in reproducing every wrinkle, pimple, or blotch on the skin, or every fold of the cravat; but he will catch something of its highest expression. Whatever is base and animal he will soften, and whatever is noble he

will emphasize. He does not violate nature, but only *carries out what nature intended*. It is we ourselves who violate our higher nature through sin. The true but unattainable ideal of portrait painting, then, is the clear seeing and complete expression on canvas of an individual human face, not exactly as it is, but as it should be—as God intended it to be—and as it would have been if it had not been marred by vice and passion inherited and individual. What a teacher would such a painter be! To see ourselves as we might have been, and such as through much conflict we might still hope to be, and then to see ourselves such as we are—"to look on this picture and then on that"!

This is the ideal, but, as already said, the unattainable ideal of art. All we can expect is some distant approach to this ideal. All we can hope is that the artist shall watch his opportunity, shall skillfully draw out from its deep sleep whatever is noble, so that it may for a moment flash upon and enlighten the features, and then embody it on canvas. In a word, he must paint the face in its best and highest moments, and if possible, even carry it beyond in the same direction. This is the best idealism which we can expect in portrait painting; and even this is rare, for nearly all that is called idealism is false and worthless. The artist sees not and cannot embody the noble and divine, but seeks to embody, not what he distinctly sees, but something which has no existence except in his own vain imagination.

There are, therefore, three kinds of portrait painters as of all kinds of artists. The first honestly and accurately sets down all he sees, but he sees only the low and commonplace. The second equally honestly sets down all that he sees, but he sees also the noble—sets down honestly all that he sees, only varying their relative strength, here softening, there strengthening, until all is brought into divine harmony; varying thus their relative strength, not in the spirit of dishonesty and conceit, but as a faithful, loving teacher. The third class, despising the first class, and not able to attain to the second; leaving the

firm basis of mechanical execution, and not able to attain to the divine conception; losing his firm grasp of the actual and material, and not able to take hold of the ideal, merely floats about in a cloud-land of vain imaginations and foolish conceits. The first is low art, the second high art; but both genuine and useful, each in its degree. The third is simply false and hurtful. High art in portrait painting is so very rare that most of us would probably prefer mechanical accuracy, lest we get instead a false idealism. Therefore we will be wise to be satisfied with the accurate representation of our loved ones in their usual every-day faces. Love is closely allied to genius. Love, like genius, enjoys the privilege of seeing the noble and godlike in the human face, however veiled by material clothing or darkened by error. Thus the faces of our loved ones become indissolubly associated in our minds with whatever is noblest in their characters. Thus, if we only have a faithful copy, even of what is most commonplace, love does for us exactly what art so often strives in vain to accomplish—transfigures the commonplace into the image of the divine.

Thus we may with justice prefer photography in the representation of our friends, but this is only because we are ourselves, through love, in the position of the high artist; because in this matter our perceptions are so acute, and affections so jealous, that it would require almost superhuman genius to satisfy them; and therefore we prefer that imitative art should only furnish the materials on which we ourselves may exercise our own creative power.

*Landscape.* The principle I am trying to enforce is also well illustrated by landscape painting; we will, therefore, add a very few words on this subject. Most persons, I think, would regard it as a complete triumph of this art to represent a natural scene so accurately in outline and color of every minutest detail, that, taking the picture frame as a window, we are completely deceived into the belief that we are looking through at a real scene, instead of a painting. Now, even were such deception possible, it would not

be high art, but only clever mechanical, imitative art. A true landscape is not a mere copy of nature, but something differing from actual nature; and the difference is made with the design of opening the eyes of the spectator to what he would not otherwise see in nature, viz., its divine, ideal beauty. The common artist strives to reproduce with utmost accuracy what everyone, even the clown or the contemplative ruminant, may see as well as he. In other words, he makes a deceptive imitation of nature. Such deceptive imitation, like any other jugglery, exhibits cleverness, but not genius. It is easily appreciated, and universally admired, and the artist gains his end, which is popularity. But he shows us nothing that we could not see as well or better without him. He is therefore no teacher, no *revealer*. The great artist, on the contrary, sacrifices somewhat the superficial, sensuous, and therefore deceptive resemblance to nature, for the deep, spiritual, and therefore non-deceptive resemblance,—the divine significance of nature. He softens or neglects somewhat the sensuous impression, that he may bring out in bolder relief the higher intellectual, æsthetic impression; he selects the really characteristic and significant from the obscuring multiplicity of insignificant and distracting detail, and by gentle emphasis here and there directs the imagination and excites the æsthetic faculty; he sets free the higher perceptive faculty from the bondage of sense, and brings the whole nature into a condition of harmonious spiritual activity.

Let us not be misunderstood, however. No more of detail should be sacrificed than is absolutely necessary. The more truth of all sorts, high and low, the artist crowds on his canvas, the nobler the work, provided always the emphasis on the high be sufficient to make these predominant. The greater the variety of impressions, high and low, that is made on the mind of the spectator, the nobler the picture, provided always the artist succeeds in coördinating these into a harmonious unit. If the commoner truth is too much neglected, the work is cold and unreal; if the higher truth is not expressed,

the work is low and imitative. Judged by this standard I believe the best modern landscape is far superior to that of any previous period; for it contains much more of truth. It is the result of closer observation and completer knowledge of nature than that of the school of Claude and Poussin—these latter sacrificing all truth of detail for general effect. It may be well to remark, in passing, that the effect of science as a teacher or revealer is similar to that of art, though in a different field. The simple gazer on external nature is overwhelmed by the multiplicity and diversity of sense-impressions, and sees nothing higher; science teaches him to see other and nobler things, viz., law of higher and higher order—the ideal being the perception of the divine law of the whole.

*Art, healthy and morbid.* The relation of the higher faculties to the senses gives rise, in the representation of external nature, to higher and lower art. The relation of the same to the appetites and passions gives rise to pure and impure, or healthy and morbid art. In the first, the perception of the higher significance of Nature is overborne and obscured by the multiplicity and diversity of sense-impressions, and we call upon the artist to help us to see—to reveal to us the higher beauty of Nature. In the other, our higher self is overborne and enslaved by the sensuous in the form of appetite or lower emotions, and we call upon the artist to help us to conquer—to set our higher self free, and give it a chance for noble activity. I will give some illustrations, beginning with the simplest:

The nude human figure is the simplest illustration of what I mean. This is unbearable in Nature, and even doubtful in painting, because the perception of what is noble and elevating in human form is overborne and enslaved by the power of sense. The duty of the artist, then, is to subdue the sensuous impression. He does so by the whiteness, the coldness, and the purity of marble—or even, if necessary, by use of drapery—anything to repress the lower sufficiently to set free the higher æsthetic sense to perceive the divine beauty expressed in the ideal human form. Observe, I say “subdue,” not

destroy. Sense in every form—whether as bodily senses or as appetite—is the useful, yea, necessary, servant to our higher nature; but must be servant. When duly subordinated, but not destroyed, the higher is strengthened and nourished by its connection with the lower, and the lower is refined and purified by its connection with the higher, and the whole nature of the beholder is elevated. This I wish to emphasize as the very type of a true art—this union of the sensuous and emotional on the one hand, with the noblest æsthetic perception on the other. This strengthening of the feeble higher by its connection with the more vigorous lower, and this purification and elevation of the lower by its connection with the higher, is precisely that in which art excels all other means of human culture.

But observe again: the more of the lower and the sensuous that can be put in without overthrowing the dominance of the higher, the better, the stronger, the nobler the art. The amount of the lower which may be thus introduced depends partly on the power of the artist to embody and emphasize the higher in his work, and partly on the beholder—on the relative susceptibility of the higher and lower in his nature. In the ideal condition of man the nude is bearable and best; but this only means that in the ideal condition art is no longer needed, for Nature is then the best teacher.

*Effect of memory.* The same principle is well and simply illustrated by the effect of time on overwhelming emotion in strong natures. We will suppose a strong man, of keen sensibilities, powerful emotions, and vivid imaginations—in a word, a poet; we will suppose such an one suddenly struck down by a great affliction, perhaps the loss of a passionately loved one. At first, overwhelmed, crushed, unmanned by excess of emotion, he can only express his anguish, if expressed at all, in incoherent and pitiable ejaculations. But time passes—a week, a month, a year, of constant and finally victorious struggle. He emerges from the conflict purified, strengthened, ennobled; still assaulted, indeed, by strong emotion, but master of himself. Now

he is no longer an object of pity, but of admiration and reverence. Now his emotions are no longer expressed in ejaculations, but take the form of art, and break forth in poetry and song. No true art is possible until this condition is attained; and it is the object of all true art to bring about this very condition—calm but glowing, moved but strong—this pure, elevated, ecstatic condition of noble emotion in the minds of others. Art produced before this condition is attained, or by any one in whom passion and emotion are uncontrolled, is always morbid, intoxicating, and therefore hurtful.

*The Drama.* I am so anxious to enforce and make clear my view, that I am sure I will be pardoned for using one more illustration from a department very closely allied to the novel, viz., the drama. The usual view is that the success of the artist and the actor is completest when we sit spell-bound, oblivious of time, place, and audience, with nerves strained and eyes fixed—where the imitation of actuality is so perfect, and the illusion so complete, that we perhaps even leap on the stage to join in the fray, or to prevent a catastrophe—when we go home relaxed and melancholy, have the nightmare, and wake up next morning with nerves unstrung, our strength dissipated, and our mind unfit for the duties of life. On the contrary, such an effect is evidence of complete failure of the artist. Such art is false, morbid, intoxicating, and the effect of its habitual use is precisely similar to that of dissipation or intoxication of other kinds. Doubtless, such drama will draw; because most men and women love to be intoxicated, if not in the grosser way, in the more decent way of the dissipation of fashionable society, or of the theater. Artists enough will be found who are willing, for a consideration, to open such intoxicating art saloons.

The effect of the true drama, as rendered by the true actor, is far different: sense and emotion are strong, but not overpowering; for the æsthetic feeling, the glow produced by poetic rhythm, by noble character, by pure sentiment, is still stronger. The soul is glowing, but in no sense melting. The illu-

sion is not and must not be complete. The spectator must choose to yield himself to a partial illusion, but without losing his self-mastery. He goes home in a state of pure and high delight. He is elevated, strengthened, and better prepared for all the duties of life.

The Greeks, with their keen and true artistic sentiments, well understood this. They never attempted to produce illusion by perfect and deceptive reproduction of nature. They exhibited in the day time, with imperfect stage effects; and by the use of the cothurnus, the mask, the chorus, and the measured rhythm characteristic of classic poetry, still farther removed the work from the more commonplace natural into the realm of the ideal, and thus avoided even the semblance of illusion. The Greeks carried this removal from the commonplace actual much farther than do the moderns. They would have despised the passionate emotion which we allow even in our best dramas. It is probable that in early times men were more excitable and impressionable than they are now, and that a true art required a more complete suppression of the sensuous and emotional then, than is necessary now. For, as already explained, the more of the sensuous and the emotional we put into a work of art, the better, if equilibrium and harmony are preserved. Human nature is the type of art; and the first necessity in character is spiritual equilibrium, self-mastery, harmonious activity. If necessary for this, and as far as is necessary, the lower must be suppressed; but the more of the sensuous and the emotional there be consistently with this, the stronger and nobler the character. Purity first, nobleness afterwards. For this reason, the drama of Shakespeare must be regarded as a nobler type than that of the Greeks, although perhaps less complete in development—higher in its ideal, but less complete in the attainment of the ideal.

*A Test of Art.* The best test of a true art is the permanency of our delight. There is a joy in the discovery of a new *fact*, but it quickly palls with familiarity. There is a higher joy in the discovery of a new *law* of

nature; but even this loses its keenness with time. But the delight in a true work of art—in beauty—is perennial and ever increasing. No work of art that cannot stand this test is of a high order. A painting is not worth looking at at all, as a work of art, unless it may be gazed at for hours, and every day, with ever increasing delight. A song or a piece of concerted music is not worth hearing, unless worth repeating many times with ever increasing enjoyment. We say with *ever increasing* delight, for the best and the highest expressed in any work cannot be seen or felt at first. It is at least partly on this account that art is not progressive in the same sense as is science. The very fact that truth so rapidly palls in interest stimulates the mind to attain new truths—hence the eternal craving for more and more. But a work of art, in proportion to its perfectness, produces on the beholder a sense of *contented* delight. Its effect is not so much on the intellect as on the character. We are stimulated, not to increase the sum of knowledge, but to attain the ideal in our own nature. By study of science we mainly accumulate, and perhaps build; by study and enjoyment of art we grow.

*Art its Own End.* From what has been said it will already be anticipated that art has no end ulterior to itself—*i. e.*, to the expression of beauty. It may, indeed, contain science, or philosophy, or morals, and the more the better; but these are there only because it cannot be helped; because they were in the mind of the artist, not as an accumulated wealth, but as a *constituent element*, and must appear in his work also as a constituent element. Art does not undertake to teach. Its morals are not obtruded, but must be discovered. It speaks morals in parables, as nature does—as all divine teaching does. If we understand, it is well; if not, we are not yet prepared. A more formal method would do us no good, and perhaps much harm, by putting the form on our lips but not the substance in our hearts. To get any morals, or philosophy, or science out of it we must ourselves extract it.

But while art teaches nothing didactically,

either good or bad, yet the character of the art, whether noble or ignoble, whether moral or immoral, will depend on the soul of the artist. This is the answer to those of the so-called *fleshy school*, who say we have no right to judge of their work by its supposed moral effect, since art is its own end, and the perfectness of art is in proportion to its execution only. Yes, its perfectness, perhaps, but not its nobleness. The greatness of a work is a product of the elevation of its plane and the perfectness of its execution; the nobleness of its ideas and the completeness of their expression. Perfectness of expression of an idea not worth expressing shows cleverness, not genius.

#### THE NOVEL.

I HAVE consumed most of my time, and, I fear, all your patience, in treating of the general principles underlying all art. I must now very briefly apply them to one particular form, viz., *the novel*. I shall not, however, enter into a critical analysis of the different authors who have been or are now before the public. My reading in this kind of literature, especially in later times, is far too limited to justify me in doing so. I leave that for others more minutely acquainted with modern novel-literature. I wish only to apply the foregoing principles in two or three very familiar cases, by way of illustration.

The novel is closely allied to the drama. It is a picture of human life, *natural*, and at the same time *ideal*. The ideal element, however, is more prominent in the drama. Visible action brings out the sense-element more strongly than narration; and therefore, by the canons already given, a stronger infusion of the ideal element is necessary to constitute it a true work of art. The drama, therefore, stands on a higher plane, and is more removed from ordinary human life, than the novel, as is shown by its form, the language being poetry instead of prose. But the novel has a much larger audience, and in many ways a much wider range of influence. It is written and read more leisurely and thoughtfully. It usually extends over a greater pe-

riod of time, and embraces a greater range of characters—in other words, is less hampered by the unities. It is more painstaking in its delineations of character and in its description of events. It lends itself more easily to the vivid representation of history, to the conveyance of useful knowledge, the inculcation of philosophic views, or the furtherance of moral, social, or political reforms. It may have, therefore, a wide range of usefulness outside the limits of art proper. Now, in so far as these things are in the essential being of the work, as they were in the soul of the artist, and not introduced, as it were, *ab extra*, lugged in by the head and shoulders—in so far as they are there, as it were, unconsciously to the artist himself—they belong to the higher element of art, and serve to constitute it high art. But, in so far as they are introduced deliberately and of set purpose, they necessarily cramp the freedom of art, and impair its beauty. As a noble character best teaches by mere presence, and noble action, and subtle influence, without preaching, so a great work of art must cultivate by mere elevation of the beholder or reader to a higher plane and a purer atmosphere.

Perfect freedom is an essential condition of art, and, therefore, whoever executes a work of art for any distinct purpose, to him higher than art itself—from any motive stronger than love of beauty—must be content to sacrifice some portion of its intrinsic excellence as a work of art. A novel may contain profound philosophic or moral reflections, or deep religious truth, but it must not be executed for these purposes. It must exhibit these things to the appreciative mind, as nature does, unobtrusively. The thoughtful mind will receive the lesson all the more willingly for having found it himself. The inappreciative and thoughtless sees nothing, and his peace is not disturbed by having what he does not understand or care for thrust upon him, "against the stomach of his sense." As soon as art becomes didactic, it loses not only much of its value as art, but even its power of teaching the truly appreciative mind, although it may possibly

become thereby a better teacher of those who cannot be reached in any other way.

Now, much of the novel-writing of the present day has been thus subordinated to the purposes of moral or social reform. It is for this reason that Dickens's later novels, as works of art, are inferior to his earlier ones. In his "Bleak House," for instance, his object is to expose the abuses of law procedures, especially in Chancery suits; also, subordinately, to expose the cant of that philanthropy and charity which has its seat in the head, not in the heart. In his "Little Dorritt," his main object is to expose the abuses of government and the horrors of a debtor's prison. Of course, as there is a distinct purpose to be subserved, caricatures often take the place of true delineations of life and character. No one can blame Dickens for this; for to him social reform is a worthier field of activity, or else a field for which he is better fitted, than art. All we wish to insist upon is that in every such work true art is in a measure sacrificed.

For the same reason, I think, George Eliot has failed to reach the highest plane of pure art. Of all recent novelists, I suppose she stands highest among cultivated men and women. And she richly deserves all her reputation, but rather as thinker than as artist. George Eliot is, first of all, a philosophical thinker, and only secondarily a novelist. She uses the novel as the most effective means of presenting and enforcing her thoughts on social, ethical, and religious questions. She obtrudes her philosophy in the person of her characters far too much. Purely from an artistic point of view, her works are thereby injured. Now, art and beauty are perennial, but the fashion of social and ethical philosophy changes. I believe, therefore, her popularity will wane.

Again: to most readers the charm of the novel consists in the complete absorption of every faculty, all the intense interest of the narrative. The novel is supposed to be successful when we are hurried along in breathless suspense, the excitement increasing at every step until we reach the conclusion; when the intricacy of the plot is so great, and the

interest of the incidents so intense, that with a sort of ravenous appetite, and an eagerness bordering on fierceness, we actually devour the story; when the glowing description and the delirium of passion shall steal away the senses, and "in a sweet madness rob the mind of itself," and like the ravishing song of Circe, "take the prisoned soul and lap it in elysium." Can the bowl of Comus be a more intoxicating draught than this? Can this be the true object of the novel? Far from it. On the contrary, every such novel depraves and enervates, instead of purifying and invigorating. But most persons love to be intoxicated, and, therefore, such novels will have many readers, and, therefore, in this sense, will succeed.

Let us apply our test here. As already said, it is characteristic of a true work of art that it bears repetition *ad infinitum*. No work of art is worth enjoying, unless it can stand this test and improve under it. No piece of music is worth hearing unless worth hearing many times, and with increasing delight. No drama or novel is worth reading at all, unless worth reading many times. A novel may contain good history, or good science, or good philosophy, and may be worth reading once on that account; but as a work of art, it must be worth reading not only the second, but even the tenth and the twentieth time, and with ever increasing pleasure. We say deliberately with *increasing* pleasure; for even in the best novels the excitement of the mere story on first reading is somewhat too great for the perfect freedom of the mind. It is only in memory, or on repeated readings, that the true æsthetic impression is complete. Every appreciative reader knows that the pleasure derived from Shakespeare's dramas or Walter Scott's novels rises in purity and dignity with every reading; that in proportion as we become more familiar with the incidents of the story, and the lower pleasures of curiosity and excitement become less, the higher and purer delight in fine delineation of character and in the ideal, the poetic, the romantic, becomes greater.

Judged by this test, Charlotte Brontë, Wil-

kie Collins, and especially the whole school of French novelists—Eugene Sue, Dumas, Victor Hugo, etc.—fall into a second rank. In these either intricacy of plot and ingenuity in entangling and disentangling it, or else a morbid, passionate emotion, is the chief source of pleasure. Our lower pleasures are intense, but quickly pall. These novels cannot be read with pleasure many times.

One other principle I have not yet brought out. It is admitted that the true delineation of character is the "*sine qua non*" of the drama and the novel; but there is a *mode* of developing character which is very characteristic of the highest genius. I will illustrate what I mean by comparing Dickens with Shakespeare. Both of these writers depict nature with wonderful accuracy, but their methods are wholly different. Dickens, in his best novels, depicts nature or delineates character with an accuracy so minute that it may well be called photographic. But the very fact that it is photographic is a proof that it is only commonplace nature, *i. e.*, nature as seen by common eyes and addressing our lower faculties—the very nature which one may see around him every day without the aid of the artist. Shakespeare, on the contrary, less precise and minute, is even truer to nature; but it is no longer nature as seen by common eyes, but high ideal nature—nature as seen by genius and teaching the noblest lessons. This high, pure, truly wonderful ideality of Shakespeare is best seen in his female characters. These are, at the same time, perfectly natural, and yet attaining an ideal wholly inconceivable except as revealed by him. Shakespeare's heroines are the noblest ideals, not only of woman but of humanity, ever embodied by human artist. Dickens is the extreme of simple naturalness in the common acceptance; Shakespeare of highest ideality, combined with perfect naturalness. But what I wish especially to draw attention to, is the manner in which these results are attained in the two cases. The process is, as it were, inductive in the one and deductive in the other. Dickens commences *ab externo* with the minutest detail, and proceeds step by step until every detail is exhausted; and then only is the character in its true nature seen

and understood. Shakespeare commences, as it were, *ab interno*, with the living principle. The first words spoken by any person reveal his true character to the appreciative mind, and all that comes after is only development. In the former case character is built up stone by stone, like an edifice; in the latter it is developed from a living germ, and step by step grows and clothes itself in forms of beauty. Doubtless the distinction to which I have drawn attention is partly due to the form of art, one being more characteristic of drama, the other of the novel; but the best novel ought to approach the drama in this respect. Now I believe Walter Scott, in many respects, stands between these extremes—the pure ideality of Shakespeare attainable only in drama, and the pure, imitative presentation of common nature, of which I have taken Dickens as a type. It seems to me that Walter Scott is the highest type of novelist the world has yet produced.

It is impossible to speak separately of novelists, except in so far as they illustrate the foregoing principles. It may not be amiss, however, to touch briefly one or two. In Bulwer, the clever, the versatile, the fascinating, we find some admirable portraiture of character, especially in his later novels of the Caxton series; but withal something of tinsel glitter and meretricious effect detectable to the purest taste.

With late American novelists, such as Howells and James, I am too little acquainted to judge authoritatively. I have, however, read some of each. It seems to me that they both display wonderful acuteness of analysis and vividness of reproduction, but lack what I have called ideality. The plane of their work is not high, because they are affected, perhaps unwittingly, by the materialistic and utilitarian philosophy of the age. They seem to lack living faith in what is noblest in human nature. James, especially, is almost pessimistic.

What, then, in conclusion, are the highest and most imperishable qualities in a novel? What are the things which give us perennial delight? There are doubtless many, the mere mention of which would carry me too

far. But more than all, and underlying and conditioning all, is the creation of real, living, flesh-and-blood characters. A novel is a work of high art, just in proportion as its characters are to the reader *real*; and then, this being attained, in proportion as they are also *noble*. The characters of a novel ought to be so real that by frequent reading we learn to know them better than we do our best friends, and to delight in their company as we do that of our actual friends. We know them, I say, even better than we do our friends, because it is the prerogative of genius to separate and emphasize whatever is most significant and characteristic from the mass of mere commonplace, and therefore obscuring, detail.

The value of such characterization is always great, but in several degrees. First, it is valuable as furnishing the true key for the study of human nature, precisely as experiment is the true key to the scientific study of external nature. As the confusing complexity of nature is simplified and brought within the limits of our comprehension by well devised experiments, even so the confusing complexity of human nature must be simplified by the artist before it can be comprehended. I do not hesitate to say that good dramas, and especially good novels, are the best introduction to the study of man. This kind of value is, of course, independent of the kind of character, if only it be true.

But, again, true characterization is still

more valuable when it selects and brings out in strong relief the noble and lovable in characters which would otherwise seem commonplace and even degraded. It thus broadens our sympathies, and teaches us to look behind the mere mask of external conditions. Here is the favorite field of that rare and admirable quality so nearly allied to genius, viz., genuine humor—a quality so conspicuous in Shakespeare and Scott, so delicate and ethereal in Lamb, and so genuine though coarse and fun-like in Dickens. Genuine humor has its roots in deep and loving sympathy with humanity, even in its weaknesses. Its effect on the reader is not only to agitate the diaphragm but also to warm the heart.

But most valuable of all is the true embodiment of the noble and ideal in human character—not the false ideal which is so common that we are apt to be content with the representation of the commonplace if only it be true, but the true ideal found in high degree only in Shakespeare; and in Shakespeare in the highest perfection only in his female characters. Next to Shakespeare it is found in less degree in Walter Scott, but again especially in his female characters. The heroines of Shakespeare! How can I express my admiration—my almost worship of these? Surely, the frequent association with such women is the purest, the most ennobling and elevating culture ever offered by art to man.

*Joseph Le Conte.*

---

#### THE NEOPHYTE.

IN fervent clasp his youth's ideal  
 He raises o'er the tide;  
 Across the deep he fain would bear it,  
 And reach the thither side  
 Still holding it aloft, in sunlight bathed,  
 By all the wildering turbulence unscathed.

His better self! will he preserve it  
 And life's long turmoil breast?  
 Ah! he who bears a soul's ideal  
 Within the realms of rest  
 Must greatly cope, though single-armed, and saves  
 A treasure from the hungry maws of waves.

*Wilbur Larremore.*

## OLIVE ORCHARDS OF THE RIVIERA.

I WAS executing a resolution ten years old when I walked a hundred miles over the Cornice road. I had been told many a time that this particular road was exactly the finest thing to drive over in Europe. If so fine to drive over, why not still finer for a week's walk, I meditated; especially as certain plans allowed me many rests, and a few weeks' strolling among the olive and lemon groves of San Remo and Bordighera. These delectable groves, possibly more than Napoleon's great mail-road to Italy, helped me to conclude to spend most of my vacation in a tramp from Nice to Genoa.

About seventeen waiters, whose noses I had never seen before, formed lines on each side of me, as, with knapsack and umbrella, I marched out of the hôtel one fine morning, at Nice. The coppers I distributed among these parading worthies were a collection from many lands, and, I trust, were all uncurrent. They did not deserve one of them. A little explanation, later, will tell why. When I was a couple of miles out of town, and upon the high edge of the hill, I sat down to take a look at the city—and—at my hotel bill. I think I might have liked Nice very much had it not been for that reckoning. Here are the items for a single day, consisting of twenty-four hours only.

Room.....	4 frs. 00
1 Dinner.....	6 " 00
½ Bottle Country Wine.....	3 " 00
½ of one Tallow Candle.....	1 " 00
1 Cup of tea and 2 Boiled Eggs.....	6 " 00
½ Pound Cold Meat between two bits of Bread, for lunch.....	5 " 50
1 Sheet of Writing Paper.....	0 " 50
1 Cup of Chocolate, for breakfast.....	2 " 00
1 small piece of Soap.....	1 " 50
Some Matches to light my half candle with.....	0 " 75
Service of the Seventeen Servants who had paraded before me.....	2 " 00
Omnibus that I did not use.....	2 " 00
	<hr/>
	34 frs. 25
Add usual mistakes made by chief clerk in adding up.....	4 " 25
	<hr/>
Sum	38 frs. 50

I read this interesting bill over carefully twice, counted my money, took one long, lingering, and as I hoped, last look at Nice and its hotels, and pursued my pilgrimage. When I had climbed five miles up the mountain, along a stony way leading above villa Franche, and cutting off a great elbow of the Cornice road, I had a view of inexpressible grandeur.

Above me were bold, bare rocks, it is true, but far off there in the valley was beautiful Nice, and right below me was the blue Mediterranean, with its surf sounding and swelling around the never-weary rocks. Up and down, as far as the eye could reach, sailed lazy ships, and beyond them, in the purple distance, were the snowy hills of Corsica. I forgot my hotel bill, and congratulated myself a hundred times for having determined to leave the railway in order to walk to Genoa.

Away off in the distance, I saw scores of little villages nestling between mountain spurs, or clinging to some steep hill-side. Some of them were old chateaux or castles only, with a few houses, and, may be, a town-wall, and a tower grouped about them. Some of them seemed half in ruins; and one of them was a deserted village. It was Chateauf. It interested me immensely. It is a town of high stone houses, built away up upon a mighty rock. Not a soul lives there. Centuries ago it was a flourishing Roman town. Now, how deserted! It was not the winds and the rains beating upon this city on a rock that caused it to fall, but a sudden ceasing of the fountains. Water failed, and everybody left the place. Its only occupants now are bats and owls, and they have whole mansions to themselves. One can imagine the wise conclaves that take place by the old town pump on the piazza on moonlight nights. It is said a crazy man went up there, and opened a post office once, but no letters arriving, he sent his commission to Paris in disgust.

This Cornice road was built by the first

Napoleon as an imperial mail route to Italy, and in the old time, when stages ran over it, it was the scene of a hundred romantic incidents; and within a few years even, bandits have given to the route a spice of entertainment, and made many a lone wanderer feel shaky.

Almost the entire Riviera is walled in by spurs of the Apennines, which run down to the edge of the sea, and suddenly rear their heads and break off, as if afraid of the angry waves dashing about their feet. Over these reared-up mountain-heads, and around them, and through them, runs the Cornice road. The Italians call it *Corniche*, or Cornice, because of its running cornice-like on this rocky frame-work of the sea.

When I was three hours out from Nice, the view became more and more striking: the sea, foaming two thousand feet below me, seemed so intensely blue; the promontories, reaching out like little islands, were so wonderfully picturesque; while the ships, with their white sails, passed so near me, I wondered if I might not run and spring from the cliffs right into one of them. I counted thirty sail in sight at once from one point.

The rocks to my left were still bald and desolate. I noticed a shepherd here and there, though, watching his flocks pick the stray blades of grass from among the rough lime-stone. I would as soon have thought of grazing sheep on the top of Bunker Hill monument.

A little further on, the road ascends to the ridge of the mountain, the high rocks at the left separate, and through an open valley I saw spread out the snow-clad Maritime Alps. The view burst on me suddenly, and the cold white picture was like a revelation. The warm, blue Mediterranean was at my feet, the bright sky of Italy was above me, and there, contrasting in heavy outlines with all, were square miles of ice and snow. As I stood on the comb of the mountain, I felt the warm sea breeze struggling with the cold breath of the Alps. I pulled on my ulster, turned up my heavy collar, and for half an hour stood wondering whether the scene to my right or left was the grander.

When I had enjoyed the view well, and caught a good cold, I proceeded to a point above Monaco. Monaco, the little kingdom on a rock. It is the most Lilliputian of the world's principalities. The Prince is rich, however, and his playhouse government is guaranteed by the great Powers. Why it should be it were hard to tell. Prince Charley is to be envied among rulers. He has all the honors of a little king and no responsibilities. With one hand he establishes a sacred monastery within his little six-by-seven territory, and with the other he licenses the worst gambling saloons of the world. The income of this license is enormous, and, as a consequence, Prince Charley's people pay no taxes. They are contented, and assassination is never talked of in Monaco.

At a little wayside restaurant farther along the road, I had my first bottle of Asti wine. There was some mistake, surely. I had ordered a cheap wine, and the good-looking waitress had given me champagne. However, as the charge was but a franc, I am bound to believe I had drunk only a bottle of pure *Asti*. It had the color of old cider, and the foam and the sparkle of Mumm's best. When bought in Piedmont, where it grows, it costs, I am told, but little more than lager beer.

My ulster was light as my spirits when my bottle of Asti was finished, and the good-looking waitress had pointed me the path down to the gilded gambling saloons of Monte Carlo. I had seen this enticing den before, and under the glare of a thousand lamps at midnight, when everybody's pulse beat fever speed, and when whole hatfuls of napoleons were lost on a single throw. Why should I leave the mountains and the blue sea, the bright sunshine and the lemon trees, to go into that hot, excited scene again? Besides, it was a two hours' walk down a precipitous, stony path, from the Cornice road to Monte Carlo, and so I skipped it wholly. I skipped by Mentone, too; beautiful Mentone, much talked of as it is by the world's invalids—skipped it because there were places more beautiful, though less talked of, beyond.

On the second day I was in Bordighera,

in the land of palms. It is little wonder that pretty Queen Margaret comes to Bordighera when she will have a summer's airing. It is worth many a mile's travel just to catch a glimpse of its gardens of olives, oranges, palms, lemons, and almonds. I think it the most beautiful, and possibly, too, the healthiest spot on the whole Mediterranean. San Remo, a few miles farther on, is the only town with a particle of right to call itself a rival. Being no "medicine man" I carry no thermometer under my left arm, and no barometer in my breeches' pocket; but I would stake my reputation at guessing on the assertion that a better climate than San Remo and Bordighera does not exist in all this world.

Indeed, if I were ordering a climate made to suit me and to approach perfection, it should be a duplicate of San Remo in winter. It is not too hot in summer, because of the sea-breezes and the near mountains; and on Christmas it is not so cold but almonds and lemons, camelias and violets, ripen and bloom in the open air by millions. It rains in San Remo but forty-five days in the year. Not much chance for a flood, and no work for ark-builders at all. In Mentone, twenty miles away, there are eighty days of rain yearly. Nice has seventy. Pau, one hundred and nineteen. Madeira, eighty-eight, and Torquay two hundred. To a non-professional, or to an umbrella-manufacturer, these are figures that can be felt, so to speak.

There is not in all Italy a spot so oriental in vegetation as this pretty Bordighera. I have been up and down, here and at San Remo, for weeks in mid-winter, and every day have passed camelias and roses in bloom, and have feasted my eyes on luxuriant palms by the thousand, and whole valleys full of almonds, lemons, and oranges fringed in by forests of olive trees. In San Remo and Bordighera the days are short, owing to the half circle of mountains about them, thus making their summer twilight long and delicious. Each place has a delightful beach for bathers, and the waters of the Mediterranean are known to be twenty degrees warmer than those of the Atlantic Ocean; in fact,

in mid-winter its surface temperature is never below sixty degrees. This is as warm as most lakes are in mid-summer. Within a week I have repeatedly seen ladies surf-bathing between here and Nice. In the several weeks that I have been here this winter, I have not seen a fire in our rooms once; in fact, we had forgotten that such a thing as fire existed. All through February our windows overlooking the sea stood wide open, and Americans who have spent the summer in San Remo say there is never the excessive heat here we are accustomed to at home, in all the Northern States, in July and August.

English men and women find this a Paradise, and they have slyly kept the secret pretty much to themselves, leaving the Americans to shiver and shake in the sickly sunshine of Nice and Cannes, and fondly imagining themselves basking in an Italian climate. English money principally has built the immense hotels and splendid villas here, and English influence and English society prevail in everything concerning the pleasure and welfare of strangers.

What has interested me most, however, on this line of the Cornice road, has been the occupation and habits of the peasantry. Everybody seems to be growing olives, and while the profits to the peasantry are not large, most of the people seem to be contented and happy.

Possibly it is the decent climate that makes people happy here, for, with bright sunshine and blooming nature constantly about, one can overlook many of the ills that poverty inevitably brings. It is astonishing how simply the people live. A little bread, and olive oil instead of butter—that is all. Meat, not a mouthful; vegetables and fruits are too profitable an article for sale to the grand hotels and the big towns to be eaten often, and so these are taken as luxuries only, and in small doses and far apart. They scarcely have fires at all. It would bankrupt them to do so. There is no wood, except the twigs and cuttings from the olive trees, and an occasional root, when a tree blows down; and even these

are sold at half a dollar an armful, or about three dollars a donkey-load. Of luxuries of any kind, except the luxury of climate, the peasantry here know nothing. The eternal sunshine, and the blue sea, and the bluer sky, are about the only things a poor man can have an abundance of; and to know that poverty is lightened by these advantages, one has only to compare the happiness of a San Remo olive grower with the grumbling discontent of a peasant in the harsh and rainy climates of parts of Germany and Switzerland.

I ought to add that the peasant has a little fish to eat occasionally; but it is a very little one, and a very poor one, else he would sell it. The Mediterranean, here at least, produces no fish worth bothering about, and there is no game to hunt. The soil is fearfully stony, and aside from olive trees, fruits, shrubs and flowers, one sees little growing. I have not seen a wheat field or a potato patch as big as a bed quilt in a hundred miles of the Cornice Road. The bread that the people eat is imported, but they send their rich olive oil to all quarters of the earth. Destruction of the olive trees would be destruction of the entire population.

When I first saw these great forests of olives, I was disappointed. They seemed so somber, and dusty, and monotonous. A nearer acquaintance, however, relieves one of the feelings, and the trees soon seem like good, cheerful, old friends. In appearance, the San Remo olive trees—and these are the best outside of Asia—are like ancient pear trees, only that the foliage is an evergreen, and the leaves have the form of the willow, are green colored on top, and silver-gray under. The fruit, when ripe, looks like a large, oval, black cherry. The tree splits when young, and thus a single tree has often three or four trunks. It is thirty years old before bearing, but it may produce olives for five hundred years. I have examined, in the past week, olive orchards so old no history and no documents relate of their beginning. "They were old, old trees when our great grandfathers bought them," say the peasants.

Every hill-side and every valley as far up as the fir line, 2,000 feet above sea-level, is crowded with olive trees. When the mountain is steep—and it often is here—it is terraced every few feet all the way, until it has a resemblance to a tremendous stairway, with rows of olives on every step. The terraces of the Rhine vineyards about Bingen are mere playthings compared with the terracing one will find by climbing straight up through some of the olive groves on mountain sides near San Remo. A friend of mine, an old mountain climber, and an honored member of the Swiss Alpine Club, once told me that he had never had a faint idea of what climbing was, until he tried going straight up through the olives from the village of Taggia to the chapel of Lampadusa. And yet to these high terraces, along stony, zig-zag paths, the peasant women climb up and down, bearing on their heads great baskets of olives.

It is perfectly remarkable what weights these women carry. Again and again I have seen two workmen lift a rock on to a woman's head, and then fold their arms and wait till she had carried it up a ladder or gangway to the masons at the top of a four-story house. In fact, nearly all the mason-tenders are women. If the men would only half help in this heavy carrying, it would not seem so bad; but, as a rule, the heavy loads must be borne either by the donkeys or the women, and it is hard to say which is the more patient. There is a society in San Remo for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I have wondered why the benevolent here have not organized a society for the prevention of cruelty to women. Perhaps, they are considered of less importance than the donkeys. It must be said, however, that the women apparently enjoy this sort of physical preference. San Remo custom has made them so from childhood, and custom is stronger than a hundred laws. I have seen pretty girls, with weights on their heads that would tire a mule, stop and laugh and flirt with the men lounging at the wayside. How they remain so pretty is a wonder, working as they do, and at the kind

of work they do, too. They are erect and plump, with dark eyes, masses of heavy, black hair, and fine-cut features. Their complexions, however, though warm, are nearly as dusky as an Indian squaw's.

The men are as good-looking as the women, and with the long red caps they wear hanging over one side of the head, recall the pictures of the Algerine pirates. I don't believe, though, that one of them ever did a hard day's work in his life. They lounge and loaf immensely, and I have often heard troops of them marching around the village streets far into the night, singing songs. They may be poor, but they can't be very wretched; and I doubt if they care who is king of Italy, so long as the sun shines, and there is a decent demand for olives.

These forests of olives are owned principally by the peasants themselves, though often in tracts as small as a single acre or two. The trees bloom in April, and the fruit begins to ripen in October, but frequently the picking goes on all the winter, and even as late as the 4th of March I saw olive trees groaning with their loads of ungathered berries. But the gathering is active, and the paths are full of peasants bearing the fruit to the olive mills in the village. There they will sell it all, and receive just enough for it to enable them to live, and to pay King Humbert their share of taxes, to keep the royal machine called government in motion. These mill-owners who buy the olives will separate the good from the bad, and they will grind them up and squeeze them down, and at last make a mighty good thing of it. Some of them will become, or have already become, millionaires, and will take to buying up whole tracts of olive trees; and then hard times will begin in earnest with the peasant, for where monopoly prospers small proprietors perish.

The olive mills are the simplest things in the world. Two or three big mill stones, running on their edges inside a circular vat, do the grinding. The power is furnished by some little babbling stream, washing its way over a high, narrow, and very lazy water wheel. In the process of grinding some of the oil leaks

out, and this is the best of all and is called "virgin oil." The mashed olives are next placed inside of circular hollow rings made of fiber, and open like a net. A dozen of these are set on top of each other under the press, the screw is turned, and the next best olive oil is produced. As the water of the olive is pressed out with the oil, the mixture is left standing until the oil rises to the top, to be skimmed off just as the farmer's wife skims the cream from the night's milk. The pulp, or skimmed milk, is again put in the press, and later goes through more skimmings, the oil produced each time being weaker and poorer, but still good enough for soap, and burning, and for machinery. The whole machinery of an olive mill—building, grinding stones, water wheel, and all—probably does not cost more than a couple of hundred dollars; and were it not for the great earthen jars standing about, one might take the concern to be an old cider mill on the road to decay. These oil jars are immense, by the way, and one cannot see them without thinking of the "forty thieves" whom we used to see in the play hidden away in these same big jars. One sees these jars sometimes, too, sitting out under the trees in the olive orchards; and the effect is very picturesque, the more so should a very pretty peasant girl happen to be standing carelessly by.

In the mills one sees curious-looking sacks, with four legs, hanging about. I saw, too, some of these ill-shaped and greasy looking things yesterday on the backs of donkeys, coming down from among the olive trees. On enquiring, I discovered that they were pig-skins, drawn off legs and all, as hunters skin rabbits. They were turned wrong side out, the openings sewed up, and the hair left on. It was interesting to know that the donkeys bring our delectable salad oil from the mills, further up the valley, down to the sea, in these pretty things.

Until now I had no idea for what hundreds of purposes this olive oil is used, and I often wondered how so many millions of trees could prove profitable. But on the Riviera there is almost nothing produced save olives—these

and lemons and oranges. With the Italians the oil takes the place of butter in cooking, and here it is eaten on bread instead of butter. All sorts of soap, fancy and common, are made from it; it is a common table article everywhere, and for burning it is much cheaper here than petroleum.

The more protected nooks and corners among the olive trees are planted with lemons and oranges, and the effect on the eye by the contrasts of color is very pleasing. The effect on the peasant's pocket-book, too, is very pleasing, because his lemon trees are much more profitable than his olives. He can sell his lemons as high as six dollars a thousand. If he only had enough of them he could have better rations than mere bread and olive oil; he owns but a few trees, however, and the fruit of these will perish with the slightest frost, and the tree itself will die with eight degrees of cold. Still, this little district between San Remo and Mentone is the home of the lemon, and I have seen, near Ospadaletta, a few miles from San Remo, groves of five hundred trees hanging full of the precious fruit. This particular lemon grove was hemmed in by great clusters of palm trees, and just outside of the palms was the blue sea. A freak of the wind carried my hat among them one day, and in an hour's hunt for it I had a fine opportunity for enjoying the rare scene. For a trifle paid the proprietor I filled my pockets with fresh lemons cut by myself from the trees, and I noticed that the newly cut ones are much sweeter than the ones we buy. I found sometimes as many as five, six, and seven lemons clustered together on a single twig.

In the queer old town of San Remo we found old-time friends, who had been here for years, so my tramping up and down the Cornice road naturally turned on San Remo as a center. It has been truly said that no stranger will have the least conception of the beauties of the Riviera who does not make excursions up the numerous valleys leading back from the sea. We made use of the hint, and almost every day saw us climbing up, past the delicate lemons, past the oran-

ges, past the olives, and up to the line where only hardy pines grow. There we had enchanting glimpses by the wayside, and far views, that seemed to represent Switzerland and Italy in one. Far ahead of us would be the snowy Alps, and nearer us benches of high hills; behind us the sloping groves of olive and lemon; and at the foot of these the ocean. Once we ascended to Sasso, a mountain town back of Bordighera. We walked on a little stone aqueduct, that carries water down to Bordighera, for at least half the way. For miles we had nothing at our right hand but little lemon gardens, and on our left, olives. Then we turned out of the ascending valley, climbed for half an hour up a steep, stony way, on to the high ridge, and there found Sasso.

The view of olive-orchard, and mountain, and sea repaid us a hundred times for the climb. We picknicked on the grass, and I brought Cianti wine, two bottles of it for fifteen cents, from the village a half mile farther on. When I returned I saw that a peasant family, who were working in the field near by, had volunteered to help the ladies "fix things" on the grass, had brought a jug of cool water, and improvised seats by carrying stones from a wall near by.

Sadly enough, the lunch of these good women was in heavy contrast with our own corned beef and ham sandwiches. They had only bread and dry olives, the latter too bitter for us to taste. They had appetites, however, and that is much in this world of dainties. They laughed and talked, and enjoyed their dinner immensely; and we enjoyed sharing our wine and extra sandwiches with them. Pay for their attention to us they would not accept. They lived in a little stone hut near to us, simply enough, but with a view of mountain and sea that the gods themselves might envy.

Sasso looks like half the other little towns one sees perched up on the mountain rocks along the Mediterranean. Only Sasso must be poorer and wretcheder than most of them are. We scarcely saw a person here who did not seem halt, or lame, or blind. They have but a trifle to eat, and I scarcely see how they

can earn anything. The village consists of forty or fifty stone houses, four or five stories high, and a church, all crowded together on a rocky spur not an acre in extent. As in San Remo, little arches thrown across the narrow lanes of the town serve to support the houses in times of earthquake. The rooms were low and dark and dirty, and the crooked little stairways more like prison entrances than entrances to human abodes.

In the distance we saw other villages, similar to Sasso, and all perched up on almost inaccessible stony heights. These villages are hoary with age. There is not a single modern house in one of them. Security only led their founders to build them on these high places; for formerly it was no uncommon thing for Saracen pirates to land on these shores, and destroy everything in reach. The people are too poor to pull their towns down and remove them now, else it is probable they would all be sitting down in the valleys and in the reach of human kind. Where they now are, a stout peasant, armed with a pitchfork and an armful of stones, would be a good match for a dozen sabered pirates climbing up the steep ascent.

We found the richest orange groves at Taggia, and made another climb up there—though the climb was all beyond Taggia on the way to Lampadusa, visited only for its chapel and its magnificent view of the ocean. Taggia is up a valley not a dozen miles away from San Remo, and once was on the sea, though the peasants didn't seem quite clear as to whether Taggia had taken wings and gone five miles up the valley, or whether the sea, in a fit of sullenness, had retired five miles down the same. Anyway, Taggia is about the most famous place for oranges in Italy, and there is a very singular arched bridge there that twists itself across the valley in a most remarkable manner, overlooking on its way the most voluptuous orange groves of the town. Almost under the bridge, too, were almond trees in full bloom, and lemons and oranges simply beyond number. That bridge ought to be called the bridge of lemons, and so we agreed to christen it. Sometimes the San

Remo folks buy these Taggia orange trees for Christmas. It must be a rare sight—a whole orange tree under the gas-light, laden with hundreds of golden oranges!

We had a hard climb up to Lampadusa, and after our usual picnic under the trees, Mrs. B—sketched the mountain chapel and the bridge and the view beyond. We went to pretty Poggio, too, nearer San Remo. Outside the gate-way the town is pretty as a picture; and inside, as one peeps through some of its arched and narrow ways out to the blue sky, or to its glimpses of ocean, it is prettier still.

Below the town we halted, and helped some peasant women gather olives, and talked a great deal of bad French. I have noticed that almost all the more intelligent peasants here speak French, and it is a wonderful help to the stranger seeking information. I tried to persuade these peasants that it would be better to spread sheets on the ground, and then knock the olives down on them, instead of having to pick them up from the grass and earth. It was lost argument. "Were we to finish the gathering in the morning, as you suggest, what could we do with the rest of the day?" was the singular reply. I really didn't know myself; as it seemed, were the olives once in press, there could be nothing else to do than sleep. Time-killing is a business here, and everybody makes a success of it. I am reminded of the fair out West, where the highest prize is always given to the man who can walk the slowest.

As it was farther to the olive mills than usual, a few of the women here tied their great baskets on donkeys, and sat between. One of them, after getting her baskets properly arranged, one on each side of the pack saddle, placed herself in front and astride. She had black eyes, bare legs, and wore a red scarf or shawl, covering her head and hanging down to the saddle behind. She was not pretty, but she was immensely picturesque. Usually the women here sit on the saddle with one foot bent up under them, very much in the fashion of a tailor on his bench. There

is no stirrup, but a bare foot and leg hangs where the stirrup ought to be. The very prettiest peasant girls I have seen in my wanderings are those in the Taggia valley, and they are pretty in spite of hard work, bad living, and a good deal of dirt. Half of those whom we met were good looking, and numbers were strikingly handsome. They had the usual black, heavy hair of the district, dark eyes, plump forms, and the genuine, soft, mellow complexion known as olive.

It was with genuine regret that I shouldered my knapsack, and bade adieu to San Remo. It is about the most picturesque town on the whole coast. No one would imagine that eleven thousand people could live in the old houses crowded together on the hill. Its little lanes of streets, often only six feet wide, run up hill, and they run down hill, and sometimes they run through the hill, and between houses five to ten stories high; while above them only slight strips of the blue heavens are to be seen. Sometimes these lanes seem to be over the houses, sometimes under them, until one is persuaded that this must be a town where people go down stairs into the garret, and upstairs into the cellar. The general effect of the town, however, with its graceful arches and curious entrances, is wonderfully taking with artists.

It is many centuries old. The wings that run out on the level below, right and left, however, with their grand hotels and beautiful villas looking to the sea, are of recent growth, and every day sees the genius of modern architecture airing itself alongside of the uncomfortable old walls of dead ages.

I wondered, as I trudged along, away down towards pretty Cogoleto, and almost to Genoa, why the tens of thousands of American and English tourists who are climate hunting don't settle down between Mentone and Savonna. This climate was made to suit professional grumblers; and in my mind's eye I see whole regiments of them, some day, fixed along this coast as a haven of rest, and in that day grumbling about the weather, at least, will be done for.

One hint to the speculative. There are a dozen little protected nooks along here, where the beach is as fine and the climate as perfect as at Mentone or San Remo, and the enterprising sick man, who, while invaliding it here, should buy out one of these little fishing-villages, and erect a climatic and sea-bathing cure in its place, would make—well—probably—a good thing of it. At Monaco, Bordighera, San Remo, etc., men have discovered that there's "just millions in it."

*S. H. M. Byers.*

---

### SOUTH, FROM ALISAL.

THE year was 1874, and the month was January. Beautiful weather it was, in all the Salinas Valley region; far too beautiful for the farmers, who saw the dust follow their laborious plowing, and knew that unless rain came soon no garment of wheat-fields would clothe the broad uplands that season. Yet the hills and the roadsides were lovely with short grass and spring flowers, earlier than usual by reason of the drought.

I saddled a little red horse, purchased from an old school-mate, fat Ben Blethen, at certainly not less than three times his normal value, and rode out of the sleepy Nativ-

idad village at sunrise. How fair were the vast mountain ranges east and west of the valley, the Santa Lucias and Gavilans, fronting each other like banks of a river! Northward lay the rounded butte of Fremont's Peak, with surges of oak-clad hills beyond, and vineyards clustering near its base, and blue lagunes of water near. Westward, in the heart of the valley, Salinas, like a city of Holland, nestled in the midst of lakes and streams, some of the former since drained and turned into market gardens. Southeast, at the base of the hills, fair in view and near, are the woods and slopes of Alisal, with

its ancient adobes and its pleasant, gurgling stream, named because of its willows long ago, when the Spaniards possessed this valley, before it was crossed by fence or broken by plowshare.

I have not seen Alisal for years, but I remember the old priest I met on the road near that place, a courtly old Spanish priest, who told me of the days when Monterey Mission was in its prime, and bowed his white hairs and gave me a blessing with such saintly unction that to refuse the gift would have been sacrilegious. Far across the valley southward, settlers' cabins, and rude roofs of homes, and toilers here and there; emigrant wagons now and then, yellow with dust and patched up by homespun craft of axe and rawhide, tired faces of women and children peering dully forth from openings in the worn cover, phlegmatic men plodding on and on beside the slow teams, gaunt cattle slowly driven along the roadside by tow-headed, awkward lads. It needs not the curt statement, "Stranger, we're on the move," to tell the story of incapacity and dissatisfaction.

Southern Monterey County, with its wide stretches of poor soil beyond the Salinas crossings, its sand barrens, its dry channels of rivers, its droves of cattle and sparse population, has valleys of great horticultural availability still farther south; valleys capable of supporting thousands of people in prosperity. I am told that this region, which a dozen years ago was of little value, and was held by a few stock-owners almost at the point of the pistol, has developed quite rapidly of late, and bids fair to be extensively used for small colonies and grape culture.

When I first saw Soledad, on the edge of the upland south of the Salinas River, its one street was swarming with "greasers"; swarthy Mexican sheep-shearers by the dozen had possession of the town, and were pouring their hard-earned coin into the tills of the three or four saloons of which the settlement boasted. Their little mustangs stood untied in the street, and their purses grew leaner with each round. Finally, some of them became "strapped," and, not having the

wherewithal to procure liquor, the leader of the party set an example by selling his handsome bridle of braided rawhide and horse-hair to the first passer-by who cared to pay a fourth of its real value. Before long some of them sold their saddles, blankets, and other belongings for whatever they would bring. One man sold his saddle, which was new, and had evidently cost fifty dollars, for a ten dollar gold piece; and another sold for two dollars a superb hair rope of great size and artistic finish, the mere making of which must have cost a fortnight's labor.

Half a day's ride south of Soledad is a little stage station near the hills, a pretty place, well watered and sightly. It is chiefly memorable in my thoughts because of the neat way in which a hoary-headed sinner "took in" my unsophisticated self. The hotel was below the brow of the hill, and not easily seen until one arrives within a few hundred yards. Just outside of the village, on the main road, stood a small cabin. The owner, a gray-haired old man dressed in buckskins, stood in the doorway.

"Hullo, stranger!" Any news from North?"

"None of importance."

"Say, won't ye light off and rest awhile?"

"No, I guess not. I must go on to the hotel."

"But thar isn't any hotel, stranger. I tell you most every one that goes by here calls ter see Old Sonter—which is my name—and as it's 'most noon, suppose you stop awhile. I'll only charge you cost for a little hay for your horse."

"All right, if there's no hotel. My horse is too tired to crowd along without a rest."

So Old Sonter bustled around, shook some hay down in a box under an oak, and proceeded to cook dinner for two, replying to all expostulations that it was "nigh on noon," and "ef he had company an' couldn't be perlite ter them, then he didn't deserve no good things, nohow."

Dinner was cooked, a dinner hardly worth twenty-five cents. The horse had been fed. It was time for a fresh start. The old frontiersman and pioneer sat on a nail keg beside his cabin door, and looked the picture of

liberality and hospitality and content. Then, leaning back against the wall, and puffing his pipe, he observed with a gracious smile:

"Provisions an' hay is so high, an' I've had sich hard times, that I'll hev ter charge ye a couple of dollars fur the accommodation, bein' as there hain't no hotel here."

Protests were unavailing. The bill was paid, and three minutes later the hotel hove in sight.

"Oh, yes," said a farmer of the region to me long afterwards. "That old fellow has played that game a dozen times or more."

There is no more romantic stream in southern California than the Nacimiento, which heads in that stupendous group of the Coast Range Mountains that occupy the northwest angle of San Luis Obispo County and the southwest corner of Monterey. It is clear and cold until it reaches the Salinas, and it winds its devious way through picturesque defiles for many a league. I have ridden for weeks about the sources of this lovely river, dwelling in settlers' cabins, or in old adobes, or with the early cattle princes, the Flints, Youngs, and Chestneys, whose ranges once covered so much territory. It is a border land of two climatic zones. Here, if anywhere in California, the botanist should be able to find new species; and indeed, as reported some time ago in the London "Garden," a botanist, whose name I do not now remember, reaped a rich reward in this very district, discovering several previously unknown plants. Here the *Torreya* grows larger than elsewhere. Here are some of the finest conifers on the coast. The only district of equal interest and similar wildness left for California botanists to explore is southern Trinity, a region whose lakes and mountains, streams and wild ravines, have been visited by few except trappers and hunters. Ten years ago the quicksilver mines of northern San Luis Obispo were thought to be extremely valuable, and the region was alive with prospectors and speculators; but most of them went in from the coast by way of Cambria and San Simeon. Few of them penetrated as far inland as the banks of the stormy Nacimiento and its tributary trout streams.

The legends of stage robbers and cattle thieves who have had retreats at various times in the fastnesses of the upper Nacimiento are too numerous to mention. Apocryphal though some of them doubtless were, and unfounded as were the tales of fortresses in rugged cañons, where knights of the road held carnival, yet it is doubtless true that few regions in the State offered better retreats a score or more of years ago. In the early history of the country, when outlaws and desperadoes for a time abounded, and men of the type of "Sheet Iron Jack" of Shasta were not uncommon, the Alcaldes of San Luis were on more than one occasion compelled to lead parties into these Highlands.

Game still abounds, for deer frequently crossed my pathway, and once, as I rode up to a cabin door, two men were busy skinning an immense grizzly, who had fallen before their rifles that morning. How it is at the present time I know not, but the region seems one that would long afford refuge for the larger animals. The settlers used to complain bitterly of their losses of young stock from California lions, and at least a dozen times that spring I saw wild cats and lynxes.

Estero Bay is a great indentation upon the San Luis Obispo coast. It has a few roadsteads and landing places, such as Cayucos, but it is rather a failure for commercial purposes. Morro Rock, a pillar of granite familiar to all passengers upon the coast steamships, is near the shore, at about the center of the crescent-shaped bay. Behind it lies the tiny harbor of Morro, and the town of the same name. Ten years ago it was a shabby little village, and Cayucos, six or seven miles northward, was but "Cass Landing," where a plucky Yankee sea captain hung on to his strip of sea sand, with faith in the coming town.

Morro Rock lay quiet in the sunlight one summer morning, when I persuaded a friend to accompany me in an attempt to scale its giant cliffs. We hired a boat and boatman at the town, and rowed across the small harbor from the black wharf, past a few schooners and fishing smacks. On the black marsh-

es, as the tide went out, great "stingarees" lay exposed, with their flabby, wing-like fins, flat bodies, and pointed weapons of defense. We began to talk of sting-ray adventures.

"Lysander," I remarked to my friend, "they tell me that near the head of this bay, a few years ago, a fisherman was struck on the arm by a 'stingaree,' and the arm had to be amputated before night to save his life."

"Sure enough," broke in our boatman, as we drifted with the tide and rowing was suspended; "them things does that, and wuss, too. There was me uncle—as nice a man as iver ye set eyes on—and it was himself that lost a fortune because of a stinger, yer honors."

"Tell us about it, Mike."

"Well, sir, me uncle, afther he had been cook on a schooner for a number of years, he settled down in a cabin south of Morro, and seein' as his father had once known a man that kept a drug shop, and because he hed to make a livin', me uncle hung out a sign: 'Dr. Cowan, late from Paris'; and it was lots of money he made. Thin he courted a Spanish woman, who owned three leagues of land, with cattle and horses and sheep by the thousand; and she promised to have him, but the ould Don, her father, was forinist. Now it happens that me uncle was always for thryin' new things to cook—fish, and birds, and bastes—till the praste towld him it was a haythen he was altogether. But he niver moinded at all; and so one mornin' the tide carries a big stingaree on the flat near his cabin, and he goes down with a spear and kills it, and drags it up on the bank, and skins and cuts it up, and puts it in the pot, just to see whether it were day-cint. So dinner time comes, and as he sets it on the table, in comes the Spanish girl and her father, very pleasant, and saying they had come to visit him. Me uncle offers up a prayer to all the saints, and dishes out the stingaree, and niver anything looked better. But when the ould Don lifts some of the craythur on his fork, he lets out a yell, and falls down as if he was shot; and

from that day to this he has never lifted his right arm or moved his right foot. And in coorse the young woman blamed me uncle, and broke off the match."

"But, Mike, how could your uncle have dished up his stingaree without receiving a stroke?"

"Sure, it must have been the silver spoon he used in the pot; but the forks, they were sailor forks, you see."

"Ho!" quoth Lysander, "when the Smithsonian Institute fish expert was out here, he sent a dried sting-ray to the British Museum, and the day the case was opened the greatest thunder storm of the century occurred."

Mike looked sulky, and was about to speak, when suddenly the oars were whirled nearly out of his hands, and our boat started for the open sea at a tremendous rate of speed. We were in the strong current that at times of unusual ebb tide swings past Morro Rock to the open ocean beyond, through the tortuous channel. We had two pairs of oars, and did our best to stem the danger. For many minutes it seemed as if we should fail, but, reanimating ourselves with shouts of "harder!" "harder!" we made the required effort, and pulled into the quiet water. There are, perhaps, hundreds of places along the United States coast where stormy currents set in and out according to the tides, and where at certain seasons the water runs like a mill race. No one who has ever tried a row on Casco Bay, and has happened to get into the Presumpscot current of mingled tide and river, or has experimented with the famous "Pull-and-be-d—d Point" of the Penobscot, or knows the upper Chesapeake after a neap tide, can fail to give regard to the situation. Deliberation and persistence are good qualities in a pull against such currents; but so are dash and energy. You must pull hard enough to have a surplus; each stroke must show a percentage of gain, and the inch gained must not be lost. All who row much can tell stories of plucky fights with currents, or storm, or flowing tides. Five hours a man I knew once sat in his boat, keeping it "head on" against the waves, and forcing it towards safety, until

when he landed, though a strong man, he had to be helped up the bank. "When I rounded the island headland and struck the off-shore current with a clear fight of five miles to safety," he said, "I lost two strokes, and it took me half an hour to recover the ground."

Morro Rock is easily climbed by rowing to a small shelf or platform on the south side of the base. All efforts to ascend it at other points have failed. It is a hard pull at best, as the climb is over huge masses of rock, and at an angle quite as acute as the side of a pyramid; but the view from the summit is of peculiar grandeur. The mountain range is so near, Estero Bay with its noble arch is so fair, the blue Pacific is so calm and vast! It is solid rock beneath our feet, a cove of wave-worn gray, a fortress such as Gibraltar or Malta, the most picturesque rock mountain on the coast, and the worthiest of a master's painting.

Lysander cast himself down on the rock's square summit, and sentimentalized over the glories of the scene, and wondered whether he should revisit the spot a thousand years hence, and tried to carve his name on a slab of stone. The afternoon wore slowly away. We had enjoyed the glorious scene. We had descended to poetry and to the boyish level of rolling loose boulders down the dizzy seaward heights, startling the sea gulls from their caves and coigns of vantage nearly seven hundred feet below. We searched for relics of previous visitors, but found only a rude walking-stick and a tin can. Then we prepared to descend, and had we possessed any wisdom worth speaking of, this account would never be worth the telling; this experience would never deserve the name of adventure. We had landed on the southern side, but our boatman had moved his craft to the eastern side of the rock, where it was more sheltered; and from where we stood a furrowed seam appeared to lead directly and easily to the base of the cliff. So wide and deep it was, and so uniform did the slope appear, that both of us deemed it practicable to descend thus, and so discover a new path to the summit. Strange, we thought,

that no one had ever found out so inviting a path, so choice a channel of descent.

A moment later we seated ourselves in a furrow of two or three feet in width—a ribbed and contorted furrow descending at an angle of forty-five degrees, and guiltless of any vegetation growing in or near it. There was nothing but naked rock to cling to. Wave-worn and rain-worn it was, but still hard and scant of hold. We slipped down faster and faster, and I happened to be ahead, Lysander just at my heels. We looked back and saw that we had left the summit a hundred and fifty feet behind, and a sense of dread overcame us. We both thought that perhaps return would be essential—and extremely difficult.

"Put on the brakes!" shouted Lysander, and we dug our elbows and heels into the rock with breathless energy. Suppose I stopped and Lysander did not stop, I reflected; how many seconds would it take the said Lysander's beloved heels to hurl me into space?

"Hang on hard!" I shouted; and under our redoubled efforts the halt was finally made. I had my right elbow wedged into a hollow of the rock, while my left heel was jammed into a crevice. And Lysander's brogans were about three feet above my head. His jolly round face looked down at me, clouded with trouble. He had twisted his body around and bent his neck, so that he gazed from beneath his arm clasping a point of rock; and the sunlight made his sanguine-hued hair glow like an aureole.

From far beneath us there came a shout, fierce and appealing, shrill and sudden:

"Go back, I tell ye! Back!"

We held our breaths and looked steadily down. In the boat stood Mike, waving his coat and gesticulating violently. It was evident that he saw that we were in danger; that the furrow we were following could only lead us into trouble. Yet we ourselves could not see any reason why we might not proceed with care, though certainly our descent had been far too rapid for safety. We began to recover our poise.

"I move," said Lysander, "that we go on

with due caution till we 'diskiver' what particular bee Mike has in his hat."

Slowly and cautiously we worked our way downward, a matter of twenty feet; but the moment we began this operation, the yells that arose from our frantic Irishman were inexpressible in type. The result of that twenty feet of descent, however, was a startling discovery! There was a "fault" in the rock, and its continuity had been destroyed, so that a step further would have hurled us into a crevasse of perhaps a hundred feet in depth. Had we been able to take a flying leap of thirty feet, we should have been able to continue our descent in peace, for at least some distance farther.

We waved our hats to our faithful friend below, and turned with shuddering hearts from the abyss. The problem of "return to first principles" was before us.

"This is too easy," said Lysander demurely, "and if we should slide on to the bottom, my trousers would be worn out; so I vote for a new deal."

We lay back quite at ease in that hot granite furrow, with the sun beating down at a two-forty rate, and discussed ways and means.

"Mike can row over to town and get a rope."

"No, indeed, we should be laughed at for a month."

"Then we must manage to 'h'ist' ourselves out."

"That we shall do, old fellow. We'll swear to stand by each other," said Lysander. "If you won't go down-stairs and desert me, I won't run away from you up-stairs, that is certain."

"You hang on to my forelock then, and I'll boost your heels."

"That's the ticket."

Pretty soon we had it arranged. First, we turned over so as to face the rock wall. Then I put in as much bracing as possible, and lifted Lysander as far as I could. Then he "got a good ready," and, reaching his walking stick down, helped me up close against him again. Then we tried it again, and again, and again, as carefully and placidly as if we were playing a new game. And Mike sat in the boat, watching this "measuring worrum business," as he afterwards expressed it. Once we slipped a minute, and thought we were gone, but "hanging on together" saved us, and as we slid slowly down, our heels caught fast hold of the naked rock. Naked heels they were, too, for long before this our shoes were pendant to our belts, and our socks were scraped into lint. Plenty of lint we might have used, too, if there had been time to consider that, for little blood stains were left here and there on the sharp angles of Morro before we gained the summit again.

It was nearly sunset when our task was done. Our folly expiated, we ran down the safe and southern route, and were rowed rapidly homeward.

---

### THE YELLOW COMFORTER.

EARLY in the morning of the tenth of May, in the year 1867, my wife and I, then spending our honeymoon abroad, set forth to ride from Cresham to Halliton, in Woldshire, England. The hilly country between these towns is famed for its picturesque beauty, and as good saddle horses were readily procurable, we had chosen to go by the turnpike instead of resorting to the railway. The air was fresh and crisp—it was the hour be-

fore sunrise—when, leaving the Queen's Arms Inn at Cresham, we struck into the long street which led us out upon the high road toward the pretty village of Greeme.

This road is for ten miles a continuous avenue of oaks interspersed with sycamores, with here and there a little copse of trees of lesser growth abutting upon it from some more than usually well-wooded estate. As we entered it, we were at once sensible of

the enchantment of the scene. The pale blue of the clear sky was suffused with a faint rosy tint; the trees showed varied hues of rich and polished green; the birds amid the foliage were beginning to pipe their morning song; the road, as it rose and fell and wound along, constantly opened new and lovely vistas, and gave new surprises of distant prospects. As we advanced slowly, seeing no one and hearing no human sound, we seemed to be alone in a world of our own, a world of innocence and happiness and peace. We felt that we had never been quite so glad before; never—we thought—had nature been so in sympathy with our mood. Certainly, whether it were the ozone of the hills that inspired us, or the delight of companionship where all was so fair and beautiful, or the consciousness of a rare heroism in being so early *en route*, or all these influences combined—we two, on that May morning, were very exceptionally joyous and light-hearted.

Suddenly, as we approached a copse at the left of our route, our horses threw up their heads, swerved, and almost stopped. At that moment my wife and I both saw a man emerge from the edge of the wood and advance one pace into the road. He was of the medium height, apparently about fifty-years of age, full bearded, and roughly dressed, yet scarcely like a peasant. In his right hand he carried a new spade, clogged with fresh reddish earth. His neck was muffled, his head thrust forward, and he looked anxiously up and down the road. He saw us almost as soon as we saw him. As our eyes met he hesitated an instant, then turned hurriedly back into the wood. Brief as was this interval, it was long enough to distinguish a bad, hard face, with a sinister expression, which gave place to one of real terror as he encountered our gaze.

The sight of this face was so unpleasing, so abhorrent to my mood and to the scene, that I at once averted my eyes. My wife, repelled as I had been, obeyed a similar impulse; then, under some unaccountable influence, turned and watched for a few seconds the man's retreating figure. A mo-

ment more, and an abrupt descent of the road quite hid the copse from view.

It was long before we could shake off the impression of this inopportune incident. Its effect, indeed, upon our spirits seemed wholly inexplicable. Of all the disagreeable faces that I had ever seen, certainly none before had so disturbed me. What was this man, that his brief presence should thus have jarred upon us; that our appearance should thus have alarmed *him*? Was he some churl, jealous of, or at enmity with, his kind, and surprised into a more than ordinary moroseness by an abrupt encounter with two happy-looking people? Or was he a malefactor, hastening from the scene of a crime, or whose criminal designs our coming had disconcerted? These questions we had not solved, when presently, after sunrise, we rode into Halliton.

Here we tarried but a few hours; then took the railway for Scotland. In the course of that day and of several days succeeding, I detected from time to time upon my wife's face a look of pained abstraction, which I seemed at once to recognize and return. She was thinking, as I was thinking, of that ill-boding intrusion upon our gladness in the sacred freshness of that early morning; was questioning, as was I, what meant that unwelcome apparition. In my dreams, too, at this time, I beheld again and again that countenance, and I felt that I should certainly know it if ever seen again.

It was not, I believe, before we reached Skye that the impression which I have described passed away. Our good spirits were here fully restored, and deeply did we enjoy our many rambles and excursions by land and water on and about this weirdly picturesque island. Then we crossed the Minch to Lewis, and there (and on Harris) lingered a month longer, every day discovering some strangely beautiful inlet or wild bit of coast, and disporting ourselves with a gaiety and freedom too complete to continue long.

The end was nearer than we thought. One afternoon of the last week of July we were waiting in the coffee-room of the inn at Stornoway, till it should be time to go on

board the "Clansman," on our way back to the main land. I stood looking out from the window, while my wife glanced over some newspapers lying upon a table. Suddenly an exclamation of surprise and alarm brought me at once to her side. Too much moved to speak, she handed me an English country journal entitled the "Woldshire News," pointing out a particular paragraph. I read as follows:

"Cresham Assizes. On August 8th will be tried Hugh Parkes for the murder of his wife, Mary Parkes. It will be remembered that the woman was last seen late on the night of May 9th, on the Halliton turnpike, returning alone to Cresham from her sister's house at Greeme; and that, a few days afterwards, her body was discovered buried in a wood near the pike, some two miles from Cresham. She was Hugh Parkes's fourth wife, and had been married to him only two years. For some months before her disappearance he had treated her harshly (as indeed he had been suspected of treating his previous wives), and had been heard to express a wish for her death. This fact, in combination with various circumstances tending to cast a grave suspicion upon him, led to his being apprehended and indicted. But, though the homicide, except upon the theory that it was committed by his agency, is incapable of explanation, the proof against him fails, as it is understood, to connect him personally with the killing or with the disposition made of the body. Parkes is a well-known character at Cresham, where he has been long employed as a collector of rents and debts, and an attorney in a small way. Though in general disliked and feared, he seems to have possessed the art, when he was pleased to exercise it, of rendering himself attractive to the female sex. But none of his wives, except the first, have lived longer than two or three years. If he has had anything to do with the making away of the last, he has apparently been shrewd enough to guard against being identified with the crime."

Here, then, was, or seemed to be, the solution of the mystery which the encoun-

ter on our morning ride had appeared to us to involve. We felt that there was but one course for us—to return at once to Cresham and offer our evidence on this trial. Should we identify the accused with the man we saw at the roadside, our testimony would conduce to vindicate the law and to bring to punishment a murderer. Should we find that this man and Parkes were two different persons, our statements would contribute to exonerate the latter from a capital charge.

Our journey was a succession of *contre-temps*. An accident delayed us at Portree. At Oban the steamer was detained by government business. On the railways south from Glasgow we twice missed our train, and once, on a "coaching route," were held back several hours by a severe storm. It was thus not till late in the afternoon of the 9th of August that we found ourselves pushing our way into the crowded court-room at Cresham.

A hurried inquiry informed us that the trial was just closing. The proof had been completed, and, while inducing a decided belief of the prisoner's guilt on the part of all present, it still left, in the eye of the law, that reasonable doubt in his favor that would insure his acquittal. This, I gathered, was the general opinion, and throughout the audience, among whom I discerned an unusual proportion of intelligent faces, there was evidently a deep feeling of dissatisfaction. As for the prisoner, his back was toward us, and we could only see that his hair was carefully brushed and that he was neatly dressed.

Succeeding in a moment or two in attracting the attention of an usher of the court, I adjured him to present my card to the prosecuting counsel. My earnestness and that of my wife so impressed this official that, with but a moment's hesitation, he proceeded to comply with my request. On the card I had written under our names: "Important witnesses just arrived. Saw, we believe, the murderer on morning of May 10th."

Where we stood we could see the card delivered. The counsel examined it, started a little, deliberated an instant, then handed it to an associate, laying his hand on the arm

of the latter as if to warn him against any exhibition of feeling. He then slowly rose, asked the court in a low tone to excuse him for a few minutes, and followed the usher to the part of the bar nearest to where we were standing. As soon as he saw us he bowed slightly and whispered to the usher. The latter disappeared; then approaching us from another direction, conducted us out of the court-room to a little room apparently behind the bench, where we found the counsel awaiting us.

We told him at once our story—how we had seen the mysterious man near Cresham, describing his looks and appearance; how at Stornoway we had first heard of the trial; how we had started immediately for Cresham, and how we were detained *en route*.

He heard us without interruption, then said: "I have all I require; please remain till you are called," and left us by a door communicating with the court-room. Presently, through this door—which he had not closed—we heard him quietly addressing the court. He stated in effect that two witnesses in the case, of whom he had had no previous knowledge, had just arrived; that their testimony was material, and that, though the prosecution had rested, he would proceed, with the permission of his honor, to place them on the stand. Another voice, evidently of the counsel for the defense, was thereupon heard to object emphatically to the introduction of testimony at that stage of the proceedings; and further to urge that, before the question of the admission of the testimony were even considered, the prosecutor should state its nature—in what it consisted. The first speaker, with the same quiet dignity as before, assured the judge that he was not trifling with the court. He explained that he had seen the witnesses, who were total strangers to him, but for a moment, and therefore could not satisfactorily detail their statements; that if their evidence, when presented, was not found to be material and important, he would "submit to the consequences of having offered a contempt to this court."

The argument ended. We were conscious

of a stir in the audience—a sort of *susurrus* of repressed excitement. Then an official commanded silence, and the judge was heard to speak. The admission, he said, at this stage, of evidence for the prosecution was irregular and exceptional, but it was within the discretion of the court to receive it. In view of the fact that the witnesses were personally present, and of the official assurance of the prosecuting counsel that their evidence was both material and important—was not cumulative, merely—he was of opinion that they might properly be heard without further preface. Increased sensation.

The counsel reappeared. His manner was less impassive. "As you enter," he whispered, "look at once and fully on the prisoner; he sits there—in the dock at the right" (indicating the place). Then he led us into the court-room.

In a moment hundreds of eyes were centered upon us. As for ourselves, our gaze had been fastened upon the accused. We beheld, at the instant, not indeed what we expected. Instead of a rough, hard visage, with a sullen, forbidding look, we saw a clean-shaven, smug countenance, with an expression upon it of shrewd self-satisfaction. But in a second, as his eyes met ours, the sham became apparent. A look of recognition flashed in his face, and with it trepidation, terror. It was the same look that had startled and repelled us at the roadside; the same that we had since seen in our waking and sleeping visions. For a moment the man quite lost self-control. His features hardened, his figure relaxed, his attitude became clownish and slouchy, his whole aspect was sinister and suspicious—the aspect of a scoundrel detected in crime. My wife turned to me; her glance said, "It is he." But as again I regarded him, he had recovered, as if by a strong effort, much of his former composure. His face and manner had resumed, in a great measure, their previous expression. Few would have discerned the apprehension that still lurked in his eyes.

I was first sworn. Detailing carefully the particulars of the occurrence of the tenth of May, I concluded, in answer to the question

of the prosecutor, with the expression of my deliberate opinion that the prisoner and the man whom I had seen on that morning on the Halliton road were one and the same. Then followed a close and skillful cross-examination, all the more trying in that it was coldly polite. The substance of the questions put to me was, *how* did I identify these persons? "You have stated," said the counsel for the defense, "that the man was roughly dressed, had his head covered, and wore a beard; that his manner was stealthy, his face ill-favored, his expression, when you saw him, one of agitation and fear. Now what facilities have you, a foreigner, had for studying English faces? No special facilities? Very well, then, how can you claim that the man described was identical with a certain well-dressed, respectably-appearing, mild-looking person, not bearded, not covered, not out of doors, not alone, but smoothly-shaven, uncovered, in a room with several hundred others—in short, the prisoner? You admit in substance that, (except that they are apparently of a similar age and stature,) there is nothing in common between the two; yet you declare them to be the same person. I should really like to know, this court and jury would like to know, your grounds for such a declaration."

I replied that the reason for my belief, though I might not succeed in making it clear to the counsel, was satisfactory to myself, and that it consisted simply in this: That, when I entered the court-room and fully met the eye—as I then did—of the prisoner, his face assumed at once the same agitated, terrified look, and hardened to the same evil expression that I had seen in the face of the man at the roadside, the one face so exactly assimilating at that moment to the other that I could scarcely doubt their identity.

This answer took the counsel by surprise, but, rallying in a moment, he said: "You have a keen imagination, sir. But, tell me, may not the emotion which you saw (or thought you saw) on the face of the prisoner have been the natural agitation of a guiltless man suddenly confronted with an unknown

witness, who, for all he knew, might be a party hired to swear his life away? Is it not true that the most innocent persons often exhibit the most confusion when charged with a criminal act, or confronted by a hostile presence? And may not the present case have been an illustration of this truth? Is not this quite possible?" I was obliged to admit that it was certainly possible. "And yet, with this most natural and reasonable possibility—or as I should say, probability—before you, you still confidently declare that the man you saw on the road and the prisoner are identical?" I could only reassert my opinion, but my tone was not as confident as at first, and I left the stand with a feeling that, perhaps, after all, I had been mistaken, and thus done a grave injustice to an innocent man.

My wife was then examined, and her testimony was substantially to the same effect as my own. She, however, was in no degree moved by the cross-examination, but declared to the prisoner's counsel as positively as to the prosecutor her belief that the two men were the same person. In this she could not be shaken, and I could perceive that her asseverations, uttered as they were in a tone of serious and genuine conviction, made a decided impression both within and without the bar. I felt acutely for her, however, as I knew from her emphatic manner that she was going through an ordeal most trying to a woman's nerves; and I was very glad indeed when the prosecutor at last announced, "That is sufficient, madam," and she turned to step down from the stand.

But as she turned she paused; then facing again toward the judge and jury, she said in a clear, calm voice, "There is another circumstance which I have omitted to mention." Thereupon, without waiting to be asked or permitted to speak—court and counsel were too much interested to interrupt—she added, while the audience, intent upon every word, listened in profound silence: "After averting my eyes from the man's face under the feeling which I have described, some impulse induced me to turn and look after him as he retreated into the wood. He was

then in full view for several seconds, and *I distinctly saw, hanging down behind his back, the two long ends of a large, bright yellow comforter, each end having a tassel of a darker shade of the same color.*"

A great shout, or rather cry, burst from the audience. Was it the involuntary outburst of an intensity of feeling held long in suspense? Or was it, rather, the instant and absolute recognition and appreciation of some fact of vital moment, but to us wholly unknown? Within the bar there was hardly less excitement than without. We—my wife and myself—seemed to be the only persons unmoved. Amazed, I turned toward the prisoner, and saw that he had fallen forward against the railing of the dock, his face hidden in his hands, his whole appearance that of one in a state of utter collapse. In the midst of the confusion, I perceived the prosecutor communicate with one of the ushers, who immediately departed in haste. Presently the judge, who for the moment had partially lost his composure, recovered himself, called to order, and directed the proper officials to quell the tumult. Quiet, however, had scarcely been restored, when the messenger returning (from the house, as it now appeared, of the prisoner) placed in the hands of the prosecutor a parcel, which, on being opened, was seen to contain what seemed a mass of yellow worsted.

My wife meanwhile had remained erect on the witness stand. The counsel, unrolling before her a long knit tippet with darker colored tassels, asked her if it corresponded with the "comforter" which she had described. She replied that to the best of her recollection and belief it did exactly; that the two shades of yellow appeared to her to be quite the same with those which she had originally distinguished. She was then released, and returned to my side.

Some few further witnesses, introduced without objection on the part of the defense, made clear the cause of the excitement. It was shown that, two years before, Mary Parkes, then just married, had knit for her husband this comforter. Pleased with

its warmth and bright color, he had come to wear it so constantly, even in mild weather, as to be known and distinguished by it throughout his neighborhood. Its generous dimensions at first rather embarrassed him, and he acquired the habit in tying it of turning the knot behind his neck, so as to let the ends hang down his back and out of the way. Poor people in arrears with their rent knew only too well this eccentric gear; the debtor class trembled when they discerned it. The children gave the wearer the name of "Old Yellow Back"; and the comforter, preserving bravely its brilliant hue, was, at the date of our ride, still one of the most familiar sights in Cresham. Thus, when my wife came to describe it in her testimony, it was instantly recognized by almost every person present, and the identity of the prisoner with the man whom we had encountered made absolutely certain.

That Parkes on that particular morning should have been induced to wear this conspicuous and distinguishing article of dress, can only be accounted for by that strange fatality which disposes criminals, with all their cunning, to omit some one slight but essential precaution. Feeling the coolness of the air, he had, probably half unconsciously, tied it on as usual, removing it, perhaps, after the encounter with us had warned him that, even at that early hour, he was liable to be met and recognized. However this may be, he had certainly worn it long enough effectually to mark and to discover him; and thus poor Mary Parkes had, as it were, with her own hand pointed out and convicted her murderer.

Before sunset of that day the prisoner had been found guilty and sentenced to death. There was no convenient Governor of a State to intervene with a pardon; so, in due course of time, he came duly to be hanged. First, however, he made a formal written statement, confessing his crime and attributing his detection to my wife's testimony. "The minute," he declared, "she put eyes on me in that court, *I knew I was a dead man!*"

## SOME PROBLEMS OF THE CONGO.

It is four hundred years since the River Congo was first entered by a European navigator. A Portuguese, Diogo Cam, was the fortunate discoverer. For he discovered not only a river, but a great kingdom. He was received with cordiality by the great monarch who reigned on the south of the river. He hastened back to Portugal, easily interested the authorities of State and Church in his reports of the newly found domain, and, forthwith, the Portuguese civilization and Christianity seemed to make themselves a home in a country which extended two hundred and fifty miles along the Atlantic Coast, and inland between three and four hundred miles. It is difficult to know how much discount to make from the ardent accounts given by the early missionaries and other writers. According to them, the King of Congo was no mean sovereign. Armies are reported as having been raised by him, numbering so many as four hundred thousand warriors—yes, nine hundred thousand. But when the imagination counts, figures are of small account. Still, it is manifest that four hundred years ago there was a nation south of the Congo which far more worthily deserved the name than any people now resident there, or, indeed, resident anywhere on the long coast line of western Africa. It would appear, also, that there was some vigor and virtue for a time in the Portuguese occupation. The natives were taught some European arts and industries. The land became, in its way, a Christian land. At the capital city, San Salvador, we hear of no fewer than eleven churches. In the whole kingdom, at one time, there may have been as many as a hundred. For two hundred years this Catholic cultivation of the Congo people continued. But by the close of the seventeenth century, the country had become nearly a wilderness; no trace worthy of mention remained of Christian faith or civilized manners. Portugal, while she still continued

to dominate, after her style, the coast line farther southward, had left the Congo people and the magnificent Congo River as without value or hope.

This abandonment and failure appear strange to us, who see the eyes of the world turn, in our day, to this region with so eager inquiry. For the magnificent river was there four hundred years ago. It poured then, as it pours now, its vast body of water by a single mouth into the ocean. It was then six miles across, and its depth would average two hundred fathoms. It gave to the salt sea two million cubic feet of fresh water every second, more than twice what the Mississippi averages. Must it not have always been a tempting problem to the white man to account for such a mighty stream? Must he not have felt impelled to explore its sources? And why, when once Portugal had acquired what rights have been accorded to discovery, should she not have at least set herself down, and preëmpted for all time the key to the continent? It is, indeed, stated that the reigning King of Portugal, at the time when the news of this discovery reached his court, was enthused, and a vision passed before his eyes. He dreamed that this was the way to India. But he died without the sight. The generation of traders that continued to perpetuate the Christian name saw little except the money that could be made by ivory and by slaves.

Even had they been more eager for finding the secret of the river than they were, the difficulties in the way were of a kind to dampen enthusiasm. All along the coast the natives are said to have a nameless fear of the tribes which live in the mountain fortresses, which begin to rise about a hundred miles or so inland. Imagination peoples the interior with fabulous beings and races. It was very difficult to find carriers who would hold by their contract from one stage of a journey to another. Coupled with this,

and, in great part, doubly causing this, was the character of the fortresses, which shut off the interior from the coast. On the Congo, this formidableness presents itself at once to the eye. For by the time that one hundred miles of the broad stream had been passed, the navigator would encounter the cataracts. These are reckoned as thirty-two in number, between Stanley's station, Vivi, one hundred and fifteen miles from the sea, and Stanley Pool, a distance, properly, of one hundred and forty miles, but lengthened by the windings of the angry river to two hundred and thirty miles. Here this heavy current of water is narrowed to a mile, and at one point to seven hundred feet, having broken its way as violently as possible through the jealous mountain barriers. The only expedition which ever made progress in penetrating by these cataracts was that commanded by Captain Tuckey, who in 1816 went as far as two hundred and eighty miles.

The problem of the sources and course of the Congo was guessed at, but the solution was hardly attempted in earnest until about ten years ago. The discovery by Speke and Grant, in 1878, of the great Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, drew attention to the sources of the Nile. Even Livingstone, who really reached the head waters of one of the chief affluents of the Congo in 1866, yet supposed and hoped that it was the Nile. At the time that Stanley found Livingstone, in 1871, they made the joint attempt to discover some stream that was the outlet of the great lake, Tanganyika. At the north end, where they had hoped to find such stream, they were entirely disappointed. Commander Cameron, in 1874, counted in two months' boating on the Lake one hundred rivers emptying into that basin. At last his boat drifted into the Lakuga, and it seemed to draw him downward; but the stream became choked with grass, reeds, and mud-banks. In 1876 Stanley cruised round the lake again, and also entered the Lakuga; but he found the current of that river setting toward, not from, the lake, and that the swamp referred to by Cameron was a foot or two higher than the lake. He followed up this swampy

region, to ascertain whether it might not be that there was a stream issuing thereabouts that sent its waters westward. This search was not a complete satisfaction. Still, it is quite evident that within, at least, no great distance from the lake, affluents take their rise and flow westward. For on the land route westward which Stanley's expedition took from the lake, they came upon these streams, and at about the three hundredth mile they sighted the Lualaba itself, which, as all the world knows, they followed till they came out on the broad Congo at its mouth. The expedition which had left Zanzibar on the east coast Nov. 17, 1874, reached, 999 days after, the trading station of Boma, near the Atlantic. So, at last, after nearly four hundred years, the main geographical problem of the Congo was solved. The story of how it was done is one of those stories which will not be let die. If we were reading it seven years ago as if it were one of the Arabian nights, neither its charm nor its importance has lessened now.

For this discovery precipitated on the Christian nations some new opportunities and responsibilities. A vast region of country is watered by this river and its affluents. According to Mr. Stanley's figures, the Congo basin covers 1,400,000 square miles. This is nearly equal to the whole of India proper, and almost half as much as the area of the United States, excluding Alaska. Reasoning from the density of population near the river, it is possible for one to estimate a population of 40,000,000. Of course, such an estimate is liable to sharp reductions. None, however, dispute the great fertility of large parts of the territory.

It was a serious thing to have opened to the world such a realm. It marks the genuine nobility of the remarkable adventurer, that he so soon and so earnestly set himself to care for the future, which was sure to come, and to come so fast. It is singular, also, that both a munificent patron and an efficient organization should have been standing ready to forward his plans. In September, 1876, or just about the time Stanley was leaving Lake Tanganyika, and before, of

course, this new view of the Congo had entered the European mind, King Leopold II., of Belgium, was chosen President of the International African Association, formed at that time in Brussels. It was made up of persons interested in African exploration, and desirous of establishing a line of protective stations in the heart of Africa, by which knowledge, and intercourse, and legitimate commerce might be increased. Leopold once remarked to Cameron, "My idea is this: I am a very small man among kings, but I do not see why I should not become a great man among geographers and civilizers." That remark would seem to justify the representation made by Stanley on a very recent occasion, when he said that people could not understand the African Association. They could understand it on the supposition that Leopold was ambitious to acquire territory or trade or revenue. But they could not understand it on the notion that it was merely a humane and civilizing institution. "But," said the enthusiastic traveler, "Leopold is a dreamer, as all the projectful minds have been which have blest the world." A few evenings before we read this characterization, we chanced to hear a lecture recalling the story of that princess, who, married to Maximilian, became the heroine of the romantic expedition which gave, for a brief period, an emperor to Mexico. Americans had no sympathy with that political project. Yet few who remember the story can fail to sympathize with the devotion and courage of Carlotta. But Carlotta lives now her shattered life in one of the palaces of her brother Leopold. The King of Belgium is closely connected with the royal family of England as well as of Austria. He is the grandson of Louis Philippe. He inherited from his father large wealth. Before his coronation in 1865 he had traveled in Egypt, India, and China, and taken a deep interest in the development of the less civilized peoples of the earth. Another domestic affliction left upon his mind a benevolent lesson. A gentleman who visited the king not long ago is said to have inquired, "What makes you so interested in Africa?" His

reply was: "God took away from me my son—my only son—and then he laid Africa on my heart. I am not spending the revenue of Belgium on it, but my own private resources; and I have made arrangements that when I die this civilizing and evangelizing work shall still go on." The amount of expenditure yearly made by this sovereign from his own purse is stated as \$400,000.

The first thing the Association, fortunate in its royal President, did, was to establish at Karema, on the east side of Lake Tanganyika, one of its stations. But the surprising intelligence brought from the Congo in the fall of 1877 quickened and enlarged its plans. The line along which its stations were to be planted was now clearly drawn. On Nov 25th, 1878, the corporation under which its operations were to be known in Africa was organized. The name was "*Comité d'études du Haut Congo*," and the capital stated at one million francs. After the first warm receptions of Stanley were over, all was marvelously still about him for several months. But early in 1879 he was announced at Zanzibar, and in August following, with a strong force, he appeared at the mouth of the Congo. He was in the employ of the International African Association, and his business was to solve the problem of practicable access to the long, navigable waters of the upper Congo.

This problem was to be solved by building a road past the thirty-two cataracts. This, as already implied, was a very difficult undertaking. It earned for Stanley among the natives the name of the "Rock-breaker." The road is on the north side of the river, and commences at Vivi, where the lower Congo ceases to be navigable. The road was open through in December, 1881. This road, though a marvel considering the difficulties in the way of its construction, cannot be regarded as the final solution of the cataract problem. De Brazza is reported to have called it "a staircase of three hundred kilometres." On entering the Congo, one would consume the following time in reaching Stanley Pool: one day by river to Vivi, one hundred and fifteen miles; four days by road to

Isangila, fifty-two miles; three days by boat to Manyanga, seventy-three miles; six days by road to the Pool, ninety-five miles. But once in the Pool he would be in a fine, smooth sheet of water, from sixteen to twenty-five miles in diameter; and hence up the river the passage is clear for vessels to Stanley Falls, nine hundred miles. In fact, in the latter part of 1883 Stanley steamed up the whole distance, and built a station at the Falls.

But while the enterprising discoverer was busy building his road, news was received which served to apprise him and the world that other problems were pressing down upon the river. For a Frenchman had reached the Pool in 1880 from the Atlantic, and annexed two-thirds of the region about it to the French Republic! It seems that Count De Brazza, who is by birth a Roman, and is now only thirty-two years old, had five years before 1880 gone up the Ugowe River on an exploring trip, under the hope that that river would be a key to the interior of Africa. He spent most of three years, and found that the Ugowe was only a coast river. He, however, actually crossed the water-shed into the Congo basin, and was within five days of the Congo without knowing it. No sooner had tidings reached him that the river had been traced out, than De Brazza organized a new expedition and passed down one of the affluents to the great river, and planted the station "Brazzaville," and set the tri-color waving, while yet the "rock-breaker" was many miles below.

This made matters very lively indeed, not only on the Congo, but among the diplomats far and near; for if France is going to take possession, why should not other powers grasp their share, and be about it, too? So Portugal begins to remember that she owns the mouth of the river; for did not Diogo Cam, in the name of his king, set up a stone pillar there four hundred years ago? And has she not dominion all the way from the eighteenth degree to the eighth degree already? Is there not good reason why she should cross the river and extend her claims to five degrees twelve minutes? In order to

prevent the French possession, the English government was actually about to accede to the Portuguese claim. A treaty was made, and was just on the point of being duly signed and sealed; but public opinion in England was very averse to it. Besides, the Dutch had had, for a very long time, trading stations on the river, and they were ready to remonstrate against the Portuguese occupation. "Besides, what," cries the International African Association, "is to become of all our beneficent plans, and how will all our vast outlay on the road and its equipment be frittered away! Our blue flag with its golden star waves on many stations, and is respected and welcomed widely. Moreover, if Tom, Dick, and Harry are to exercise sovereign rights on this river, what is to prevent monopoly and unequal and oppressive exactions?" Meantime, while these questions were stirring the diplomatic and commercial mind, the African Association developed a wholesome activity. For example, it occurred to De Brazza that he could organize an expedition, and entering the mouth of the Kiuli, which enters the Atlantic one hundred and ten miles north of the Congo, go up that stream and reach Stanley Pool. That would make the distance of Brazzaville to the Atlantic over two hundred miles shorter than by the route he had already explored up the Ugowe. He went to France, and came back with his preparations all made for entering the Kiuli. But, lo, the blue flag was floating all along that valley, and a country as large as England was under the golden star! Treaties were made with chiefs, and cessions of territory bought and signed, there and elsewhere. Two thousand men were in its employ, and a flotilla of thirteen vessels in the constant service of its agents. Besides, two English Missionary Societies, the English Baptist and the Congo Inland Mission, had each stretched a line of stations far up the river, and they were on good terms with the Association, and loud in its praise. And finally, for a wonder, the United States of America threw its influence in the same direction; and it was an influence that really seems to have been weighty. In April of

last year the United States formally recognized the blue flag as the flag of a friendly power.

The state of things had become ripe, therefore, for the calling of the International African Conference, which held its first session at Berlin, November 18th. In this conference fifteen powers, including the United States, were represented. December 1st, the conference made its declaration on the first problem submitted to it—that of Free Trade. The region included is defined, and embraces not only the basin of the Congo and its affluents, but also that of Lake Tanganyika, with its eastern tributaries, and even stretches down to Lake Nyassa, the rivers Shire and Zambezi. This secures the line of proposed international stations across the entire continent. For there is already a route open from the mouth of the Zambesi, on the Indian Ocean, to Tanganyika, since steamers are running up the Zambesi and the Shire and Lake Nyassa; and a road has been built by Mr. Stevenson, of Glasgow, connecting the latter lake with steamers running on Tanganyika. This same gentleman has offered to build a railroad along the Shire at those points where, during some seasons, the river is not navigable. The Declaration with respect to this long line of country gives right of access to flags of all countries, prohibits all differential and all import and transit dues, and the grant of monopolies; and pledges the Powers exercising sovereign rights or influence to care for the preservation and improvement of the native tribes, to aid in the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade, to protect and favor all religious, scientific, and charitable institutions and undertakings. Freedom of conscience and worship is guaranteed.

On the second point specially submitted to the conference—the application of the principle of commercial freedom as adopted by the congress of Vienna to international rivers—we are in possession of no detailed account of the action taken. It is said that France succeeded in excluding coal from the list of articles declared to be contraband of war. England's attempt to secure a clause

imposing restrictions on the importation of spirituous liquors into the region of the Niger, which is her own possession, was defeated. A similar attempt was made with reference to the Congo by Italy; but it ended in a compromise resolution. Really, when we consider the matter, it can hardly surprise us that the action of the Powers should be so tame. Might we not rather be comforted in the fact that such governments as France and Portugal and Holland should be willing to unite in a resolution which at least intimates that the traffic in strong drink is dangerous? But let the resolution be read as it stands: "The Powers represented at the Conference desiring that the nations should be protected against the evils ensuing on the abuse of strong drink, are of opinion that an understanding should be arrived at among them for regulating the difficulties which may arise on this subject in a manner which shall reconcile the rights of humanity with the legitimate interests of trade." It is to be feared that the legitimate interests of trade will be construed so as to leave but small influence to the rights of humanity. The question is as difficult as it is important. We all know that for many years one of the most prominent articles of export, even from Boston, has been New England rum. French brandy and Holland gin are too easily made in our time, and the profit on the sale is too great, to make us sanguine that so self-denying an ordinance as the suppression of this traffic can be at once secured. To be sure, it cannot be said that the natives along the Congo, even those farthest away from the coast, are strangers to intemperance. For, in July last two missionaries went up to Bolobo, a thousand miles from the Atlantic, and the day their steamer landed was a gala day; for one of the chiefs had died, and there was "any amount of dirty sugar-cane beer swilling." But all experience shows that native races with such tendencies must fall an easy prey to the genius of modern distillation. Free trade has its advantages, but its perils likewise.

A third question before the Conference related to the formalities necessary in order to

give validity to annexation of territory. Annexation and appropriation of territory by European powers seem just now to have received special impetus. France has operated vigorously of late in Tunis, in Madagascar, and in southern China, as well as on the west coast of Africa; Germany, under the lead of Bismarck, is entering on a similar policy at various points, where her enterprising traders have acquired large interests. By far the largest part of the entire African coast has been long appropriated by the European governments. Just prior to the most recent changes it was stated that of the 7,000 miles of the west coast, Europe had gained possession of 4,450 miles. The 4,450 miles were divided so that Great Britain had 1,940, France, 1,155, Germany, 730, Portugal, 800, and Spain 35. The remainder, still in native control, will, doubtless, soon become "protected." The next movement must be the repetition of the same process as respects the great inland territory. The Conference did not of itself determine the conflicting questions of sovereignty and boundaries which have been agitated on the Congo. But during the period within which the Conference was in session, effective negotiations took place which resulted in mutual agreements between France, Portugal, and the International African Association, by which these questions have been adjusted. Owing to the defective maps accessible, it is not easy to make clear the precise lines of border which have been agreed upon. But France has made good her claim to a very large region on and between the Ugowe and north side of Stanley Pool. Portugal acquires a large tract of country on the south of the Congo at least. But these arrangements leave immense possibilities to the African Association; for its line of stations extends far up the river. It has obtained already cessions of territory from the native sovereignties, and must, in the present favorable position it occupies, both among the natives and with the allied powers, find still larger cessions dropping readily into its hands.

It is far from clear what sort of a power

the Association is or is to become. When it began to exist, as Stanley claims, it was just an idea, a sentiment, a benevolent dream. But it has well passed that stage. It has been declared not to be a trading corporation, like the East India Company of the olden time. Yet it can hardly make treaties as it has done, have boundaries defined between its possessions and those of other powers, float a flag, and extend its protecting hand effectively over so large a realm, without assuming the status and authority of a political entity. Are there not, then, some very interesting problems yet awaiting solution after the Berlin Conference has closed?

Very likely some of these questions will be made more clear when fuller reports of the action of the Conference are accessible. We may look for more light, also, when Mr. Stanley's new volume, "Five Years on the Congo" is given to the public. We may not be entirely sanguine that the millenium has dawned on the Congo. But certainly a really wonderful and auspicious turn has been given to the history of the "dark continent." Never before during the four hundred years has the attitude of civilized governments been so humane as it appears today. Very notable is the opportunity and unusual the advantage offered in favor of those efforts, educational and missionary, to which benevolent people are more and more prompted in our modern age. Leopold is not the only man on whose heart a divine voice has laid the future of Africa. Mention has been made of the Glasgow gentleman who built the Stevenson road. Another layman, known in missionary circles as "Mr. Arthington of Leeds," has again and again offered sums aggregating many thousand pounds toward the generous equipment of the benevolent work that is to be done for humanity in these newly opened regions. The story of Livingstone has awakened a wide and deep admiration and sympathy. Why should he have tasked himself so severely to "heal the open sore of the world"? That question has touched many hearts, and led them to offer treasure and life for the same healing. California herself has had young lives that were

eager to be offered for this service. And it may not be unfit in this Californian magazine to mention how some old blood that was here in early days has been warmed to the verge of fever heat by the opportunity opened in Africa. William Taylor was a well-known pioneer preacher in San Francisco more than thirty years ago. Since then he has traveled in many lands, and organized self-supporting Conferences of churches in South America and India. But the opening of the Congo was a trumpet-call to him. His enthusiasm was tremendous. It carried the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church by storm. The members of

that Conference made him a Bishop, and he has gone at the head of forty glowing souls to stretch a line of mission stations south of the Congo, and extending across from sea to sea. Whether his enthusiasm will carry Africa by storm, duller minds may doubt. The lifting of those millions into the light of a genuine Christian civilization is not to be the work of a moment. It will be the task of a patient and wise love. But the task is greatly encouraged and made much more hopeful by what has taken place in the recent action of fifteen allied powers at Berlin. The solution of some problems of the Congo is a prophecy of the solution of others.

*George Moor.*

---

### THE LANCASHIRE STRIKES OF 1878.

ONE can hardly take up a journal of late years without finding some such assertion as that the labor conflict has become the question of the time; that the cry of labor is making itself heard all over the world, and perplexing and defying all governments. But, in fact, only a tithe of all the discontent and agitation now going on is a labor conflict. The rest of it is a general rebellion against a social order in which some people have what other people wish and cannot get. It is poverty envying riches, weakness envying power, obscurity envying distinction, toil envying ease, sometimes even ignorance envying knowledge—in short, want envying possession. The labor conflict proper is strictly only the dispute between capital and labor as to the adjustment of wages.

This is a just and sensible dispute. The bargain between capital and labor is an important part of the social order, and should be thoroughly discussed. But in this country the labor question, pure and simple, is so intertwined with various socialisms, with all sorts of restlessness, and wild, vague theory, and with pure hostility, that such discussion is hard to find. In other countries a stiff social and political sys-

tem makes changes so difficult that even ignorant men must stop and consider carefully, and use their reasoning powers, before they can hope to effect anything; but under the flexible conditions of American society no one need stop and think. The hastiness of action and vagueness of reasoning, the confusion of all sorts of wild wishes and contents with the simple labor question, become even ludicrously evident upon reading the platforms put forward by "National Labor" parties. A convention in New York in 1878, in drawing up such a platform, decided that labor hours should be limited—according to some speakers, to four hours a day, while others insisted that fifteen minutes is all a human being should give daily to manual labor; that low interest should be maintained by law; government should issue money enough to give every laborer all he wants; high tariffs should be maintained, and so on. Free love and spiritualism were among the "demands of labor" called out by Hewitt's Labor Commission in 1878. All this obviously amounts to nothing but a demand that government shall proceed to make well off every one who is ill off.

Even in our strikes, which relate only to the question of wages, not bringing in the so-

cialistic appeal to government agency, there is evident the same spirit: that is, an entire belief that wages depend purely upon the will of their employer, and that if they can only constrain his will it will be all right. Accordingly, there is almost nothing of real discussion when troubles occur between employers and laborers. Yet, in fact, every strike that occurs is due to some cause, near or remote, the investigation of which would add to our economic knowledge.

See Erratum, p. 442.

trace the relations to each other of labor and capital directly back to the relations of both to commerce, which, with its ever-varying currents, supplies a different set of conditions in every case. For instance, an English factory has to lower wages. The economist traces back the cause, through this and that interacting series of commercial phenomena, till he finds it in a change in German money, or in railroad subsidies in the United States. In a paper under the heading of "Known and Unknown in the Economic World," in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1879, T. E. Cliffe Leslie reasoned that every struggle of labor is traceable directly to some fluctuation in the course of trade; but that, as trade is now a vast, complex system, made up of interwoven energies from every country, and subject to disturbances of equilibrium from many quarters, it is inevitable that such disturbances should be felt in parts of the system remote from the cause, and utterly unable to have foreseen or provided against the result. Thus current occurrences in the labor market have given rise to really valuable discussions: not merely on the part of students, but even between the employers and laborers themselves. The Lancashire strikes of 1878 were preceded by frank consultation between employers and workmen, and followed by a still further discussion between them, in which a remarkable candor and reasonableness was shown on both sides. And this led to a further discussion by out-

side parties in all the journals, even in the leading reviews. The consideration was thorough, free, and practical, and resulted in real gain to every one's understanding of the matter, and doubtless to avoidance in many cases of future blunders that might otherwise have been made.

In view of the present disturbances in the labor market of this city, it may be instructive to review the history of this remarkable strike, with especial reference to the spirit of national discussion that it called out.

The year 1878 had opened in the gloomiest possible way. It was the third year of commercial depression, and there was no gleam of recovery. In Scotland, there were thirty-two less blast-furnaces in operation than the average of the preceding thirty years, and one hundred and twenty-one thousand tons decrease in the out-put of pig-iron; the decrease in the English iron districts—Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, South Yorkshire—was as great. The Cleveland district, which was the best in the kingdom, had diminished its quantity of finished work, while an increase of forty or fifty thousand tons of pig-iron showed that the Continent had taken to manufacturing its own iron, and England was sinking to the position of a mere producer of the raw material. Colonel Thornycroft, the head of one of the greatest firms in the trade, had addressed his workmen just before the Christmas of 1877, at Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, telling them that the works, which had now been carried on for half-a-century, were no longer paying expenses, and that they, with the collieries attached, must be closed: this was, he said, largely the fault of the workmen, who had refused to submit to a reduction of wages, though assured that the business was going on at a loss. Other works were closed under parallel circumstances. The depreciation of coal and iron companies in Sheffield amounted to between two and three million. Prices of steel and iron were one-third of what they were in 1873, and, as a direct consequence, both demand and price for coal had sunk, till it no longer paid to work the coal-mines. Under

the circumstances, the only dispute between laborers and employers was how to share the losses, not the profits. A great many workmen were beyond that—thrown completely out of work by the closing of the collieries, and if their savings had been squandered in strikes, dependent on the poor-rates to save them from starvation. There had been two years before, in South Wales, a long and wide-spread strike, and the distress there was, consequently, extreme.

There was some tendency to blame the workingmen for this state of affairs, for strikes had been very common and determined throughout 1877—one hundred and seventy-one in all, according to the "Times," lasting from one week to nine months; they were almost without exception unsuccessful. But these strikes had been mostly protests against reduction of wages; the depression of business that caused the reductions must, therefore, have lain beyond the strikes. The long continuance and wide prevalence of depression fairly made men ask whether the time had come when the accumulation of capital no longer kept pace with the growth of population; unless it did thus keep pace, it was obvious that wages must fall, and keep on falling till they reached the minimum that would support life, and then either artificial means or starvation would end the matter by checking the population. Mr. Giffen, in a paper read before the Statistical Society, in January, 1878, assumed that the income-tax returns afforded the best data to ascertain whether England had ceased accumulation, and was tending to use up her margin. He calculated from these data that the minimum capital of England was £6,643,000,000, against £8,500,000,000 in 1875, but £6,100,000,000 in 1865. The yearly increase of capital was less now than between '65 and '75, because during those years the maximum effects of the gold discoveries in California and Australia were felt; it was not less than during the years preceding those discoveries. There was therefore plainly capital enough in England to extend workshops and employ all the labor of the country, if only the products of the workshops could bring

a fair profit. But when the finished products of labor were selling for less than the cost of producing, capital was helpless to improve matters. The prices of coal, iron, and cotton had sunk in England very nearly to that point, after a period of so lively demand and high prices that wages had gone up throughout the kingdom to figures intolerable under the pressure of hard times. Economists were already seeking the sources of this sudden limitation of demand and fall of prices, in the occurrences of international commerce, when the great Lancashire cotton strike, and the discussions that accompanied it, gave a new impetus to the quest.

In April, after four or five months' dispute and suspense, the cotton-operatives in north and northeast Lancashire came to a great strike, promptly responded to by the employers with a lock-out; the affair extended over several towns and the country between, and affected 130,000 people; in Blackburn alone it stopped 1,000,000 spindles. The cause was an attempt to reduce the wages of all classes of work people by ten per cent. There was a good deal of personal irritation in the matter; yet that did not prevent entirely courteous discussion of the difficulty between the two parties. Before Christmas the employers had, according to their custom, met delegates from the workmen, and proposed a reduction of five per cent., explaining their financial condition; the delegates were reluctant, and the meeting was adjourned. Some weeks later, notice was sent to the delegates of another meeting. They failed to attend, and in their absence the employers agreed on a reduction of ten per cent. After the meeting had adjourned the delegates arrived, but the employers refused to re-open the question.

After the strike had taken place, the Trades-Union leaders, Birtwistle and Whalley, published a memorial, which the "Saturday Review" called a "very able and temperate statement," to the effect that the depression in the cotton-trade was not due to the causes which the employers assigned, and would not be helped by reduction of wages. The employers, they said, claimed

that the depression was due to foreign competition, which must be underbid by reducing the cost of production to the utmost: this was utterly untenable, because, while protection gives most manufacturing countries their own home-market, it leaves to England neutral markets, such as the East; now, in such markets, as was well known, English goods were not undersold, but lost the market by dishonesty in make. The reason of the low prices was too many mills and too much production. Mr. Ashworth, chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, confirmed the workmen in this last point, saying that too much capital was sunk in mills and machinery for the demands of the trade.

The employers delayed in answering this memorial, until a good deal of indignation had been felt by the workmen; but when they did answer, it was courteously, and without complaint. They set forth that there was no profit possible at the present prices; indeed, in some cases prices were so low that the owner of a five hundred loom mill was losing £60 a week, and £3,000 a year; that the recovery of the Southern States in America from the war had caused a sudden decline in the price of raw cotton, and an accompanying prosperity in the cotton manufactures in England. Soon after the blockade of Southern ports was removed, one co-operative mill in Oldham declared dividends of twenty-eight per cent. a year; by 1876 forty mills in Oldham were paying average dividends of eleven per cent., and by 1877, of three and three-fourths per cent. The great profits of the first half of the decade had led to the investment of an immense amount of capital in the cotton business, and had brought down prices. Add to this violent increase of supply a simultaneous decrease of demand: Europe so much disturbed by the Eastern question as to be a much less valuable customer than usual; the Eastern markets lost through the adulteration of British cottons and the competition of American, as well as by the famine in China and India, which lessened their purchasing power; the home consumption, in spite of the low prices,

fallen to forty per cent. of what it was in 1873. All these causes had brought the trade into its present distress; and the operatives should see that they were losing ten per cent. of their wages, as their employers were losing much more than ten per cent. of their profits, not through the caprice or avarice of mill-owners, but because the Northern and Southern States of America had gone to war over slavery and States' rights; because European governments were sensitive about the balance of power; because harvests had failed in India and China.

But the operatives granted all this, and argued that, whatever the causes, the present difficulty was a glutted market, and the proper remedy restriction of production. They said they were willing to submit to their share of the loss, but they wished to do it in a way that should tend to shorten the period of loss. They offered, therefore, to work four days a week, at the proposed reduction, earning twelve shillings instead of the eighteen shillings for six days' work that they had been offered. If they accepted the eighteen shillings, they said, and continued to pour out unsalable goods on an already overstocked market, prices would never revive and make twenty shillings a week possible; whereas, if they, by working only four days a week, relieved the market, prices would rise again, and they could get wages that would repay them for managing to get along for a time on twelve shillings.

This proposition raised the question of the advisability of artificial restriction of production, and made the controversy one of general interest. The employers replied to the men's proposal, that the trouble was not too great production from each mill, but too great a number of mills; that no permanent relief could come to the market by lessening the output, at a dead loss on machinery and capital standing idle two days in the week, which would outweigh any gain from the reduction of wages. The only permanent relief must come from the shutting up of superfluous mills, and transference of capital; the struggle must be kept up, by both laborers and mill-owners, the one party accepting

low wages, the other low profits, until the weakest firms should succumb, their capitalists go to the wall, and their workmen find other employment. Moreover, England was not in a position to restrict production with safety, pressed as she was by foreign competition: if she should withdraw from the race, she would be simply giving up her chance of ever regaining her position; while her mills were running on short time, America would run hers on full time with superior facilities for the cheap manufacture of cotton, would reap the benefit of rising prices, would step into every place that England vacated, and be established in full possession there when England came back to claim it upon the improvement of prices.

It was not by any means admitted by all economists that there was any such danger from foreign competition, and, as the operatives pointed out, some mills were running short time by wish of the owners. The Employers' Association, at the last, took firm stand on the inexpediency of allowing the workmen to meddle in the conduct of the business, and refused to yield to their suggestion: and so, in June, the strike, which was ill-provisioned, came to an end, after nine weeks, and an expenditure of £675,000.

The tone of calm discussion which characterized this strike, and the really rational positions taken by both sides, drew many economists into the discussion, by means of lectures and magazine articles. It was said afterwards, on the authority of an address from Mr. Birtwistle, one of the leaders, given before the Trades' Unions, that the proposal of short time was a false issue; that the workmen knew it would not be accepted, and merely made it an excuse for prolonging a strike that was really an outbreak of irritation, arising from unpleasant personal relations with the employers. This seems improbable, from the fact that the refusal of the employers to accede to the proposal led to rioting and destruction of property (against the efforts of the leaders). In either case the issue was taken up and discussed seriously by unprejudiced third parties, and contin-

ued to occupy the press for months. Mr. Brassey reviewed the situation in an address, pointing out a possible remedy for such difficulties in the appointment by the workmen of qualified agents from outside, instead of delegates from their number, to confer with the employers and come to an understanding about their affairs. Mr. John Morley, both editorially and in an address before the Trades' Union Congress at Bristol, in September, 1878, discussed the subject from a point of view strongly favorable to the workmen, was answered by Mr. J. R. Greg, and answered him again.

The problem, says Mr. Morley ("Fortnightly Review"), is at once economic and moral. Grant as you will that the fluctuations of commerce are beyond the control of capital, and the fluctuations of labor dependent on these: is it not wrong that capitalists should be able by their lack of foresight and caution to plunge hundreds of workmen into misery? It was not the workmen who committed the blunder of inflating the cotton industry; how hard that they should be punished for it. When the payment of the French indemnity had inflated all industries in Germany, it was a wild maladministration of capital that sent a navvy's wages up to fifteen shillings a day, and then brought them down to destitution. Capitalists should come to feel a moral responsibility to so invest as not to risk the well-being of their dependents; they should feel rash and greedy investment to be more sin than blunder. He deprecates the tone of society toward such an action as the Lancashire strike, quoting the expression "abortive rebellion," applied to it by the "Morning Post," and comparing it with the suggestion of a writer in Blackwood's ten years before, that the railway drivers then on strike should be brought under the Mutiny Act. Such things show as great a misunderstanding of the nature of the bargain between labor and capital as ever the laborers have shown. The movement for the emancipation of industry by the industrial classes, he thought *the* movement of the century, and an advantage to all classes. In this special

question of limiting production, Mr. Morley was entirely with the laborers, and blamed the mill-owners for their "immense and insensate competition" with each other: knowing, as they did, that some mills must go under, each was determined that it should not be his, and by cutting down wages, disregarding the Factory Acts, and like means, struggled to keep ahead of his neighbors. Now, the very thing that employers should feel they had no right to do was to keep the equilibrium of profits by lowering and raising wages; on the contrary, the equilibrium of wages should be kept, while profits should undergo the fluctuations. Better a low rate of wages than fluctuations. The workman became accustomed, under high wages, to a standard of living which he was unwilling to resign when low wages came. He had better have low wages all along. Yet it is not for the good of any country that wages should be too low. The competition of all countries with each other by international commerce tends to reduce all wages to the minimum in the world. "Theoretic political economy is inadequate to this special question," are Mr. Morley's words. It is obviously in accordance with the results of political economy that all wages should be brought to the level of the lowest in the world: all laborers in the manufactures are practically in competition with all others, the world over; there cannot be but one price in one market, and the whole world is the market of labor, because it is the market of manufactured goods, on whose prices the price of labor depends. But the levelling of wages, if an economic blessing, would be a social curse; it would bring the British laborer to the level of the lowest laborer in the world, and should be resisted artificially, if necessary. The Lancashire laborers were right in resisting reduction, and proposing short time. On the other hand, the employers were right in refusing to submit to arbitration, for arbiters usually settled difficulties by "splitting the difference," which could do neither party any good in this case.

Mr. Greg<sup>1</sup> answered to Mr. Morley, that the

event had proved the workmen were wrong in supposing that to lessen production would improve prices, for the strike of nine weeks had lessened it as much as twenty-seven weeks of the short time proposed would have done, and yet the depression was in no wise relieved, so that another reduction of wages was contemplated. Mr. Morley was right in saying that fluctuations in wages were a worse evil than low wages; but to stand between fluctuations of price and of wages was exactly what the employers already did. It was notorious that wages always rose and fell more slowly than profits. Employers practically saved for their men in prosperity, in order to hold wages up in adversity. In the present case the wages were kept up until profits had actually disappeared. Great Britain's advantage in competition lay in better machines, better workmanship, and unlimited capital; her disadvantage, in high wages, a more luxurious standard of living among workingmen, and their habit of living up to their incomes. Owing to natural causes, these advantages were all declining, while workmen clung to and increased the disadvantage. The present reduction, even of twenty per cent., was not extreme: the workmen could easily save thirty per cent. by care in marketing and cooking, and by letting trades' unions alone. Moreover, high wages, kept up by limitation of production, were at the expense of other workmen; for they involve, sooner or later, a vast reduction in the number of workmen.

Mr. Morley, in his Bristol address<sup>2</sup> of September 11th, reiterated his belief in short time; said that the employers had not stood between wages and fluctuations as they should, for the surpluses of good times had been largely sunk in expensive plant, instead of stored up to steady wages. Keeping up wages, it was true, hurt the consumers by keeping up the cost of an article; but lowering them hurts tradesmen by lessening the purchasing power of workmen, and rate-payers by increasing the number who needed relief. According to Mr. Mundella and Mr. Giffen, the danger from foreign competition

<sup>1</sup> *Fortnightly*, vol. 24, p. 200.

<sup>2</sup> *Fortnightly*, vol. 24, p. 547.

was not imminent. England could hold her own, not by cheaper manufactures, but by more taste and ingenuity in design, and more honesty in execution. French manufactures showed more taste, and were more attractive to purchasers; but that was the fault of English statesmen, for not giving manufacturers better social and educational advantages. Would Mr. Greg say that limitation of supply was *never* right? And where would such a proposition lead him?

The most obvious generalization that these discussions had established was the far-reaching nature of the causes that control wages, the comparative unimportance of the relations to each other of labor and capital, beside their common relations to the commerce of the world. The cotton business was only one illustration of this. The fall of wages in iron was likewise traceable directly back to international causes—to the paralysis of railway building in the United States in 1873, coupled with the practical completion by Europe of its railway systems, after the eagerness of railway building had sent much capital into iron manufactures; the failure of India and China as purchasers; the lessening of purchasing power in Europe through the increase of armaments; the feeling of political insecurity, and the crisis in Germany after the wild inflation that followed the payment of the French indemnity. So in every branch of industry, reduction of wages was traceable to causes far beyond capital. It is hard to imagine how political economy could have thrown any light beforehand on these particular cases; yet these cases did confirm the results of political economy. The self-adapting nature of wages and prices; the impotence of resistance to the natural fluctuations of the market, as determining wages; the distance at which wages follow prices in rising and falling, capital taking the chief advantage of a rise and the chief hurt of a fall; the necessity of habits of thrift among the laboring classes, to enable them to endure the lowering of wages—all these *a priori* principles were confirmed. It was brought out, perhaps more clearly than ever before, that

fluctuating wages were the worst thing that could befall the laborer, and that in a case where international competition was concerned, artificial restriction of production was no legitimate resource. To these last two points 1878 lent a contribution of experience so valuable that we may pause to consider them farther.

There never was a commercial crisis before of so international a nature as that which began in 1873 and reached its maximum in England in 1878; there had, therefore, never been an opportunity to note so satisfactorily the working of international competition. That, in the present state of the world's commerce, artificial restriction of production should make a nation fall behind other nations in the struggle for custom was obvious, after a little study of statistics: But even supposing England had controlled the cotton-market of the world, would it have been legitimate to have forced prices up, in order to keep wages up? The first effect would have been, of course, that the consumer would have paid more for his cottons. Apart from the proposition that the consumer has a *right* to natural prices, consider the results: the great bulk of consumers are workmen in other trades; if they must pay more for cottons, they must have higher wages; their employers, too, must force up prices, and the cotton operative must pay more for his coal and his boots and his woollens. In proportion as an industry controls the market of the world will forced prices react upon itself; in proportion as it fails to control the market, will it be unable to force prices. If the farmer, taking his corn to market, finds that by burning half he can sell the remainder at a profit, it must be because his corn controls the market to such an extent that the tradesmen, taxed hard by the price they have paid for corn, will be marking up the prices of the plows and harrows, the boots and the clothes that he buys; if he does not so influence the market, his burned corn is clear loss, for the lack of it will not raise the price of corn.

As to the fluctuations of wages, the comments on the extravagance of workmen that

they encouraged roused a good deal of discussion on what was really the standard of living among the laboring classes. Mr. Geo. Howell maintained in a long and detailed paper, in the "Contemporary Review," that the wages of laborers, in London, at least, are no more than barely sufficient for respectable living. He first stated the average earnings of different classes of workmen; then estimated their necessary expenditures; then gave statistics of evidences of thrift, in investments, etc. Writers, he said, take the highest average of wages, and lowest average cost of provisions. According to his estimates, a man with a wife and three children cannot save out of his wages more than one shilling a week for clothes and incidentals, after paying rent, rates, taxes, schooling, club-dues, and bills for coal and food. If Mr. Howell's figures were sound, it certainly looks as though the complaint of too high wages were unfounded: but when we see among the items that he considered "necessary" for workmen in hard times, "butter, tea, coffee, sugar, and club-dues," we distrust the standards according to which he judged. As to the statistics of savings that he gave, the trouble is that, even in friendly and loan societies intended expressly for the poor, it is impossible to know how much of the invested funds is placed there by workmen. They generally distrust all investments except Trades' Unions.

Mr. Howell's was almost the only voice raised in defense of the workman's thrift. Mr. Mundella, M.P., said that one-third of the food of the laboring classes was wasted; Mr. Pretyman, that many of the London poor will eat only hot bread, and horses are largely fed on what has been thrown away by them. Lord Derby, in an address at the close of the year, spoke of the want of thrift and the drunkenness of the lower classes, and said that the annual duties on grog and tobacco came to £40,000,000. Mr. Howell himself admitted that the London working man utterly scorned the use of oatmeal and similar economical foods. The evidence of thriftlessness and living up to their income on the part of English laborers is too unani-

mous and authoritative to be doubted; and it is a fair inference that the extravagant style of living which workmen were in hard times refusing to give up, had been acquired in the days of wages too high to be permanent. It does not follow that employers should resolve never to give wages higher than can be approximately maintained, for any employer must and will give such wages as are necessary to secure the labor he wants; but it does follow that capital should not take advantage of inflated profits in any industry to rush recklessly into it, creating a great demand and high prices in the labor market, to be succeeded by an overcrowded state of that industry and falling wages. But it would be unfair to charge to those mingled blunders and misfortunes of capital that cause fluctuating wages, the whole blame of the shiftlessness of labor. Part of it is, of course, the inherent fault of ignorant, hard-working men. A great part is the fault of pauperizing the poor, primarily through the poor laws, secondarily through paternal legislation. Every workman in England knows that he may pauperize himself as recklessly as he chooses. He must be supported by the industrious when he is destitute, no matter how he became so. According to several of the German pauper systems a man is subject to arrest and imprisonment for living in bad habits, that will make paupers of himself and his family; but in England there are no exceptions to the help a destitute man may claim. Professor Fawcett was at this time opposing this system of giving the destitute a right to claim help, believing that it encouraged thriftlessness, and that the demands of humane feeling could be adequately met by private charity. During the strikes of 1878 it actually occurred, in many cases, that the families of strikers, and others made destitute by the strike yet not themselves actually striking, were supported by the rates; and thus the strike was in fact supported by the employers, who were the heaviest rate-payers. Again, the legislation about the poor, intended in the most benevolent spirit, would be taken as an insult in America. The "Factory and Workshop Bill" of Mr.

Cross was warmly opposed by Frederic Seebohm,<sup>1</sup> on the ground that it was an unwarrantable interference with individual rights. The bill limited the hours of labor for women and children, even at home and under a parent, as well as in factories and under masters. Mr. Seebohm protests against the feeling that the poor may be legislated for in ways that the rich may not. "It shows a tendency," he says, "to feel the working classes legitimate subjects of a kind of paternal and petty interference, which the classes above would not submit to for a moment." Another bill of Mr. Cross's—the Artisans' Dwellings' Act—while its object was entirely to benefit artisans by amending a crying evil in the squalid homes they occupied, still subjected them to an amount of interference from inspectors that made their houses anything but their castles. But Matthew Arnold, in his paper on "Equality,"<sup>2</sup> carried the cause deeper than poor laws or paternal interference—carried it, in fact, off an economical to a moral ground. He notes not only that the workman will live up to his income, but the *manner* in which he chooses to live up to it—"eating, drinking, and smoking," as Mr. Greg says despairingly. The lower class (says Mr. Arnold) is civilized in France and uncivilized in England. And the reason is that the middle class, seeing the charming life of the aristocracy utterly out of reach, is thrown back on its own narrow and stunted life. The lower class sees

<sup>1</sup> Nineteenth Century, vol. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Address at Royal Institution, Fortnightly, vol. 23, p. 313.

no attraction in this, which *is* within its reach, and is thrown back in turn on its "gin, beer, and fun." As Mr. Arnold says tersely, "Inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle, brutalizes our lower." And the remedy he finds only in change of land laws that may undermine inequality.

By the close of 1878 the stress of hardship had passed from the manufacturing to the agricultural industries, and the discussions that had grown out of the Lancashire strike and similar troubles gave way to the subject of land reform. They had left behind them a valuable residuum in the clearness with which one or two results had been brought out. They had made very evident, too, the distribution of responsibility: that capital sins against labor by speculation, bringing about overproduction; and that labor sins primarily against itself and society by squandering its means in low and reckless ways, and secondarily against capital by insisting upon wages that shall enable it to do so. In minor ways the trades-unions sin against fellow-workmen by advocating forced prices, and the leveling of wages between skilled and unskilled labor. A mass of most careful and interesting writing upon the subject of labor and wages, the condition of the laboring classes, and various subjects growing out of these, from the first memorials of the strikers and their employers to the now classical paper of Mr. Arnold, had been accumulated during this one year, and remains of permanent value, and a most admirable example for such discussions.

*M. W. Shinn.*

---

## AN OLD IMPERIAL RESIDENCE, CASTLE CHAPULTEPEC, IN MEXICO.

A SOJOURN in the City of Mexico without visiting Castle Chapultepec<sup>1</sup> would be like being in Rome and not seeing St. Peters.

<sup>1</sup> The name Chapultepec comes from the Aztec *Chapulín* (grasshopper), and *Tepec* (mountain)—from the grasshoppers which used to creep into the crevices of the rock, and greatly increase there.

Its beautiful site, closely associated with the rich old legendary lore of the Aztecs and their predecessors the brave Toltecs; the various historical incidents connected with it; the grove of magnificent giant oaks in the castle park, larger than any found else-

where in the whole valley of Mexico;—have all made this spot for centuries the Mecca of travelers tarrying in the capital; while to the natives it is what the Thiergarten is to the Berliner, the Prater to the Viennese, and the Bois de Boulogne to the Parisian.

As we wander up San Francisco Street from the Hotel Iturbide, the former palace of the Emperor of the same name, we leave to our right the great Alameda, with its shady avenues, its splendidly kept flower-beds, and splashing fountains, and stand soon before the large equestrian statue of the Spanish King, Charles IV., which, according to an inscription upon the base, was erected by him in 1804 to his loving and faithful subjects of New Spain, as a reminder of his goodness and mercy. A similar attestation of favor fell at the same time to the lot of the City of Guatemala, in the province of that name, and now an independent republic; but after the secession from the mother-country, the deadly hatred that existed towards everything Spanish extended to the bronze King also, and only the gigantic horse of the monument was left upon the pedestal.

Westward from the monument the great imperial road, now called "Paseo de la Reforma," two miles long and one hundred and seventy feet wide, extends in a straight line to the Castle, whose walls and battlements are visible from a distance. The entire length of this glorious promenade is broken at intervals by six rotundas, each four hundred feet in diameter, and intended for the reception of statues of celebrated men who merited recognition by Mexico. In the first one is erected the colossal statue of Columbus, surrounded by four large allegorical figures; in the second is the pedestal for the monument to the last Emperor of the Aztecs, the brave Quauhtemotzin; and the third is reserved for the statue of his successor and conqueror, Ferdinand Cortez. Long stone seats extend around the half circle of these niches, and on both sides of the foot-path, to the right and left of the road, groves of ash and eucalyptus offer shade and coolness to the traveler.

The Paseo owes its existence, like many

other improvements in the city, to the Emperor Maximilian. The ill-chosen, marshy, and consequently unhealthy site of the metropolis was recognized by the unfortunate Hapsburger, as well as it had been by Cortez, and he therefore decided to found a new city, beginning by laying out great avenues that radiated from the imperial monument towards the highlands. Chapultepec, the Emperor's favorite resort, where he spent both his happiest and his heaviest hours in Mexico, was intended for the central point of land in the district. The newly created aristocracy was to build its palaces in the immediate neighborhood, amid the groves, and particularly adjoining the Paseo. But after the fall of the Empire, these, with many other grand schemes, were dashed to the ground, greatly to the detriment of the country in whose material and social welfare the Emperor had taken so deep an interest.

It is only six o'clock in the morning, but the Paseo is already animated. Innumerable riders of both sexes gallop past on horses in whom one readily recognizes traces of Andalusian and Arabian parentage. Here come some acquaintances, members of the German riding club. These are followed by a group of Englishmen accompanied by ladies. A little further on appears a troop of Mexicans in their picturesque national costume, belonging, no doubt, to the *jeunesse dorée*, and who by their fine riding immediately draw the general attention upon themselves. Their leader is the former colonel of a Mexican cavalry regiment, and known throughout the capital as the best rider and the greatest *roué*. The men wear the broad-brimmed, pointed-crowned felt hats called *sombreros*, richly ornamented with gold and silver braid. The short cloth jackets are covered with artistic passementerie, and along the outer seam of the brown deerskin breeches are set closely double rows of heavy silver buttons, connected with narrow cord lacings. The long saddle pistols, the heavy bridle, and the enormous spurs richly ornamented with silver, are all costly and wonderfully becoming. One can scarcely fancy anything more picturesque than such a cavalcade

dashing past at break-neck speed, as though life and death depended upon the race.

The Paseo is particularly alive in the afternoon, between the hours of four and six, when the "upper circles" appear in carriages or on horseback. The middle of the broad, well-watered avenue is reserved at this time of day for riders. Carriages are obliged to go up one side and down the other. On Sundays and holidays the excellent band of the Eighth Regiment plays usually in front of the Columbus monument, and another military band gives a free concert in the morning opposite the public baths, which entice many people of all classes. The ragged Indian, whose scanty apparel scarce covers his nakedness, promenades alongside of the Mexican fop arrayed in the newest French style, the inevitable cigarette in either hand or mouth, and flirting with the ladies as they drive past. He avails himself of favorable opportunities to step to the carriage and inquire after the health of the *señoras* and *señoritas*. These black-eyed, elegantly-attired ladies in their carriages form a strange and sad contrast to the innumerable half-naked, poverty-stricken Indian women, with their ragged, execrably filthy children, who wander about in the crowd, either begging or selling various curiosities—such as wax figures, rough fiber baskets, feather pictures, etc. Sweetmeats, candied fruits, *tortillas*, and the favorite dish of the Mexicans, chicken with tomatoes, are offered to one at trifling sums, in every direction, and find a ready sale among the lower classes.

But when the sun disappears behind the mountains, this gay and motley crowd turns homeward, and by night the Paseo is a quiet and lonely street, which one unwillingly even crosses, as cases of robbery are not of infrequent occurrence.

An easy hour's walk brings us to the castle's great stone portal, with its heavy iron gratings, in front of which a sentinel does duty, the cadet school having now its quarters here. After entering one stands immediately under cover of the thick forest of giant cypresses (*cypressus distica*), and close before us, firmly supported by rugged granite

rocks, stands the old castle, its parapets hidden from sight by creeping plants, and its loop-holes reminding the beholder that Chapultepec was once a fort protecting the wide avenue direct to the city.

Such trees as stand before us now I have never seen outside of the Calaveras and Mariposa groves of California. The colossal trunks, which ten men could scarcely span, divide towards the top into two great branches and then into smaller ones, and form a thick crown, casting a dark green shade upon everything beneath, and serving as a curiously contrasting background to the long masses of gray-green moss that hang beneath. No rustling leaves, no whispering, no murmuring, amid these lofty branches. The foliage is so soft and close that even the animated presence of many birds is not noticed. These crowned heads look down almost sadly upon us, and mirror themselves in the pond close by, to whose waters they have already lent a gloomy shade. What tales they might tell! They were the silent witnesses of the sacrifice of the ancient Toltecs, to whom these groves were consecrated spots; beneath their branches wandered old Aztec emperors; just here the Spanish viceroys held their sumptuous courts; yonder on the rocks, in the year 1847, the flower of the Mexican youth defended the castle hopelessly against the advancing Americans, commanded by General Winfield Scott; through these shady avenues Maximilian and Carlotta took many a walk; and, no doubt, the unhappy daughter of the King of Belgium was reminded often, in her despair here, of the glorious Laeken Park near Brussels.

" Her yearning thoughts

Throng back forever to her father's halls,  
Where first to her the radiant sun unclosed  
The gates of heaven; where closer, day by day,  
Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,  
Around each other twined love's tender bonds."

Near the pond rises the obelisk erected in honor of the brave fellows who died for their country while defending the castle in 1847, September the 13th. Upon the façade stands the inscription, "To the Memory of the Cadets who died the Death of Heroes during

the American Invasion"; whereupon follow the names of the fallen. At the back are recorded the names of the wounded, and on the two other sides the names of the prisoners. Another inscription upon the base says that the monument was begun and finished in 1880-'81, during the administration of Porfirio Diaz and Manuel Gonzales. Regarding the battle of Chapultepec, I copy a few items from the paper before me:

"During the night of September 11th, 1847, four batteries of eight guns each were placed opposite the castle. The bombardment began at five o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and lasted till seven in the evening. The Americans were eight thousand strong. The Mexicans, under the Dictator Santa Anna, had only seven guns—two of them twenty-four-pounders, one eight-pounder, three four-pounders, and one howitzer of sixty-eight pounds. Commander-in-chief of the castle was Nicholas Bravo. On the 12th, two hundred soldiers were placed for the defense at the foot of the castle; above were placed the pupils of the military school—numbering also two hundred—forming, together with other soldiers, eight hundred, all told. The cadets fought with wonderful courage, but the castle was taken by storm on the 13th, and General Bravo taken prisoner. The next day the city was taken. Santa Anna fled with his army, consisting of five thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry, to the little neighboring town of Guadalupe."

To the right of the pond a broad, winding path leads up the hill; the carriage road goes partly over and partly through the rocks, but the stone wall on either side is fast crumbling away. Half way up we notice a heavy, closed, iron-grated door, the entrance to a grotto, which is connected with a spring in the castle court-yard above. In times of siege, water was pumped into this grotto, and from thence distributed to the garrison. In a few minutes the summit is reached. The youthful sentinel at the door accepts our cards of admittance in the most courteous manner, and forwards them to Captain G——, one of the professors in the Academy.

I had become acquainted a few days before with this most charming gentleman, who had studied at Bonn, and taken his degree of Ph.D. with flying colors; and was sure of a cordial welcome. I was not mistaken. After a few minutes the cadet returned to usher us into the captain, who received us most cordially amid his pupils. Our wish to see the castle was willingly granted, and the same cadet commissioned to be our guide.

This military school, moved here about a year ago from the neighboring town of Tacubaya, numbers at present three hundred and fifty pupils and thirty-two professors. From the entrance one steps upon the moderately large, well-paved parade ground, to the right of which lies the house of the Commandante, and the stables, both in the purest Gothic style. To the left the imposing façade of the cadet-school itself greets us, built of green freestone, the not least attractive feature of which is the graceful portico, on which stands an inscription to the effect that it was completed in 1879, during the administration of Porfirio Diaz. Guided by our youthful military leader, we visited first the lecture and work rooms, and then the sleeping and dining apartments, whose exquisite cleanliness and orderliness, even luxuriousness, it would be impossible to surpass. We most eagerly accepted and enjoyed a proffered cup of chocolate, as our long walk had sharpened our appetites. We tarried somewhat in many of the school-rooms, listening to the recitations. The instructor in English has been peculiarly successful. His scholars seemed not only to understand readily, but expressed themselves easily and idiomatically. Little attention is given to German, French finding preference, being indeed the medium through which many of the exact sciences, mathematics, chemistry, and physics are imparted. I have observed the same thing in other Mexican schools, which explains the fact that every well educated Mexican speaks French fluently.

Back of the new building stands the old Castle, begun by the Viceroy, Matias de Galvez, and completed by his son and suc-

cessor in 1785, at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. Within it forms a strong contrast to the well-kept building just visited: traces of neglect and ruin are everywhere visible. The former royal apartments are, however, in course of repair, to serve later as the summer residence of the President of the Republic. The beautiful gardens and terraces, the open galleries, with their Pompeiian frescoes and delicate supporting pillars, the innumerable bronze statues—for the most part casts of the antique—testify to the cultivated taste and sense of the beautiful of the last occupant, whose desire was to transform the whole into a second (Miramar?). After considerable scrambling over roofs and walls we reach the tower, and wind our way up its tottering stairs to get a view of the surrounding country. The scene before us is overpowering. The glorious valley of Mexico stretches out in all its indescribable beauty. The broad imperial road runs at our feet, between the picturesquely arched aqueducts Chapultepec and San Cosma, that supply the city with water, and in the distance rises the massive cathedral spire, serving as a landmark above the sea of houses. Beyond we espy the beautiful church, "To our beloved Lady of Guadalupe" (*Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*), and in the background, on a neighboring hill, another graceful chapel. Allowing the eye to ramble still further, it alights on the glistening lake of Tezcuco, the largest of the six lakes in the valley. To the right rise the snowy peaks of the two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Yztacchuatl, the first nearly eighteen thousand feet high, and the the last some four hundred feet lower, the two highest mountains of the North American Continent.

Behind us the tender green sward is dotted with the country residences of the little

town of Tacubaya; close to these lies the so-called King's Mill (*Molino del Rey*), celebrated since the American invasion, and the wide-spread buildings of the agricultural department; while behind those thick groves of fruit trees lies the town of San Angel, a favorite Sunday resort for city people. Dozens of villages, hamlets, and farms, oft-times connected by avenues, lie picturesquely all through the valley, and the green pastures and meadows reach almost into the very city of Mexico. The railroad tracks of the Central, National, and Vera Cruz roads cut across the country in different directions, reminding us of the civilizing force of steam, and of the probable changes to come in this heretofore ideally beautiful spot. We become deeply absorbed in the contemplation, and it is only with the greatest struggle that we tear ourselves away from the enchanting picture.

"He who has felt the mysterious influence which reigns on airy mountain peaks, widening and ennobling the human heart, raising it heavenward in loftier thoughts—he is filled with a sort of smiling pity, when he thinks of those who, in the depth below, are dragging tiles and sand together, for the building of new towers of Babel; and he will unite in that joyous mountain-cry, which, according to the old herdsman, is equal to a paternoster before the Lord."

My companion silently presses my hand as we descend, and each realizes that he has passed one of the most delicious and soul-inspiring hours in his life, the memory of which will be everlasting.

Our kind guide conducted us to the lower castle gate, where we parted with sincerest thanks, and from whence we stepped into the street-car, and in half an hour had reached the city.

*Wilhelm Zimmermann.*

## THE STORY OF AN ADVENTURER.

I HAVE seen five acts in the life of Frank Walsh. Frank and I were boys together in the pretty little town of Fremont, Ohio, and we were not only associates, but warm friends as well, if that is friendship in which the one party "knuckles down" to the other on all questions. Frank, as a lad, was haughty and overbearing, yet physically weak. But everybody said he was brilliant. He was certainly, even at an early period of his life, an inveterate punster and a brilliant talker. He was extraordinarily popular with girls, and on bright days spent the greater part of his time at the Blue Banks, a pleasant retreat by the side of the Sandusky River. But he was unpopular with older people, simply because he acknowledged no law but his will, and disgusted them with his lordly bearing.

Frank, at the age of seventeen, got into trouble in Fremont, and was obliged to leave the town. Where he went to I do not know, but reports occasionally drifted back to our native town regarding him—wild, vague reports, lacking verification, and yet showing up his life exactly as his friends would have prophesied it. Meanwhile, I had learned the printer's trade, and no sooner had I "served my time" than I joined the printers' union, and started out to see the world. For two years I drifted about, and finally stopped in the City of Mexico. There, among a strange people, I felt, for some reason, a degree of contentment I had never known in my native country, and after a time I became editor of an English paper published at the Mexican capital.

One day, as I was busy gathering news from the various exchanges, and translating it from Castillian into English, I heard a great shouting in the narrow, crooked street below my window, and glancing out saw a crowd of Mexicans, with drawn knives, encircling a poor, ragged American. I hastened to the scene, and on the way collected

a number of my friends. In the center of the wild group, with a long revolver in each hand, was Frank Walsh, and with these he kept at a distance the motley gang of ruffians. As he stood at bay he looked truly noble. Not a muscle twitched, although fifty knives were itching to be driven to his heart. At his feet lay the body of a Mexican, whom he had evidently killed.

Officers were called, and as Frank recognized me advancing with them, he surrendered, after a hearty hand-shake. At his examination he proved that the Mexican had crept stealthily behind him, and was about to stab him, when, glancing around, Walsh saw his danger. Drawing his knife hastily, he parried the Mexican's blow, and drove his own knife to the hilt in the Mexican's bosom. He told me what was not developed in court, that the evening before he had got into trouble with this same Mexican, there being a "woman in the case."

It did not take long for me to discern that Frank Walsh had become a typical adventurer. I never was able to tell what course he had followed in his travels. I was astounded by his conversation, for he spoke with the same accurate knowledge of towns in Europe, Africa, South America, and British Columbia, as of Fremont. He told of many an adventure in which he had been engaged, undoubtedly adding somewhat to make his stories entertaining, and yet talked of various countries with that ease that comes only after extensive travel. He had undergone all the various degrees of adversity and prosperity, according to his narrative. Giving his whole attention to newspaper work, he had held, he said, positions upon papers in Boston, London, Manchester, and Hong Kong, besides having for a time published an English paper in Brazil. Whether his word were to be relied upon or not, it is at least certain that he showed great familiarity with those places.

He was not favorably impressed with the City of Mexico, and declared that the Mexican was abominable the world over. The next day he rushed into the office where I was at work, grasped my hand, and exclaimed, "I'm off—South America—" and before I could ask any questions, he had vanished, leaving me completely overcome with astonishment.

Time passed on (some people may doubt it, but it is a fact witnessed to by five hundred story writers), and I decided once more to visit the North. After a short stay among old friends, I went to Chautauqua Lake in western New York, then coming into notice as a summer resort. The Sunday School Assembly was in session, and I enjoyed greatly the company of the beautiful ladies, as well as the magnificent, river-like lake, with its pure, bracing air. With its park-like aspect it seemed a paradise, and the jaunty cottages seemed like the homes of fairies to me, who had been so long among the adobe houses of the City of Mexico.

It was a beautiful afternoon, when a party of about fifty was organized for a boat ride. A fresh breeze was blowing from Lake Erie, and had succeeded in driving the waves to a fine height, so that the boats rocked in a pleasant manner, and it required some little knowledge of navigation to row the skiffs about and keep them from dipping water. While I was bending all my energies to this task, and, perhaps, having my wits driven from me by the charming creatures in the stern of the boat, I collided with another craft like my own, and both boats dipped water. Our oars became tangled, and the two boats floated side by side.

There was an exclamation of surprise from the gentleman in the boat with which I had collided. He extended his hand. I examined him critically, and yet did not recognize him until he told me his name. The change in his personal appearance was wonderful. In the City of Mexico he was dressed in rags, and his whole appearance was that of a tramp. Now he was dressed in the height of style. A well-cultivated mustache graced his lip, and a magnificent diamond reflected

the rays of the sun from his throat, while the well-dressed lady who accompanied him showed that he had not forgotten the graces that win the affection of her sex.

When we were in private he related his experience since our last meeting. He had really gone to South America, and had there made a small fortune; but in grasping after more money he lost the greater part of what he had. Then he decided to return to America. At New York City he had the fortune to get the good will of a wealthy merchant, and had finally married his daughter.

There was no doubt that she was an excellent woman, and I had no reason to doubt his love for her. If a woman ever deserved love, she did. Kind-hearted and loving, her only thought was of him and his success in life. Then they became parents. The child was a bright-eyed blonde, and if the mother nearly worshiped it, she was certainly excusable. Frank had entered into politics, and seemed to be, to use an old expression of his, "on the royal road to a decent living."

I was happy in his happiness, and when I left him it was with the mental resolve to go and do likewise. My thoughts turned once more to the Southwest, thinking that there a fortune awaited every comer. A few weeks passed, and I sprang from the cars at Tucson.

The grim walls of the adobe houses, the barren streets and mesa lands, the Spanish donkeys with the loads of mesquite wood upon their backs, the tall, towering cacti that rise from the hills behind the city, the cosmopolitan crowd—all these and many more peculiarities that tend to make the new-comer homesick in that city of ten thousand vile odors, passed unnoted, for now I had a purpose in life. I was to work now as never before, for a defined object. I, too, would have a happy home and a lovely wife.

Wild delusion! Misfortune followed misfortune. All I had in the world was swept away. The railroad, which had just been completed, had scattered through the Southwest thousands of idle men—hardy, rugged men, used to hard work—and as there was nothing but hard work to be done, frail fel-

lows who had never used the pick and shovel were crowded to the wall. My case became desperate. With ten dollars in my pocket, I started to go to Los Angeles, distant about five hundred miles. Walking twenty-eight miles out of Tucson, I waited for a freight train. At eleven o'clock at night it came, and finding the end door of a box-car ajar, I opened it and entered.

It was not until the train started that I found I had a fellow passenger, and we conversed for some time as fellows in misfortune always converse, relating, if not the actual facts of their history, what purport to be. Fifteen minutes passed in conversation, when my companion struck a match with which to light his pipe. As he held it up to his face, and the light brought to view his features, I recognized unmistakably the countenance of Frank Walsh! Neither of us had told the truth regarding our past lives, and hence recognition had been avoided.

He told me the truth then. He had formed the habit of gambling in South America, and finding excellent opportunities in New York, had gambled heavily, and lost. In hopes of regaining his lost money, he kept on, until his wife's fortune had vanished. Then—and I nearly blush to write it—he committed forgery, and absconded with ten thousand dollars. He sent five thousand back to his wife, who promptly returned it to the parties robbed, rather than use money dishonestly obtained. How she supported herself and child I have never learned. Walsh tried to regain his stake in the southwest at the faro bank, and his last cent had vanished. As he confessed all this, I was glad to see his head bow in shame. The man, base, contemptible as had been his action, yet had decency enough to be ashamed, and tears even came to his eyes as he told me his story amidst sobs. Perhaps it was my duty to turn him over to the officials. Was it? I did not do it.

I traveled with him across the desert, walking at times, or riding when we could without being seen. A tramp across the Colorado desert is not a joke nor a pleasure excursion; it is a frightful trip, with the chan-

ces of surviving but little greater than of dying. We lived through the torrid heat. We suffered with hunger together. We endured that worst of torture, thirst, until the lips were parched and the tongue so swollen that breath came with difficulty. But we had one thing to inspire us. For five days we had in view the snow-capped peaks of San Gorgonio. Even when we were two hundred and sixty-four feet below the sea level, enduring heat that forced the mercury one hundred and twenty-seven degrees above zero in the shade, they were visible, and they were charming. At last we reached them, and looking down from the summit, we saw a different country. Blessed be San Gorgonio pass and San Gorgonio mountains, for they are heaven to the weary tramps. Footsore, weary, we walked with renewed energy, and three more days took us to Los Angeles. We separated there, Walsh going to Chile on a merchant vessel. My inspiration was gone, but I returned gladly to work, and time passed not unpleasantly. Then came word that Walsh had joined the Peruvian army, had received an official appointment, and had perished in battle. The news seemed so well authenticated that I had no reason to doubt its truth.

I said in the beginning of this biographical sketch, that I had witnessed five acts in the life of Frank Walsh. The three meetings already related after our association in childhood seem almost miraculous; and when I parted with him the last time, it hardly seemed possible that in our rambling lives we should meet a fourth time; and when the news came to me of his death, I accepted it without a doubt. Even now I am doubtful about the fourth meeting with him in carnal body. It may have been his ghost; but let me relate it as it occurred.

I had made up my mind to see something of warfare, and with the recommendation of two daily papers in my pocket, and yet working independently, I spent some four months with the Egyptian army in its contest with the False Prophet. At last, overcome by the climate, I had retired to Constantinople, and was convalescing in the European quar-

ter. About ten o'clock in the evening, a piece of cardboard was brought to my room. On it was written "Frank Walsh."

I would not have recognized him this time. A frightful scar extended from the outer corner of his left eye, across his nose, and into his right cheek, and the sight of his eye had entirely vanished. Half intoxicated, as he was, filthy with tobacco, his appearance was disgusting in the extreme. For two hours

we talked, and at last I asked him to leave me, but be sure and call the next day. He consented to this, and departed, but from that day I have not heard a word of him. I was somewhat feverish at the time, and had been dozing in my chair, and it is possible that my last visit was the rambling of a delirious mind; but all is as firmly impressed upon my mind as any startling event can be when one has full control of his senses.

E. F. H.

## ARIZONA IN THE SEVENTIES.

I WAS a rambler in the wilds of Arizona at a time when the territory had only a few hundred scattered specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race, aside from the soldiers stationed at the various government posts; and these, by the way, were said to be holding their posts as much for show as for benefit to settler or traveler; excepting a few gallant lieutenants under Commandant Smith, a Texan, at Fort Bowie in Apache Pass, who scouted the country continually from the Sonora line at the south to the unscalable cliffs and intricate cañons surrounding the great Tonto Basin at the north. I traveled the pioneer California route from the Teloncillo range southeast to the Colorado River west, halting here and there, while Cochise was in his glory and blonde wigs hung from his warriors' belts. The great chieftain is now long gone to his happy hunting ground, to set up a spiritual scalping business; and, if he likes, to stand on high promontories, a bold, savage, and imposing clear-cut figure against the blue sky, as Captain Bernard and soldiers, while in pursuit of him, saw him defiantly step to the edge of the precipice above them, and were chagrined that their field glasses even showed him sporting a valuable gold watch, while they failed to find his trail of ascent to follow him, and were baffled even of a shot by the distance limit of their guns compared with the altitude of the chief. Bernard afterward found this same watch among the plunder of Cochise's camp,

after having surprised the Indians by a sudden, unlooked-for attack, and put them to flight with little but their lives in their possession. And this great chieftain, who posed with tantalizing gestures above Bernard and his men, probably never knew that, when his warriors sent a shot into our peaceful little camp, causing one of our animals to utter a cry and fall to the earth never to rise, in the sharp skirmish that followed, one of his braves fell under so ignominious a woman's weapon as the lid of my Dutch oven. }

The Arizona stage coach was a thing of the past. When the driver, Colonel Stone, a passenger, and the six soldiers that went and came with the stage, acting as guards, were massacred, the then existing system of mail transportation through that country was considered a failure; and as an economy of human life the little open buckboard took the place of the stage-coach, which served only to hamper look-out and free movement of defense. And, strange to say, the very terror connected with the situation seemed to fascinate the Jehu fraternity. The buckboard drivers, with their one span of little Spanish mules, were never missing; or rather they were to be had afresh just as fast as they *were* missing. These drivers, when they left a station, their heads and bodies unsheltered from all sides, scarcely hoped to get on safe to the next; and yet they were acting from choice. Old travelers in unsettled countries can sympathize with these men's

recklessness; others cannot. They see the danger as clearly as possible, but there is an unaccountable something which makes them defy it in spite of themselves.

The driver of the flying little team halted at our camp one evening, to warn us that something wicked was in the wind—to which our sagacious mules and his acquiesced. We hastened onward to put another twenty miles behind us ere sunrise, and so temporarily escaped danger; though we passed through a most dreaded cañon at the worst hour of the twenty-four—daybreak—to have piles of stones covering the bones of massacred travelers from sight staring us in the face at every turn in the serpentine road, where anywhere along our way, for nearly a mile, a thousand Indians might have lain in ambush only twenty or thirty feet from us. Poor "Brigham"! His future on the night he stimulated the feelings of danger that were already taking possession of us did not count into the months, though we talked with him again the following day on the banks of the San Pedro. And his body, too, was terribly mutilated.

And yet, with all the destruction of life about us, the treacheries and butcheries of Indians and of the blanketed lower class Mexicans, Arizona somehow infatuated me. There are persons we like very much from the moment we first look upon them, though certain quite often that the one we favor has unpraiseworthy propensities or crooked principles, all of which we abhor in themselves. We like them, nevertheless, as a whole; we can't overcome the weakness, though we may hide it: and so it was with me as regards Arizona. I was in love with it, and I parted from it regretfully, though I knew that to have anything to do with it was dangerous. And even now I like to think of it just as it was in its wild state, without the transformations that have been made since '71.

I imagine I am in camp again after a hard night's drive—for we don't dare travel by daylight, nor have camp-fires after dark to betray our whereabouts or existence to the prying eyes that are probably turned in our direction from the distant mountain sides. We

unhitch our jaded mules, let them have their roll (how could a mule live if not allowed to lie down, and kick, and roll over?), empty our kegs to give them a drink, for we are in dry camp, hang the nose-bags on their heads that they may crunch their corn with the usual satisfaction, as they stand tied to the wagon wheels. The chaparral brush is gathered in; the coffee, tipped over a couple of times, putting out the fire each time, is at last made. A round, puffy loaf is put to bake, stood up before the fire with a couple of coals to its back and a stick in the pan handle, which is removed several times and the pan given a few quick, sidelong twists to make the loaf turn a little, until the browned part reaches in a circle around its edge. Then the salt pork is parboiled, slightly fried, and chiles and water added to the fat for a gravy. And if anybody thinks the bread isn't better than a city baker's, and the breakfast as a whole fit for a king—though a little breeze or two may come along and rattle a handful of gravel on his tin plate, and whirl a half-decayed leaf into his steaming coffee—let him just enjoy it once, and forever after long for more.

The dishes put away in the mess box on the back end of the wagon, a timid kind of foraging tour is made for something in the hay line for the animals, or a little patch of something eatable near at hand where we might stake them out with short limits, and our watchful eyes ever on the alert. Then by turns, while the beans are cooking for dinner, a little prospecting, a little sleeping, and a mental speculation on the surrounding country.

The tenderfoot is really to be pitied. He rushes over the route, looking neither to right nor left, behind nor before him. His eyes might transfer to his soul the grandeur of what they could take in at a sweep, but they don't. He is suffering to get through the wild "God-forsaken" desert, on—on to his goal, which is usually something of a mythical place with mythical promises. He is afraid the man who is ahead of him will get there first and monopolize it. He doesn't give a thought to the windings of the path he has followed, or the charms beckoning his

attention at every move. He doesn't see that the country is rich in beautiful and interesting things; or his days, instead of being gloomy and fatiguing, would be peace-giving and exhilarating. There is such a bounty of food for a pleasant waking dream in the contents and magnificence of the wild panorama, from the spurs of the mountain ranges to the depths of the valleys and back again!

Arizona has its individual characteristics. One is its white, ashy, bleached look, its poverty of dark vegetable matter to spread a coloring over its nakedness. Everything on mesa, or in valleys where mesquite is not found, has a deceiving weakness of hue. The sacaton grass, vigorous and much relished by the animals, looks like dried up hay, as also does the gramma. The scarcity of dark and leafy vegetation in the valleys makes them seem much more barren than they are.

Early in the spring, the many species of the cactus family are in bloom, and these flowers are very handsome but wanting in fragrance. The scent of the rose-like flower on the piled-up mass of flat, oblong, bluish cakes known as the prickly pear, or durasnillo, is that of a freshly cut watermelon, and you find yourself opening your mouth to take a bite. Its fruit is the size of a plum and a rusty wine color when ripe, but not remarkably tempting to the palate, though it does very well for food. The young shoots of the plant are used by poor Mexicans for food, and medicine for croup, whooping-cough, and the like. Several species of the cactus bear fruit which is indulged in by birds, Indians, Mexicans, and such of the migrating white race as are experts in peeling off the skin with the millions of needles without shedding their own blood. The task is indeed a difficult one to master, and how the animals eat the tufts of gramma grass without getting their mouths full of thorns is a mystery; for the wind blows these about everywhere as they are shed from the choga—a species that has a yellow flower, and stems with a skeleton honey-combed woodwork filled with the pulp, and over which is the tough skin with its bunches of needles. Another

kind of cactus has round, bulbous bodies standing closely huddled, shoulder to shoulder, about a foot in height. The flower looks much like a red carnation. The fruit is pale yellow when ripe, as round as a marble and smaller, but preferable to that of the prickly pear.

The agave, or mescal, is to the human kind the vegetable patron saint of the desert; and, with its broad, tough, fleshy, variegated leaves, like two-edged swords standing in a close bristling conoid, is not unpleasant to look upon. This plant is but a superior quality of what the Piutes call *oose*. Its top furnishes thongs for different purposes, while its root raw may be bruised up in water for cleansing clothing, the body, or the hair, or made into a very palatable as well as nourishing food by subjecting it to a two days' roast in an underground oven. It furnishes, too, the material for making the national stimulating drink of Mexico—pulque—much disliked by Americans.

The Spanish bayonet, one of the same family, instead of spreading its leaves from the earth, has a body two or three feet high. As fast as its young leaves struggle to maturity at the center, the elders in the outside circles are crowded off, falling point downward, wilted and yellow, and the accumulated layers stand out as if in burlesque of that monstrosity of the neighboring States, now again threatening to resurrect itself—the crinoline.

The giant of the cactus family is the saguara, standing to the height of from thirty to fifty feet. Its trunk has the erectness of a telegraph pole. There is little variation in its circumference from top to bottom, but a foot or two from the earth it is usually a trifle slenderer than elsewhere. Its diameter is about two to three feet, and it tops off like the end of a blunt knitting needle. A limbless saguara looks like a gigantic caterpillar stood up on end. The huge body is covered with very regular perpendicular ridges, and the mass has a woolly appearance with its millions of hooked thorns. When it has limbs they protrude from the trunk horizontally, then turn like the round elbow of a

stove pipe and struggle upward parallel to the main body. Its pale yellow flowers and later developed fruit grow on the summit of the trunk or limbs. Protuberances occur sometimes, resembling large, prickly, green pumpkins. This massive column is fleshy, yet not all flesh: under the grayish green bark are fine willowy rods reaching from top to bottom, giving it strength. Owing to its slow growth, its longevity is believed to be great. The first indication of its decay is the fraying out of these rods at the top. They continue to break away down the trunk, spreading out from their central confinement, and growing bushy like the wisp of willow ends the Scotch housewife uses in stirring the supper porridge.

The queen of the prickly plants found on the arid soil of Arizona is the ocotillo. It rises in a cluster of from twenty to fifty poles, to a height of ten to fifteen feet. The tops lean gracefully outward. In March each of these poles blossoms; brilliant scarlet flowers cover their tops, six or eight inches in length, while the slender poles are a vivid dark green, making the plant a striking contrast to its co-inhabitants of the tract known to geologists as Papagueria. The stems are covered with small, clinging leaves. One's first thought is to go and break off one of those magnificent fishing-poles, but their thorns forbid. Birds on the wing look down upon the ocotillos, and see large wreaths of scarlet flowers with a network of green threads leading to the centres. And, speaking of birds, it is wonderful how they manage to perch their nests on the points of the cactus needles, and proceed to deposit their eggs in them, sit, hatch, make themselves at home, and bring up their little ones in true orthodox style. The wood-pecker tunnels into the saguara high up, and if he hears any body around, he comes to the front, pokes out his head, and gives you a saucy scolding in the saguara-pecker language, then retires to his sitting-room, well aware that you are not prepared to do him violence.

In summer the temperature is too warm for comfortable exercise, but in March and

April travel is delightful, and to the naturalist, the botanist, and geologist there is no lack of subjects for study, and not Italy nor the Sahara has a brighter sky. The air we breathe, wafted to us over the vast bluish landscape, with its majestic mountains in the background, is more bracing to the system and exhilarating to the mind and soul than is the salt breeze coming into the lungs from off the ocean waves. Some of us like the narrow, cluttered up streets of a city, with its human abodes piled one on top of the other, as if the world had no room for them to stand side by side; and others like the open fields, the hills, Nature's liberal elbow-room; and some of us are fascinated by the uninhabited nooks and corners of the earth—their unmarred native charm inspires awe and admiration—while others shrink from these regions with terror at their noiselessness. Many times did we make our camp where, though vegetation was abundant, not an oscillating leaf suspended in the air cast a rustle upon our ears. The silence at such times is intense, by spells almost oppressive, when only disturbed occasionally by a chirp, the whish of a passing bird's wing, or the tail-shake warning of a rattlesnake; while lizards, scorpions, and other denizens of the waterless regions are, like good children, seen but not heard, and we refrain from opening hostilities with them unnecessarily. Why not let them go their way, at least until some hungry Maricopa, Apache, Papago, or Pima comes along?

No country and no desert has a clearer and lovelier atmosphere than has southern Arizona, through which to gaze upon the lofty and mighty mountain ranges running southeast and northwest, as most of them do in this part of the territory, whose barren peaks loom up against the translucent heavens, overlooking the ranging grounds of a dozen or two different tribes of Indians, each having its own dialect; some living in a semi-civilized state, and others moving south and north, and up and down the country like wingless birds of passage.

Pitch your lodge in the Santa Cruz valley, near the two Indian reservations, the Papago

and Pima, and the old church, San Xavier Del Bac, the erection of which was begun in 1768, on the site of one of the same name gone to decay, and look about. There are pearl-gray touches on the azure above; there is a delicate purple veiling the distant serrated foot-hills. Would that some enthusiastic American artist could see the surroundings! The mountains stand in bleached beauty unadorned, and Nature cut and fashioned them while in the proper mood to give them grandeur. Far east is the Chiricahua range, in which is Fort Bowie, located on the highest point of the main road as it passes through Apache Pass; and a half mile below the Fort are the rusty remains of what was once Colonel Stone's quartz mill. Nearer is one end of the Dragoon range, reaching out beyond the still nearer Santa Rita. Looking at the hazy Dragoons, one is seized with longing to explore its marvelous secret pass. If only one had the legendary Scandinavian boy's whistle, he might puff his cheeks once, put it to his lips, blow, and lo! the Cochise Cañon, which until late years was known only to the shrewd and bloodthirsty leader of the Apaches and his most favored warriors, would be at his command. As it is, only a stray guess at its whereabouts can be made, and the Whetstone range interferes a little with even that. It is said that this pass is a narrow, serpentine cleft, cutting the Dragoon range in twain from top to bottom, though the crevice is not easily found. Most of the way its width barely allowed the chief and his body-guard to pass through in single file, and the entrances are concealed by live oaks. This was Cochise's place of safety, when in its vicinity he was pressed by the troops too closely for profitable battle.

The clear air is remarkably deceiving in distance. The mountains are much farther away than they seem to be. You leave one range, and start across a level valley to another, thinking you will reach your goal in an hour or two; and if you get there without measuring thirty or forty miles you are doing well. Clear though it is, the atmosphere plays other tricks, too, with the vision. The Santa Catarinas, east, seem to change their

aspect momentarily. It takes only a little help of the imagination to see castles, fortresses, steepled churches, and the like, along their backbone and down on the points of their spurs. Turn your eyes northward and you seem to see the image of a crouching beast on the side of the Sierra Tucson. Turning south again to the Santa Rita Mountains, you see Sentinel Peak and its right and left bower detach themselves and float leisurely down the valley, over the ruins of the old Tumacacori Mission, on their way to Mexico. They halt, start up to the zenith, fall again, and before you know it they are sitting in their old places as serene and unconcerned as if they had not just returned from a trip to the Sonora line. With the mirage on the desert or in these valleys, one scarcely needs take a dose of hashish to see white elephants swinging by their tails from the tops of liberty poles, with red monkeys playing tag up and down their backs and hiding under their ears. The most rude and commonplace things take gorgeous shapes, the saguaros glide about restlessly, the Spanish bayonets turn into buckskinned Indians and begin a war dance, our childhood fairy dreams come and go; and with these shifting seen but unfelt vibrations in the air, I do not wonder that the untutored native American is superstitious—nor the educated European either.

Away off to westward is the Estrella range, beyond the Gila River, and the Casa Grande ruins, believed by the Indians to have been Montezuma's palace. These mountains are neither the largest nor most imposing, but there is a shroud of romance about them. High up on the southern spur of the range is an image, a formation representing distinctly a face with eye closed in slumber. The Indians say this is Montezuma's face. Some day he will awaken, as is believed even by Indians in Mexico, who have never seen the face, yet have firm faith in his coming. He will awaken, uplift his down-trodden people, restoring them to the glory and prosperity theirs before the hidalgos invaded their provinces in the sixteenth century, on robbery and oppression intent, in the name of

God and Spain. One is strangely moved by the sight of the closed commanding eye on the heights, and the country all about seems to stand with you in hushed contemplation of the figure, the past, and the to come. Months, years, and centuries pass, and the slumberer remains still. His sleep is unbroken while the nations war, and social, commercial, and political tumult exist everywhere among the cultured and enlightened races. The Pimas, Maricopas, and Yumas battled at the foot of the Estrellas, and the war cries and wails of the wounded did not reach his ear. The waking time is not yet. He sleeps, and so, Arab-like, we pick up our lodge, fold it neatly, and silently steal away.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

### THE ORACLE.

Down in its crystal hollow  
Gleams the ebon well of ink :  
In the deepest drop lies lurking  
The thought all men shall think.

Fair on the waiting tablet  
Lies the empty paper's space :  
Out of its snow shall flush a word  
Like an angel's earnest face.

Who in those depths shall cast his line  
For the gnome that hugs that thought ?  
Who from the snowy field shall charm  
That flower of truth untaught ?

Not in the lore of the ancients,  
Not in the yesterday :  
On the lips of the living moment  
The gods their message lay.

Somewhere near it is waiting,  
Like a night-wind wandering free,  
Seeking a mouth to speak through,—  
Whose shall the message be ?

It may steal forth like a flute-note,  
It may be suddenly hurled  
In blare upon blare of a trumpet-blast,  
To startle and stir the world.

Hark ! but just on the other side  
Some thinnest wall of dreams,  
Murmurs a whispered music,  
And softest rose-light gleams.

Listen, and watch, and tell the world  
What it almost dies to know :  
Or wait—and the wise old world will say,  
"I knew it long ago."

*E. R. Sill.*

## JOHN GEORGE.

WE HAD taken passage by one of the stately coast steamers for our home in Southern California—Stella and I—after a holiday season at "The Bay." The steamer was a beautiful one, with her wilderness of daintily furnished staterooms, her endless vista of stained-glass windowed salon and "social hall," her swarm of electric lights in opal-tinted globes, her legion of white-coated, noiseless "stewards"—approachable only through the medium of the eloquently silent "tip." The ship had seemed thronged with cabin passengers while she lay at the company's wharf, but after passing through the Gate and coming upon the turbulent bar, only some half-dozen of us, besides the steamer's officers, sat down to dinner. After dinner there came a stroll upon the promenade deck, to watch the dying glories of a clear January day upon the Pacific. Back and forth the full length of the deck we walked, Stella's arm in mine, the blue smoke from my cigar floating behind us upon the quiet air, and the wild cry of some tireless gull, or the beating of the sea against the vessel, seeming to form a rhythmic accompaniment to the silence. Still we walked, up and down, arm in arm, in silence, until a vague sense of lost identity came over me, and the throbbing pulsation of the ship's engine seemed to become a part of my existence, and to be sending its great, warm floods of life coursing through my system. The sun rushed faster and faster down into his grave of waters in the west.

Stella paused at last, apparently from exhaustion, and broke rudely into my dreams.

"I wonder," she said, "where all those Chinese are going." Stella had not been long enough in California to say "Chinamen."

"Probably to San Diego," I replied, "to work at the repairs now being made on the railroad."

Stella had let go my arm, and was leaning

upon the railway at the forward end of the promenade deck, gazing down upon the much littered and hemmed-in little bit of upper deck which is allotted to steerage passengers. Groups of Chinamen, to the number perhaps of two hundred, clad in the blue blouse, loose blue trousers, and wood-soled shoes of the coolie, stood chattering together in low monotone; while others reclined in solitary state upon coils of rope or odd-shaped bundles of luggage, smoking tranquilly from pipes which presented a minimum of brass bowl and a maximum of bamboo stem. Some of these stolid figures were topped with the jaunty cap of the Flowery Kingdom, and the queue hung down upon their backs and reached almost to their shoe-tops. Others had twisted their queues about their shaven heads, and crowned the pile with miraculously ill-shapen American slouch hats; while others, again, had so far advanced in civilization as to adopt the high-heeled boots which are supposed to characterize the *vaquero del país* and the Texas cow-boy. Around and among and over these heathen lounged some of the ship's crew—'longshoremen but just weaned from the city's wharves, apparently—grimy, dirty, unkempt, and slouchy. Devoid of self-respect, brutalized by long years of hard labor and small pay, these coast-wise sailors—roustabouts would be a better name—have the respect of no man, and are the abhorrence of all orthodox deep-water seamen.

But there was one figure upon that forward deck that, though with the Chinese and the 'longshoremen, was not of them. Crouched upon a coil of rope, quite by himself, was a man who caught our attention at once, and held it. His face, long and cadaverous, had that peculiar yellowish hue common to the denizens of the "fever and ager" district of southern Illinois and Missouri. His "store-clothes" sat loosely upon him, giving one no adequate idea of the man

within them. A long neck, of the same dismal color as the face, rose from the square shoulders, and was encircled and only partially hidden by a white cotton handkerchief scrupulously clean. His chest was sunken, and his back seemed to have gained in fullness what the breast had lost. The small expanse of shirt-bosom visible behind his vest was of the fabric called "hickory," and there was no collar or tie. From the position in which he was sitting, with his legs drawn up under him, we could make no guess as to his height. His gaze was fixed upon the setting sun, a short briar-wood pipe lay forgotten upon the rope beside him, and in his whole face there was a patient look of suffering and wistful yearning which was most pitiful.

Suddenly the man seemed to become aware of our intent study of his face, and with a languid motion, expressive of pain in moving, he turned his head in our direction, and fixed his mournful eyes upon us. Never shall I forget the distress which was settled in the lines of that face. At the same time, I was conscious of having been guilty of rudeness. Stella colored, and turned away at once. I lingered a moment, loth to quit the study of that face, and then also turned away, conscious that the mute, sorrowful eyes were following me. Stella took my arm again, and we walked back the full length of the promenade deck in silence. Then we turned, still in silence, and walked back to our old position at the forward rail. We paused and stood there. The man was gone.

"I wonder," said Stella, "who he was."

"Who?" I asked.

"Why, that man with tragedy in his face, and comedy in his clothes. That man in the steerage."

"Oh!" said I carelessly, "some poor devil from southern Illinois, whose system has been shaken to a jelly by chills, and whose nerves have been racked since the dark ages by quinine and black coffee."

Stella is of an investigating turn of mind, and I wished to discourage her. That my desire was vain, was sufficiently evidenced by

her next remark, delivered in a somewhat aggrieved tone:

"That man has a history in his face, and I mean to find out what it is."

"Very well," I replied meekly.

We said but little after that. The sun went down into the sea, the waves seeming to rise up joyously to meet and welcome him; like a black curtain the night came down from heaven upon the ocean, and the gleaming stars above seemed to vie in brilliance with the carbon horse-shoes which were lighted all over the ship. After a while we went down upon the lower deck, and Stella retired into her stateroom and a novel, while I adjourned to the smoking room and a quiet game of whist.

Stella was astir long before me next morning, and came beaming in to announce to me that it was time for breakfast. As the invaluable tip had already procured me toast and coffee, breakfast was now a matter of secondary importance, and I so told my wife. I arose, however, made my toilet leisurely, and stepped out upon the deck. I saw that we were lying at the wharf in Port Harford—most beautiful of tiny bays—and that the train of the narrow gauge railroad, looking like a child's toy in the distance, was rushing along towards us—hanging in the air seemingly, half way down the side of the steep bluff.

Then I went down into the salon, whither Stella had preceded me, and sat down to breakfast. The full complement of passengers were at table, the quiet water having evidently drawn them from seclusion. Turning to me a face radiant with the intelligence she was about to impart, Stella exclaimed:

"I have seen him and spoken to him!"

"Yes?" I said in complete bewilderment.

"And, pray, who may *he* be?"

"Why," in a tone of disgust, "the man in the steerage."

"Oh!" said I, somewhat relieved. "The man with the history! What of him?"

"Why, his name is John George, and he is from Missouri, and he has consumption, and he is going to Santa Barbara for his health."

After catching my breath, I remarked: "Did he tell you all these things?"

"No; only that he was from Missouri, and that he is bound for Santa Barbara. I saw his name on a satchel he had; and I *know* he has the consumption."

"Most penetrating woman! Did it ever occur to you that people who travel for health do not usually go in the steerage?"

"Is consumption, then, the peculiar heritage of the rich?" she said, a shade bitterly.

I was silenced, and we changed the subject.

Later in the day, when we had steamed out of Port Harford, I saw Stella again in conversation with her new *protégé*. He was standing before her, tall and angular and ill-shapen, but there was a world of deference in his manner as he stood, hat in hand, and spoke only when directly addressed. At intervals he would give way to a hacking cough, which seemed to shake and wrench his whole body. The man had consumption—Stella was right about that.

For a few moments I watched the ill-assorted couple before me—Stella so fresh and daintily clad; the man so wan and slouchy—then shrugged my shoulders, muttered something under my breath about the whims of women, and sought the consolation of the smoking-room and the whist-table.

After dinner that evening, Stella told me that she had employed George, and that, until he found something better, he would go with us, and help in working the ranch.

In vain I demurred or stormed. I needed a man to help me anyway, and why not take John George? He was a farmer, and knew all about farm work. He could enlighten my ignorance of such matters, and help me in many ways. Of course, the result was a foregone conclusion. I went down into the steerage that night, sought out John George, and engaged him for an indefinite time at thirty dollars per month and board.

I noticed that the bunk below him and the one above him were occupied by Chinese, and, with the repugnance natural to a Californian, asked him why he did not object. The pitiful look, like that which a

faithful dog will assume when struck, came into his eyes at that, and he said:

"I don't mind. They won't hurt me, an' I hain't got nothing 'at they kin steal."

Well, the result of it was that we reached our cozy little ranch home, in a beautiful mountain valley, in due time, and that George—we always called him that—was installed in the attic bed-room, where my wife and Claudia, her dusky handmaiden, did their best to make him comfortable.

George did his work well, and was an invaluable ally to me. He was very quiet. To me he did not talk at all, save when absolutely necessary. But it was touching to see the affection which every dumb brute upon the place conceived for him, and the gentle love and care which he lavished upon them in return. The wildest colt upon the ranch would come to him trustingly, and feed from his hand; the most unruly cow was gentle as a lamb under his touch. In all the time he was with me I did not see him strike a dumb brute—and occasionally, when the old Adam got the better of me, and I did so, he would look troubled, and after awhile, when I had gone, he would approach the aggrieved creature and stroke it tenderly and talk to it in a low tone, as a mother soothes a child.

For the first month after his arrival upon the ranch, George's health seemed to grow steadily better. The change of scene and climate had been the making of him, apparently. There was a faint tinge of color in his face and an elasticity in his step. It was about this time that Stella told me that George had sent East for his wife and baby, and intended to preëempt and clear a piece of very brushy government land which lay to the north of us over against the mountain. She had offered him money to bring his wife out, but he had said there was no need: he had left her enough to follow him as soon as he had picked out a location.

"That," said my sagacious Stella, "is why he traveled in the steerage. He left the money with his wife."

I started for the barn at this point—being fearful of the drawing of invidious comparisons.

On the tenth day of February George began the erection of a cabin upon his new claim, and in three days' time he moved his little belongings up there, and began the work of clearing brush. After that the late rains kept us indoors, and we did not see so much of him.

One chilly, rainy day he came tramping into our kitchen, his wan face alight with a new joy, and an open letter in his hand. He sank panting into a chair beside the stove, and handing the letter to my wife, said: "She's a-comin'."

It was only a few lines, scrawled and blotted, but it told that Jane and little John had started on the long journey to the husband and father.

Hastily reading the letter, Stella glanced from it across to the stove, where the man was sitting. The look of ineffable happiness had faded from his face, and in its place was the old, pitiful expression of suffering. The man seemed to lose half his height in sitting. But there was a new look on the face now in repose. There were deep, dark circles about the eyes; the sallow color had given way to an ashen gray hue, and his teeth were chattering audibly. Unmistakably it was a chill, and a severe one. Hastily the bed was prepared in our room, George was hurried into it, and restoratives were applied.

From that bed John George never rose, though he rallied and talked a little in the afternoon. But it was always to Stella he talked, never to me. A doctor was called as speedily as possible, and shook his head. Exposure to the weather had done the business for George: the fatal disease had him firmly in its grasp at last; it was but a matter of a few days.

The end came rapidly. On the twelfth day he seemed easier. Stella gave him his medicine, and sat down in a low rocking-chair to watch with him, her deft fingers meanwhile busy with some bit of fancy-work. For a time he lay silent, his large, mournful eyes watching steadily the movements of her fingers in the gay-colored worsteds. Then he spoke, with a kind of sob in his voice, slowly and painfully:

"Hes she come yit?"

"No," said Stella. "The steamer is not due until tomorrow. It is not long to wait."

She smiled as she said that. She did not tell him that his wife had telegraphed that their boy—his little John—had died in San Francisco of a malignant fever caught in the emigrant cars. He never knew that, but thought that his wife knew of his illness. Again he spoke:

"Tomorrow'll be too late. I—I can't last. I—I'm chokin'."

Stella leaned over him and fanned him gently. In a moment he regained breath and went on:

"Take this thing from 'round my neck. It was hern. Tell her I kep' it to the last."

Stella did as he asked, and untying the cord which was around his neck, drew something from its place of concealment next his heart.

Well, well, it was only a large brass locket.

"Open it," came the faint voice from the bed.

Stella touched the spring, and the locket flew open. It contained only the tin-type pictures of a meek-faced woman and a pretty baby, with smiling lips, and with George's large, wistful eyes, giving its face an expression touchingly mournful. Between the pictures lay a lock of faded yellow hair, tied with a bit of blue ribbon, and twined around with a soft baby curl.

"Hand me—the ha'r," again wailed the plaintive voice.

Stella gave it to him, and he tried to put it to his lips, but his strength was not enough; he could not raise his arm. Gently my wife took the tress from him, and placed it and the open locket upon the stand beside the bed, where he could gaze upon them without an effort. From that time to the end his eyes never wandered from them.

He died that night. There was an effort to speak—a struggle for breath. We caught the words "Thank ye," and "Johnnie"—then the jaw dropped, the face grew black, and again paled to marble whiteness; the eyes, pitiful to the last, grew glassy—and John George was dead.

Early in the morning his wife came to us, nearly crazy from her double grief. I had driven into town to meet her, and had broken the news of George's death as gently as possible—there must always be a greater or less shock in the telling of bad news. But she had taken it quietly—too quietly. So far as I knew, she had shed no tear for her husband. The fountain of her grief seemed to have run dry over her baby. She was a sad-faced woman, slight and round-shouldered, with the pale blue eyes and faded yellow hair so characteristic of the women of her class and section.

We drove home rapidly and in silence. I made several abortive attempts at conversation, but the dim eyes only turned upon me in a mute, reproachful plea to be let alone, and at last I gave it up.

When we reached the ranch, my wife con-

soled Mrs. George as only a good woman can, but receiving no response and perceiving no tears, led the widow to the parlor, opened and closed the door, and left her alone with her dead.

For an hour there was no sound in the chamber of death, and then Stella, growing nervous, peeped in. Instantly her scream brought help to her side. The body of George lay in the plain coffin which had been brought from town for him, and by its side, with her arms across his cold form, was stretched the woman—cold and rigid—dead.

Heart disease, the doctor called it. She was liable to have been stricken at any time. The realization of her husband's death had been too much for her delicate system.

"Nonsense!" said the wise Stella. "With husband and baby both dead, she had nothing to live for, and so she died."

*Sol. Sheridan.*

---

## OBSERVATIONS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IT SOUNDS as asking, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" queried to Nathanael, to inquire if any beneficial result could flow from such an institution as slavery; and yet, I think that those of us who have taken the trouble to look into the subject—I care not how cursorily—will be compelled to confess that there was a bright as well as a dark side to this evil. I do not wish to be understood as bringing even the slightest argument for the existence of slavery in any form, but what I do wish is to make a plain statement of facts which no one who has ever been in the Southern States can fail to observe.

To begin, then, the most glaring abuse that the slaves have made of their freedom, appears to me to be their indiscriminate sexual relations. Prior to their emancipation their marriage relations were somewhat under the control of their masters, who imposed some sort of binding ceremony upon them; and, as a general thing, their conjugal vows were observed with comparative fidelity. A radical change has taken place since they

were set free. As soon as the restraining hand of the master was removed, old wives were told that their room was decidedly preferable to their company, and were, in the majority of cases, quickly supplanted by younger women. Young couples, if they happened to disagree or to change their fancies, would separate; and, although they did not, as a general thing, marry again while they remained in the State, yet when they had removed to another State they usually did not hesitate to enter into new matrimonial alliances. Holy Writ records a very repellent state of affairs when it narrates that every man did what was right in his own eyes; but if this was so bad, we can well imagine how much worse it would be when every man did what was wrong in his own eyes. I have recently seen the statement in print, that if all the bigamists of the colored race in former slave States were arrested, the jails would not be sufficient for their accommodation. This brings home to us very graphically the extent of this evil.

This degeneracy in morals has descended

from father to son. The children, observing the practices of their parents, enter into illicit relations at a very early age. It is no uncommon thing, in a Southern State, for a colored girl to become a mother at the age of fifteen. This, moreover, leads to a rapid increase of the negro population. One of the most appalling features, however, is that these children grow up in ignorance and vice, without even the shadow of an education; and thus they constitute a very dangerous class in society. They possess no property to make them conservative, no habits or traditions of self-government, no education to qualify them for the duties and privileges of free men and citizens. The best service, therefore, that can be rendered to the colored race, next to that of giving them liberty, consists in diffusing the mental improvement essential to the preservation and enjoyment of the blessing of freedom. We have been led into a digression, but to return. This communism in wives, as Plato terms it, is really becoming a very serious matter, for it has introduced the loosest kind of ties, and, in fact, one might say without any appreciable error, free love, among their race. This has a tendency to do away with the institution of the family altogether. This tendency is the more deeply to be regretted, perhaps, because in the poorer portions of any community, where the white and colored races mingle, it has been found to exert a most demoralizing influence on the whites. Most people have no conception as to the extent of the evil; but to become fully convinced of its prevalence, one has only to walk through some of the portions of a city inhabited by the negroes. Personal observation and inquiries from doctors will demonstrate very clearly that, in most cases, legal forms and ceremonies have been thought to be superfluous, and have, therefore, been entirely dispensed with. Thus marriage contracts among them have degenerated, and mean little or nothing more than simply a fancy on the part of one of the contracting parties for the other. It should be said, however, in justice to the race, that this evil is, in part and in some cases, to be laid at the door of the slave own-

ers. During the time that slavery held a place among the institutions of our land, there were some potent lessons in evil, which have only been followed to a natural extreme by the negro, as soon as he was free to act according to his own choice.

Experience also shows that the colored race have become more idle since their liberation. They had noticed that their masters—at least, as far as their observation extended—did little or nothing; and it was, therefore, the culmination of a slave's ambition to emulate his master in this respect, after his freedom had been declared. His subsistence was very inexpensive, and he did not trouble himself with labor. This created a very great difficulty for the white portion of the community. The Southern people had always been accustomed to regard work as dishonorable, and to have their slightest wish executed by the slaves; hence they were entirely unqualified for labor. When the edict of emancipation was proclaimed, it fell like a pall over the "sunny South." Circumstances were now completely reversed. The colored people now became the leisure class, comparatively speaking, and the whites the working class. The mistress was now obliged to go into the kitchen, and perform with her own hands her domestic duties. Unfortunately, however, the white people did not prove very apt scholars in this respect, and even at the present time, after more than twenty years have elapsed, the dislike for labor is extremely apparent in any Southern State.

I was very forcibly impressed with this fact some time ago, when I chanced to be in the lower part of Virginia. During a ride of about forty miles on a railroad, only four or five houses were to be seen, and these were in the last stages of dilapidation—a lightning rod falling off for want of a nail or two, a gate hanging on one hinge, a whole fence falling down for the want of two or three new posts—these and numerous other such spectacles greeted the eyes of the passengers as they looked out of the car windows. I stopped at one of the old Virginia manors. Here the damage done to the South by

slavery was still more forcibly brought home to me, when I heard the gentleman of the house call a colored man from his work in the field to get him a glass of water which was almost within his own reach. Of course this is a most extreme case, for the gentleman was rather a faded specimen of bygone days, and is by no means to be taken even as a fair caricature of the Southern people as a class. The incident happened, moreover, in the country, which was always more permeated with aristocratic ideas and a dislike for labor than the cities. The rural classes are always much more conservative than the urban. Preëminently is this true of the South; for certain portions of the country districts, even at this late day, seem to be almost incapable of shaking off the traditions of former days, and of arousing themselves to the realization of the fact that "old things are passed away," and that "all things are become new." If we turn to the cities we observe quite different tendencies; for here we find the spirit of commercial and industrial activity rapidly gaining ground. Slavery, however has left its marks upon the South which it will require much time to erase—if they can ever be erased.

The freedman imagined the superiority of the white people was owing to their education: he left out of consideration altogether the great chasm that separates the races mentally. The average negro looked up to his master as something almost superhuman because he could read, write, and cipher. For this reason he was stimulated to give himself this great advantage of knowing how to read and write. Thus it was that the subject of schools came to the front. In matters of education the South has been more than magnanimous to her former slaves; for practically the negroes control the schools, and all the whites have to do is to pay the taxes. So that the white population should be exonerated from all present blame for the ignorance of the negroes, and if any blame attaches to any one, it is to the colored people themselves. By observing the difference in results, however, the negro gradually came to the conclusion that the instruc-

tion given in the white schools was superior to that which he received: this naturally led up to the desire to place his children in the schools with the white scholars, thus starting them out in life on an equal footing with those of his former master. The negroes, who in some States constitute a majority of the population, are poor, and pay a very small part of the taxes. The Comptroller of South Carolina says that "the white people in the State pay nine-tenths of the taxes"; and in Wilmington, North Carolina, it has been estimated that the negroes outnumber the whites in about the ratio of eleven to eight. The result of this was that as the white population paid the larger part of the taxes, they dominated the school policy in this respect, and the colored children were ruled out of the white schools. I well remember the attempt made several years since to introduce mixed schools into the city of Baltimore. The project was from the first extremely unpopular, and when it was strongly agitated, feeling ran so high that after a short time the plan was seen to be impracticable, and was consequently abandoned.

Another great fault of the colored race that must be noticed is a want of providence. They take literally the Biblical precept, "Take no thought for the morrow." They move and live in the present only, and steadily cast their lot with the old proverb, "Either a feast or a famine." This want of providence manifests itself in more ways than one. I have known, for instance, colored people to be paid off at the end of the week, and to waste the whole amount of their wages on finery or candies, so that by the middle of next week they would be actually in destitute circumstances. The fact that they do not consider the future is clearly visible, also, in regard to their education. There is such an insane desire on the part of parents that their children should work and earn money, that as soon as a boy is large enough to hold the reins, he is bolstered up on a cart, and installed in his life-long occupation. This has caused a vast amount of illiteracy among them, so that, as a well known writer has tersely said, "Al-

though the negroes in body are free, the slavery of ignorance remains."

The superstition of the colored people is also marked. A case in point occurs to me at this moment. I remember an old "aunt" who believed in all sorts of spells, incantations, fiends visible, and fiends invisible. Her mistress, during the holiday season, desired to make her a present, which, to the unbounded surprise of the lady, she stoutly refused to accept; for, she explained with a look of awful gravity resting on her ample features, if she accepted it, the rheumatism would come on her again, and she would be confined to her bed for two months. Another case that also came under my personal notice was of an old colored woman who used to see the most extraordinary signs and omens in the shadows of trees, according as they fell on the right or left side of the path. From these omens, in some mysterious manner, of which I do not quite grasp the intricate and bewildering details, she would argue the occurrence of horrible accidents, spells of bewitchment, and the like. One morning this woman did not come to her work, but remained in her room. When her mistress went to see what detained her, she found the old woman with her head all bound up with some kind of leaves, making mysterious circles on the floor. When questioned as to the meaning of such gymnastics, she replied that another woman had put a spell on her, so that she would die. After this explanation she exhibited her face, which was very much swollen. She religiously attributed this affliction, which was probably only an ordinary attack of neuralgia, to the enchantment of a spell. Often an uneducated negro dominates a whole town by virtue of his claim of mystic powers. When we reflect on the character of the negro, we are not so apt to wonder at this influence over persons of his own color. But, what appears more strange to me is that white people seem to attach some significance to this glaring species of fraud. In a recent article of a daily Southern paper, was to be seen an account of the arrest of one of these voodoo "doctors." It is said his practice was quite ex-

tensive, and that it was no uncommon thing to see ladies in their carriages going to him. His method seemed to be a revival of the old stereotyped madness of witchcraft. The article went on to say that "he would tell women that certain persons carried roots for them, thus putting a spell on them, and would provide them with a counter charm of greater power to dissolve the spell, or at least to make it inoperative for the time. To one he would give a dog's tooth, to another a rabbit's foot, a rabbit's ears, a rabbit's tooth, pieces of bone or stone, all of which had been impregnated with voodooism to the full extent. The sufferers would wear one of these articles suspended from the neck. Persons who were very badly tricked were given bottles of voodoo water, which they buried in the path most frequented by the person under whose influence they suffered."

One of the most satisfactory things that is to be seen in the South is that the old feeling of hatred between the Confederate and Unionist is fast vanishing into oblivion. At the time of the emancipation, some of the Southern gentlemen considered the interference of the Government with what they were pleased to call their prerogative as a sin against the Holy Ghost, neither to be forgiven in this world nor the next. Now a few of the older men—stranded wrecks of bygone days—may cling to the dead past; but their influence has ceased, and, like the giants Pope and Pagan in "Pilgrim's Progress," they are harmless. The sentiment of the better class is entirely on the opposite side. Mr. Bingham of North Carolina says: "There are two propositions that meet with universal acceptance in the South: First, that the greatest blessing that ever befell the South was the failure to establish a nationality; and second, that the next greatest blessing was getting rid of slavery on *any* conditions."

To show how widespread this feeling is, and how the great schism between the North and the South has healed, permit me to add an extract from a recent speech of Mr. Staples of North Carolina. He says:

"The soldiers of the South stand ready

today to shed their blood and lay down their lives for the perpetuity of the Union and the honor of its flag; and if the time should ever come that the constitutional

rights of the black man should become endangered, the people of the South will be found among their strongest advocates and defenders."

A. C. Applegarth.

### A ONE-SIDED CORRESPONDENCE.

*From Mr. Jno. Lawrence to Edward Burgess:*

*May 15.*

DEAR SIR: Send Morris down with some of my traps, and follow him when you can. I've come to grief in the land of nowhere—broken my leg—never mind the why and wherefore—and the country doctor hums and haws over me as if I were a whole railroad collision. You and Morris will know what I want. The nearest point where we get at civilization is a station on the S. P. R. R. called Virden, three miles from here. I'm burning up with fever, and so *tremolo* that my pencil staggers drunkenly all over the page. Come, and come quickly.

Yours in the Inferno,

JACK.

*May 23.*

DEAR NED: Morris gave me your note and your messages during one of my lucid intervals. It's all right—I mean it's all wrong, but you can't help it. Am glad the firm has detailed you for Los Angeles duty, for the trip will do you good, but I'm deuced sorry for myself. Morris is stupid as an owl, and I know that his supercilious airs must drive these good Samaritans wild, though they won't complain. I don't make a very saintly guest myself. When I'm not "out of my head," as Mrs. Lowrie phrases it, I'm swearing at my servitor. I don't know whether I've ever sworn at my hostess or not, but I think it probable. I never knew I had nerves; now the crackle of Mrs. Lowrie's clean calico gown makes me quiver from head to foot in helpless agony. Meanwhile the doctor bids me be hopeful. I suppose he means that if he has time he'll strike the proper treatment before I die. My fever

left me last night, and I'm limp as a jelly-fish. The latest scheme of the good saw-bones is to reduce me with some sort of a black draught, and then bolster me up with quinine. Doctor La Farge came down today in response to a call from my small medico, and they went into secret caucus. From their mutual self-satisfaction I judge that I'm in a bad way. They tore my leg to pieces, and after pulling and poking it for an hour or so, strapped it up again. Think it was the purest enjoyment to both of them. Sent Morris back with La Farge with instructions to the latter to find somebody—*anybody* else—to wait upon me; meantime, I'm thrown on the sweet charity of the household.

This has been scrawled at odd moments; I haven't any even ones. Have been trying to imagine what a one-legged life would be, but can't.

*May 30.*

DEAR NED: Yours came today with a lot of others—invitations and what not—(nice figure I'd make at a lawn-tennis party), and was read with as much pleasure as my envy would allow. Would I were with thee! I might have been, but for this confounded scrape. And I've not related the history of my misfortunes, have I?

Ever since Charlie King told us what glorious fishing there was in the trout streams hereabouts I've been in an angling mood; and one day, when it seized me most recklessly, I rushed off alone to indulge it, fancying that a couple of days would cure me of my passion. Took the only horse to be had at the station, a vicious, wall-eyed mustang, and armed with much tackle and many instructions as to cross-roads and by-ways, I pranced off. To be brief, I never came to

my fishing ground at all, for the wall-eyed one and I, in a short struggle for supremacy, went backward over a bank together, I undermost. Then the brute trotted off, leaving me in communion with nature and my broken leg till somewhere in the afternoon, when a small cow-boy happened along, and urged thereto by coin made haste to fetch a man and wagon. About night I found myself in my present quarters—and very comfortable quarters they are, too, though I'm not in an appreciative condition. Thus far, I know the household only historically through its head. She is the brisk little Yankee widow of a Southerner, and I fancy she runs her heritage, the "Lowrie farm," much more effectively than Lowrie deceased, for her Alpha and Omega is "improvements." She has two sons away at school—one is doomed to the law; the other to civil engineering. So much I've gathered from Mrs. Lowrie's confidential monologues, which enliven my melancholy moments, and give savor to my invalid beef-tea and toast. There is also a daughter, whom I have heard but have not seen. I can only swear that she has a voice like the recalcitrant Cordelia's—"gentle and low." She comes to the door sometimes to answer a call from her mother or the doctor, and asks after the welfare of "the poor sick man," but never ventures inside.

If my letters seem a trifle spasmodic, blame Mrs. Lowrie, for she is a martinet in a motherly way, and confiscates my paper and pencil whenever she fancies I look tired. To tell the truth, it is such humiliation to be what I am, that I offer no resistance. I feel like a hero from the pages of a cheap *Weekly*. Personable young man, with lazy revenue breaks his leg in rural district; taken to farmhouse containing charming young girl; *et cætera, et cætera—denouement* always the same. Fate hath played me many a scurvy trick, but she never made of me a tawdry realist before. Maybe from *that* chrysalis I shall emerge a full-winged philosopher. I need philosophy just now more than any thing else—more even than I need the sedative which stands on a table just out of reach, and which my nurse has evidently

forgotten. Write to me early and often, lest I be driven to take an overdose of it with suicidal intent.

Yours wearily,

JACK.

June 3.

I'm ashamed to impose on your good nature, but so long as you are sympathetic I shall probably continue to pour out my lamentations. Your letters are a God-send, and the only link that binds me to the outside—the two-legged—world. Yes, thank you, I'm better, but still in the jelly-fish stage. The balm of abusing Morris is taken from me since La Farge sent down a cheerful little Gaul, who is so astonishingly clever that he leaves me no want and Mrs. Lowrie no responsibilities. I only wonder how I have ever lived without him. He made himself one of the household an hour after he arrived, and is even at this moment chirping under the window to Miss Lowrie's canary, and apostrophizing it with endearing epithets.

Through the same window I can see a scrap of western hills and sky, where the most wonderful sunset lights come and go; and the window frame is wreathed with morning-glory vines that swing purple and pink bells clear inside when the window is raised. It makes a very effective little bit, and would set Endicott wild with delight. I must ask him down when I—if I ever—get out again.

You see I'm beginning to take a languid interest in my surroundings, though my room and my window view are all I know of the Lowrie estate, unless Mrs. Lowrie and her daughter come under that head. By the by, I made the acquaintance of that young lady in a perfunctory way. Louis had gone to the village for the mail, Mrs. Lowrie had rustled off to evict a setting hen or something of the sort. I wanted a glass of water, and because I couldn't get it, of course the thirst of Tantalus seized me. Just as I had rung the tongue out of my handbell, and was making some very comprehensive soliloquies, *Miss* Lowrie came in softly, and asked if I "wanted anything." Of course, I apologized

for my vehemence, but she seemed to be afflicted with more than her share of school-girl *mauvaise, honte*, and, after spilling half my glass of water over my pillow, she hurried away. But I forgave her for that, because she was so *un*-typical of the conventional heroine. A nice little blue-eyed girl, with fair hair and rather an awkward gait—that's all I remember of her.

This waiting to get well is beastly slow work. It delights me to hear you say that Los Angeles is dull. I would be glad to know the whole world of humanity was languishing in ennui, or laid on its back with ills of the flesh. But if you want really to be amused, hunt up Elinor Thorpe. She is staying somewhere thereabouts, and has a genius for flirtation, as I know to my cost—a charming young woman—find her out by all means.

June 8.

YOU'RE a good fellow, Ned; don't deny it. When I reflect how you hate correspondence, I appreciate your devotion—upon my soul, I do. Don't worry about me. I'm as well as anywhere, only time drags.

I wore out both Louis and Mrs. Lowrie the other day with my temper—I, who am the most amiable of men! I had not slept for two nights, and felt as if I were composed of one big, bare nerve. Well, I happened to hear Miss Lowrie talking outside, and a fancy struck me to have her read me to sleep. Lowrie *mère* jumped at the possibility of relief, and straightway sent the poor girl in, *volens volens*. She went at it in a business like way that tickled me immensely. She had chosen Mrs. Browning as a soporific, and dipped largely into "Aurora Leigh." I don't know why, but immature femininity generally dotes on "Aurora Leigh." However, it was highly acceptable, served up by Miss Lowrie with morning glory sauce, so to speak, and she didn't tire me in the least. She reads by instinct rather than intellect, and with a pathetic modulation that would make of the "One Hoss Shay" an elegy.

She still seems immeasurably sorry for me, but is not conversational. She looks to be about eighteen without being a woman. She

has firm, white hands that are at odds with her languid movements and soft, slow speech. Evidently, she is her father's daughter—no Mayflower blood there. She has served her time at boarding-school, and caught all its milk-and-water enthusiasms. I was tactless enough to try to draw her out, but she caught me at it in a moment, and shutting up like a sensitive plant, slipped away with her book at the first opportunity. Anyhow, the reading had the desired effect, for I dropped off to sleep as soon as she had gone.

Apropos of Miss Lowrie, I revel in trivialities. One of them approaches at this moment. It is my chicken broth. After my chicken broth, I shall fall to wondering about the small gray spider who is on his way from the ceiling to the floor. I am dropping into a childishness which is worse than my flaccid condition of a week ago. The doctor and Mrs. Lowrie afflict my soul with platitudes, and expect me to be joyful because I didn't break my neck; whereas, I always thought that a very clever mode of leaving the world.

I forgot to say that Miss Lowrie's readings, having proved a success, have been repeated at decent intervals. I manage to make my gentle reader pose in gracious silhouette against the window light, and encourage her to conversation, thus diversifying my entertainment. Did I tell you her name—Lora? of which Lollie seems to be the accepted diminutive—Lollie Lowrie! could anything possibly be more idiotic? She is rather a colorless character-study—but I couldn't stand anything very exciting just now. It is not very complimentary to my powers of entertainment that she always looks relieved when I show symptoms of drowsiness, or she is called away by her mother; but, after all, her innocent unconsciousness of self is inconceivably comfortable to me under the circumstances. Her brothers, the collegians, are coming home tomorrow for a week's vacation, and the whole place is on tiptoe with expectation, while I groan in spirit at the prospect of college voices, and jokes, and songs.

When I confess that I've been two days

piecing out this precious screed, you can guess how worthless I am.

June 15.

—: YOUR letters of the past week lie before me just read. Mrs. Lowrie says I “relapsed.” I think she meant *collapsed*, but I didn’t reject her choice of words. The doctor bids me be quiet. Good Lord! what sort of dissipation does he expect me to indulge in? I’m so quiet that a friendly blue-bottle fly, who makes his home in the window, and bumps about against the ceiling for exercise, sounds to me like a full brass band. If anybody comes near with cheerful tones, somebody else rushes up and says, “*Sh-h-h!*” and the intruder muffles his voice or goes away. I lie awake in the dead hours of the night, and count the ticks of the wheezy old clock in the hall. I listen in the gray dawn to the cock-crowing, that echoes all over the neighborhood (for there seems to be a neighborhood), like a masculine Mariana in a moatless grange; and finally the sun wakes the slumbering world, and Louis comes with bated breath and list slippers to start me into another endless day. Quiet! I’m *dying* of quiet. Even the school-boys have been repressed so successfully that I fear me their vacation was spoiled, though I caught glimpses through my window of a young lady, two overgrown boys, and a big Newfoundland dog, plunging madly past, and heard hoarse guffaws and girlish shrieks in the distance.

Mrs. Lowrie told me today that I had been here nearly four weeks. I don’t pretend to measure time myself, but I know that Mrs. Lowrie, with all her method, is mad. I was born here, I have never been anywhere else, and I shall end my days in this selfsame spot. The good woman has an abiding charity for my impatience, and when, in moments of remorse, I apologize, she says briskly, “I’m sure I only do what I’d like to have somebody do for *my* boys.”

June 17.

—: MY sky is much more roseate than two days ago, and I can croak, with Barnaby Rudge’s raven, “Never say die.” What a

contemptible creature man is, with all his vaunted mind power, to be swung round like a weather-cock by the condition of his “too earthy flesh.” The school-boys have vanished, and Miss Lowrie has resumed her readings, but they are now overtopped by anecdotes of “Jim” and “Charlie,” who, she confessed with an irrepressible gurgle of laughter, called me “a broken-kneed old duffer,” and resented my presence indignantly. It is just this brusqueness—which her mother deplores—and a certain quaint prettiness, which save Miss Lora from the commonplace. I tried her on some of Lamb’s essays, notably *The Convalescent*, but they bored her. She has shown me her photograph albums and her scrap book—the latter speckled with little aphorisms from Emerson—she has told me the histories of her girl friends; but all this is done with a sort of reluctance, which may be either bashfulness, or a distrust of my sincerity. I’m ashamed to say that I have wrought upon her tender heart, as well as her mother’s, by pathetic allusions to my lonely lot in life. Don’t scowl; it was true enough, but scarcely honest, perhaps, since I do not miss those closer ties as some men might, and am of the world, worldly.

I am permitted now to lie on a lounge close by the window, and have thereby made the acquaintance of a dozen tall hollyhocks, the dog Duke, and a serious old fox hound named Noble, and several of the farm hands who pass through the garden on their way to work. This little valley has a heavenly climate of its own, and is so shut in that an outer world seems only a world of fancy. My share in the old-fashioned garden gives me a most æsthetic delight. Besides the hollyhocks and morning glories, which have come to have a sort of human personality, there are beds of sweet flowers where the bees hang droning all the afternoon, and an irresponsible humming bird dips down now and then to sample the honey-cups. Even my room takes on a curiously unfamiliar aspect, when seen from an upright posture. It is big and low, a one-story “L” seemingly tacked on to the house by the

architect as a kind of postscript. There is a fireplace in one corner, with a sunken, uneven brick hearth, a high, black, wooden mantelpiece, and a pair of decrepit brass andirons; in fact, the whole room has such a venerable air that I shudder lest some energetic collector of *bric-a-brac* happening along will carry it off to play heirloom with. But I must not sneer at my homely fireplace, for night and morning a generous blaze fills it, to my grateful comfort.

My western window lets in something besides sunshine and flower-bloom, standing open as it does all day. Through it I have discovered that I could not personate the hero of my cheap romance—because Miss Lowrie already has a lover. I think he has existed in that capacity for some time, but he only crossed my horizon yesterday, when I was involuntary listener to a semi-sentimental conversation between Phyllis and Daphnis and had a glimpse of the latter as he mounted his steed and rode away. I think he must be a prig. Didn't ask about the visitor, feeling that I could not do so without discovering my share of the visit; but all things come round to him who waits. Mrs. Lowrie, dropping in today with her interminable knitting, told me all I wanted to know. It transpires that the prig is my little doctor's son, home from a medical school. Mrs. Lowrie eulogized him as a most estimable young man. I imagined that I saw a forecast of son-in-law in her eulogy. According to my hostess, young Strong has never done anything wrong in his life. I also imagined—you see what fertility of imagination a sick-room breeds—that a faint air of consciousness hung round Miss Lowrie herself, when she came in with a handful of sweet peas to fill the ugly vases on my mantel. Certainly she seemed a trifle disturbed, and even that trifle was much compared with her ordinary serenity.

Mrs. Lowrie also descants largely, of late, on her daughter's graces. I've often wondered why the girl lived such a sweet do-nothing life in the atmosphere of her mother's thrift and bustle. But it seems that Mrs. Lowrie worshiped her dead and gone

husband with a devotion these practical natures sometimes show, and she treasures all the traditions of Mr. Lowrie's family, which goes back to some prehistoric time, whereas her own stops short at a sea-blown little village near Cape Cod. So she makes of Lora a household divinity, partly because of her likeness to her father, partly because of a tendency to consumption, which seems to be an unhappy sequence to the noble lineage.

I broke off to greet old Dr. Strong on his tri-weekly professional visit. He is very faithful, but prosy, and I think is somehow related to my friend, the bluebottle. They have the same dizzy monotone of speech. He is extremely proud of his son, and was so pleased to know he had been here that I know the match-making fever has entered his old pill and plaster brain, too. Between them all, the poor little girl is made over to the prig, anyhow. I'm going to find out whether she cares for him. Few girls of eighteen like quite so smooth a love-path.

If you are not deeply absorbed by this time in the Lowrie family, it's not *my* fault. I dare say you would have cut them all in my place, but I'm a friendly animal, and take what the gods give me in the way of society. If there were nobody else, I would devote myself to Grimes, the foreman and factotum, and failing Grimes, would probably fall back upon the melancholy fox hound.

What you tell me of Elinor Thorpe shakes my trust in your discernment. She is brilliant, beautiful, most sympathetic—and yet, I was never sure that she had a heart. You think she cares for me! My dear fellow, don't turn sentimentalist and try to blow into flame any such dead ashes, or wake any echo of passion. You can more than console Miss Thorpe for my defection if you will but try. Yours truly, JACK.

June 21.

—: I write to announce an epoch. I go about the house, assisted by Louis and two crutches. Have made the tour of the house, and satisfied my invalid curiosity on all the points which troubled me when I lay helpless. I found out the mystery of the

oak bough that used to brush against the roof o' breezy nights. I have met the old hall clock face to face, and felt like saying, "Don't you know me, old fellow? We kept the time together."

I sit on the wide veranda (the house is prolific in verandas), with my leg tied up, and when it isn't giving vicious twinges of pain, I'm comparatively content.

I begin to feel that I am one of the family. Mrs. Lowrie confides to me her plans for harvesting the broad, yellow fields that lie around us, and in return I take a friendly interest in her flocks and herds. Sometimes Grimes takes pity on my helpless condition, and pays me a call during his "nooning." He is eccentric in speech, but is *au fait* on all topics of national and local interest. Through Grimes I've learned more of my whereabouts than Mrs. Lowrie or her daughter could ever tell me. "Woman, lovely woman," I regret to say, is not geographical, nor is she topographical. Mr. Grimes is, in neighborhood parlance, Mrs. Lowrie's "right hand man," and is not to be confounded with the motley rank and file of "help" which does the farm work. He makes me acquainted, in a remote way, with the villagers at Virden (our postoffice), whom he characterizes as "a darned poor lot." He contributes to my comfort when he can, and in acknowledgment I delicately offer him sundry hospitalities from my buffet, finding him a *connoisseur* in tobacco and spirituous things.

The pensive Lollie fetches me the first fruits from the orchard as they ripen, like a latter-day Pomona, and talks to me while she snips off the dead roses or waters her hanging baskets. She blushed furiously to-day when I mentioned the doctor's son; but blushes at eighteen are inconsequent, and mean nothing.

I only *thought* he was a prig, now I *know* it; if there were no other proof, the fact that he is always called "James" or "Mr. Strong" is enough to condemn him. He comes every day. I'll do him the justice to say he's a persistent wooer, but he irritates me in spite of myself, and once or twice I have been tempted into knocking down his

pet theories when he sets them up, as he invariably does, like hollow little ninepins. He has a jackdaw way of strutting in other people's opinions, which makes it easy to trip him; but when he is contradicted he grows sulky, and Lora looks frightened. She has the gentlest heart that ever beat under a bodice, and it yearns over the prig when she sees him make an ass of himself. That is so womanly—more's the pity. He's a well-looking fellow enough, but has a surly, restless air, which no well-mannered youth should have, especially if he be in love with a pretty girl.

Tomorrow, if the fates smile, Miss Lora is to take me for an airing in the ancient carry-all. Mrs. Lowrie has already taken all the pith out of the ride by planning minutely its details—where I shall put my sick leg, whether we shall drive the fat, brown mare, with her half-grown colt as running mate, or the spavined gray, who gives way in each corner successively as he trots; but the good woman is so conscientious in her schemes for my benefit that I am a brute to jeer at her.

July 3.

WHAT a friend in need you are, Ned. Your last MS. was better than all the doctor's tonics. That little bit about the orange groves, etc., was pretty, very pretty, indeed. It shows that the breath of Arcadia has been breathed upon you.

Did Endicott write you that he sold his last picture for a fabulous price? He is probably the only man in the world who deserves success.

The doctor has, at last, given me my discharge papers, but I don't know what to do with them. I'm perfectly comfortable here. Everybody is out of town for the season, and I could only go to Monterey, or some of the two-pence-ha'-penny springs, and limp about with a crowd of chattering women and lah-de-dah young men. I can't come to you because you're a bird of passage. I've got used to these people, and—in short, I'm going to stay.

Louis is the prince of servingmen, and we are sympathetic, even to the intensity of our

dislike to the Prig. He does my errands in town with incredible tact; he is respectful devotion itself—but after all, I own but a divided allegiance, for he is devoted to Miss Lowrie too. She has the most charming manner with him, and when I see them together, teaching the canary bird tricks, or planning a fish-pond in the garden, I don't wonder at his cheerful slavery. I forgot to tell you that the school-girl treasures have been put away somewhere along with the school-girl enthusiasms; in short, Miss Lowrie seems wiser—and sadder. The change is becoming, but melancholy. I forgive you your crustiness anent Miss Thorpe, in consideration of your being interested in our little idyl. It still goes on, but at present to the accompaniment of reaping machines and creaking wains.

Miss Lora and I, as the only drones in the hive, are thrown upon each other for society more than usual. The "carryall" is in requisition almost every day, but, between the maternal anxiety of the brown mare, and the absent-mindedness of the fair charioteer, I often wonder the rest of my bones are not broken. Two or three times Lora looked as if she had been crying. I take it, she and the Prig have had a quarrel. She vibrates between an eager sort of friendliness toward me and a curtness that is not always complimentary, but which I condone in view of her youth and her love affair. I've discovered that my health and spirits serve as a barometer to our good understanding. When I feel or feign depression, Lora comes out of her abstraction, and tries in an anxious, pathetic little way, to interest me; but as soon as I attempt sprightliness, she goes into her shell, and all my brilliancy is thrown away. She has no sense of humor whatever—I say it without prejudice—so, perhaps, I offend her seriousness. She is highly conventional; perhaps I shock her. It's all the fault of the Prig, I'm sure. I can hear in her conversation echoes of his superior mind, and he gives her solemn advice, which evidently weighs her down. I don't wonder at that; even I find him heavy. I don't know what society means by turning out of her labora-

tory such hybrid specimens as he. Now, Grimes, who is a "child of Nature" to the extremest verge of illiteracy, is a sort of mental and moral tonic. We never lack speech; we meet on firm ground. But this person of cheaply fashionable clothes, who talks Spencer and Carlyle, with his illimitable ambition and dull mediocrity, his false pride and his uneasy egotism, his democratic theories and slavish devotion to the pocket aristocracy he chances to meet; in short, my bucolic Prig, who is the outcome of our American "system," is an affliction and a weariness of the flesh. Since he found out that I have income enough to make me a lazy good-for-nothing, he has ceased to resent my snubs and tags me incessantly. He has confided to my unwilling ears his numerous aspirations, and would undoubtedly accept a lift by the way, if I offered it. Since Endicott was here the other day, and was taken with Miss Lowrie, and coaxed her to pose for him in divers delightful sketches, Strong Jr. has dropped a trifle of his patronizing manner and taken on an elephantine playfulness toward his *fiancée*. I wonder, sometimes, how long it will take her to find him out, or whether she will walk through life with him blindfolded, as so many good women have done before her. I am too lazy to be very pitiful of chance acquaintances usually—you have condemned me often enough for that—but I can't help wasting a bit of indignation now and then at the sacrifice of this honest child before such a battered wooden idol. To enhance our *camaraderie*, he swaggers a good deal over certain unsavory feminine conquests. It would be such a relief to kick him; but I am restrained, partly from courtesy to my entertainers, more especially because I am physically disqualified.

I don't dare to console Miss Lowrie when she is pensive, because she refuses to be confidential: she resents even the gentlest sympathy. We had a tragic little scene this very evening. We were sitting on the veranda in the twilight, after Mrs. Lowrie's excellent early supper. That worthy housewife had thrown a shawl over her head, and gone across the lower field to borrow some yeast

from Mrs. Doddridge, her nearest neighbor. At the men's quarters, farther up the valley, Louis was playing the violin to a weather-beaten audience. The hot day was cooling itself off with a faint breeze, a breeze so soft that it barely stirred the sleeping flowers into stronger fragrance. Miss Lowrie sat on the top step, with the hound's tawny muzzle resting on her lap—an attitude he invariably takes when she sits down within reach. In the pauses of the violin recital we could hear the gurgle of the water running on the little lawn, the call of a night bird down among the willows of the creek, the lowing of a cow that had lost either her cud or her calf. By Jove, it was a pastoral straight from Arcady, and I could do up a dozen pages more of the same sort for you if it were in my line, instead of going on to tell you what "she said" and what "I said."

To tell the truth, I didn't feel like saying *anything*; it was beatific enough to be living. But, by the way of being genial, I led the conversation to the Prig, who had eaten supper with us, and gone reluctantly away to fulfill an arrangement. I asked Lora when he was going back to his studies. She waited a long time before she answered.

"He is not going away again," she said in a suppressed voice; and then, after another pause, "He will stay with his father for a while, and, if necessary, go to Europe to complete his course. He is anxious to get into a practice."

"Ah, of course—I forgot," I murmured awkwardly.

She pushed Noble's head away and sat up straight.

"What did you forget?" she inquired sharply.

"That Mr. Strong was ambitious," I answered carelessly.

"Yes, he *is* ambitious," she said with a resentful little air. "He is good and honorable as well," she added gratuitously.

"Mr. Strong is fortunate in having so warm an advocate," I murmured.

"I don't know what you mean," she faltered. "Do you think that I—that he—"

"I think only that he is a lucky fellow and will have a charming wife."

Lora put out her hand quickly. "You are laughing at me," she said angrily. "You are always laughing at me—at us. I suppose we are uncouth enough to be amusing, but it is neither gentlemanly nor kind of you. We have tried to be good to you in our way. It was not our fault that you came here—I wish you had been taken *anywhere* else. I wish I had never seen you. I wish I might *never* see you again"; and before I could protest, deny, or retort in kind, she had swept away as if caught up in a whirlwind, and I was left alone on the porch with the harvest moon, who was just lifting a flaming eye above the hilltop, as if to see what mischief I had got into now.

I had plenty of time to meditate on my shortcomings. Louis, for the first time, had forgotten me. Mrs. Lowrie was still off on her yeast hunt. From afar, in the region of the kitchen, I could hear the clatter of pans, and Ah Moy, the Christianized heathen, chanting the "Sweet By and By" in shrill falsetto. Before long the breeze held a shiver in it. I waxed impatient, and at last determined to reach my room or perish in the reaching. I hobbled into the hall, which was blinding dark, and being too much occupied with my legs to feel my way cautiously, I at once proceeded to fall over a light-stand, which came down under me with a crash. Luckily, I happened to fall without hurting myself, but I groaned at the misery of a might-have-been, and just then, out of the darkness and distance came somebody breathlessly. It was my sworn enemy, Miss Lora, and with her timely assistance I got up, and stumbled into my own room. Beyond a tremulous "Oh-h!" she volunteered no remark, and I thought she bore me malice. She was a long time in lighting a lamp, and flung out a passionate exclamation at her own awkwardness. But when the light revealed her, she turned her head away, and said in a smothered tone, "Are you very much hurt?"

"I am not at all hurt," I said gravely, "except my feelings, by your unrighteous anger."

She came toward me as I leaned against the wall, in the semblance of a worn-out

scare-crow. I was faint and dizzy, but I would have died before confessing it.

"Ah," she sighed, "I was afraid to ask—are you *sure*? It would have been all *my* fault. I hope you can forgive me"—hanging her head dejectedly. "I didn't mean what I said; I have such a wretched, horrible temper." Her face was flushed, her eyes shining like stars through brimming tears. She was ten times prettier than I had ever thought her. What would *you* have done in such a case, you miserable misogynist, you Arctic anchorite, sitting among your orange blossoms and nipping them with your icy breath? Well, anyhow, I did just what *you* would have done. I ignored the impulse (which *you* would have had) to pick her up in my arms; I put out my hand with a fine air of good comradeship, and remarked good-naturedly, "My dear child, don't let us quarrel. I dare say I have been rude, but it was the rudeness of a sick man, and that always merits forgiveness. We will sing a *Te Deum* in praise of my escape from further mutilation, and then swear eternal friendship. I can't help jesting, because I have such a frivolous mind; but you ought to know that I could not laugh at *you*,"—the warm, soft hand in mine trembled a little. "You ought to know how much I l—" at that moment Louis came rattling up the steps, and cut my speech short.

Lora gave me one little beseeching look, and slipping her hand out of mine got away somehow, while I relieved myself by blowing up my musical valet in my choicest French. He was contrite enough to have appeased a deeper wrath than mine, and I magnanimously forgave him. But too much magnanimity, or my misunderstanding with Miss Lowrie, or the waffles we had for supper, or the chill I took from my long seance on the veranda, have murdered sleep for me. Do you know, I think I'll run down to—well, where you *ought* to be, and if you are *not*, I can stimulate myself with Miss Thorpe's coquetries. This happy valley is idyllic, but it palls on my degenerate taste, and as I grow stronger, I grow weaker; the busy, wicked world calls me, and I come.

It is high time I was leaving Arcadia, anyhow. The harvest is over, the morning-glories are going to seed—in fact, summer, fatigued by her over-productiveness, is not unlike a weary mother who settles down to a frowzy, dusty, disorderly life in sheer resignation. Look for me soon, and be glad when I come.

July 17.

I AM a prey to the vulture Misfortune, my dear Damon, and that is why I did not keep all my promises to meet you. In the distance I see famine, hand in hand with all the epidemics, coming toward me. What had I done that malaria should bar my way just when I was walking bravely toward liberty and you? For the past week I've been wretchedly ill. I have had to recall my old bluebottle doctor, who buzzed over me stupidly. The house has again been hushed. I've taken so much quinine—not sugar-coated, but in vulgar, raw doses—that my very soul is steeped in bitterness. Now I'm dragging myself about as if I wore the leaden cloak of Dante's hypocrites.

No wonder you thought I was lost. *I feel* lost. Recalling my letters for the past two months, I think they must read like hospital notes. Unfortunately, Miss Lowrie has taken on her own slender shoulders all the weight of my last infirmity. There is something almost embarrassing in her self-reproach. Her variable moods, her impatient little resentments, are all absorbed in remorse. I have given up trying to convince her she is not responsible, and now accept the result of her morbid conscientiousness in the spirit in which it is proffered. The expression of her blue eyes (which are like exaggerated forget-me-nots), as they follow me anxiously wherever I go limping, and her anticipation of my trivial wishes, would be flattering if her penitence did not include even her mother and the Prig.

The latter expands under her kindness intolerably. He came into my room—I don't know when, all times are alike to me—to bemoan my impending departure, dwelling at length on the pleasure it had been to have the companionship of "one intelligent

person in this out-of-the-way hole," and hinting that our farewell need not be forever, since he meant to call on me in town. (Now Heaven help him, if he ever invades my fastnesses there!)

Under the exhilarating influence of a stiff brandy and soda, which he mixed at his own request, he waxed even more closely confidential than usual, and at last asked me that I'd tell him frankly what I thought of "Lora." As if I would cast the pearls of my character analyses before a Prig! But he was perfectly content with the general remarks I made.

"She has had no experience, of course," he said, swelling up like a young turkey cock, "but she is capable of cultivation. Her surroundings have not been of a kind to refine her, you know. Mrs. Lowrie is a good woman and a clever one"—patronizingly—"but she lacks that indefinable *something* which culture gives."

I was anxious to see to what lengths his asinine conceit would carry him, so I hinted that *he* had done much toward forming Miss Lowrie's mind; and he fell into the trap at once.

"I think I have," he said solemnly, running his fingers through his glossy, black hair. "But a year or two of city life would polish her off—eh? I wish you would do me a favor before you go away," he added abruptly, and a dull red glow which might stand for a blush overspread his sallow face. "Lora is not like herself at all of late. She has become so capricious that I can't approach her with any serious topic. She admires you very much—which does credit to her taste" (with a magnificent wave of his hand). "Talk to her in a friendly way, and find out what's the matter. I think she is jealous. Those quiet blonde women are devils of jealousy sometimes. You can do it the better since you are engaged yourself—at least, that is the society *on dit*," as I gazed at him vacantly.

"Might I ask to whom?"

"To Miss Thorpe, of course," with a patient air, as if humoring my whim of secrecy. "I met her once at a hotel hop. A charm-

ing woman, I should say, and a thorough woman of the world."

I did not take the trouble to deny this statement, but looked at him through my half-closed lids as he sat with his head thrown back, in Mrs. Lowrie's great cushioned rocker (he always takes the most comfortable seat in the room), the big Adam's apple in his neck projecting over his broad, turn-down collar, his dull brown eyes fixed at the ceiling, his thin, check-trousered legs stretched half way across the room, while the fragrant smoke of one of my own cigars floated in hazy rings about his head. All at once my resentment melted suddenly away. There are people in this crazy world who are so hopelessly idiotic, or ungrateful, or selfish, or egotistic, or all four rolled into one, that we sink down before them, and give them up like an unanswerable conundrum, or the fifteen-fourteen puzzle.

I meekly asked him to pave the way to my interference with the heartless coquette who was destroying his peace of mind (poor little Lollie!), and promising to do my best dismissed him tenderly.

After all, unless I could arrange a better future for Phyllis, why *shouldn't* she marry the Prig? She is destined by Fate for a life of submission to *some* Prig, if not this one, and why should I play at Atropos and try to cut the thread?

All this reminds me that your own letters are far from satisfactory. Don't be mysterious. I abominate mystery, especially in a man who has always been frank to a fault. The whole world seems to be turning into a sort of "riddle-me-riddle-me-re," and my head isn't strong enough yet to bear it. Once for all, if you love Miss Thorpe, don't let a thought of me bar your way. I swear by the doves of Venus that I don't love your love; that we are only society friends, which means less than nothing. What else must I say to satisfy you?—that I love Miss Lowrie wildly, passionately, that I shall lose all interest in life if she refuses me? (Right here I upset my inkstand on this pretty declaration, and had to do it all over again.) I'll even propose to *Auntie* Lowrie, if it will

soothe your jealous doubt. Don't be a fool, my dear boy, but gather your roses while they are in season, and let no man hinder you.

I've given up all thoughts of Los Angeles, so "urge me no more." If I am ever permitted to leave this enchanted ground, I will go straight to 74 — St., where Louis is even now airing my rooms for my reception. Send your next letters there at a venture.

74 — St., S. F., Aug. 4.

— : WITH your letter of the 28th before me and Arcadia behind me, I am bound to confess that between us we have cooked as pretty a kettle of fish as the devil himself could have done. *Why*, in his majesty's name, couldn't you—but I spare you reproaches; they are worse than folly itself. Instead, let me tell you (I will never tell any one else) the history of my last days at "Lowrie Farm," and after that we can come to an understanding.

I did not have to wait long to fulfill Mr. Strong's request. Going out the next morning for a languid constitutional down the long grape arbor which leads to the orchard, I met Lora coming in with a basket of odorous yellow apples. She hesitated a tiny moment, and then offered me one with a wistful little smile. She looked so pale, that I wondered if I was casting ghostly reflections from my own chalky face, or if my malarial eyes saw only invalids. The color came so vividly when I told her this, that I wondered again if she knew how becoming were her rare blushes.

"I'm going away tomorrow," I said, laying a hand on her basket to detain her. "Never mind pies and things, but give *me* this morning."

"I have given you a *great* many mornings," she returned seriously.

"That is the reason why I want another. I am not an anomaly, but just a typical human being. Enough always means just a little more, doesn't it? Does your mother want the apples at once?"

She shook her head.

"Very well, then. At the other end of

this empurpled vista is a rustic seat. We will wander towards it like two stage sentimentalists, and have a nice, friendly dialogue."

She turned at that, with a troubled look in her eyes.

"Come," I added, pretending to be mysterious, "I want to tell you a secret."

Miss Lowrie was not proof against the highest temptation to her sex. She went with me, and we picked out the fairest of the apples, and ruthlessly destroyed them for the sake of naming the seeds. We peeled them carefully, and sent the long, yellow parings aslant over our shoulders to fall into mystic initials, while dapples of sunshine came and went over us in most alluring fashion. Lora had pushed back her straw hat, and the moistened tendrils of fair hair curled up into little rings on her white forehead. She lost her preoccupied air and her pallor together, and became quite gay in her simple fashion. "After all," I said to myself, "why should I disturb this last pretty picture with even the name of the Prig?"

We talked all sorts of nonsense—very innocent nonsense. I had abjured my promise, and was basking in the mild enjoyment of my surroundings, when Lora turned to me eagerly.

"Oh, the 'secret,' Mr. Lawrence; what was it?"

Taken *tout court*, as it were, I hesitated, and while I hesitated, Duke, the Newfoundland, came trotting down the arbor with a white something in his mouth. It was Lora who had taught him to fetch and carry, and when he laid a piece of crumpled paper in her lap, she forgot her last question, and began to praise her favorite.

"Your correspondent is not miserly of his ink," I said laughingly, for the half sheet of paper looked like one immense blot as she smoothed it out carelessly. But at that instant a curious change came over her face. It crimsoned down to her white throat, up to the roots of her hair. The blotted bit of paper dropped from her hand, and floated almost to my feet, and Lora's color faded, vanished, left her white as any wraith.

"My dear Lora, what is it?" and I put

out my hand to touch her; but she rose unsteadily, and began to pull her hat on.

"I—I don't know," she murmured.

"Perhaps it is my secret," I blundered on, with a vague idea of diverting her mind—and as I spoke I picked up the talisman. What do you think stared me in the face in my own hand writing?

"—that I love Miss Lowrie madly, passionately; that I shall lose all interest in life if she refuses me—"

It took me just the millionth part of a second to take in the situation. I had crumpled up a blotted piece of my last letter to you and tossed it out of the window, and our clever dog had done the rest!

Even now I don't know for the life of me whether it was for Lora's sake or my own that I began to split hairs, to divide the false and the true. I took her hand and drew her down beside me again.

"You must forgive me, since that was not meant for your eyes. Of course, I have known all along you were pledged to Mr. Strong."

She turned and looked into my eyes with a serene trust that shook my resolution; with something else that made me hasten to say, "He gave me so to understand, and you did not deny it."

The blood mounted to her face once more, and she shrank away from me.

"He had no right—you never asked me—I hate him," she panted under her breath. "But—I can not—you mustn't think of me—that way, anyhow—I am not good enough," she added eagerly. (You, at least, Ned, can appreciate that last bit of unconsidered irony.)

When, for answer, I took her in my arms and kissed her, I straightway forgot that I had not been growing fonder of her every day, that I had not always been jealous of the Prig; that I was not swiftly and supremely happy. Perhaps I *was*—who knows?

At any rate, I tried to shield Lora from the storm that broke upon our heads at once. It took a week to pacificate Mrs. Lowrie, and induce her to give up her plans and the Prig

together. At the end of that time, we were quietly married, and my wife sits opposite me at the table while I write. I will not speak of the Prig himself, for he behaved very badly, and Grimes had to be usher and groomsman, as well as give away the bride at the wedding.

It is of no use for you to be shocked or remonstrate at my frivolity. My life thus far has been a tremendously bad joke, and marriage can't make it much more stupid. At least, it must be plain to you that Miss Thorpe's reluctant avowal comes too late. Now that she has told you the truth and I am out of the reach of temptation, I will confess that she *did* touch me more deeply than any woman I ever met; but we drifted apart because the tie that binds friends in society is so slight that it breaks at the least tension. How could I know you were doing the Good Samaritan? I was deaf to your hints and half confidences, because *you* filled my mind's eye as Elinor's suitor. I complained of your mysteries, but the solution of them is more bewildering than the mysteries themselves. I can't see that anybody has been to blame. Certainly, there was only one thing for *me* to do, and I did it. I don't know, after all, what Vanity Fair can show better than my wife. To be sure, her virtues would not count for much in its booths, but they are very pretty virtues all the same. I won't catalogue them, for it would seem like an apology for my marriage, which I am not at present disposed to made.

Even if I were filled with bitterness at the thought of what I had lost, Lora's shy adoration would console me; the crystal clearness of her soul makes me feel as if I had received a gift straight from the King's own treasure house. But when the bloom is rubbed off the peach and the rose leaf fades? you ask. Upon my word, I don't know. When a man comes near loving two women at once, he is not in a frame of mind to prophesy.

We are about to try the universal panacea for all ills. We are going abroad. Lora will be cured of her inexperience, and I of my too wide knowledge. Endicott is going

with us. He will represent the well man, the golden mean; for he carries enough bottled-up sunshine in his nature to illuminate the world. If he and my faithful Louis do not spoil Lora, it will be because she is flat-

tery proof. If I do not make her happy, it will be because my conscience is so shaken up that it is out of order. Come and see us when we return, and judge for yourself.

*K. M. B.*

---

### AN EXTRA MORNING DUTY.

It is early morning in a harbor of Anam. Our vessel lies at anchor. My turn to be on duty has come, and I am to go to a small town somewhere in the neighborhood; its name is Fourane. My errand is to bring the mandarin on board that he may pay his visit of submission; and then friendly relations will be established between us and this province which has been taken under our protection.

The bay is large and beautiful. Dark and imposing mountains surround it, except at the lower end, where there is a level strip of sand. We have been told that here, on this plain, we shall find Fourane, on the bank of a river of which we do not yet discern the mouth.

I am accompanied on this expedition by six sailors, true Jack tars, and perfectly armed—enough to inspire respect in an Asiatic town. It is now dawn, and we embark in a whale-boat. None of us have ever seen Fourane, and we feel it interesting to start in the twilight to explore in that unknown country.

Great clouds crown the top of the mountains; heavy masses of darkness drift over our heads. But over there, above that strip of low land to which we are going, is the luminous and profound vacuum of the sky. There is also a strange sight: it is the "marble mountain." Its shape is peculiar; and as we perceive it afar, alone in the center of the plain, brilliant in coloring, it seems an anomalous thing—too large for a ruin, too small for a mountain. It is the point that attracts the attention, the extraordinary thing, the unreason of the landscape.

After an hour the land is, of course, near-

er, and we can discern the mouth of the river—a channel between two sandy points, with a small house at the entrance. From this distance it looks like the low coast of Gascony, and we can dream that we are getting a little piece of France, and the fancy pleases us. But as we come nearer and nearer, the little house looks strange and grimacing; the roof, with its curved lines, is covered with ugly, devil-like things of every description. There are horns, claws, and large lotus in the center of the pagoda. Ah, it is Buddha; it is farther Asia. Then the sense of exile and of vast distance comes again suddenly to our minds.

All around the silent old pagoda, pale aloes lift up their thorns like wicked plants. Here and there, on ancient little benches, are incense boxes; these are Buddhist altars. Very near the water, in front, is a square wall, hiding the sanctuary like a screen. It is covered with chimeras, twisted, clawy, showing us their tusks in a ferocious sneer. On the frieze an enormous and horrible bat sets its stony paws, and sticks out its red tongue at us. On the ground an earthenware tortoise erects its head and looks at us. Many other small monsters appear in every direction, motionless, looking at us, and as if ready to spring upon us. All these monsters are ancient and gnawed by time and dust, but very correct in their attitudes and ferocious expressions. They seem to say: "Long have we been the spirits that guard the mouth of this river, and we throw evil spells upon those who pass by."

As we do not care for this we follow our route. Nobody about; profound silence. Here is a heap of cannon, but they are over-

thrown, useless, in the sand under straw sheds. There are also a number of chains and anchors. Afterward we pass in front of a very large fort. Its embrasures have been invaded by wild growths, pine apples and cactus. Aloft on a perch a gilded monster holds between his jaws the flag of Anam.

The sun, hardly risen, is already scorching. Nobody yet. It is too early, no doubt, and people are still asleep. But—yes, there is some one—a sentry. One of my men, looking up, perceives the fellow above our heads, on a kind of mirador raised on four wooden feet. He is squatted up there in his little niche, near by a huge tom-tom. All ragged as he is, in his gown, and with his hair twisted, he looks like an old witch. He stares at us as we go by with the immobility of a bonze, rolling his eyes without moving his head.

Before us flows the river, wide and straight. Several junks, with their high prows and their long lateen yards, are building on the banks. Now we discern Fourane—thatched huts sprinkled among the trees, Chinese signs hanging on long poles, miradors, and pagodas. Although all this spreads over a large area in the woods, it looks small and squalid. We had hoped to see a more important town.

From the bank, an individual using a fan beckons invitingly to induce us to draw near. Who calls us so gracefully—a woman or a man? You can never say in this country. The dress, the twist of hair, and the ugliness are the same for both sexes. But this one is a man—Mr. Hoé, an ambiguous personage, who is to play an important part in our diplomatic relations with Fourane: a priest's cassock, a monkey face, hair coiled very high and covered with a handkerchief, like an old man ready to go to bed. He makes *chin-chin* bows, and says in French, "Good-morning, gentlemen," and offers himself as a guide. Then I push my whale-boat up on the sand, and we draw alongside the shore.

"Sir, I am Mr. Hoé, pupil of the Aduan's College, and official interpreter to his Majesty, Fu-Duc." Such are the titles he announces after seven bows (one for each one

of us). Then he shakes hands with us and sits down by me.

According to him, the mandarin lives over yonder, and we take our way up the river. Ashore there are many pink morning glories, and periwinkles of the same color. The foliage has all those bright, light tints that the Chinese love to portray. There are many daturas, many cacti, and shrubs small but very green. Cocoa trees are planted here and there, like green feather dusters; and frail bamboos, taller than trees, preserve all the delicacy of the grass tribe. In the middle of this beautiful verdure the houses look more degraded and the men more ugly, with their coil of hair and their priest-like cassock. They run along the shore to see us. Fourane is now more animated. Lean and ugly dogs bark at us; black pigs with lively eyes run at full speed, followed by a herd of small, red oxen; buffaloes as big as hippopotami scatter themselves over the tall grass. They lower their moist muzzles and formidable horns almost to the ground, and watch us, ready for a rush.

There is a sort of suburb of thatched huts close by us on the shore. Yellow women, exceedingly ugly, crowd from these, and come forward till their feet are in the water, to see us nearer as we pass. They are in morning dress, twisting their magnificent black hair, as coarse as a horse's tail; they are chewing betel leaves and arica nuts, and open their mouths to show us their long, protruding teeth, as black as ebony, according to the fashion of belles in Anam.

In this country, as everywhere in farther Asia, everything smells of musk, and the farther we advance, the more we perceive it. We pass now in front of the junks. They have eyes painted on each side, and their prow imitates a fish's head. All the fishing population is there aboard, cooking some ill-smelling compound of rice and shells. Naked boys, long-haired, yellow from head to foot, swarm and stir everywhere in these boats, leaning over the oars and over the yards with defiant and hostile attitudes. Some of them are very, very little, mere babies. They stand with their arms akimbo,

their bodies forward: their poses of defiance are truly fine.

Mr. Hoé has the kindness to direct our attention to one of the curiosities of the country. It is a horse, which is grazing on a meadow. In this country all travel is in palankeens. "Very much obliged, Mr. Hoé; we have had already, in other lands, the advantage of seeing this kind of animal."

The first habitations pass by. Most of them are thatched bamboo huts, very small, and with only three closed sides. At night they are shut up, but at day-time all that is done inside can be seen. Just at this moment, the people, with their black-stained teeth, are taking their first meal. The same sort always: rice and fish. All of them interrupt their breakfast to look at us anxiously and with curiosity. We are now moving along very slowly, examining them with the same interest. There are, by this time, passers-by in the path along the river. All of them wear the priest-like cassock, but the colors are different: gray is the color of the poor; violet and apple-green seem to be the fashion for the rich. The hats are of straw, and are of excessive size; those of the women are flat and broad-brimmed, like big tam-bourines; while the men have conical ones, pointed like huge lamp-reflectors. Along the river all these people trot, and come one after another, busy looking, and quite unconscious of being at all absurd. At a certain spot, all embark and cross the river.

In front of a very narrow path, Mr. Hoé bids us stop. We fasten our white whale-boat to a junk, and jump out. On shore the heat is more intense. We climb up several stone steps, and the mandarin's portico appears before us. It is surmounted by a mirador, containing a sentry niche and a tom-tom. Notwithstanding the already burning sun and its merciless brilliance, every one seems to sleep in the mansion. We are alone in a very small garden, strange and ancient-looking, too. Its central ornament is one of those square walls which are fashionable in Anam. Upon it are inlaid in earthenware fantastic animals, lying under the shade of Chinese trees, whose foliage is made

with green shells. There are several very small and narrow paths and abundant flowers—periwinkles in blossom, pomegranates, Bengal rose bushes, whose tiny flowers are marked with dull red spots. Heavy black butterflies hover everywhere. The silence is profound, and in the rear of the garden the dwelling is entirely closed.

Mr. Hoé, with his monkey voice, sets up cries and calls; at last shabby servants, who look exceedingly frightened, open hastily all the doors, and we enter the house, which looks now like a great shed, where there is no person and no light. We examine everything about us, while the mandarin, whom they have gone to awaken, is coming. Motionless things, from I do not know what remote period, emblems of parade and ceremonies, fly-flaps, official parasols, palankeens, hang from the dark ceiling, covered with dust and webs. In a corner, hidden by a blind, are gathered all the implements necessary to the administration of justice in the community—scales, cangues, hard wooden jaws to compress the legs, tom-toms to call the spirits, and rattans for whipping. In the center of the room stands the table of honor. We take our places around it on old carved benches, waiting for the mandarin, who delays his coming a little too long.

At last he appears at the rear door, clad in a blue silk gown with very large sleeves. He is very old and shaky. In spite of the flattening of his face, he is rather handsome. His hair seems powdered with snow, and his harsh-looking chin-beard, cut in Mongolian style, has the appearance of a tuft of white horse hair on a yellow mask. He bows very low, making a very ceremonious *chin-chin*, before taking my hand, which I give him as a sign of peace, and which he presses with an astonishment mingled with fear, and going around the table where my men are seated, he shakes hands with all of them, his long nails now and then getting entangled with the folds of his mandarin robe.

The large, dark shed gradually fills up with people, who enter noiselessly and remain standing to listen—among them many old men, as tanned as mummies, and miser-

ably dressed. A group of Chinese, with a cunning air, slip to the first rank near us. They are easily recognized by their lighter complexions, their womanish faces, their long queues, and their fine silk dresses. They are wicked people, after all, and a root of disturbance in Anam. Behind these Asiatic faces, I see more distinctly all the strange and old things hanging everywhere—the tom-toms, the ragged clothes, the palankeens, gilded and sumptuous of old, now covered with dust. In the midst of these old dolls of a dead world, my sailors look the more vivid.

When I announce to my hearers the battle of Fhuan-an, our victory, and the treaty with the King of Hue, there reigns a profound silence. The interpreter translates slowly my words; no noise but the light motion of the fans; no signs of emotion on these attentive faces. Doubtless they have been informed by the King's couriers of his defeat, and their faces seem to say, "It is true! It is exactly what we know."

When I come to the object of my visit, the old mandarin begins to be frightened again. To come on board the French man-of-war! He shivers at the thought. He argues at first and then beseeches. He will come, since he must, but not alone with us in our boat, like a prisoner. It would be too humiliating for him. In order to save appearances, and for his own security, he would rather—if I would trust his word—come on board in his own junk, with a ceremonial attendance, an hour after my departure. Taking into consideration his white hair and his truthful appearance, I accede to this compromise, and now we are the best friends in the world. Then the assistants, having nothing more to listen to, withdraw, bowing in silence.

Meanwhile, delicious tea has been prepared for us. The mandarin pours it out himself into tiny cups. The tray, covered with marvelous inlaid work, the teapot of old china, the copper chafing dish, are worth displaying in a museum; but for us seven there is only one leaden teaspoon. When we rise to take leave they offer us cigarettes.

When the old mandarin comes out to show us the way through his small garden, escorted, according to etiquette, by a servant carrying before him a parasol, similar to those seen in the Nineveh bas-reliefs, it seems as if a reminiscence of ancient Asia were floating in the air, and for a moment the idea of the present vanishes. Near the path leading to the river a crowd is waiting for us, with chickens, eggs, bananas, ducks, and lemons for sale; but Mr. Hoé says that we must go to the market to buy all that we want, on the opposite bank, whither we saw the people going. Very well, we will cross the river. It will be entertaining to see the market of Fourane, and useful, too, for it is part of our orders to buy and bring on board bananas and other fruits, and eggs.

The market is an unclean confusion in a square space, in the full sunshine. All about this the dealers are seated under a double line of thatched sheds. At the rear there is a wall upon which small and antique porcelain monsters are looking at you. There are tea merchants who serve the tea very hot in small blue cups, confectioners, and sellers of prints and notions. There is minced meat in small green leaves, omelet prepared with flies' eggs, dogs smoked, dried, beaten, and flattened as codfish, pigs packed alive into small baskets with a handle to carry them, objects for the worship of the gods—candles and incense sticks. All these people are dirty, and everything is squalor and vermin. Beggars, men and women in great numbers, weary every one; vagrants, scratching themselves with a monkey's dexterity; people covered with sores; old women with faces half destroyed by dirt and sickness. At first all these people are afraid of us, but little by little they come nearer and nearer. There are in the crowd the small faces of strange boys with fine eyes. They are naked, and wear their coil of hair very high on the head. There are young girls, almost pretty, with their long hair put up in Greek style, and their cat-like looks. The huge hats hide all these faces. On each side of these hats hang strings adorned with mother-of-pearl pendants, invariably in the shape of bats. These

strings are held in the hand when the wind blows.

We buy like good people, and always pay too much; and little by little our whale-boat is filled up. My men are delighted to eat so much fruit after the privations of the sea. They have plenty of *sapeques* (little pieces of coin pierced in the center to put a string through), and consequently give lavishly what they are asked, so pleased are they to be on land. They allow the women sellers to reckon the accounts themselves, and when they are young and pretty, my sailors let them take the money into their hands.

We have still half an hour to spend in Fourane. We visit it rapidly, without losing sight of one another. There are as many pagodas as houses—antique, Lilliputian pagodas, into which five or six persons cannot enter together. To adorn these, diabolical dreams have been imagined. Hideousness and dreadful things of every description are painted, engraved, and carved everywhere on the roofs and walls. There are crabs, and wreaths of scorpions, great caterpillars with ferocious eyes and with horns and claws, small monsters, half dog and half devil; and all sneer with the same expression. Burning suns, salt fogs of the sea, the destructive blasts of typhoons, have united to wear out, to crack, to disjoint all these things; but they have preserved under the dust of centuries an appearance of intense life. They stand erect, arch their backs, and bristle up, looking furiously at the entrance of the temple, ready to spring at any one who may dare to approach. In the inside of these pagodas everything is old. The dust and the salt-petre eat away the idols and the mother-of-pearl inscriptions on the walls. A small lamp, dimly lighting regiments of monsters whose beards are devoured by worms, burns in the sanctuary.

We enter the houses, but they are empty: probably the inhabitants are gone to the market, and we meet no one except old people or children, who, as soon as they see us, hide themselves, forgetting to close the doors. There are also plenty of poor, ugly, thin dogs, who smell at us and then flee away

howling. All these huts are more or less the same in appearance. They look squalid, and have but three sides. The people sleep at the rear, on benches concealed by badly-painted shades. In the center is the place of honor, and behind a shade are the family idols; they are seated in a niche surrounded with the most precious things of the house—small tom-toms, small bells, screens, and Chinese vases.

The sailors who, during our walk, are wandering to the right and left, peeping, amusing themselves, looking for fruits and curiosities, suddenly call for me, very much excited, to show me something. They have discovered a rich house, which they declare to be beautiful. It is dark in this rich mansion. The solid columns that sustain the frame are of precious woods and covered with fine carvings. There are cornices of sandal-wood, ebony, mahogany, cut as fine as laces; also great lacquered panels, with gold inscriptions. A quantity of good things are hanging from the ceiling—such as smoked hams, dried dogs, and ducks. The niche of the images must be very remarkable in such a house, and the men, who have become acquainted with the customs of the country in less than half-an-hour, go straight to the shade at the center to see the gods hidden behind. There they appear, seated in a circle, and dazzling with fine gold. The incense pan is of an exquisite shape. All around them are screens inlaid with pink and green mother-of-pearl, peacock's feathers in blue vases, and silver tom-toms to call the attention of the gods when the worshipers pray to them. An old man with a white coil of hair, terrified at us, bowing down to the ground as he rises from a corner, begs for mercy. He is probably the owner of all this wealth. To pacify him, one of the sailors conceives the idea of addressing him in French, and drops down the gods' curtain. Then we leave the place and enable him to regain his tranquility.

When we make our second appearance among the stores and dealers, they receive us this time as friends. It is too warm a reception for what we need; there is the consequence of a few *sapeques* thrown out care-

lessly—the beggars are swarming around us. Nevertheless we are anxious before departing to visit the pagoda that stands there on the square, the largest one of Fourane; so we enter it, accompanied by the crowd. As if on the morrow of a pillaging, it is nearly empty; nevertheless, a few arms hang from the walls. They are ancient weapons, bad enough, complicated, toothed, and having—like all Chinese things—the forms and contortions of beasts. Parasols, lanterns, and hand-barrows, with heads of monsters, are lying on the floor. Mr. Hoé confesses in secret that for political reasons the day before had been occupied in moving out and hiding in the country all the images, the vases, and the trinkets.

A huge tom-tom had been forgotten in a corner, and the sailors ask me for permission to bang it. They are curious to hear what kind of music can be obtained from that thing. Of course I allow it, for I am curious myself to know what sounds it will produce. Bum—bum—bum—with all his might he strikes. It is frightful—deafening. From every store the people come to see what is the matter. Around us the crowd gathers as thick as a Fouranian crowd can. Let us slip away.

But lo! they accompany us. Behold all the beggars are at our heels! Luckily our boat is at hand. We jump in. Push!—and

we are in the middle of the river. All is over. Quickly we pass the pagoda that stands at the entrance, and we catch sight of our vessel over yonder. Two hours of hard rowing on this boiling hot sea, under this scorching sun, will be an arduous task for my poor sailors' arms, though they are stoutly built and solid.

The bay, which was deserted in the morning, is now thick with people. We are much surprised to meet so many fishing junks, scattered on the water like a swarm of flies. Where do they come from? The fishermen with their naked yellow breasts in the full light, and their heads shaded by their large hats, work very quickly and with incredible skill. From minute to minute their reddish nets, launched without apparent effort, come out always full of fish, glaring in the sun like a dust of mother-of-pearl.

The sandy points disappear gradually, and the small, insignificant town itself is soon hidden behind the downs, which are themselves soon after nothing but a white line. We have reached the middle of the bay. Behind us a large junk, bearing a triangular red flag, is coming out from the river. We distinguish on board some richly dressed people carrying parasols. It is the mandarin, who, faithful to his word, is coming on board our vessel to pay his visit of submission.

*Translated from Pierre Loti. Revue des Deux Mondes.*

#### EMBALMED.

LOVE cannot lose his own. In death's despite  
He touches them with an embalming skill,  
And resurrected from oblivious chill  
They walk in living warmth before his sight  
Forever deathless. On a restful height  
He lifts, and crowns them, henceforth at his will  
Beyond the curse of Time's o'erwhelming ill;  
Beyond the sound of bitter words that smite.  
On their white vesture he discerns no spot.  
All is transfigured on his mount of loss:  
Their lives' blurred pages to his loyal glance  
Reveal the beauty underneath the blot,  
The golden impulse shining through the dross,  
The strength that failed this stronger circumstance.

*M. A. M. Cramer.*

## INDIAN TROUBLES IN OREGON, 1854-5.

THE Rogue River War<sup>1</sup> in the years above given began in this wise: The Indians were supposed to be located on a reservation near which was established a small military post called Fort Lane. A party of professional scouts, styling themselves volunteers, and numbering about thirty men, made frequent visits to the neighborhood of the reserve, ostensibly for the purpose of watching marauders from the same; but judging from the characters that composed the company, several of them deserters from the army, I should judge they were bent on plunder themselves. At all events, one fine morning in June, as we troopers who composed the garrison were enjoying our bivouac under the pines—where bunks were improvised, owing to the insect-infested condition of the cabins—we were suddenly awakened by the discharge of fire-arms near by. Several volleys and numerous single shots were heard. This alarm turned out on investigation to be an attack by the volunteers on "Old Jake's Camp." The Indians of this were the least formidable of the tribe, and were, at the time of the attack, quietly slumbering in peace, if not in innocence. Thus a massacre of twenty old men, women, and children took place.

The soldiers, by orders, buried the victims, and were almost immediately called upon to take the field against the vengeful remainder. The party of volunteer scouts who had committed this first attack had failed to warn the settlers in the vicinity after it, and the excited Indians, taking the main route to the Willamette Valley, avenged themselves by an indiscriminate slaughter in that direction. As soon as the uprising became known, the troops followed rapidly and engaged the Indians in several slight skirmishes, one of which resulted in the killing of several men and one warlike squaw.

Our small force, now pursuing, was constantly depleted by sending squads to guard

ranches, furnishing escorts to fleeing families, and similar offices. The party just referred to were picked up in the act of plundering a pack train. They had killed two of the packers, put the others to flight, and were indulging in a feast and orgie. Vessels containing whiskey, piles of raisins, figs, and other dainties lay around in wasteful profusion, and several mules were discovered tied to the trees.

I witnessed here an instance of what might be called presence of mind in the presence of death, very characteristic of Indians. A stalwart "buck" who had been shot two or three times, was approached by some soldiers who supposed him dead. With what strength he still had, he deliberately turned over and threw his empty gun into a stream by his side, determined, I suppose, not to aid in any degree the further defeat of his people.

As we moved along in the night pursuit, we passed several burning houses, and, on halting near one of these, were assailed quite savagely from the rocks near by. Two men and several horses were shot. Many ghastly sights we met, such as a burning wagon loaded with apples, on either side of which lay a white man, with bullet holes and stabs about the body. One cabin which we examined contained three dead people, the man lying on the threshold and two children behind the bed, murdered by savages, while the mother was doubtless taken for a worse fate. A widow, Mrs. Harris, emerged from the bushes near her own house, which she had defended with shot gun the day previous, bearing in her arms her little daughter, shot through the arm. They were at once mounted on a horse and furnished escort to the nearest settlement. In a large hewed tavern on fire were discovered the remains of Mrs. Wagner and daughter; Mr. Wagner, being away from home at the time, was spared to inflict considerable damage on his red enemies in subsequent encounters.

<sup>1</sup> OVERLAND MONTHLY, September, 1884, p. 235.

In a few days the hostiles concentrated for a big fight, which came off in the Grove Creek Mountains, and was called the battle of Hungry Hill. Here the best element among the citizens came to the front, and a force of some three hundred, assisted by one hundred United States troops, attacked the Indians, who were located and entrenched in the forks of two deep cañons, about nine miles from the Grove Creek house on the wagon road. The command on this occasion proceeded on foot, starting with the rising moon. At midnight the weather was rainy and cold, and the trail was crossed by several streams. Owing to the indiscreet lighting of fires by the volunteers, the Indian scouts attacked our advance, but were driven for two miles; when, by previous arrangement, no doubt, they were strengthened by their main force, and took up the stand as above explained. Owing to a want of proper concert among ourselves, I think, the battle became a series of detached skirmishes and sharpshootings, continuing all day: and at night we counted our loss at about twenty-four; that of the enemy almost unknown. Several instances of heroism were exhibited on our side, where small parties descended to near the enemy's works to rescue wounded comrades.

The night that followed was spent in caring for the disabled and in desultory shooting. Next day at dawn the fight was renewed, I think by the Indians, and was kept up till about one o'clock, when a lull took place, and our party was got together, and we took the back track, laden with our wounded on stretchers, having failed to dislodge the hostile force, after expending all our ammunition and going without food for twenty-eight hours.

After one or two short scouts, the troop to which I belonged was ordered to the Columbia River. A large force of volunteers and some regulars had been organized to carry on the war; and it shows with what subtlety and determination these Indians fought, that they decoyed "C" Troop First United States Dragoons into an ambush, on a pretended truce or interview, and nearly annihilated the

whole command at the Big Bend of Rogue River.

The hostilities were, however, continued on into the following year, and the Indians exterminated by piecemeal. "Old John" had but sixteen warriors left at the final surrender, and then, on the way to Alcatraz Island, he and his son actually took possession of the steamer's steerage, and he was only finally conquered after being wounded in several places. This last display of ferocity was brought about by some unscrupulous passengers, who aroused the superstition and fears of the savages.

The Rogue River Indians I afterwards found to be nearly allied to the famous Modocs, fighting, like them, on foot; all were good shots, and possessed of good rifles, and were quite familiar with the ways of the white man.

Before these deeds of war and trouble just recounted took place, it had been my fortune to be stationed for some months in the Rogue River Valley. The spot is a most picturesque one, situated among the spurs of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, bounded on one side by the pretty river, plentifully timbered with variety of wood, a lofty mountain view in the distance on all sides, and the snow-covered peak of old McLaughlin overlooking the whole. Within sight of our little post was Table Mountain, a dwarfish knoll, whose flat crown presented a peculiarly inviting target for our howitzer practice on gala days. Near its base is a large cave, in which these same Indians took refuge two years before, when assailed by the whites; and their position was considered so advantageous that a truce was proclaimed which resulted in a temporary peace between the parties.

Whilst scouting, we often visited the fisheries of the natives. Their mode of taking the salmon is with the spear generally, and a most spirited sight it is at night to witness a fleet of twenty or more canoes descending the swift and shallow stream, each manned by two occupants only, one guiding the craft and supporting a lighted torch of pine, while the other takes a statuesque position in the

bow, with eye alert and spear in poise. I believe the miner now makes sole use of the little river, and nearly every native, if not quite every one, has departed to wield the dart in another world.

In conclusion, I will narrate a little incident connected with the preliminary irritations that usually precede these outbreaks. Our troop, while camped at one extremity of the reservation, watching the movements of some suspected Indians, was ordered suddenly to proceed to a certain point and arrest two notorious fellows, who were rather leaders among the rest. After this was accomplished, and they were hastily conducted to the Fort and placed in the guard house, many of their people began to assemble and threaten; and during the commotion consequent on preparation for defense, an inexperienced sentinel—or rather raw recruit—allowed the prisoners to escape. This they did by simply bolting, risking the several shots that followed them quite promptly. All was now soon astir to recapture them, and in a few hours our force of sixty men appeared at the principal camp, distant about fifteen miles.

Here all was excitement, as the fugitives and their emissaries had aroused the whole tribe, who were half disposed to a war movement. They had also formed a band of some twenty of their nearest of kin, and this party had donned their war paint, and on our approach had taken to the brush. They were speedily surrounded, but for an admiring audience we had some three hundred or more of the same blood, all armed, at our backs, merely waiting for the trouble to begin. However, a parley was struck up.

Meanwhile a few more men were got up from our garrison, and the little mountain howitzer charged with grape and canister. Then an influential squaw, called Queen Mary, appeared on the scene, and by her eloquence, assisted by that of some others, a regular battle was arrested. If one had taken place, I doubt if any of our side would have escaped to fight again.

After about six hours spent in maneuvers, threats, and promises, the warriors consented to appear and surrender. This they did,

and a more picturesque sight I never witnessed, than when those painted and feathered braves stalked boldly out from the closely woven willow copse in which they had taken refuge. Each one was armed with pistol, knife, and rifle; painted in hideous stripes of white, red, and black; with no clothing except the bright red tipped moccasins, the breech clout, and the feathers adorning their heads—otherwise “stripped to the buff.” And the natural beauties of the scene were many. Through the beautiful grove of monarch pines surrounding, the midsummer sunset glowed, striking and bringing into relief the bronzed and sinewy forms of the red men; while the soldiers, assembled in regular groups at advantageous points, presented a grim adjunct to the picture; and the background, consisting of the many different bands comprising the tribe, formed in almost perfect circle, arrayed in parti-colored habits, completed a scene any painter would have delighted to copy.

Soon after and for several years those lovely wooded glens rang with the discharge of firearms and the fierce yells of the savage, and many a mangled corpse was laid to rest beneath their shades. Now the simple lowing of the domestic kine and the rattle of agricultural machinery alone are heard, marking the peaceful evolution we all have noted in the settlement of the vast frontier.

Some who took part in this Indian war have since become distinguished, and some were so then—notably, the old warrior statesman, General Joe Lane; also General A. V. Kautz and General A. I. Smith, U. S. A. The ground fought over was historical in the annals of Oregon settlement. Many a sharp skirmish and tragical ambuscade was enacted here years before.

Until quite recently the music of the pack mule's bells indicated the only transportation to this region, as the train cheerily wended its way over these Tyrolean heights, conveying all traffic from the rough north coast, or penetrating the passes in communication with the gold camps; and yet many a day of hard labor will be scored before these solitudes will reverberate to the noise of the steam-whistle—but it will come.

*I. G. T.*

## INCIDENTS OF REGULAR ARMY LIFE IN TIME OF PEACE.

OUR wedding journey began with a trip across the continent over the Pacific Railroad, which was then a new thing. Arriving at San Francisco, I learned to my surprise and disappointment that, instead of the pleasant stations in Oregon or Washington Territory that had been anticipated, I was fated to return to Arizona, which I had left the fall before with the belief that my term of service in that territory had been completed. But we made the best of it, and sailed on the steamer for San Diego after a short delay. From San Diego we proceeded in an ambulance under the scorching rays of a June sun, crossing the arid desert of the Colorado, and winding slowly along the Gila, through the sand and alkali dust, which, combined with the intense heat, was well nigh insupportable. In all, we were six weeks on the road from San Diego to my station in a remote corner of Arizona.

The latter portion of this—after leaving Tucson—was traveled with an escort of twenty mounted men, riding near our wagons, and constantly on the lookout for hostile Indians; a regular guard was mounted at night, as a necessary precaution against the surprise of our camp by the murderous savages who infested the country bordering upon the San Pedro River and Dragoon Mountains, and of whose bloody work we were daily reminded by the lonely graves at the roadside. These were, in most instances, marked with a rude cross, probably placed there by the friendly hands of those who had known the victims in life, or possibly by the passing stranger, who knew not how soon he too might be in need of the same kindly office. This was nearly fifteen years ago: and now, when I hear others carelessly mention a trip by rail to the same locality and return as a journey of a few days, or a week at most, a momentary feeling akin to envy or anger comes over me; and it is difficult to realize that it has been possible for even

steam and the locomotive to accomplish such results—to have apparently annihilated the absolute waste and desolation through which we passed so wearily.

An end came, however, as it always does, and the journey itself is at this distance recalled with even pleasant recollections of the brighter incidents connected with it: for, thanks to that peculiar characteristic of the human mind which enables us to forget all but the brighter spots, those alone have been mainly remembered. The long-looked-for station, which was finally reached, and which, for a time, ended our ambulance and tent life, was then called a camp, though it has since attained to the more dignified title of a fort; having been, in the mean time, however, entirely rebuilt, after the manner of modern garrisons. But at that time nearly all frontier stations were known as camps; as in fact they should have been, for they were not more than the name implied. This station consisted of a lot of rough log buildings, which had been constructed by soldier labor, and accordingly in the most primitive manner. They were begun a few months before our arrival—when the post had first been located and established—and were still but partially completed. The whole was arranged in the form of a camp of cavalry, and was originally laid out with the same military precision, in strict accordance with the plan found in the army regulations. So many outside structures in the way of stables, quartermaster's corrals, a sutler's store, and so forth, besides numerous Indian rancherias, had, however, been permitted or caused to spring up in the immediate vicinity—all of which were out of uniformity with the original plans—that upon approaching the post by the road from Tucson, as we did, it had more the appearance of a frontier town or mining camp, quietly resting on a ridge or knoll which crossed the narrow valley, than of a military post, garrisoned by two troops

of cavalry and two companies of infantry belonging to the regular army of the United States. But notwithstanding the want of that regularity in appearance which one might have expected to meet, it was not destitute of a certain natural attractiveness, or even beauty, owing to its picturesque environment especially.

The journey had been a tiresome one, and for more than two hundred miles no sign of human life or habitation had been visible ; consequently, the satisfaction with which we reached our destination may be understood. As we entered the post, the line of officers' quarters extended for a quarter of a mile parallel to a cañon one hundred yards in the rear. The walls of this cañon were nearly, if not quite, perpendicular, and through it fifty or sixty yards below ran a beautiful mountain stream, whose source was in the distant snow-capped peaks visible against the horizon to the eastward. The officers' quarters faced those of the soldiers, which consisted of six log cabins to each company, running at right angles to the officers' line, about eighty yards from it ; the intervening space formed a parade ground. The view from both front and rear of the post, though attractive, was limited, and consisted principally of the immediate, and rather abrupt, pine and juniper covered mountain sides. To the east and west, up and down the valley, it was more extended, though also confined to mountain scenery, but of such a grand description that the eye never tired of resting upon it : made up of ridges, crags, and distant peaks, blending with the sky in wild, fantastic shapes. At sunset the landscape was tinted with gorgeous prismatic effects, seldom equalled anywhere.

The quarters of the officers varied but little, if at all, in their appearance, manner of construction, or dimensions. All were equally bad, and such as at the present time even the army on the frontier would object to, and consider unfit for habitation. Those that we went into were a sample of the others ; a building eighteen by twenty feet, the chinks between the logs daubed with adobe mud, both inside and out ; the interior, one

room, a rough, unplanned board floor, a large fire-place at one end—the chimney on the outside—at the other a door, the only entrance or exit, with a window on one side of the room, consisting of a single sash with six lights of glass, swinging inward on its hinges. No ceiling whatever, but the bare rafters covered with rough boards formed an unshingled roof overhead, which, though affording excellent ventilation, was no protection from the weather, the boards having become so warped and twisted by the sun as to admit of frequent streaks of both sunlight and moonlight, and thus partially compensate for the want of more windows.

In this cabin we were soon domiciled, for it was the work of but a few hours to put down the carpet and arrange the few simple articles of furniture which had been brought with us from San Francisco, or had been manufactured by the post quartermaster ; and while the weather continued pleasant, we thought we were very comfortable—as much so as our neighbors, at least, which is always a satisfactory feeling. But in September, when the terrible rain and thunder storms came, it was quite a different matter, and we were obliged to go into camp inside the house. This was done by nailing a piece of canvas to the logs on the side of the room, about ten feet from the floor, and stretching the opposite side over a pole supported by two uprights, by this means improvising a shelter after the fashion of a tent, under which it was possible to keep dry until the storm passed. Such articles as we were unable to move under this shelter were also covered with canvas, so far as practicable. Fortunately, the rains, though frequent at this season, were of short duration ; but they came down in torrents while they lasted. The novelty of the situation was, however, something ; and it did not then seem so bad as it does now in recalling it.

In our single apartment we lived, slept, and ate our meals, though the cooking was done in a smaller building of the same character which belonged to this establishment, about twenty feet distant, directly in the rear. The one room of this was alike the

kitchen and a general store-room (the cook slept in a tent). Here the meals were prepared, and they were brought hence by "our man," on a tray, into the "large house," where the board was spread—a cow bell which I had borrowed from the quartermaster's store-house proving to be a satisfactory substitute for the regular call bell with which we had forgotten to provide ourselves while fitting out before leaving San Francisco.

This "set of quarters" was upon the extreme left flank of the garrison, and consequently somewhat isolated from the others, the first that were approached on entering the post, by the road already mentioned; and in the event of an Indian attack, which, as will appear, was at times feared later, the most exposed.

As will be readily inferred, our daily domestic life was a quiet and simple one. Society at first consisted of the invalid wife of our married officer, who rarely left her room, and who had, before our arrival, been without female society for more than a year. She was only waiting to gain strength enough to enable her to reach her home in Philadelphia, whither she started a few weeks later. Besides this lady and her husband, there were a few bachelor officers. We came in contact with no others socially, and during the two years passed at this station my wife had no society of her own sex, with the exception of a short period—about six months—during which time the wives of two other officers were with them; so that we were mainly dependent upon ourselves for society. During the pleasant portions of the year we took occasional trips, sometimes on horseback or in the ambulance, but more frequently on foot, among the hills and pine trees, or along the river, occasionally looking in on some of the Indian camps, where we were always welcome, and where a white lady was an object of singular curiosity. Points and objects of interest were not wanting in a locality for which nature had done so much, and we were seldom at a loss where to go, when my occupations admitted of going at all.

But of all the surrounding country the most attractive stroll was through the narrow

cañon in the rear of the post, from the entrance to the end of which was about a mile, and through which an abandoned Indian trail was discovered. This the soldiers had made passable by cutting away a portion of the almost tropical growth of tangled vines and bushes which had accumulated and obstructed the trail, and felling trees to serve as bridges on which to cross the little stream. The stream abounded in miniature cascades, and was filled with trout. Nearly the entire distance was shut in by steep walls on either side; to many of its depths the sun daily penetrated but an hour or two, and during the hottest of summer days one could always be sure of a cool and shady retreat here.

Until the recesses of this cañon had been thoroughly explored, it had not been deemed prudent to enter it, unless armed and prepared for an encounter with the bears which were supposed to frequent, if not to inhabit it. This impression originated in the fact that one evening at sunset, shortly after our arrival, a large black bear was seen to emerge from the mouth of the cañon at a point above the post, and trot deliberately and directly along, passing the open ground in rear of the officers' kitchens, between them and the edge of the cañon. It so happened that I was the first to observe his approach, and had time enough to enable me to go into my quarters, get a carbine—which was always kept between the mattresses of the bed, loaded and in readiness for immediate use—and wait for the bear, who was to pass within fifty yards of the house. I had never killed a bear, but was anxious to do so—perhaps too anxious, or possibly the opportunity was too good. At all events, I placed myself behind the corner of the kitchen, and waited until I could almost see his eyes, then fired; but to my surprise and mortification—for I had always considered myself a fair shot with a rifle—he only wiggled his stumpy tail a little, and shambled on down the line in his lumbering but singularly rapid gait. By this time others had also comprehended the situation, and were lying in wait for him in the same manner, though their opportuni-

ties were not quite equal to mine; but although at least forty bullets were sent after him from the cavalry carbines and infantry "long toms" by both officers and soldiers, Bruin escaped. In doing this he was obliged to run the gauntlet of nearly the entire line, until coming to a point on the edge of the cliff which was a trifle less precipitous than the rest, he descended with the agility of a cat, and was up the wall of the opposite side of the cañon as quickly, though the firing continued at long range until he was lost to sight among the junipers. No doubt he carried lead with him, but evidently not enough to make him our "meat"; and he possibly laughed in his sleeve, as he trotted away, at the ridiculous marksmanship of the "brutal soldiery." Diligent search through all parts of the cañon after this failed to discover any bear sign, however, and there ceased to be further apprehension about entering it.

As already intimated, my own spare time was very limited. The duties of post quartermaster and commissary had devolved upon me, and these kept me employed—frequently at a distance from the house—the greater part of all the daytime. In addition to the ordinary and customary details which pertained to these duties, the mustering, counting, and rationing of nearly fourteen hundred Indians was attended to every fourth day; for, up to that time, no agent had been provided for these Indians, and they were in the hands of the War Department. My wife was consequently left to herself, and thrown upon her own resources much of the time. Books and other literature were not wanting, as an abundant supply of magazines and newspapers reached the post. But one can not read constantly, and among other expedients she began to acquire a knowledge of the Indian, or more especially of the Apache language; and very frequently on pleasant mornings, after domestic affairs had received the necessary attention, and the simple housekeeping was arranged for the day, a few of the most intelligent young Indians of both sexes would collect outside the little window of our house, where from the inside

she would hold protracted interviews with them—communicating at first through the medium of signs, or of a few Spanish words which the Indians had picked up. But presently this intercourse was conducted entirely by means of the Indian tongue, with which she rapidly became conversant, to the manifest surprise and delight of the Indians themselves. In this manner, she, in a few months, acquired a more extensive knowledge of the Apache language than any white person who was connected with the post at that time. She did not meet with the same degree of success, however, in her attempts to teach the young Indian idea how to shoot; and though she labored faithfully with several of the most promising, she only got so far with "Phillipi," who was the brightest, (and had acquired his Spanish name by a short captivity among the Mexicans when very young), that he was able to print in large ungainly capitals on the slate, the words, "My sore face"—after which exploit even he, apparently, decided that he had sufficiently penetrated the depths of English literature, and ceased to apply himself further. The knowledge thus acquired gave her an established reputation with the various bands on the reservation, where, as with white people, nothing was lost by being repeated—and Indians are notorious gossips among themselves. The chiefs and head men made regular calls at the house, at proper intervals, and seemed by common consent to concede to her a status which was unusual for a woman, and to which one of their own race could never have hoped to attain. Doubtless, had she been so inclined, she might have exerted a strong influence in their affairs, but she was without ambition in that direction. A more practical result of this knowledge was realized in the fact that we were pretty regularly supplied with game of various kinds at a low price—fine wild turkeys, when in season, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, for ten pounds of flour; the latter purchased from the post commissary at three cents per pound.

This was, however, only practicable during the summer months. The winter was lone-

some and dreary, though fortunately of short duration and not severe. Mail facilities were uncertain and irregular, and frequently during the winter there was no mail for three or four weeks at a time. Once we were five weeks without a mail, though one finally made its appearance, quite unexpectedly, by the way of New Mexico, on the top of a load of freight; and after this we considered ourselves greatly favored by a weekly mail from Santa Fé, letters from friends in the East reaching us in ten or twelve days. Not long after this the routine of our daily life was changed: a little stranger was within our gates, and we were now three. Our boy was, perhaps, the first white child born in what has since become a populous section.

In referring to these reservation Indians, I have omitted to explain that they were composed of numerous small tribes, or bands, all of them Apaches however, and more or less related by blood to each other, as well as to the hostiles in other portions of the territory. In fact, these Indians themselves had once been the enemies of the whites, but had been peaceful and had planted corn for many years. The white people in the distant settlements still regarded them with jealousy, and believed, or at least asserted, that they still maintained regular communication with the hostiles, and gave them material aid as well as information, besides permitting their young men to join in their raids upon the settlers or emigrants. But of this we were unable to find evidence, though every measure was taken to that end. At all events, our instructions from the Department Commander were to watch, feed, and regularly muster and count them at intervals of four days, which duty was conscientiously performed and duly certified to by official witnesses. At the same time portions of our command were frequently engaged in scouting against the hostiles to the south and west, though mostly in the Tonto Basin, then a region almost entirely unknown to others than the troops, but now a rich cattle country. During these periods the post would sometimes be left with a force not to exceed forty men, in the very heart of an In-

dian country, where, in the event of a disaffection, the little garrison could have been massacred without the possibility of assistance, or even communication with the outside world. And there was at times cause for apprehension on this account, for the Indians did not all like the whites, were quick to observe our weakness, and undoubtedly realized the situation and consequent temptation as fully and completely as we did ourselves.

The separate bands had feuds among themselves, probably of long existence, if not hereditary, as most Indians seem to have; and these not unfrequently resulted in bloodshed. This could not have been controlled had it been attempted, especially as their killing was usually done during the night; but it became a source of considerable anxiety, for it was hard to tell where trouble of this character might end if once thoroughly started, and owing to the presence of my family, I experienced a feeling of insecurity greater than I cared to communicate to my wife. One morning in particular six dead Indians, including a small chief, known as "The Beggar," were found within less than a mile from our quarters, as a result of one of their collisions, which had taken place during the night. The dismal moaning of the squaws resounded through the hills for days and nights afterwards.

Most of this trouble followed their drunken orgies, on which occasions their slumbering animosities would be aroused to a pitch of wild fury which seemed to know no bounds. They had a habit of distilling from the corn—which was either raised by themselves, or issued to them by the Government as a part of the food ration—a villainous compound which they called "tis-win"; and although it apparently took a large quantity and a long time to make one of them satisfactorily drunk from its effects, it took still longer to become sober. Deliberate preparations were made for these debauches by the stealthy accumulation of corn in some secluded nook, perhaps a week being required to get the thing in full blast. For indications of this, they were carefully

observed, and when the locality was determined, if it was near the post—as it usually was—a detachment, or even in some cases one of the troops of cavalry, was promptly dispatched under charge of a commissioned officer, with instructions to destroy the tisin. It was not without apprehension and some precaution that the officer upon whom this duty had devolved would enter a rancharia in which might be found usually from one to two hundred half-drunken Indians, all of whom were possessed of arms, and to upset the vessels containing the vile stuff which they prized so highly. On such occasions the soldiers would remain mounted, and be placed in such a manner as to surround and cover the main body of the Indians, with carbines loaded and at a “ready,” while the officer himself dismounted, and with a small number of men under his charge, also dismounted, would proceed to spill the troublesome liquor with an assumption of coolness and deliberation which he by no means felt, amidst the black and threatening frowns of the Apaches. This unpleasant duty was shared by me in turn with the other lieutenants, and was the cause of anxiety on the part of my wife; but she never complained, though the experience was entirely new to her.

During the second year the Indians became more and more troublesome and harder to control, owing to the cause already indicated, and also to others: so much so, that it became advisable to exclude them from the limits of the post by the necessary guard, and my wife accordingly saw but little of them, only those visiting our house who had a special permit for that purpose, and this confined to a few of the more important personages. One afternoon an unusual commotion was suddenly observed among some of them, who had collected at a point near the Tucson road to the eastward of the post, and before it was realized, or any steps could possibly have been taken by the guard to prevent it, a number of Indians fled rapidly in the direction of the post, closely pursued by others, in a state of partial drunkenness, hallooing and shooting with guns, and bows and arrows, as they closely followed behind.

As I have said, our house was the first and most exposed in this direction, and here the fugitives immediately came, taking refuge in the rear of the house, and about it, and behind the big chimney which ran up on the outside; either hoping to obtain protection, or for the purpose of making a stand, as they were also armed. But this failed to stop the fire of the attacking party, though their advance was checked. The situation in the inside of the house was critical and alarming: as usual at that time of the day, I was absent. My wife and child were alone, and she fully understood the situation. The man who should have been in the kitchen—he was there but a few minutes previously—or somewhere within call, was nowhere to be seen, and had undoubtedly run away ingloriously or hidden when he saw the Indians coming, though he had served during the whole war of the rebellion as an enlisted man, and was at one time a sergeant. Immediate action was necessary, for the danger from a chance bullet coming through the chinks in the logs was considerable, and not to be despised; besides which, the possibility of the Indians crowding their way inside the house, when they found she was alone, was not pleasant to contemplate. She did not long remain undecided, however, but took a small riding whip which hung against the wall, went at once outside the house, and drove them away by a lively application of the little whip to their bare feet and ankles. Several of these intruders were young Indians with whom she had a personal acquaintance; but they all immediately sneaked off with a sickly smile, and would, no doubt, have greatly preferred to have faced the fire of the other party, to being subjected to the mortification and disgrace of being thus dealt with by a woman. The whole incident occurred in a very short time; and by the time the guard reached the ground, the cause of the alarm was over and the Indians gone. I only learned of its occurrence several hours later, at dinner-time.

Soon after this I started with my family for their home in the Eastern States, and reached Santa Fé after another ambulance

trip of three hundred miles. From this point I saw them again safely on the way to the nearest railroad point, still two hundred and fifty miles distant, but under the friendly charge of an officer who was fortunately traveling in the same direction. It was months after that they joined me again, but under more favorable and civilized surroundings, at a pleasant station in the Department

of the Columbia. It was well that I had taken this course, for but a day or two after again arriving at my station, a courier came in great haste, bearing dispatches, which had been telegraphed as far as Santa Fé, from the Division Commander at San Francisco, ordering the cavalry to march immediately for the Modoc country, and we bade adieu to Arizona.

F. K. U.

### RECENT FICTION.

OF the novels that come before us for review this quarter, there is not one that can be called an important book in any sense; yet the collection is rather remarkable, by virtue of its variety. Western realism, Virginian historic romance, New York social and political satire, old-fashioned romance of adventure, Californian tales, besides the regular English and French reprints: these cover among them a ground wider than often happens in a quarter's novels—especially when we add to them "*Ramona*," reviewed by itself last month, but properly counting among this quarter's novels. A ground wider, we mean, not so much geographically—for it frequently happens that the stories of a single month range geographically from Greenwich all the way round by America and Asia to Greenwich again—but in subject and spirit.

The success of Mr. Howe's "*Story of a Country Town*" has probably been the occasion of a second novel from the same hand—*The Mystery of the Locks*.<sup>1</sup> It is probable that this story, if it had been published anonymously, could at once have been identified as from Mr. Howe's hand. The tricks of manner are unmistakable. Tricks of manner, we say, but we do not mean affectations. On the contrary, the frankness and straightforwardness of speech is curious. Yet the style is not altogether simple; it is not even altogether original: for the haunt-

ing suggestions of familiarity in the first book solidify in this into a distinct element of Dickens. It is, indeed, surprising to see how closely the Dickens air can be reproduced in a description of a village on the Missouri. There is a vagabond lawyer, "Tug Whittle," who is caricatured in the Dickens spirit exactly. "One of Tug's eyes, the left one, is very wide open, while the other is so nearly shut that generally the man seems to be aiming at something." This "aiming" trick is carried through the story with as much persistence as Miss Dartle's scar, or any other of the little personal devices on which Dickens depended so much for vividness. "Tug looked up at this remark, sighted awhile at the guest with his right eye—"—"And the light," Tug suggested, removing his aim from the stranger a moment and directing it toward Davy"—"Tug creeps in to look, too, and after sighting at it awhile, returns to the hall"—thus it goes on, till the visual trait is thoroughly emphasized. A whimsical fancy in seizing on suggestions is also Dickens-like: "When Tug winks with the eye that is wide open, the one that is nearly shut remains perfectly motionless, but follows the example presently, and winks independently and of its own accord, so that the stranger thinks of him as walking with his eyes, taking a tremendous leap with his left, and a limp with his right"; "Tug, from his position against the wall, was walking toward the table with his eyes, with first a long step and then a short one." Again, it is a distinctly

<sup>1</sup> *The Mystery of the Locks*. By E. W. Howe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

Dickens-like trait to carry this same whimsical fancy into filling with action and sentiment the aspects of inanimate objects: "The houses themselves appeared to look at him with a cynical air, as the people did, as if to intimate that he need not hope to surprise them with his importance or with anything he might do, for their quiet streets had once resounded to the tread of busy feet, and they had seen strangers before and knew the ways of men"; "There was a quaking asp, too, which was always shivering at thought of the danger that might be concealed in the undergrowth at his feet, and even the stout hickories climbed a good way into the air to insure their safety."

Yet, with all these distinct evidences of Dickens's influence, there is nothing that can be called direct imitation. Mr. Howe speaks his own mind and records his own observation, none the less that it is in a fashion suggested by another. Moreover, there are very many elements in his writing that he seems to owe to no one—to nothing but life. As before, in "The Story of a Country Town," the strength and insight with which he can put a neighborhood before the reader in its characteristic colors is surprising; indeed, this is, so far, the best feature of Mr. Howe's work. It is, too, a region of our country new to fiction that he has brought forward—the central West; and one that is surprisingly unknown to the reading public, considering how much of the area, the wealth, and the population of the country is distributed through these central States.

The story of "The Mystery of the Locks" must be considered a falling away from the earlier book, which had in itself serious defects as a story. There is a quaint charm in the way that it is told, and in the curious, frank, yet somewhat dreamy way in which the people talk; and one even forgives the fact that all the people use exactly the same manner of speech. But the fault of construction is more serious; the "mystery," elaborately developed, is left unsolved at last, save by circumstances compelling the conviction that the hero was a peculiarly hard-hearted bigamist—while all his own ut-

terances point to him as an honorable and innocent person. The moral appears to be, that if an honorable and innocent man has a distaste for his wife, he may honorably and innocently desert her, and find him one he likes better, though she should go insane over the process. The clear conscience with which Dorris tells his wife that if he should never return alive, he wants her to know that he was an honorable man, has always tried to be honest and fair in everything, etc.; the author's evident intention that we shall believe he speaks the truth; together with his evident intention that we shall also believe in the deserted and crazed other wife:—these incongruities are not pleasant. They have, however, some place in the plan of uncompromising realism on which Mr. Howe works; for matrimonial complications play, it is probable, a specially large part in the life of such Western towns as Mr. Howe describes. Indeed, the desirability of marrying a real help-meet, and the evil of marrying any one, however good for some one else, who is not really the right one for one's own special need, is almost the keynote of the book. Again and again it recurs; and finally, this underlying doctrine is summed up in one of Dorris's parting speeches: "I do not take much credit to myself," he says, "that we are content as husband and wife. I think the fact that we are mated has a great deal to do with it. There are a great many worthy people . . . who live in the greatest wretchedness; who are as unhappy in their married relations as we are happy. I have known excellent men, married to excellent wives, who are wretched, as I have known two excellent men to fail as partners in business. . . How many brave, capable men there are in the world, who would rejoice in the possession of such a wife; worthy, honest men, who made a mistake only in marrying the wrong woman, and who will die believing there is nothing in the world worth living for, as I believed before I met you. Every one who is out in the world a great deal knows such men and pities them. . . You and I are not phenomenal people in any respect, but we are man and

wife in the fullest sense of the term; and others might enjoy the peace we enjoy, were they equally fortunate in their love affairs. It is a grand old world for you and I [*sic*], and those like us, but it is hell for those who have been coaxed into unsuitable marriages by the devil."

FROM the strange and unsophisticated western novel, we turn to a most finished little piece of cultivation—John Esten Cooke's *My Lady Pocahontas*.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cooke, it will be remembered, is a loyal believer in the historic truth of the Pocahontas story; and inserted it unquestioningly in his recent *History of Virginia*, in the American Commonwealth series. As historians not themselves Virginians, regard the story as rather legendary, this brought out a good deal of comment in the reviews of the history. The story rests on what Mr. Cooke not unnaturally regards as the best possible authority—Smith's own—but there appears to be a decided tendency among historians to regard Smith's own account of his adventures as romances. As nobody is able at this date either to disprove the Pocahontas incident, or prove the credibility of a rover of two centuries and a half ago, who certainly did tell a series of very strange stories, the student is free to believe or disbelieve a good deal according to his own inner light, with regard to Pocahontas; and Mr. John Esten Cooke elects to believe that there is no sufficient ground for discrediting Smith's account. Of course, the main point is the story of her saving the Captain from the clubs of her father's warriors; but the full Pocahontas legend includes the farther story that in her later intercourse with the colony some talk of love passed between her and Smith; and that at the time she married Rolfe she believed Smith dead, and showed strong feeling upon learning that this was not true and meeting him in England. Mr. Cooke has, apparently in consequence of the general disbelief in the story showed by his critics, resorted to a curious method of reasserting

his own faith; that is, a pretty little historic romance of the loves of John Smith and the Lady Pocahontas. It is put into the mouth of Anas Todkill, "Puritan and Pilgrim," one of Smith's men-at-arms, related in quaint language of the date to which it is referred, and printed and bound in close enough imitation of the fashion of that date to give it an appropriately archaic look. It relates with much simplicity and sweetness the acquaintance of Smith with Pocahontas, their love and separation, and her reluctant consent to Rolfe's suit, in the belief that the Captain was dead; her marriage, visit to England, meeting with Smith, and her death. It makes, indeed, a winning picture of the little forest princess; and Captain Smith, too, is touched with an admiring hand, and several reproaches find place for those who are thereafter to blacken his reputation and doubt his narrations. Whether Mr. Cooke shrewdly remembered the force of poem and story to fix historic beliefs in people's minds, and wrote to enlist this force on his side of the Pocahontas question, or whether he was moved to the writing of this story merely by perception of the fine opportunities for art offered by the legend, we cannot say. In any event, he has so written that the reader cannot but at least *wish* that this version of the life and character of Powhatan's daughter, Rolfe's Indian wife, the mother of Virginian families, may be true.

AGAIN we step into a totally different atmosphere in taking up the next book. *The Money-Makers*<sup>2</sup> is nominally intended as an offset to "The Bread-Winners"—that is, it is intended to show up as the dangerous class in our society the controlling money-power. The alliance of a money oligarchy with a political oligarchy, and the joint control exercised by the two over the press, thus crippling the only means through which the public can be helped to protect itself, is the special theme. The point of view is the journalist's; in fact, the story is located in newspaper offices. It is anonymous; and, while several incidents and the evident fa-

<sup>1</sup> *My Lady Pocahontas*. Writ by Anas Todkill. With Notes by John Esten Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *The Money-Makers. A Social Parable*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

miliarity with New York newspaper circles would indicate masculine authorship, there is a subtle feminine turn of speech cropping out in the hero's conversation, which hints at a woman's hand. A certain crudeness in conception of what constitutes effective newspaper writing—or rather, in trying to give specimens of such—might be supposed to point to the same thing; but in the light of the conception of a stirring political speech displayed in a recent novel by a young man of marked ability as a novelist, it would be rash to draw any conclusions from such indications. At all events, whoever the author, the story has just missed being a powerful one by the vexatious fault of going too far. It is for the most part well written—well, even judged by good standards. It is direct and unpretentious in style, and has only one serious literary vice—the old-fashioned one of besprinkling the pages with French words. This is a vice which borders perilously near upon vulgarity, and it is surprising to find it in connection with so many indications of literary refinement. The French phrases are sometimes poured into a single paragraph with a lavishness that gives a ludicrously bilingual effect—something like the jargons that delight Latin schoolboys:

"On sic a nox with canis unus

Two boys went out to hunt for coonus,"

etc.; or the mixed French and English rhymes with which the instruction of children is sometimes attempted. With a style good, except for this fault, the book is not successful in construction. It is too long, too miscellaneous, occupied by too many minor characters, and too many digressions. It really has no plot, and no narrative point.

But, passing by consideration of its qualities as a story, we come to its claims as a social study. It begins with two young newspaper men, both of whom hold high ideals of honor, and one of whom has already proved this by sacrificing his position as private secretary and *protégé* of the most powerful party leader at Washington, rather than join in a corrupt transaction. After some experience of the toil of newspaper work, however, he craves wealth, yields to a tempt-

ation to make money on Wall Street out of certain private knowledge and money temporarily in his hands, becomes wealthy, and passes over to the side of the tyrants. The other young man thenceforth becomes the hero and center of the tale. His paper is at this time occupied in fighting the corrupt oligarchy that controls the country, the result of which is that young Carew, who is making some dangerous exposures of the action of a powerful syndicate, who are in trouble with their workmen, becomes ensnared in a plot to discredit him by fastening the appearance of bribery upon him, and loses his place; and that the paper itself in the long run succumbs, and becomes an organ of the oligarchy. In time, Carew gets possession of a paper of his own, which he then conducts with violent independence and honesty, making a crusade against all undue money power, and even taking sides with workmen in labor troubles that arise. When this becomes dangerous, the money-making most concerned simply buys up a controlling interest in the stock, and promptly changes the editor. Carew's friends then set him up with another paper, of which the stock is so held as to be protected from such purchase, and in this he triumphantly maintains his heresies to the end, crowned with the love and honor of friends and enemies.

As long as the story sticks to the newspaper offices of New York, it is reasonable and effective. In its second stage, however, it deteriorates in every way. Many of the instances introduced, going to show the terrible control that great wealth, joining hands with political power, can exert over newspapers, are known to journalists to be true enough. The frequency with which newspaper property is held by men whose interest in it is purely commercial, and who therefore control its policy for profit alone; the many minor ways in which an unsophisticated staff-editor would be startled to find the truth shut out and misrepresentation let in; the ways in which obstinately incorruptible editors can be supplanted through the stockholders, or incorruptible stockholders broken down—all these things are no fiction, and it

can only do good to arraign them. Even the sweeping conclusion that the political party under whose wing so much of this has grown up is directly responsible, and the revulsion to the other party, is not unpardonable: political novels are perfectly legitimate, and where any moral duty—toward human rights or toward honesty—has been noticeably neglected by either party, it has always been considered fair, here or across the ocean, to give a bad account of it in fiction. The incident of the bribery conspiracy to which Carew falls victim should have been ruled out or toned down—it overshoots its mark, and causes a reaction of incredulity; so, too, the horror of a young newspaper correspondent at Saratoga, upon discovering the mild bribery of the cancelling of his hotel expenses, seems rather absurd—though he was, of course, entirely right as to the principle involved. But it is when Carew, throwing himself upon the “Últrocratic” party, and becoming an independent editor, takes up labor reform, that the book deteriorates completely. Passing over many minor points open to criticism, we take the kernel of his economic doctrine: The laborer invests himself as capital in any business; rate him at five thousand dollars; then—as the capitalist always insists upon getting one hundred per cent. upon his investment—the laborer may be considered as investing five thousand dollars a year (minus his wages), thus having nearly fifty thousand dollars in the business at the end of ten years. The soundness of the whole section of the story that deals with labor questions may be inferred from this bit of calculation. Perhaps, having quoted it, we should also add a brief explanation of its fallacy, obvious though it is. So far from “a hundred per cent.,” there are few business men who would expect ten per cent. upon a legitimate investment, apart from their own management. The fact that three per cent. bonds float, shows that money does not average much higher profit than even that. Whatever the investor gets over some such per cent. on his capital, he gets because he has it under his own management, and therefore as wages for his expenditure of time and thought

—wages, of course, very high, because financial ability and managing skill are very rare and very valuable. If the laborer, therefore, invests himself, and is worth \$5,000, and the investment is to stand on the same ground as any other, \$500 a year would be a most liberal return for him to get; considering the comparative security of his return, \$250 would be nearer the ruling market rate. But again, he does not invest himself entire; only a portion of his time: and again, it is only an assumption that his commercial value is \$5,000. In the days when there *was* a market value for men, \$1,000, plus the very cheapest food and clothing, was considered a good price for a manual laborer. The absurdity of this “investment” argument, and its destructiveness to the workingman’s own cause, need not be farther followed up. We cannot but express regret to see a book of so much more than ordinary possibilities crippled by a failure to get any competent grip of the problems involved. Moreover, it is not well-managed, merely as a story. In both these respects, it fails entirely to meet “The Bread-winners,” which, though crude and second-rate, nevertheless had a clear idea of the point it meant to make, and went pretty directly at it.

It is impossible, even at this distance, not to catch a perpetual hint of real persons, under thin disguises, in “The Money Makers.” Any one acquainted with New York journalism will, we suspect, find it bristling with people and journals and incidents transferred bodily from life. This will no doubt add not a little to the attention the book will win. It has only just missed deserving much.

Admiral Porter’s romance<sup>1</sup> reaches its conclusion with a double installment, parts 8–9. We have already noticed the first numbers of this story, and given it such criticism as its promises of good and of ill justified. The complete story gives no reason for much change in the judgment we expressed of its first numbers. The character of the story and the workmanship were pretty well foreshadowed in these. It has, it is true, devel-

<sup>1</sup> Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable. A romance by Admiral Porter. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

oped several decidedly weak points more conspicuously than at the first. We are scarcely surprised, considering the personal esteem which the country feels for Admiral Porter, that some respectable reviewers have so far stretched their consciences as to say that the author bids fair to be an American Dumas. The suggestion of Dumas is not hard to find, for he is very obviously the model followed; but he is followed at such a distance that Admiral Porter is simply made ridiculous by the comparison. He has struck upon an admirable theme for a romance: twin brothers stolen from home in early childhood, growing up apart to be mighty men of valor, and turning up in early manhood in the same city, utterly unknown to each other, the one a miraculously clever detective, the other a miraculously clever criminal. The entanglements of the pursuit of the criminal hero by the detective hero, of their entrance into society in appropriate disguises, and their entanglement with the fates of their long lost mother and sister and wicked uncle and other relatives (everybody being ignorant of everybody else's identity, and some of them even of their own), would afford opportunity in proper hands for an exciting tale. To say that these materials have been altogether misused would not be just. They have been used with a good deal of sense of narrative movement; and the even droll simplicity of treatment, the comically intense villainy of the villains and virtue of the virtuous, the astonishing achievements of the heroes, has something rather refreshing about it. It is on a par with standard fairy tales in these respects. But it must be added that even in the region of pure adventure there is an occasional dash of vulgarity; and when it comes to the matter of the social intercourse of the people of the story, the vulgarity—we can use no other word—is surprising. It is newspaper gossip that some other hand than the Admiral's is responsible for the actual execution of this story. It is to be hoped so. It is hard to conjecture where, in the course of a life that has had a considerable share of success and eminence, such chambermaid concep-

tions of the speech and manners of good society can have been picked up. Nor is nearly all of this—and that is the worst of it—told with any perception of its utter inanity and ill breeding. One lovely maiden, intended for a charmingly frank romp, talks and behaves like a street-corner rowdy. Another, who is meant to be the representative of sweet kittenishness, and is inflicted upon the hero for a wife, is another really offensive piece of coarse vanity and ill breeding. The hero himself is a fine fellow—or rather the twin heroes are both fine fellows—and the wicked one (who reforms in the last number) is more fortunate matrimonially, the author being able to make a very respectable sort of woman when he does not try to make the portrait lively, but sticks to the safe, old-fashioned path of naming an abstraction of all the gentle and proper virtues by some feminine name. One hardly knows whether to lay aside the book with more offense at its inefficiencies and inferiorities, or with more stirring of a sort of sympathetic indulgence for the sake of its naïveté.

A collection of "Short Stories by California Authors"<sup>1</sup> has recently been issued in San Francisco. The stories that make up the collection are: "Portrait of a California Girl," by Ella Sterling Cummins; "Quartz," by J. W. Gally; "Mea Culpa," by W. S. Green; "Liz," by Mary Willis Glascock; "Miranda Higgins," by Wm. Atwell Cheney; "The Marquis of Aguayo," by H. B. McDowell; "A Sensation in the Orange Groves," by Ben C. Truman; and "Nathan the Jew," by Harr Wagner. Two of the eight are really ruled out of notice by being not "stories" at all. Dr. Gally's "Quartz" is a series of anecdotic sketches of Nevada silver mining, strung together by the thinnest thread of connection; and Major Truman's contribution is an account of the capture of the bandit Vasquez. In one of these, however—Dr. Gally's—is easily the best evidence of native power. With a naturally direct and unpretentious style, an almost perfect realism in

<sup>1</sup> Short Stories by California Authors. San Francisco: Golden Era Publishing Company. 1885.

reproducing those aspects of life that have fallen under his own careful observation, and a genuine feeling for human nature. this somewhat infrequent sketch-writer certainly possesses an equipment that, with anything like the careful professional training which Bret Harte gave himself, might have given to him the more stable literary reputation of the two. Harte would, no doubt, have stood first always in dramatic and picturesque instinct, but in the very doing so he would have been outstripped in genuineness. A criticism of Dr. Gally's own upon Harte's stories, to the effect that the old miners themselves "were slow to applaud, because we somehow felt—as one of our mining ancestors said of a pathetic sermon—that 'our parson was pumping for salt,'" is a criticism which his own writing illustrates by contrast. Beside his genuine mountaineers, the touch of melodrama in those more famous ones comes out. Yet training is training, and in every case it is the genius diligently trained that brings fame and success. The general effect of these California stories all through is of natural fertility and deficient training. "The Marquis of Aguayo" shows study of story-writing as an art far more than any of the others. Nearly every one—not quite every one—shows a good deal of real life or feeling, a correct conception of the purpose and method of story-writing. Nor is this the best collection that might have been made of California stories, even of recent ones. The idea of studying life in order to produce good art seems to have been caught by our writers; and that once accomplished, the building up of a powerful group of fiction writers must be only a question of time, training, and opportunity of expression. We must add that the editing and proof-reading of the volume have been so inefficient as to seriously discredit it, by absolute solecisms; nor is it well printed and bound. Except in a kindly disposed home market such faults as these kill a book. One of the most successful novels of the last year had previously been a failure in a shabby provincial edition.

To finish the curious *olla podrida* that the

American publishing houses give us as this quarter's fiction, come three republications, two English, *Deldee*,<sup>1</sup> *The Open Door* and *The Portrait*,<sup>2</sup> and the other, in subject at least, French, *The Crime of Christmas Day*.<sup>3</sup> *Deldee* is by the author who made a hit some months ago by a novel which, if the critics did not approve, people did like to read; and who followed it up by one which was somewhat less successful, but had very fair qualities, and not unpardonable absurdities. The present one is decidedly inferior in literary quality, and does not achieve much feeling that sounds genuine; an intense "plot"—which deserves the name in this case, being of dire conspiracy to the extent of poison and pistols—tries to make up for this, but is rather labored. Indeed, the result impresses us a curious three-fold cross between a Rhoda Broughton novel of passion, a regular English machine novel of mild stock-incidents, and a Dickens novel of plot. If any one desires to see how such a combination could be in any wise possible, there can be no harm in his referring to the book to find out: and it must be confessed that it really has fewer vices, less ambitious effort at heights that are missed, and more sense of story-construction than several of the American stories we have been reviewing. *The Crime of Christmas Day* is, as far as negative virtues go, an improvement on any of these. It is French in subject and manner, but bears no evidence of translation, and, we should gather, is by an English author. It is a very fair imitation of a brief and light French detective romance, and is pleasant and satisfactory train or waiting-room reading. It is all the more satisfactory for this in that it is not exciting. It is in perfectly good taste, and one of the little novels that makes one wonder why, since it seems so easy, well-bred trifles of novels cannot always be successfully achieved, instead of turning out crude and stupid.

<sup>1</sup> *Deldee*; or the Iron Hand. By F. Warden. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *The Open Door, The Portrait*. By the Author of A Little Pilgrim, and Old Lady Mary.

<sup>3</sup> *The Crime of Christmas Day*. A tale of the Latin quarter. By the author of "My Ducats and my Daughter." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

The anonymous author of "A Little Pilgrim" and "Old Lady Mary" has been so repeatedly and without contradiction declared to be Mrs. Oliphant, that it is a little surprise to see the anonymousness kept up in a new volume. But, so misleading are even apparently authoritative "personal items," it is not impossible that it may be an error to attribute the stories to Mrs. Oliphant. These two new ones show many of the artistic qualities of the preceding ones, but are more mechanical. All have been an improvement on the first in being less sentimental; and *The Open Door*, like "Old Lady Mary," is pretty, and tender, and well-rounded. *The Portrait* is more commonplace, and verges nearer to the

ordinary story of the supernatural. The theme of all three of the stories that followed "A Little Pilgrim," seems to be intercourse with the dead, but not in the vulgar manner of professional spiritualism; more in that of old-fashioned ghost stories, except that the terror of these is replaced by a tenderness and human fellow-feeling for human beings the other side of the veil—a sense of an unchanged continuance of the bond. They are really very interesting little psychological studies of ghosthood. The American publishers have brought out the two stories under review in a single volume, very appropriate in appearance, as were the two previous ones from the same house.

#### RECENT HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS.

"ORIGINAL investigation" is becoming a leading element in American education, and it is found that in nearly every department of work young men are producing noteworthy results. Perhaps this is more distinctly true in the group of historical and economic studies than elsewhere; because the intellectual movement of the present seems to be especially toward this field. It is by the pathway of historical monographs that great historians are often developed: the brilliant collegian's graduation thesis outlines briefly the plan of his masterpiece of twenty years later. Historical work of a noble sort always involves the possession of strong literary qualities: and among the monographs that American universities and historical societies have produced in recent years, the literary quality has nearly always been proportionate to the permanent value of the thesis. The discovery of facts pertains to the annalist quite as much as to the historian; but the power of analyzing and combining these facts is of a higher order, and its presence marks the successful pamphlets of a series as its absence marks the failures. In the admirable publications of the Rhode Island, the New York, the Mary-

land, and the Virginia historical societies, there are monographs written by comparatively young men, which show the characteristics of the most valuable work in larger fields. Local history, properly handled, is capable of exercising the finest historical capacities, and if any young man at Johns Hopkins, or Harvard, or Berkeley, feels that the writing of a pamphlet of fifty or seventy-five pages is mere child's play, he had best bethink himself of Bluntschli's first thesis on Swiss Law, and of Bryce's on the Holy Roman Empire.

The last six publications of the "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science"<sup>1</sup> form the text for these thoughts. The first of these is a curi-

<sup>1</sup> Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Second Series. VII. *Indian Money as a Factor in New England Civilization.* By Wm. B. Weedon, A.M. IX-X. *Town and County Government in English Colonies of North America.* By Edward Channing, Ph.D. XI. *Rudimentary Society among Boys.* By John Johnson, A.B. XII. *Land Laws of Mining Districts.* By Charles Howard Shinn, A.B. Third Series. I. *Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United States.* By Herbert B. Adams, Ph.D. II., III. *Virginia's Local Institutions: The Land System; Hundred; Parish; County; Town.* By Edward Ingle, A.B. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. 1884-1885.

ous study of the place that wampum, or Indian shell money, held in the financial operations of the early New England colonists. Mr. Weeden shows conclusively from town records and other sources, that this circulating medium of the aborigines greatly aided the colonists in their dealings with each other, for silver and gold were for years so scarce as to be almost curiosities. A little silver, in the form of "pieces of eight," found its way to New England from the Spanish Main, but barter was the chief reliance in many parts of the colonies until the eighteenth century was fairly past its second decade. The adoption of wampum enabled the colonists to utilize the working force of the natives in hunting, fishing, and raising corn to an extent that no new and unfamiliar medium could have accomplished. Although there were many Indian wars, still there were long intervals of peace, and the records of the early colonies show how extensively the Puritan and Dutch traders persuaded the Indian tribes of the wilderness into labor for the sake of the precious beads of "seawant." Mr. Edward Egleston, in his forthcoming colonial history, to which he has devoted many years of labor, may be expected to throw much light upon the vexed question of the economic relations of the early American colonists and the various Indian tribes of the Atlantic seaboard; but at present Mr. Weeden's monograph occupies the field more completely than any other essay with which we are acquainted. The central fact brought out by his investigation is one which some of our modern politicians and journalists would do well to ponder—that it is the poorer classes, and those who can least afford it, who suffer in the inevitable crash that follows the deterioration of a circulating medium. In the case of the colonies, the use of wampum was a sad necessity; counterfeiting on a large scale debased the currency, and when the whites pushed it out of circulation, the Indians who did the hunting and fishing were left with the worthless beads on their hands. The far-sighted colonists bought land, beaver-skins, corn, and other articles, as long as the wampum retained any purchasing power whatever.

Mr. Channing, who has done some excellent historical work in other lines, has followed in his "Toppan Prize Essay" the footsteps of several English and American investigators, but he has done it in his own way, and with such success that he seems chosen for the writing of a larger work in this ample field. The "Toppan Prize Essays" of Harvard win \$150. The first one was granted in 1882, for a monograph on Protection. Mr. Channingsays in his opening paragraph, that the form which the local organization of each colony assumed depended on (1) the economic conditions of the colony; (2) the experience in the management of local concerns which its founders brought from the mother country; and (3) the form of church government and land system which was found expedient. He drew sharp contrasts between the conditions of the northern, middle, and southern colonies. The political education acquired in town councils, county courts, and parish meetings is illustrated by ample quotations from colonial documents. Much space is devoted to the land systems of New England, Virginia, New York, and other colonies. The New England idea was chiefly that of grants to communities, to groups of settlers who wished to march out into the wilderness and form a town, build a church, establish a nucleus of activity. The advance was not "all along the line," but by sudden leaps. The Virginia system was based on grants to individuals, and hence the growth of large plantations. The New York system was of a feudal nature. We may mention in this connection that a noteworthy essay of Mr. Melville Egleston on land systems of New England, privately printed some years ago, is soon to appear in the Johns Hopkins series. Mr. Channing is careful not to exaggerate the differences among the various colonies, and he tabulates the powers of the local organization, so as to show most clearly the various institutional analogies, with England, Massachusetts, and Virginia, as types. This classification relates to ecclesiastical, financial, military, judicial, and all other subjects within the limits of local authority. He sums up by saying that "the local gov-

ernment of Virginia was in the hands of a body of men originally chosen by the people, but which, in the course of time, hardened into a close corporation; while in Massachusetts the control of local affairs was in the hands of the people, whose agents were the selectmen." In Virginia, as Sir Thomas May wrote, "the people had forfeited their rights, and select vestries ruled in their behalf."

"The child is father of the man" has long been a worn apothegm, but John Johnson, a young graduate of Johns Hopkins, has given it new meaning in his careful study of boyhood under curious conditions of unusual freedom. A "home school" known as the McDonogh Institute, near Baltimore, founded by an eccentric old New Orleans millionaire, furnished Mr. Johnson an opportunity for investigating the social organization of a large number of boys, guided and governed, but nevertheless left, so far as possible, to their own healthy instincts, upon a large tract of farm and woodland. Two papers contributed to *THE OVERLAND* furnish the groundwork of the present monograph; but much new material has been added, and, in its present form, this study of juvenile society well deserves the appreciative notice that it has already received. The literary spirit is manifest throughout in the choice and presentation of materials used; we are led to see clearly the old Maryland school, under the giant chestnuts on the hills west of Baltimore, in "Garrison Forest," where good Father Bourdillon preached to the frontiersmen a hundred and forty years ago. The boys of this school have adopted certain laws of property which apply to the nuts, squirrels, birds' nests, rabbits, and other good things the woodland yields. They have a judicial system, under which laws are enacted and enforced without murmur; they have invented an oleaginous currency that answers their purpose quite well; and their history presents examples of the rise and fall of factions, the growth of individual ownership, the progress of capital, the development of socialistic tendencies—in brief, it is a microcosm of adult society.

It is fitting that the institutional developments of the far West should find place among the monographs of the Johns Hopkins University series. Berkeley and Baltimore are thus brought closer together, and the essential unity of all scientific investigation is once more made manifest. Mr. Shinn's studies of the "Land Laws of Mining Districts" treats of the rules and regulations adopted by the miners of the Pacific coast in their various camps, governing the possession of claims, guarding against monopoly, and furnishing a stable foundation for organized society. The importance of these laws which regulated the acquisition and tenure of mineral lands, and which have so profoundly affected all subsequent legislation upon the subject, is largely due to the extent of the territory over which they prevailed. In 1866 there were probably a thousand organized districts in the mining States and territories. For the past thirty-six years organizations of mining camps have continued. The primitive regulations of the camps of 1848 have given place to more complex regulations under State and National laws, but the spirit of the old abides in the new, and the influence of the Argonauts is yet abroad in the realm they conquered. The author compares the laws of many districts, showing their points of similarity and difference; he discusses the early territorial and State attempts at regulation, and the growth of the present mining law. In the appendix he gives examples of placer laws of 1854, 1864, and 1884, from California, Montana, and Idaho, and also extracts from important mining decisions of the California courts. Mr. Shinn says in conclusion that "the permanent influence of camp laws is clearly manifest in the organic life of such typical California mountain towns as El Dorado, once 'Hangtown,' Nevada City, once 'Caldwell's Upper Store,' Shasta City, once 'Keating Springs,' Downieville, once a group of tents, Sonora, once a half Mexican village." . . . "Long after the State was divided into counties and townships, the camps whose usages we have discussed were flourishing undisturbed under their local laws,

and with their local recorders or other presiding officers. Social, political, and literary elements of primal importance the study of this system reveals. . . . Because of their brawny strength, their splendid vitality, their terrible earnestness, the laws they formulated in 'miners' meetings,' held under no tent roof, but in open air, like the Guirmears of ancient Cornwall, were laws that have an abiding historical significance for all Americans."

DR. H. B. ADAMS opens the third series of the University Studies with a "double number," comprising a paper upon "Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United States," with minor papers on George Washington's interest in Western Lands, the Potomac Company, and a National University. This monograph traces the process by which the great land cessions of the Colonies to the General Government were peaceably effected, and shows that, in the words of the author, "It was primarily the opposition of Maryland to the grasping claims of Virginia which put the train of compromises and land cessions in motion." In fact, "Maryland first suggested the idea of investing Congress with complete sovereignty over the western country," and in her famous instructions to her delegates to the Alexandria Convention of 1785, the idea of parcelling out this western country into free and independent governments was also suggested. Two years earlier, however, George Washington had written to James Duane, of New York, proposing a definite plan for the formation of new States. It was chiefly the exploration and settlement of the vast region west of the Alleghanies that united the zealous powers of the thirteen original States into "a more perfect union." One of the most interesting facts brought out by Dr. Adams' valuable investigations relates to Washington's land speculations. With keen business foresight, Washington began to make investments in western lands while Lord Dunmore was still Governor of Virginia. He not only located the 5,000 acres to which he was entitled as a colonial officer, but he also pur-

chased the bounty lands of others, and when the Revolutionary War began had more than 23,000 acres. At the time of his death, Washington owned over 70,975 acres of land, besides the 9,027 acres at Mount Vernon and in the vicinity. He had lost 10,000 acres of unpatented land during the Revolution, and had previously sold 28,000 acres in West Virginia, besides tracts elsewhere. His landed estates, exclusive of Mount Vernon, were worth more than \$464,000, and were situated in Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and the northwest. George Washington combined most earnest zeal for public good with most active private business enterprise.

The second paper of the third series of John Hopkins studies is devoted to the local institutions of Virginia, and can be read with profit in connection with Dr. Channing's essay. The local institutions of the southern colonies have never received the attention they merit from historians, and at the present time offer fruitful fields for new investigators. So many workers have toiled in the New England colonial period, that few discoveries remain to be made; but it is to the south and southwest that we must look for unsuspected materials. The author of this careful study says: "If you wish to see old England, you must go to old Virginia"; and it is English life in the days of James and the Stuarts that is portrayed in their pages. The monograph is divided into parts: on "Virginia and Virginians"; on "The Land Tenure"; on "The Hundred"; on "The English Parish in America"; on "County Government in Colonial Virginia"; and on "The Town." In conclusion, the author, looking over the field of local Virginian institutions, and comparing them with those of New England, describes Jefferson's attempt to modify and strengthen local interests, making the Hundred the basis of operations. Mr. Ingle then says: "There are signs of a coming change in administrative methods," and "there is now a form of township or district whose origin can probably be traced to Pennsylvania influences." The existing smaller divisions of the county for school purposes,

the care of the poor, the repair of roads, and the administration of justice, can be used as the basis for a governmental system."

AN outgrowth of the "American Social Science Association" is the "American Historical Association," organized September 10, 1884, with Andrew D. White of Cornell as its President; Justin Winsor and Prof. C. K. Adams as Vice Presidents. Prof. H. B. Adams, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, and Prof. Ephraim Emerton are among the other officers. The list of members already embraces more than two hundred names, among which are those of Charles Francis Adams, H. H. Bancroft, Geo. W. Cable, and President D. C. Gilman. The Association has published two papers.<sup>1</sup>

President White's paper advances the thesis that, although each country has spe-

<sup>1</sup> Papers of the American Historical Association—No. 1, Report of the Organization and Proceedings; No. 2, On Studies in General History and the History of Civilization. By Andrew D. White, President of the Association.

cial studies to which its scholars should pay much attention, still there is a great field where all scholars can meet on equal terms. He claims that special analytical studies should go together with general philosophical synthetical study. He attributes great value to descriptive sociology, but shows the difficulties of tabulating many most vital facts. Breadth of political views, he believes, is only attainable by broad general historical studies. In the last century, he says, leading thinkers were philosophers; in this they are historians. He deplores the lack of broad historical views among the American statesmen of the present time, and looks to the universities to remedy this state of things. The next paper of the Association will be by Geo. W. Knight, upon "Federal Land Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory." It will be a sorrowful history, for unwise legislation and bad management have in nearly every case crippled seminaries of learning, and introduced political elements of discord and struggle.

## ETC.

OUR latest legislature has adjourned without, as far as we have seen, carrying a single expression of approval from the press of the State into retirement with it. It has perpetrated a few grotesque follies and accomplished some little good. The things it has done that were least popular have been by no means always its worst acts; but on the whole it has managed to be neither popular or wise. It is given to very few to be both: but it is not every one who manages to be neither. The retiring legislature, however, has by no means achieved any great eminence in this respect: indeed, all the grim jokes that coldly furnish forth its retreat—such as that this legislature passed *one* measure that satisfied the people, and that was the adjournment *sine die*, and like reflections—are merely funeral baked meats from the last similar occasion. So nice an equilibrium in unsatisfactoriness have the two parties obtained in this State, that it seems to be a rule that at one election the Republicans shall be tried because we cannot possibly stand the Democrats longer, and at the next the Democrats because we cannot possibly stand the Republicans longer. And so moderate have been our exactions from our statesmen, that whenever a

legislature has fairly adjourned, we stop holding our breaths and are thankful if it has gone home without positively hurting us. A session in which minor squabbles and special legislation have frittered away the time without any real action is considered rather a lucky one.

THE curious thing about all this is, that in our intensely "practical" State, no one seems to have any idea that there is any possible remedy for this, nor any intention of doing any thing but going on suffering alternately from legislatures of the two parties, as at present constituted, with no better relief from one than to try the other for awhile, as a barefooted boy on hot sand shifts feet—or like Dante's spirits in Purgatory exchanging frost for fire and fire for frost. If a section of railroad in California proves marshy and unstable, the best engineering talent in the world is brought to bear upon it, and it is mended; if the machinery in our rolling mills works badly, no one dreams of accepting it as a dispensation from Providence, and the mechanical mind of the nineteenth century is bent to finding a remedy. Yet how well a State might get along with faulty machinery

and good law-makers, compared to its fate with good machinery and bad law-makers! Here is a comment upon THE OVERLAND'S last month's comment on the misuse of the word "practical." The civilization that is so shrewd and quick to master the mechanical powers of nature and the processes of commerce stands confessedly helpless before the more important and more profoundly practical problem of getting for itself an even fairly satisfactory government: so helpless as to be even hopeless; to believe that there is no other way to do than to get along as we are doing. There are those who say that the process of popular education will mend matters of its own accord; but a bad State government is able to cripple public education at its source, and so cut off the possibility of much reforming power coming from the schools; it can, for instance, cut off from school officers the liberty to select from out the world's supply the few good text-books that the world affords, and compel them to patronize home industry, good or bad. There are many who say that a government must represent the character of its people, and cannot be better or worse than they; and, therefore, if it is bad, we must simply bow our heads and conclude that the people are bad. But does any body pretend that many of our State governments are the true representatives of the people? Every one knows that most of them represent well-organized cliques, who may be much below the average of the people in integrity and intelligence. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people in private conversation express their sense of being absolute outsiders as to State government. There are two oligarchies, they feel, and between them, back and forth, the power is passed; the average citizen can do nothing but choose between them. And in very many cases in this State, the average citizen has little choice between them, unless the mere party name holds him.

AND all the time there are simple and practical remedies for very much of this. Not for all of it—all evils are complex, and the fact will always remain that the professional politician will have many advantages over the plain citizen in getting control of governments. The tap-root, however, of his power, is in sight and within reach of the ax. It is not by "attending primaries" that it can be severed: Eastern cities have tried that experiment for us, and have found that very little came of it. The professional politician has too much the advantage at primaries. Nor is it in any State third-party movement. A third party can never succeed in a State or nation, except upon some exciting issue. Upon the general ground of intelligence, patriotism, and integrity, it has no chance. Both the old parties exclaim, "Why, *we* are intelligent, patriotic, and honorable, and our nominees are as good as the third party's." And though the nominees of the one party were Hyperion to a satyr beside those of the others, how could the mass of the voters know that the

praises were true of them which were false of their rivals? But, come down from nation and State to counties and cities. Here it is possible for the community to know its candidates; and here is the place where party should be cut off. No practical man would endure for a week in his machinery or his business so grotesque an absurdity as the extension of national party lines to city and county governments is. The present party lines, even in national affairs, are shadowy enough, heaven knows; and in State affairs they have just exactly this right, and no more—that State legislatures elect United States senators. It is hard to see what possible difference it could make in California or Pennsylvania which party sent the senators: either Republican or Democrat goes committed to the same doctrine. But as there are many good people who could not be persuaded that it did not make an enormous difference, we will pass by that point. Suppose we grant, then, that State legislatures should in ordinary cases be elected by party votes, in order that the State's representation in United States Senate may be true to "Republican principles" or "Democratic principles," as the State prefers. For convenience's sake, and also because an innovation in this respect would not be practicable at present, let the whole State ticket be likewise partisan (except the judiciary and educational part of it, where partisan nominations are serious abuses, and ought not to be long put up with). But are there many good people who honestly think it can make a shadow's difference whether their supervisors, and county treasurers, and boards of education, and mayors, and city councils are Republicans or Democrats? Let us grant all that our party-loving friends maintain as to the distinction between the parties: and even then, what possible difference can it make in the conduct of our city government, whether our mayor holds views on centralization of national power directly opposite to ours? or will our roads be any worse built if the road-master is unsound as to tariff? We had understood it was settled, four years ago, that the tariff was *not* a local issue: yet, with a grotesque fatuity, we make one of it in every ward and township. It is true that our good friends in either party maintain when cornered as to the absence of national "issues" in local matters, that all members of the other party are *a priori* fools or rogues; and though some escape this fate by uncovenanted mercies, the chances are so strongly against them that a ticket of the righteous party should always be put up, that, by voting this straight, a man may be on the safe side. It is actually on this theory, droll as it sounds, that the party voting in county and city is done. And it is a theory that the voter may be allowed to hold in general, if he likes, for it can always be demolished in the particular case by producing a man of the other party whom he admits to be sensible and honest, for his vote. Since my neighbor Smith is (by uncovenanted mercies) sensible and honest, though a Publocrat,

and since I must admit that his pernicious views on the collection of the national revenue cannot possibly affect his action as a county supervisor, then what earthly reason can I have for opposing him as a supervisor, because he chances to be a Publocrat? Just as much as I have for opposing him because he chances to belong to a different church from myself.

We say that reform in this is practicable. We do not say it is easy. It is practicable, because it is possible to convince the majority of voters of its desirability. It is hard, because it would cut into numerous personal interests that are in conflict with the public good. Even the bringing of the people to waive their Guelf and Ghibelline prejudices in the matter, though practicable, would require work. But with any sort of serious and concerted effort on the part of the people who already see, or are capable of seeing, the wisdom of it, it could be done. The rudiments of the idea of local non-partisanship, nature herself has planted in the simplest voter's mind: within his own township or ward a man frequently stands on his own character, and not on his party; within his own school-district, almost invariably. We believe that in the small but intelligent town of Berkeley, Republican or Democratic town-tickets are never put up. There is power enough in the sensible part of the community, if they would put half the attention on it that they put on clearing the course of trade, or systematizing business interests, to create a general public sentiment in favor of non-partisan local tickets. The Californian population has always shown itself flexible in this matter, and not greatly attached to party. Local excitements have repeatedly abolished the old parties even in State elections, and in State or national ones our majorities swing easily from one side to the other, according to local questions. Our party contingents do not hesitate to go with their section against their party whenever the two are opposed. They really do not care nearly as much about party as they think they do. This flexibility would make the task of abolishing national distinctions in local elections comparatively easy. It might be impossible to persuade a Vermont country town that a Democrat could possibly make a good mayor, or a Texas one that a Republican could: but there is the material for independence of tradition in all Californian communities.

Two great good results would follow from this reform. The first and most obvious is that in the cities, once the dividing line of national parties was withdrawn, the tickets would almost inevitably divide upon the line of standing and character: the grog-shop, and the ward-politician, and even the criminal class, would put up their ticket against that of the reputable business men. Sometimes special questions of city administration would divide honest men; but the general result of shaking off party shackles in city elections has proved, wherever it has been

tried, to be the ranging of the respectable and conservative men of both parties against the demoralizing elements of cities. Disunited, these better elements in cities have always succumbed to the worse ones; united, they either can hold their own, or else republican government in cities is a failure. In counties the same result would follow in a less degree: there would be a greater freedom of choice, and character would become a more important point. The second good result is the one we mentioned in commenting upon the possibility of improving our State politics: the removal of the cities and counties from politics would cut off at a blow the main source of power by which professional politicians get control of the two great party organizations, and practically disfranchise the people. Without these local feeders, these tap-roots of strength, they would become very much less formidable, and the extent to which the non-political classes would find themselves able to control State politics would be very greatly increased. It is for just this reason that all the local machines would unite to fight any such reform. But machines are powerless to say No when public opinion says Yes. Every voter in this State has it in his power to strike a small blow at their tyranny at his own will, without waiting for Independent conventions or non-partisan tickets. He can make a non-partisan ticket for himself out of the two regular tickets. THE OVERLAND knows of young men who consider it a simple public duty never to vote a straight local ticket except for cause; to take both tickets and compile their own according to their best knowledge of the men and measures concerned. When such compilations become numerous, the day of judgment draws near for the machines. Wherever intelligence and political knowledge spreads, scratching spreads too; and even as

Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees,

do bosses tremble when they see the weakest voter with a pencil.

*Erratum.*—On page 373, for "This abstract discussion of the labor question has largely taken the place of practical investigation, etc.," read "This practical investigation of individual occurrences in the labor-market, etc., has largely taken the place of abstract discussion"—a printer's mistake having, by transposition of words, exactly reversed the meaning of the sentence.

EDITOR "OVERLAND MONTHLY":

Permit me to point out an error in "The Late War in South America," in the November number of the OVERLAND, page 539. It is there stated that the "Huascar" was captured by the Piérola faction in the year 1876, and the engagement between that vessel and the "Shah" and "Amethyst" took place in the Bay of Pisco. It should be the year 1877, and in the Bay of Ilo or Moquegua, off the town of Ilo,

a considerable distance to the south of the Bay of Pisco. I recollect this circumstance, as I was in Peru at the time. The day after the Piérola party ran away with the "Huascar" from Callao Bay, I arrived in port (Callao) on board the English Mail steamer "Santiago," from Panama; and as we were entering port we picked up one of the "Huascar's" boats, which had got adrift from that vessel in her hasty flight.

I am, yours respectfully,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Fred Holmes.

### Liszt and his Pupils.

[The following, from a private letter of one of Liszt's American pupils, has been put in our hands, as of interest to musical readers.]

"FORTUNE brings in some boats that are not steered." Perhaps this was my case, when I came to Weimar, and contrary to my expectations found that, through Miss Augusta Fischer, of Brooklyn, I could gain admittance to the lessons at the house of the "Meister," as Franz Liszt is called. We first visited him one bright morning. It is only ten minutes' walk from our house, the road taking us through a portion of the park to his garden gate, which opens into a straight, long path, at the end of which can be seen the very modest cottage which is Liszt's Weimar home. His rooms are in the second story, which is reached by a carpeted staircase. Everything is very plain, but homelike. In a small ante-room sits the man who takes care of the old Meister. He is, in fact, his "Major-domo": travels with him, attends to his affairs in general, receives all the guests; and it is well to get on good terms with him.

On this particular morning the Meister was very fatigued. Miss Fischer greeted him as an old acquaintance, while I stood at the curtained doorway looking into the sanctum of this really great man. The weight of his years impresses one at first, but his intense animation when intent upon the interpretations of his pupils, or when explaining to them the merits of a measure here and there, causes one to forget his great age. The expression of his face is marvelous when he enters into conversation; his voice is deep, musical, and finely modulated. He is a most amiable man, and has an extraordinary personal magnetism, which one feels in spite of himself. One moment more, and we had said adieu. The curtains closed behind us, and we retraced the path through the park of which Weimar is so proud, because of its close associations with Goethe, Schiller, and their contemporaries.

The same afternoon we attended one of the lessons, and as Miss Fischer had nothing prepared, we listened to the others. There was some excellent playing, but to my astonishment, also some which was not of the best. Two of these audacious young persons should have been sent away to some conservatory to learn to play without striking so many false keys. The patience of the Meister is inexhaustible. He sits by the piano, taking as much pains with those

who come to him as if each possessed talent of the highest order. I believe that Genius alone knows how to be charitable and forgiving. If in a piece, miserably played, there are two measures indicating that the player has really grasped a portion of the composer's idea, he immediately recognizes this one little bit of good, and tells one of it. It is not owing to his endless good nature that he endures so much torture inflicted upon his sensitive musical organization, but a desire to help others on keeps him interested. One suggestion, one word from him, is an inspiration, throwing remarkable light on the music which is being played. One could meet him for years and never receive the impression that he was conscious of his own greatness. His memory for persons whom he has met only a few times is defective. If he doesn't recognize one at first, he sometimes says, "*Ich bin so alt; das können sie nicht verlangen*" (I am so old; this you cannot expect). But as far as music is concerned his intellect is as bright as ever, his wonderful hearing and perception of tones unimpaired.

He is extremely particular that one should play clearly. The slightest defect in this respect displeases him. Though not in favor of conservatories, he likes Stuttgart pupils because of their exactness in playing, and the exquisite shading and tone coloring which probably nowhere else in Europe are so thoroughly studied. One must get the mechanical part of playing, God gives the rest. This is Liszt's idea. The music studied in his classes embraces that of all composers, from Bach to the compositions of the present day. His own music is, of course, played very much. Beethoven he dislikes to teach, because the compositions of this great master are so rarely played to his (Liszt's) satisfaction. But his teaching of Beethoven is highly interesting, as he is so extremely particular. For example: the Sonata, Opus 90, was brought to him twice. The last time he astonished his pupils by inviting four or more of those nearest the piano to sit down in turn and give an interpretation of the first page. Consternation was depicted upon the faces of all present, no one wishing to incur the severe criticism sure to follow each performance, and a general retreat was made behind window curtains and all available pieces of furniture, much to the Meister's amusement. He requires all classical music to be played quietly: gestures and mannerisms of any kind he dislikes. One afternoon, abruptly leaving the room, he returned with a head-rest, which the photographer had forgotten to remove in the morning, and gravely adjusted it to the head of the lady then performing. When his own sparkling rhapsodies are played, he often says "*Mehr witz!*" (more grit), and "Let the notes jingle like gold pieces being counted out."

That is a motley assemblage found in Liszt's salon! All nationalities are represented: peculiar people—peculiar faces; and he treats every one alike, whereas each is longing to be first in his regard. Some

curious expedients are resorted to by many to bring themselves under his notice. He doesn't always allow one to kiss his hand—very often looks bored and tired. There have been reports in various American papers to the effect that he is blind. There are no indications at present of possible blindness, even. His hours are filled with work, musical and literary: it is his intention to work until the last moment. At the recent festival in Weimar, his seventy-two years did not prevent his attending every concert and

every rehearsal, besides occasionally conducting the orchestra himself.

Liszt is fond of his American pupils, and in celebration of the "glorious Fourth," they honored him with a presentation of our national flag, in the shape of a fine flower piece, consisting of fresh flowers arranged in excellent imitation of the stars and stripes. This attention apparently touched him deeply.

*Evelyn Philip.*

WEIMAR, Sept. 4, 1884.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### **Congressional Government.<sup>1</sup>**

THE justification for the appearance of this volume may be found in the fact that while our financial literature abounds in works descriptive of the government as defined by its fundamental law, there exists no adequate account of it in the form into which it has grown since the adoption of the Constitution. There is here clearly a deficiency in our literature, and under the title of *Congressional Government*, as indicating a contrast to cabinet government, Mr. Wilson offers his contribution towards supplying this deficiency. He undertakes "to point out the most characteristic practical features of the federal system," and to show the differences between this system and that type of government which finds its best illustration in the central government of England. He appears to have a firm grasp on the details of his subject, but a feeble hold on general fundamental principles. For example, on page 331, he says: "That we have had, and continue to have, only two national parties of national importance or real power is fortunate rather than natural." This is a somewhat surprising statement to come from one who sets out to criticize our national government in its very foundations. If "natural" has any meaning in this connection, no event of our political life or no circumstance of our government is more natural. The conditions under which parties exist in the United States, their relation to the power exercised by the Federal government, make two national parties inevitable, and more than two, for any great length of time, impossible.

The merit of this "Study in American Politics" cannot be questioned, but it must be sought in its analysis of the organization and practical methods of the legislative and executive departments of the Federal government, rather than in the propositions which it contains for remedying the defects discovered. The ideal in accordance with which these propo-

sitions are shaped is a government in which the completest responsibility to party is realized: in other words, the parliamentary government of Great Britain. The crying defect to be remedied is the too great authority exercised in legislation by the several committees of the two houses. There is no doubt that many crude and ill-advised laws are passed under the existing methods; still it is not altogether clear that the one-committee system of England would bring the desired relief, or that direct responsibility of the governing agents to the voters is a sure balm for all our political woes. The English system, it is true, would prevent the introduction of the great mass of useless and foolish bills which annually choke the channels of legislative activity in this country; but this is only a doubtful good. The right or privilege to formulate all manner of absurd notions in a legislative bill is justified by essentially the same reasons as the right or privilege of free speech in regard to political affairs. It is a way, and perhaps the surest way in the long run, to render half knowledge harmless. Whoever has had full liberty to expound his favorite ideas to the public, or to present them in the form of a legislative bill, only to find them neglected by the community or mercilessly ridiculed in legislative debate, will find it very hard to make himself or others believe that he is a leader in a great but persecuted cause. The best way for a political society to relieve itself of disagreeable members is to make conditions that will favor their political suicide. Our problem, then, in matters of legislation is not how to prevent the large crop of bills, but to discover some rapid and efficient method of harvesting them, so that the few sound grains of wheat may be separated from the loads of chaff. Mr. Wilson finds a solution in bringing the Congress to adopt, as nearly as may be, the practice of the English parliament. If our members of Congress were to become a great deal more wise, honest, and free from prejudice, the existing system of many committees would work admirably; if they were not to become more wise, honest, and free from prejudice, it is hard to see how our affairs would be improved by adopting the English

<sup>1</sup> Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics. By Woodrow Wilson, Fellow in History, Johns Hopkins University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

system. The English one-committee system is confessedly breaking down in England under the weight of the business of a great empire accumulating at a single point. With our complex relations, our vast and increasing population, it is difficult to see reasons for supposing it would have a better fate here.

A considerate judgment of this book must recognize in it an analysis of our Federal institutions in their existing form, which is excellent; and suggestions as to reform in methods and practice, which are of no special value.

#### **Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers.<sup>1</sup>**

THIS is a large octavo volume of nearly seven hundred and fifty pages, and although the literary style might easily be much better, yet these chatty reminiscences of noted men and women often possess a permanent value. More than a thousand well known persons are mentioned in its ample pages, and the vein of comment is usually that of garrulous good nature, seldom of severity or sharp criticism. We hear more than is judicious of the author and his personal experiences, and it is quite evident who his favorite publishers are; but, nevertheless, the interest of his reminiscences will attract the general reader. The story of the rise of the great publishing houses of the country has often been told, but Mr. Derby's long business relations with them has enabled him to cast new light upon the subject. Henry Ivison, Harper & Brothers, Appleton & Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Putnams, Bancrofts, Lippincotts, Scribners, Armstrongs, Merriams, Ticknors, Fields, and other publishers, past and present, receive notice in these pages. The early struggles and final victories of many prominent authors are shown in glimpses, quotations from letters, and pithy anecdotes. The New York "Times" was established in 1851, with one hundred shares of a par value of one thousand dollars each, and Henry J. Raymond was given twenty of these shares. In one year it was doubled in size, and some of the most noted literary men of New York joined its staff. The history of the foundation of the great newspapers, weeklies, and monthlies of the United States is of the deepest interest. Energy and character, faith and perseverance, quickness to perceive opportunities and capacity to utilize them, have always proved essential factors of success. There is also something dazzling in the great profit and influence which such property gives. The element of chance often appears to decide the fate of a book, or new literary venture. Miss Warner's religious novel, "The Wide, Wide World," was refused everywhere, until the mother of a publisher happened to pick up the MSS., and begged her son to publish it "because it would do good." Few American novels have proved more profitable ven-

tures. "Rutledge," "Beulah," and a score of successful books had similarly narrow escapes from oblivion. Dr. Holland and Donald G. Mitchell made nothing out of their first books, and their second ventures were rejected by several publishers before they found acceptance. Young authors will find in these pages many suggestions of interest, and indirect hints regarding the sort of literary work that is most marketable.

#### **Briefer Notice.**

THREE very neat and attractive small volumes contain selected addresses from fifteen English statesmen, under the title of *British Orations*.<sup>2</sup> The first volume contains Eliot, Pym, Chatham, Mansfield, and Burke; the second, Pitt, Fox, Mackintosh, and Erskine; the third Canning, Macaulay, Cobden, Bright, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone. One oration apiece is given, except in the case of Chatham, two of whose addresses find place—that of 1766, "On the Right of Taxing America," and that of 1777, "On an Address to the Throne concerning Affairs in America." The selection of each orator is preceded by a brief account of him, and of the political situation; and brief notes, explanatory of any obscure or local allusions, are also added by the editor, Professor C. K. Adams, of Michigan University. The object of the collection is rather historical than literary: that is, "the effort has been not so much to make a collection of the most remarkable specimens of English eloquence," as of those that have shaped English history. The series, in chronological order, thus very happily shows from original sources the steps in the development of England's present institutions. Lord Macaulay's address on the Reform Bill of 1832, and Cobden's on the effects of Protection on the Agricultural Interests, are historically the most important of any of the recent addresses; but John Bright's Birmingham speech of 1858 on the foreign policy of England, Beaconsfield's exposition of Conservative principles (Manchester, 1872), and one of Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian addresses are for the present especially interesting. — It is not so much surprising that we should have by this time a book protesting sharply against Arnold's "Light of Asia," as that we should not long ago have had several. The author of *Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer*<sup>3</sup> writes, deprecating the sympathy that Mr. Arnold's poem has stirred up in the general mind for Buddhism, and fearing that it lures people into a misgiving that Christianity may not have "quite the exclusive claim" that it had been granted. He urges—to the extent of nearly two hundred pages—that in the first place Mr. Arnold cannot write poetry, and in the second place, he does not represent Buddhism.

<sup>2</sup> *British Orations, with Introduction and Explanatory Notes* by Charles Kendall Adams. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer*. By Richard Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

<sup>1</sup> *Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers*. By J. C. Derby. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

correctly. The book is by no means a foolish one: it is well written and has many shrewd points, and its effort is to be fair and courteous. That it requires an effort—an evident, confessed, and continued one—to be so, shows that the criticism was written in a spirit of real though restrained antipathy. The general criticisms all contain a decided germ of truth (though by no means always the details): it is true that there is a good deal of “journalism” about Mr. Arnold’s poem, and true that it is not in any strict sense a great one; it is true, too, that it will not do to derive one’s ideas of Buddhism too implicitly from it. But the poem is, nevertheless, a good and worthy one, and by no means the piece of tinsel its critic would make it out; and if Mr. Arnold overrates Buddha, no less does Mr. Wilkinson, in his jealousy for the supreme claim of the Christian faith, fail in appreciation. It is quite possible that whatever liberties he may take with the letter, Mr. Arnold comes much nearer to the spirit of uncorrupted Buddhism than his critic—who has no special knowledge of comparative religion, and, indeed, evidently regards that science with distrust. Mr. Wilkinson has evidently meant in the best good faith to be perfectly unprejudiced, but it is also evident that before he had read two pages of Mr. Arnold’s preface he was repelled and shocked by the tone in which Buddhism was spoken of, and was simply unable to like anything in the book.—*The Way Out*<sup>1</sup> is another of the numberless books written upon the subject of the inequalities in the distribution of wealth, deprecating the possession by some of extreme luxury, while others want for necessities. It is not a fanatical or noisy book, but belongs to the class of treatises on social topics which contain many just and true reflections, amid much that is hopelessly mistaken and unpractical. It is thoroughly socialistic: advocates abolition of private property in land, restriction of accumulation, and enormous expansions in the power of government. It is very well meant, and such books are not to be dismissed as mere ravings; but they are very disheartening, for they show how many well-meaning and not altogether ignorant people are trying to solve the most dangerous problems of society without any sort of comprehension of their nature.—*Flatland*<sup>2</sup> is an ingenious little extravaganza, whose object is to prove to the imagination the possibility of a fourth dimension. It is merely an expansion of the usual argument, that as space of three dimensions would be inconceivable to creatures living on a plane surface, and yet exists, so space of four dimensions, though inconceivable to us, might exist. The argument is used by good mathematicians, yet it is not quite sound. It is, of course, true that the inconceivability of space of four dimensions to us does not

prove it impossible; and it is even possible to attain, by mathematical processes transcending any possible conception of the imagination, some inkling of phenomena in such space. But the attempt to help our imaginations in the attempt to grasp at the idea of four dimensions, by first producing to them that of two dimensions, has practically this fallacy always in it: that when we suppose we are bringing down our imagination to a space of pure area, we are really always imagining to ourselves extension in a third direction, but of infinitesimal thinness. The little book under review abolishes the idea of a third dimension from its descriptions of “Flatland,” as far as it could be done in an appeal to the unmathematical imagination; but no one who has grasped the mathematical idea of a plane can fail to see that “Flatland” is not purely and absolutely flat: therefore, the attempt to realize existence at all in space of two dimensions falls through, and with it the farther attempt to carry the imagination from the step between two and three to the step between three and four dimensions. One or two points made look very much like a clearing of the way for some of the charlatan’s uses that have been made of the fourth-dimension speculation. But if this suspicion be banished, and the little book regarded only as a play of fancy, a juggling with the mathematical imagination for pure amusement, it must be pronounced a real success. It is exceedingly clever and entertaining, if not taken seriously.—An enterprising effort has been made to advertise *The Buntling Ball*<sup>3</sup> by its anonymousness—so frankly, even, as by the offer of \$1,000 in cash to the person or persons who (under certain conditions) shall guess correctly the author’s name. The book is a light satire on New York society, in the form of a burlesque Greek play. The versification is decidedly clever, as also is the imitation of Greek construction. The satire is not at all striking or original, but members of the society satirized would doubtless take a good deal of interest in it. At this distance, some of the bits of pure drolling, with their grotesque suggestion of stately Greek choruses, seem better than the satire.—*Vocal and Action Language*<sup>4</sup> is a somewhat full treatise on its subject, comprising a defense of the elocutionary art, and expositions of the physical training connected with it, and of gesture and expression. Its general idea of the art is sensible, and the manual should prove suggestive to teachers. No student, however, should expect to learn the management of voice from a printed page.—The Rev. T. T. Munger,<sup>5</sup> whose sermons have been for some time among

<sup>1</sup> *The Way Out*. By Charles J. Bellamy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Flatland*. A Romance of Many Dimensions. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

<sup>3</sup> *The Buntling Ball*. A Græco-American Play. Being a Poetical Satire on New York Society. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

<sup>4</sup> *Vocal and Action Language*. Culture and Expression. By E. N. Kirby. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White & Co.

<sup>5</sup> *Lamps and Paths*. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

the leading expressions of the liberal branch of Congregational theology, now publishes a volume of his sermons to children. It is his custom, it seems, to preach once a year to the children of his congregation: and these sermons for the years 1878-1884 are here collected, with some supplementary ones, kindred in their nature. The book is a second edition, somewhat enlarged from an earlier one. The sermons are good ones for their purpose, and some children will read them. Mr. Munger has not, however, been moved to publish them by the expectation that they will be to any great extent spontaneously read by children: he designs the volume especially for the use of parents in instructing children.—The several excellent series of French literature in expensive pamphlet form which W. R. Jenkins's French publishing house in New York has been bringing out, are now supplemented by a series of "*Contes Choisis*." Numbers one and two of this series are *Le Siège de Berlin, et d'Autres Contes*<sup>1</sup> (six in all), by Daudet, and *La Mère de la Marquise*,<sup>2</sup> by About. They are small, neat, and well-printed paper-covered books, and are sold for twenty-five cents.—Augustin Knoflach,<sup>3</sup> late of this city, is publishing in serial numbers—thin, ten-cent pamphlets—a course of instruction in German, intended primarily for self-instruction. He expresses decidedly the opinion that a teacher is not necessary in learning a language, though of course a great help; and of the truth of this there can be no reasonable doubt—as far, at least, as regards intelligent people with some comprehension of how to study. We doubt whether a young child or a dull person would accomplish much alone at any language. For those who can study alone, the four numbers so far published of the present series seem admirably suited. The treatment of the pronunciation is especially good. To represent the sounds by the familiar marks of Webster's Dictionary is very sensible, and simplifies the problem greatly. It is a cherished idea that pronunciation cannot be learned from print; but if one has some understanding of the principles of English sounds, and of the analysis of sounds, it is perfectly possible to get from a good table, like this under review, as good a German pronunciation as most teachers give, needing only conversation with Germans to take the woodenness out of it. The series is intended secondarily for class-room use. Its serial form has several advantages in the distributions of keys, and in the portioning out of the work.—*Memoirs of Brainerd*<sup>4</sup> contains a preface by Jonathan Edwards,

written for the original edition; a preface by Dr. Sherwood, who has compiled the present edition; a thirty-page summary of the life and character of Brainerd; a stirring missionary address by Dr. A. T. Pierson; full extracts from Brainerd's diaries, which comprise the body of the volume, interspersed with comments and notes to supply the connection historically; and the funeral sermon of Jonathan Edwards over Brainerd. The whole gives a full and clear view of the life and character of its subject. David Brainerd was a New England boy of one hundred and fifty years ago; a descendant of the Puritans; brought up with their religious training; orphaned at fourteen; converted at twenty; expelled from Yale College (for what seems a trifling offense) in the Junior year; sent a missionary to the Indians at twenty-four; spent five years among them; died in his thirtieth year in the house of Doctor Edwards, at Northampton. That was all there was of his life, and yet not all. Being dead, he yet speaketh to every person who reads these Memoirs. Not a genius, nor remarkable scholar, nor founder, nor author, nor orator, nor explorer; only going a few miles away from civilization, in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; visiting his friends several times a year, and doing his work without personal danger from the savages; receiving frequent letters and visits from fellow workers; never without money; able to return when dying to the home of his dearest friends: his life in these respects does not compare at all with the life of missionaries since his time, either among our American Indians or in foreign lands. Abler and better furnished men, and those who have endured far more hardness for Christ in their isolation, dangers, and discouragements, have gone out as missionaries in every decade of this century; but perhaps none with a greater endowment of the *spirit of God*; perhaps none who were better able to lay hold of the Almighty and bring him down into the lives of those who were without God and without hope in this world. To understand his power and spirit, one must read thoughtfully Brainerd's own paragraphs as he wrote them daily in his diary, and as they are copied into this volume. Henry Martyn, and Carey, and many of the great missionaries, caught their spirit from reading an account of Brainerd's life, and many now in mission fields look to these Memoirs as the deciding influence that sent them forth. No history is so powerful for good as the biography of a godly man.—*Women, Plumbers, and Doctors*<sup>5</sup>—a well-printed and complete little work of less than two hundred and fifty pages—merits a most respectful and appreciative notice. Its design appears in its well-chosen title, and on the title page is cleverly added: "Showing that if women and plumbers do their whole sanitary duty, there will be comparatively little occasion for

<sup>1</sup> *Le Siège de Berlin, et d'Autres Contes*. Par Alphonse Daudet. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *La Mère de la Marquise*. Par Edmond About. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

<sup>3</sup> *German Simplified*. By Augustin Knoflach. New York. 1884-1885. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hoffman.

<sup>4</sup> *Memoirs of Brainerd*. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> *Women, Plumbers, and Doctors; or Household Sanitation*. By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Company.

the services of the doctors." Chapter I. shows how deeply women are interested in the application of sanitary principles to the structure and arrangement of dwellings, and how vital it is that they should understand the details of such application. On this subject are cited some very striking and suggestive remarks of an eminent English physician, the President of the British Medical Association. The other nine chapters are entitled: II. Under the House; III. Arrangement of the House; IV. Lighting the House; V. Wholesome Water; VI. Sewerage and Plumbing; VII. Sewer Gas and Germs; VIII. Overlooked Channels of Infection; IX. Our Neighbor's Premises; X. Public Sanitation. All these matters are treated clearly and succinctly, and in a popular and acceptable manner. The tact and discretion of the writer are such that what is said of things in themselves disagreeable does not repel but interests; it might be said interests intensely, so important are the facts and considerations impressed upon the reader. The copious illustrations which accompany the text are simple and comprehensible, and have an eloquence of their own—one that will be appreciated by the crafty and fraudulent plumber whose slurs and makeshifts the writer so bravely exposes. In short, this little work, while not professing to be original, is so admirably constructed as to convey just the information and instruction required by persons who are choosing a residence or entering upon the building of a house, and especially by wives and housekeepers. It really gives women a new occupation, almost a new mission. Its effect must be to contribute most materially to the health and comfort of families, and thus to the happiness and sacredness of home; and it is not too much to say that lives of children especially will probably be saved by it, which would have been lost had it not been written.—*The Sabbath for Man*<sup>1</sup> is a "a study of the obligation, history, advantages, and present state of Sabbath observance, with special reference to the rights of workingmen, based on Scripture, literature, and especially on a symposium of correspondence with persons of all nations and denominations." Mr. Crafts is one of the most practical of preachers. When he preaches the Fourth Commandment, he does it, not from the pulpit, where those who need to hear it do not come, but through the press, by which his words may go out to the end of the world. This book is noticeable for these practical points:—1. Its timeliness. Gilfillan published his great work more than twenty years ago, and no work of any thorough treatment of the Sabbath has appeared since. The Sabbath question is now under special discussion in many of our States and in Europe. 2. Its manner of dealing with the subject.

This is as practical as can be. The method of securing first-hand and latest facts by correspondence with well-known and creditable men—over three hundred, in this case—(a method by which Mr. Crafts has already made one most excellent book—"Successful Men of Today") is the surest way to create interest and to carry conviction. It is a method of immense work—so great that it is not often undertaken—but when well collated such facts tell on every reader. 3. Its main purpose. The title suggests this: "The Sabbath for Man." The question just now is: "Shall the Sabbath be man's holy day or man's holiday?" But the core of that question with reformers is another: "Shall some drudge that others may revel?" If, as those who want it a holiday, say, every man has a right to Sunday as a holiday, then Sunday saloons and museums and post-offices must be closed, and trains, and boats, and newspapers will be stopped; for they all imply the drudgery of some that others may revel. The rights and interests of working men are specially considered. 4. Its completeness. Those who want the latest and fullest facts and utterances about the Sabbath should read this volume. It is a cyclopedia of the subject, and he who has it has all he needs. The appendix of 168 pages is crammed with facts, tables, statistics, Scripture references, and quotations from the Fathers. The work is complete and all practical.—*Esoteric Buddhism*<sup>2</sup> is an American edition of a book that has already had a considerable popularity in England. It professes to be a revelation of the secret cosmology of both Buddhist and Brahmin priesthoods—especially that of the Thibetan Buddhists—made through the agency of the Madras Theosophic Society. This Society is an organization of Englishmen with a great taste for the mystic and novel, who are in a certain fashion proselytes to the Buddhist religion: not to the popular worship, but to such gleanings of the mysteries of the doctrine as they can get. They are—to put it at its best—credulous persons, and accept the claim that various oriental priesthoods make to peculiar control over powers of nature; indeed, several members of the society have been in trouble for exercising these powers in ways very closely resembling the familiar charlatanies of spiritualist mediums. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to inquire here how much is charlatany, how much credulousness, and how much real investigation in the operations of the society. Its outgivings have become quite fashionable in England, and are said to have taken the place of "aestheticism" as a "fad." It is just to say that the book under review is not an exposition of any of the miraculous claims of the society, but purely of a cosmological system, which, whether genuine esoteric Buddhism or not, is very neat and interesting.

<sup>1</sup> *The Sabbath for Man*. By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *Esoteric Buddhism*. By A. P. Sinnett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

---

VOL. V. (SECOND SERIES.)—MAY, 1885.—No. 29.

---

## RAMBLES IN THE ROCKIES.

### I.

THE attractions offered by the Rocky Mountains are better appreciated the more intimately they are known. One is at first overpowered by the grandeur, and is unable to enjoy the wild, deep cañons, the gaunt, basaltic peaks, and the foam-decked, boisterous streams. But by degrees the awfulness of the creations of nature is softened, and the days passed in wandering here and there among the by-paths of the mighty range are filled to repletion with enjoyment, and when past are remembered with keenest feeling of delight. In retrospection, indeed, they stand forth as containing that which was pleasant in the superlative degree. The air was so fresh, the vistas so grand and beautiful, the streams so clear and cold, the higher peaks so white, the deeper cañons so richly colored! Surely the mountains speak to us! Man cannot be very base and low and cunning, so it seems to me, when living among them. They elevate the soul, if one has a soul; they speak to the mind, if one has a mind, out of their grim heights. Many a day I have watched the sun rise and shoot its light through dense forests covering some steep hillside; many a day I have watched

the sun set behind a line of whitened peaks, and have seen its ruddy glow fade gradually away, touching, as it went, the granite boulders and the worn pinnacles. And both the rising and the setting of the orb of day had a brilliancy I have never seen elsewhere. For the air lurking among the Rocky Mountains of Colorado is fresh, and crisp, and clear. It robs distance, quickens the pulse, clears the mind. Nature is glorified in it; man is invigorated sufficiently to enjoy what has been created for his benefit. As the years pass away, and the time is far removed when I walked, and rode, and slept, and ate among the Rockies, the memory of my experiences becomes more and more sharply defined, and the enjoyment I then had is intensified. No wonder that poets sing of the hills, that artists delight to paint them. They are never monotonous, never prosaic, never dull. Changing their features, their colorings, and their beauties every day, and often every hour, they never seem to lose their individuality, but always remain tangible evidences of that superior love for his people that has induced the Creator to construct that which will satisfy the mind, while it caters to the soul.

I have seen the Rocky Mountain range

under many favorable conditions, and in various places. I have followed the range as it led northward, cold and white and high, through British Columbia; have crossed it in Wyoming, and again in New Mexico, and in Colorado, where it consists of detached sections and isolated spurs and secluded parks; have made it my home, have studied it and enjoyed it; and with the artist have traveled over its trails, and penetrated its forests, and fished in its streams, and camped near eternal snow banks, where, from my cabin door, mountain peaks lay piled into a confused jumble at my feet, and minor ranges, tall, pointed, and white as specters, led far away into regions all unknown, neglected, and remote. How our blood tingled, to be sure, at times, when we climbed some of the narrow trails leading to heights ahead! Above us hung gaunt ledges, reaching sky-ward, leaning over us, towering 2,000 feet above our heads. Below, a sharp fall, a deep abyss, a stream drawn like a strand of silver through a rock-strewn valley. Then when the day was ended, and balmy odors were wafted to us from the murmuring pines, what sleep we had! None of your city sleep; none of your rest one gets in a downy bed, with the stifling air from heated bricks, but the refreshing rest that comes to tired bodies under the open sky, with the "stars for a coverlid," and the glorious air free to every breath we drew.

## II.

It is difficult to select any one particular section of the mountains in Colorado for description that will convey a satisfactory idea of what the range has that is peculiar or beautiful. Every locality has its own charms. No two places are alike in appearance. Here the hills are closely gathered together; here, widely separated. Now the surroundings are rough and wild; now, beautiful rather than grand, tame rather than rugged. Here there are peaks with rock-strewn sides; and again, summits that are heavily wooded. At this moment one is in a vast natural park, where there are green grasses and slowly moving waters of snow-fed creeks; at another, the re-

gion visited seems forsaken, and in place of meadows and freshness there is desolation, and rough-hewn rocks are strewn about in promiscuous heaps. Today one lingers amid banks of perpetual snow; tomorrow, throws aside his coat and basks in genial summer. Riding here and there, attracted from place to place by alluring stories, or led by chance from spot to spot, we—the artist on his horse, and I on mine—rode late one day toward one of the most famous places in the Rocky Mountains, known as Wagon Wheel Gap. Four days before we had left the Denver & Rio Grande Railway at a station just beyond the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, and had ridden over the mountains to Lake City, a town peopled by miners, which was surrounded by hills of every shape and size. On the day I speak of, we had left the headwaters of the Rio Grande River, which has its source near the trail leading over the range to Silverton in southern Colorado; and as the sun went down were riding through the deep and narrow gorge that leads eastward in San Luis Park. Beside us ran the Rio Grande, shallow, cold, and limpid, and from it and from the roadway rose enormous cliffs of vari-colored sandstone, that gave a picturesque beauty to the scene.

Looking back over the way we had come, we saw a huge mountain of dazzling whiteness, clearly outlined against the heavens, and its peak was touched with the ruddy glare thrown from the setting sun. The air was cold as the sunlight left us altogether, but was redolent with the unpolluted odors wafted from the neighboring forests. It gave us new vitality, this crisp, fresh air; and the artist became positively hilarious, and sang various songs, his voice filling the place and echoing among the crags. Now we rode through a belt of timber, where there was an inky blackness and a rough and miry road; and again, we were out of that and into a wood, leading between granite masses that towered fully a thousand feet above us. Never slacking their dog-like trot, our patient ponies, who had carried us onward since early day, plodded steadily ahead, and the night kept even pace with all our progress. When

daylight had completely faded, and even the distant, snow-capped peaks were hid, the stars shone down into the gorge, and fitful shadows lurked among the crags. In the darkness the cliffs seemed higher than they were in reality. Nearing the gap, whose curious name I shall later explain, the way became still narrower, and the Rio Grande more boisterous. At times the trail we followed led beside the stream; again, it clung to the steep shelves of rock high above it. It was a solemn hour that we passed, pushing forward to our destination. All signs of civilization were hid; the noise the river made flowing over its rocky bed filled the gorge, and ever near us rose the spires and pinnacles of stone, and the tall pines, standing like mute sentinels along the way.

Just as we escaped from a particularly dark clump of trees, we crossed the river by a rudely made bridge and turned sharply to the right, riding westerly a few rods into an open park, shut in by low-browed hills. A little later, and a light flashed a long ray of gladness to us, and caused the artist to say:

"And there's Mac's and supper."

By which expression I knew we were at Wagon Wheel Gap, and close upon the famed home of Mr. McClellan, who has a "hotel" where he entertains all who visit him by chance or for pleasure in a most regal manner. Urging on our beasts, we soon swung ourselves from out our saddles, saw Mac's portly figure and curling gray hair at the open doorway of his house, gave a boy in attendance our ponies, and were made welcome before an open fire of logs in a little room known as the office.

"Glad to see you," said Mac, directly we were seated; "Where'd you come from?"

"From Lake," I said.

"Lake, eh," repeated our host, "Well, guess you're hungry then, an' if you are, I've got some of the *tenderest* bits of venison you ever saw."

The room we were in was like many others one stumbles across while wandering over the mountains. But this had much of its owner's individuality. The ceiling was

low and made of rafters, and the windows had those deep, wide seats which used to seem to me to belong particularly to the old homes of retired sea captains along the coast of Maine, and which I delighted to use as I watched the white-winged ships go sailing along the stretch of dark blue sea. Mac had never followed the sea, but he had been a hunter; and instead of Chinese curiosities in a glass case and pictures of full-rigged ships, he had hung antlers and heads around the room, and on the floor had thrown an enormous bear skin.

"Kind o' warms the room, eh?" he said noticing our approval of the rug.

After getting warm and rested, we had supper. Lo, what a feast! Trout from the river, venison from the hills; but never did things taste so good as they did at Mac's that evening after our long, hard ride. Later, we had a pipe before the fire, and then were glad to go to bed. And just before we turned the lights out, Mac came to us once more, and introduced himself into our chamber with a glass of good hot punch "to keep the cold out of our bones while we slept," as he said.

Why Wagon Wheel Gap should have been given its peculiar name was a mystery for a time. It surely was not an Indian name, and the place bore not the slightest resemblance to a wheel. After much guessing, for Coloradoans are great inquirers after the "why," the origin of the name became known. It was bestowed in 1851, probably in the early fall of that year. A short time before, a man by the name of Baker reported among the people of the East that he had discovered valuable placer mines in the San Juan country in Southern Colorado. At that time the region was in possession of the Ute Indians. Gathering followers with his representations, Baker returned to Colorado from the East, and, crossing the mountains, camped near what is known today as Baker's Park, in which stands the little town of Silverton. But in 1851, men did not know as much about mining as they do today, and the properties that have since made Silverton and its surroundings famous, they were unable to dis-

cover. In fact, they accomplished nothing, and the severity of the weather well nigh destroyed the entire party. Starvation stared the adventurers in the face, and the fact that they would have hanged Baker had he not hid away from them, is suggestive of the bitter trials of the winter of '51. It soon became not a question of whether ore could be found, but rather whether home could be reached before the suffering was augmented. Those who were still alive decided to make the attempt to return East. Picking their way carefully down the narrow valley of the Rio Grande, then, as now, a wild, deep gorge leading far into the range, they camped one night near the present home of friendly Mac, and were surprised to find a number of old wagon wheels. The incident at once suggested the name of Wagon Wheel Gap, and the place was at once given its title and has held it ever since.

But still there was much speculation as to how the wagon wheels came to be left where they were found. At first it was thought that the Indians had murdered some early pioneer and had then destroyed his wagons; and this explanation would have been accepted, perhaps, had it not afterwards been proved that the wheels and other fragments were the remnants of the Fremont expedition of 1848. In that year the adventurous pathfinder was on his way to the Pacific, and attempted to reach his destination by following the course taken by the Rio Grande. But the roughness of the road had already played sad havoc with the General's teams, and winter, when he reached the Gap, was rapidly approaching. So Fremont made camp for the season, and for the next six months endured fully as many hardships as those did who wintered at Valley Forge. The snow was five feet deep on a level, supplies ran out and sickness came in, and when spring returned the force was so reduced that the commander put back to Santa Fé for reinforcements, and left his useless wagons for Baker's party to discover.

Wagon Wheel Gap is a restful sort of place. One can enjoy nature there and never be disturbed. The place is practical-

ly surrounded by the hills of the San Juan range, constituting a part of the Rocky Mountain system; and near the hotel—and this is what has caused much of the popularity of the Gap—are famous medicinal springs, which have been known to the Indians for years. The most direct route to the region is up the Rio Grande Valley from Del Norte, in San Luis Park. The Denver and the Rio Grande Railway now follows this course, and one may go from Denver to the hotel that Mac keeps in a Pullman car. But the railway invasion has only lately taken place. Formerly, the distance of thirty miles lying between the Gap and Del Norte had to be driven or ridden over; and those who slowly made their way toward the picturesque locality in the good old days will never forget the valley as it appeared seen from a horse's back, or from the hard seat of a Colorado buckboard. True, the railway follows the old trail, and the valley is as beautiful now as ever before. But there is not the time given to enjoy that there used to be, and one has no chance to study at leisure the quaint and curious formations, nor to inhale the delightful air that is so characteristic of the region.

The valley is never wide, but broadens only slightly near its mouth. From Del Norte the mountains seem impregnable, and look as though they had a solid front. But leaving the town behind, and getting nearer the blue-hued peaks, with their isolated spurs of white, one discovers the opening through which the Rio Grande rolls on its way to the distant Gulf of Mexico; and later, one is riding over a narrow trail that leads past steep ledges of rock, which rise in well defined terraces a thousand feet above the roadway. There runs the river, diving into shady places, beating itself into foam against a half-drowned boulder; and beyond it, and forming its right bank, are high hills, covered with virgin forests here, rock-strewn and forbidding there. Nearing the Gap, the way becomes still narrower, and the trail, and now the railway, clings to the hill-sides, with depth below and the height above, while the cliffs grow steeper, and the rocks a brighter

hue, and the way seems choked with mountains.

Unless we knew the way, we should be very apt to pass by the little side valley which Mac has selected, and where the springs are. From the main road, the opening leading to the hotel is barely noticeable. At present the railway does not extend beyond the Gap, though at one time it was expected to go through to Lake City, and so to Utah. Where it ends now, there is the entrance to the spot to which modern travelers are attracted. The hotel is a mile away from the station, and the road leads over ridges of small height up a valley that grows narrower every moment, until at the springs it is barely a half mile in width. Back of "Mac's" there is a quick rise of heavily timbered hill, and before the house stands a mountain of no mean proportions; and the two together give the place an Alpine look, and suggest constantly that one is in Switzerland rather than at home. And nature has been undisturbed. No ugly scars destroy the beauty of the mountain slopes, no attempts have yet been made to give the valley an added charm. Great hills and little ones, clear, babbling streams, and sylvan shades, are everywhere. The views are grand and extended; the designs bold and unfettered. Afar off in the distance the mountains stand white from base to peak; nearer at hand they have their lower slopes covered with green grasses, and their tops capped with the "murmuring pines."

We had only intended staying a day at the Gap, but Mac was so very hospitable, the days were so very bright, and the artist found so many scenes to sketch, that a week flew past before we even thought of moving. One of our delights was fishing in the river. The Rio Grande is full of trout, gay, speckled fellows with an abundance of life, and to "whip" for them down by the river bank, with the cliffs gazing upon you, and the pines whispering, and the waters dancing noisily along their way, is joy unadulterated. Then there were the tramps into the forests and among the hills for game. Deer are plentiful in the region, and smaller game can be

had for the looking. There is a "huntsman's paradise" about the Gap.

I suppose Wagon Wheel Gap is destined to become a fashionable resort. It is too delightful an abiding place to remain much longer in comparative isolation. The advent of the railway has changed the aspect of affairs somewhat, and in time Mac's plain home will grow into a real hotel. Ah, well, there are changes in all things! why should they not appear at Wagon Wheel? The elevation of the place is over eight thousand feet above the sea-level; the days are never hot, and rarely severely cold, owing to the protection afforded by the hills; and the air is so soft, and yet invigorating, that it has already done worlds of good for those suffering from pulmonary and miasmatic troubles. I know of no better place in Colorado for consumptives. If not too much affected, the lungs seem materially benefited by the air that one may breathe into them. As for the springs that flow hot and cold from out the ground, experts consider them good, particularly for all forms of blood poisoning and rheumatism. One of the springs has a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit; and another, hardly a yard away, is as cold as ice. The water from the cold spring acts upon a sluggish liver, and that from the hot spring is bathed in for rheumatic troubles. All the water is highly charged with carbonate of soda, and there is an iron spring, containing sufficient iron to deeply color the rocks over which the stream runs.

There are many springs scattered about the Rocky Mountains and through the Southwest. But if one must take the waters, he could not take them and have more enjoyment than at the Gap; for there is so much to see and to do. In one direction there may be reached the top of one of the highest cliffs, looking down into the valley of the Rio Grande. It makes one dizzy to look down upon the river. How deep is the gulf? Oh, only three thousand feet—half a mile. And yet, on the high crest, there is an old fortification of rocks, and scattered over the ground are arrow-heads and hammers of stone. For the cliff was occupied once, and

from it a band of Indians hurled death and destruction down upon their foes marching up the valley. The day on which the memorable battle was fought was long ago, but there are evidences still remaining of the fierce fight, and the natural fortress is an interesting place to visit. Another section of the gorge contains a curious post-office which was in daily use a dozen years ago, but which today is the play-house of Mac's children. The office is a huge boulder, weighing many tons, that has been half hollowed out by nature. In the cave the old-time miners passing to and from the San Juan region used to deposit their letters, sure that any one passing near the rock would look inside to see what was held for him.

On leaving the Gap and the jolly companionship of Mac, we rode up the valley again over the way we had come at first for a dozen miles or so, and then, turning sharply southward, began our long climb over the range behind which lay Silverton and the various mining camps of the San Juan. Gaining the crest of the divide from which the Rio Grande begins its life, we crossed to the western or Pacific slope, and followed down the Rio Los Animas, a river of small size, that flows past Silverton, and empties at last into the Rio Colorado. At first, we were above timber line, and the view of adjacent mountains, snow-crowned and rugged, was uninterrupted by brush or tree. But gradually we gained a lower altitude, and, in time, passed through a belt of timber, and entered a valley bearing the unmelodious name of Cunningham's Gulch. It was now that we began to have some realization of the immense height of the mountains we had crossed. The walls enclosing the Gulch towered two thousand and four thousand feet above us; and beyond their steep sides we could catch a glimpse of pointed cones that absolutely pierced the clouds, and that must have been twelve thousand and fourteen thousand feet in height. At our side ran the Rio Las Animas, dashing over its rocky bed, and full of fleecy foam, while from the cliffs above other streams made wild leaps into space, and did their best to emulate Niagara.

It was nearly dark when we first caught sight of Silverton, snugly settled in its mountain-guarded valley; and by the time we reached the hotel of the place the region was wrapped in darkness, and the peaks were hid from view. Silverton is a town of tender age, and has grown into existence solely because of the mines which have been discovered in its immediate neighborhood. It is in the center of the San Juan region, considered by many to contain the largest and best properties in Colorado; and its wooden houses are scattered at random along both banks of the Rio Las Animas. Surrounding the city, and only separating at one place where the river pursues its way toward Durango, and where the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has made entrance to the town, are deeply scarred mountains of varying height. White-capped and majestic, the ranges form a vast natural amphitheatre for the town to rest in, and lend a picturesque grandeur to the valley. Leading into the ranges from the town are many cañons, narrow and deep, through which flow the streams that melting snows have formed. It is always a pleasure to watch the lights and shadows on the mountains about Silverton; and the hills are grandly outlined. Massive, storm-worn, and weather-beaten, they seem like huge giants, conscious of their strength, oblivious of all the elements marshalled against them. To-day the clouds roll about the higher summits, and ride slowly in and out the cañons; and again there is only the deep blue sky, against which the serrated tops are clearly and beautifully outlined. Early morning crimsons the peaks, and the varied hues of sunset light them with prismatic colors. Here they are dark, belligerent, and full of fitful shades; here soft and mellow, blue-hazed and languid. They change their colors with every hour of the day, and afford at all times most enticing pictures for the true lover of nature to study and enjoy.

Silverton has not a large population, not over 500 people living there; but it is an important town, and makes heavy shipments of ore. Many of the mines already discovered pay good return, and there is always present among the inhabitants the hope that

some day a lead of exceptional richness will be discovered. There are several smelters already erected, and in summer prospectors are busy buying their outfits at the stores. Undoubtedly the mountains contain exceedingly rich mines. The investigations have not, by any means, been thorough yet. Colorado has been, and indeed is, a large producer; but that more is hid than has been revealed no one doubts. It must be remembered that the State is thinly settled, and only lately has been easy of access. A few years ago, as Baker's experience goes to show, the San Juan district was practically inaccessible. Now it can be reached by railway in twenty-four hours. Towns like Silverton and Durango have not had time yet to grow. Capital has hitherto been invested carelessly. Too much has been left to chance. When men buy a mine as they would a so-called legitimate business, they will get a profit. And when investments are carefully and guardedly made, Colorado will grow again as rapidly as she did when Leadville was started. At present matters are quiet, because there was too much unreal advance at first. There was a "boom" without the cause. Next there will be an advance and a reason.

As we were more interested in scenery than in mines, the artist suggested in a few days that we move again.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Oh, anywhere," he said. "To Ophir, for instance. Yes, to Ophir; then over the range to Ouray, down into the Uncompahgre valley, through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison again, and into the Elk Mountains northwest of Gunnison City."

"It's a month's trip," I suggested.

"Then so much the better," he urged. "It will be a month of pleasure."

Ophir is not over fifteen miles from Silverton, but is separated from the latter town by a high ridge, over which there is nothing but a narrow trail used by pack trains of *burros*, which bring to Silverton the ore that is dug from the Ophir district. Mounting our ponies again, we left Silverton at noon, and after toiling until nearly sundown up the

steep grades, came to the lonely cabin that is perched upon the crest of the divide, and that stands in a region void of trees, and where banks of never-melting snow are piled among the sharp ledges of dull-hued rock. A heavy mass of clouds hung about the pinnacles rising about the cabin, and our hands on that July day grew numb with cold. It was desolation itself. Far below us were forests, and beyond them sheltered valleys. Before us lay Ophir Valley, green and warm; and only two miles down the road we had traveled over there were myriads of wild flowers, richly colored and sweet smelling. Leaving our ponies, we knocked at the cabin. A man with top boots and the red shirt of the mountain dwellers answered our call.

"May we come in?" said the artist.

"Sartin, stranger," was the answer.

And in we went out of the cold and dampness, to where a fire sputtered and the heat was genial. How dismal the scene! Without the wind whistled. Through the chinks between the logs we could see the snow banks.

"Do you live here all the year?" I asked our entertainer, who was busy at his bread baking.

"Oh, no," he said. "I'm only here a few months in summer. In winter I couldn't stand it. Why, I have to keep this yer fire a-goin' all the time, even in summer."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes; or am all day. At night some of the freighters live here. I'm cook an' gate-keeper together."

Did he read much, we asked. Ah, yes; a good deal, when alone; and he thought a good deal, too, and was glad to see strangers. Why did he live here? Well, he couldn't tell exactly; he was born in Ohio, and when old enough to travel had "gone West," and somehow he couldn't stay where there were many people, but had to keep moving away from civilization.

"I didn't like the world an' didn't like too much company," he said. "Guess I was born for solitude, an' if I was, I've got what I was made for."

After a bit of something to eat, and a rest,

we went out into the cold again, mounted our ponies, and made off for Ophir. Before us stretched a long and narrow valley, fashioned by parallel ranges, high and wooded. It was a thousand feet into that gulf, and the trail, clinging closely to the mountain side, was steep and narrow. In places a single misstep would have hurled us upon the rocks below, and for a mile or more the rocky walls hovered over us as though about to fall. The descent was slow and tiresome, and as we proceeded the sunlight faded altogether, and only by careful picking could we find our way along. Nearing the town, where here and there a light was visible, the trail led into the forests and was wet and boggy; but when the village was reached at last there was a comfortable fire burning in the main room, and the sleep we had that night was restful beyond description.

Ophir consists of a score or so of houses, and the people are devoted to mining. The valley is long and narrow, and is hemmed in by mountains that have a sheer ascent skyward from the stream near which the houses stand. During the summer the place is practically deserted, for every man, seemingly, is away in the mountains hunting for ore; but in winter the place is filled again, and the snow is as deep as the houses are high. The mines are visible from the town, dotting the hillsides; and the people do nothing but discuss their future prospects. Near the hotel at which we stopped ran a mountain stream, and following its course a winding trail led down the valley toward the distant range, which now loomed high above all foothills, and had its crest covered with deep layers of snow. One searching for the picturesque should see Ophir. The colorings are exquisite. Here the rocks are red; here gray, yellow, and black. There are abruptly rising cliffs, and terraces capped with pinnacles and towers; while clinging to every crevice and capping every crest are hardy trees, tall, and straight, and green. But what a life one leads in the town! During the colder months the village is isolated from the world. The trail to Silverton is blocked, the roads to Ouray and the East

are impassable. The people are imprisoned—buried in snow banks; and there are no amusements, and there is no society.

Distances between towns in the Rocky Mountains are not so very great, but the roads are hard to follow, and the way is often steep and dangerous. And yet walking or riding on horseback from place to place is, for the well and strong, a most delightful pastime. In all our wanderings we never had more fun than in getting over the mountains. There was the novelty of the journey, for one thing, and then the exercise brought great strength, and nature was ever fascinating and curious. We rode early in the day and late at night. We climbed to regions of perpetual snow, and wandered among green trees, and by the side of tiny brooks. It was change all the time. Here the vistas were awful with their grandeur; here calm and gentle. It was like living, the artist said, to roam about as we did.

Crossing over to Ouray, companion mining camp to Ophir and Silverton, and like them surrounded by mountains, we left, in time, for the Uncompahgre valley, and for a day followed the river Uncompahgre as it wound its way down a rock-bound cañon, where every stone had its own particular coloring. Ouray is some thirty miles southwest from Montrose, on the Utah line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and will be connected with that town sooner or later by rail. At present the ore from Ouray is carted to Montrose, and passengers are carried through the valley by a four-horse stage. If one desires to catch a glimpse of the Rockies, and has but a limited amount of time to spare, he should visit Ouray; for the ride up the Uncompahgre valley has many an attraction, and there is at all times an extended view of the blue-hued and white-peaked San Juan Mountains, beneath which the Utes used to have their largest village, and among which they used to hunt.

### III.

THE largest county in western Colorado was formerly known as Gunnison. In late

years it has been subdivided into several counties, but old inhabitants still speak of going "over to Gunnison." The leading towns of the region, whatever it may be called, are Grand Junction, Montrose, Gunnison City, Ouray, Lake City, and Crested Butte. These and smaller hamlets are all more or less dependent upon the mines, but a few are beginning to thrive upon the farmers and ranchmen who have discovered that western Colorado contains productive tracts. Of the Elk Mountains, which are a part of the Rocky range, and which are visible from Gunnison City as they tower in a confused mass in the west, it can be said with certainty that they contain an immense amount of ore, and are as picturesque as any of the minor ranges in the State. They are as high as the San Juan peaks, but are less rugged. There is more snow among them in winter, perhaps, but as surely there is more greenness in summer. And it is in summer that one wants to visit them.

Leaving Gunnison City, and making for Crested Butte, reached by a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande road, we followed Slate River, which led into a narrow valley. Looking back from the narrow defile, one can see, beyond the *mesa* on which Gunnison City stands, a vast length of the ever magnificent San Juan range. And in whatever direction he gazes, there are rounded and sharp-pointed hills "striking up the azure." As for the valley itself, nature has made it beautiful. There is the winding river, clear and noisy, flowing amid the trees and over giant ledges, and above one reach high cliffs of vari-colored sandstone. At times we passed a cabin of logs stuck down by the water-side, or again passed near the opening of smaller cañons that led far away into the mountain fastnesses.

"Is there good hunting here?" said the artist to a man on the train.

"None better in the State," he answered. "We've got deer, and elk, and bear, all we want; and as for fish, the State's full of 'em."

Crested Butte has been called a second Pittsburgh. I fear the Pennsylvania city of

that name cannot be the one referred to, for the new Pittsburgh has not a single factory, and is famous simply for its nearness to Elk Mountain mines, and as the centre of rich deposits of coal. Its coal is very abundant, and is particularly adapted for coking. Nearly one thousand tons of coke are shipped from the town each day. There are also large beds of anthracite coal. As for the town, it is much like other new Colorado villages, rather uncouth and prosaic, but energetic, nevertheless. A few years ago it enjoyed a "boom" that sent up the price of even swamp lands to an alarmingly high figure; and since then there have been several well-made buildings put up. The future of the place depends upon the mines. There is little agricultural land, but the mines of the neighborhood are as plentiful as berries in a pasture, and Crested Butte is the natural point of shipment of the ore. Eastward from the town the Slate River winds among the hills, forming a narrow valley; northward are isolated peaks, rising above forest-crowned hills; and in the south stands a steep embankment, on which is a grove of pines. During the summer there is a wealth of freshness about Crested Butte, and countless streams of water go winding through the valley. But in winter the snow is six feet on a level, the mercury sulks in its bulb, the mountains are icebergs.

There could not have been a fresher nor a more beautiful day than that on which we rode westward from the Butte toward the mining camps of Gothic and Ruby, that lie just over the nearer hills among the valleys that have wound their way into the Elk Range. Hardly had we started before the sunlight came creeping over the peaks, and flashed through the pines among which we rode. Gaining a wide, flat *mesa*, we saw Crested Butte far below us, half hid beneath the mists of early morning; while around us rose the mighty peaks that in most instances have never yet been visited. As we proceeded, the road led into wild ravines, and out of them over the crests of high hills. There were cabins scattered along the way, inhabited by miners who did their own cook-

ing and washing—all that they might find a "lead," and reap a fortune.

"Kind o' lonesome work, working for money here," said one man. "Some gets ore, but more o' them dirt."

"Have you been lucky?" said the artist.

"I? Not yet. But my claim looks well, an' I've got hope."

And hope is the most that many of them have got. Chance may bring a fortune, but where one gets rich a dozen grow poorer.

Gothic and Ruby were the last places we visited in the Elk Range. They are curious looking towns, shabbily built, perched upon steep hillsides, unstable and uninviting. Men are hard-looking and roughly dressed, and the surroundings wild and cheerless. But rich properties have been discovered,

and probably richer ones still will be brought to light. And yet, if I were a miner I should get homesick at times, for grand as the mountains are, there is such a thing as civilization, and only a hermit despises that. As for ourselves, we had a good time. Making our home at Gothic for a few days, we passed the time exploring the neighboring cañons, and hunting among the forests. Wherever we walked or rode, there were the towering mountains, with their gaunt cliffs and banks of snow and noisy falls, and the air in the high altitude, ten thousand feet above sea-level, intoxicated like champagne. Many a day the path was rough; many a day the meals we had to eat were far from savory. But, when we had ended our long jaunt, I think both of us were sorry to get away from the mountains.

*Edwards Roberts.*

### MRS. JONES AND HER "OLD MAN."

We should never have known of the existence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones if we had not come "out West"; and we should never have come West if we had not read of the many inducements offered to those who wished "to acquire a fortune rapidly." We wrote all sorts of letters to editors of country newspapers and others, before we started. One question of mine I remember well, and that was: "What kind of houses do they have out there?"

The answer was satisfactory; I never shall forget it: "They have all sorts of houses, from a dug-out to a \$20,000 brick residence."

We liked our new home on the Tillicum River very well. There was a level valley a mile wide, with the river on the south side of it, heavily fringed with cotton-wood, willow, alder, and birch trees. The country north and south of us was shut out from view by the steep hills, covered with bunch grass.

A string of houses dotted here and there the valley of the Tillicum. We had just two neighbors—one living a mile, and the other

only half a mile from us. Still, we were not neglected; farmers for six miles distant came with their families to see us. Mrs. Jones was our nearest neighbor, so we saw her more than the others.

We learned from her that the district needed a teacher, and that her "old man" was one of the directors. The school-house stood but a few rods from our house, in the dusty lane, and was a retreat for all the stock that could stand in the shade of it. The school-room furniture consisted of rude benches and desks, and an old, rusty stove. I coaxed a consent from Charley to let me apply for "the school."

Two of the directors readily expressed their willingness to hire me as teacher, but they advised me to talk to the third, Mr. Jones. I felt no misgivings; for Mrs. Jones had told me that her "old man" wanted to employ me to teach, but that she had persuaded him not to say anything to me about it, lest I "might be too proud to teach."

He told me that "seventy-five dollars per quarter was too much money for one person."

to earn." "I don't earn the half of it—work hard from mornin' till night, and extra work on Sunday." More persuasion brought forth his signature—"X"—and a promise to pay his share of the subscription in vegetables and fruit, if we would haul them home. All the school money in the treasury for the district was fifty dollars; any amount over that must be raised by a subscription.

There was one advantage gained by the district—that was, I would board at home. "Yes," continued Mr. Jones, "it is a right smart help to my old woman not to have to fix up fur a school ma'am, and it won't be no loss to you to board at home. But"—filling his pipe with some of his home-raised tobacco caused a break in his conversation—"but, Mis' Pope, I hate to pamper hifalutin prices that way; now, if you was some lone critter—old maid or somethin'—you would be willin' to teach fur your board an' mighty plain cloze. But my word is given, an' I never go back on it."

The weeks passed on pleasantly, the short term of school expired, and I received all but ten dollars of my money. I experienced no regrets when I came out of the school-house the last evening and locked the door, relinquishing the key to Willie Jones.

"There is Mrs. Jones," said mother; "Wonder what her errand is this time!"

"Good mornin'," said Mrs. Jones in a few minutes, taking off a handkerchief that had been around her throat. "Here is a piece of fresh pork, Mis' Pope," she said, handing a blood-stained parcel to me. "I jist brought it up so you would be sure to send us some when you butchered."

"Certainly!" replied mother wonderingly, for we had never forgotten to divide fresh meat with the Jones family.

"I ought to have brought up the new dress pattern my old man bought. He says you can fix it better than I do. I hain't no sewin' machine neither, and it won't bother you. I told my old man you would be tickled to make it." Mrs. Jones looked at me with a knowing smile, while she unrolled her bundle of patchwork.

"You have never been here through harvest yet," she continued, "but I conceit after this year you will say like I tell my old man, all the threshers want is to stuff themselves. What's the use to take so much pains? They never know the difference. They would stay too long if the vittles every meal was like a weddin' dinner.

"I never did believe in pamperin' anybody. What's good enough for me is good enough for anyone, I reckon. I never did believe in havin' folks run their feet off for me, nor waitin' on me. Nothin' riles my old man quicker than to have me fix somethin' extra for strangers. When I first came out here I was just like you; wanted my old man to buy some rice, flavorin', and some other things, so as to have a nice dinner once in a while; but he said he couldn't afford it, and now I don't care. It saves me a heap of work.

"My old man sometimes wishes I would cook like his mother, but it nevers flusters me a bit, for most every man since Adam's time has said the same thing. Eve had the consolation of knowin' her man couldn't say, 'You can't cook like mother.' Children's appetite is powerful keen, and everything they eat is seasoned with a relish they don't have when they're grown up and worked down like.

"I never said anything about my wild goose chase, did I? We was engaged in a correspondence like, my old man and me, and we knew it would cost too much for him to come after me, so I came with some old friends of mine. He was to meet me at the station. I had seen him when he was about eighteen, and he had no beard. He sent me his photograph. It didn't look a bit like himself, as I remembered him, he was so fleshy; he had gained over a hundred pounds. You know that is right smart.

"When he got my letter telling him I was on my way to meet him, he gathered up his good clothes, put them in a flour sack; cleaned up the yard; fixed things up a little so I would not get homesick; harnessed up his team and started for the station. I picked him out of the crowd, he was so

large and fat. I asked, 'Is this Mr. Jones?'

"He said, 'Yes, this is what's left of me,'—and him a-weighing two hundred and ninety pounds at least! He is full of his mischief.

"My sakes, Mis' Pope, I must go home. It will be supper-time now agin I get home, and cows to milk, chickens to feed, and chips to pick up. Come down soon. The plums will soon be ripe, and you can have some and welcome. Needn't be afraid; I won't take anything for them, for I have some dresses to make; and you are so handy about makin' tidies—I hain't one to my name."

In a few days we saw Mrs. Jones's sun-bonnet coming through the tall rye.

"There," said mother, "we must put away our work, for, of course, she has brought her sewing."

"I do not care whether I sew for her or not, just because she is a neighbor. I do not care for her favors. She is always proposing a swap of some kind."

Mother looked a reproof, and only said, "You forget that she is poor, and means well."

"How dy, Mis' Pope," said the familiar voice of Mrs. Jones. "It is powerful warm, and I brought my dress. I hain't had one made since my old man and me was married. This here one"—pointing to the one she was wearing, a dingy green—"this one has been washed, I can't say how many times, and it don't look fit to wear to church any more."

I unrolled the dress goods, while Mrs. Jones undid her bundle of quilt pieces. She was always piecing quilts; what she expected to do with all of them was a conundrum. She brought six with her from the States, and no one saw her often without her roll of pieces.

"What awful nice flowers them is, Mis' Pope! verbenys, sure as I live; and there you have some china oysters! I was just like you when I came out here: I thought I must have flowers in the yard, and some in boxes an' pots. But it's no wonder I can't enthuse over such things now! When I kept them in the house the kittens would

play on the plants and break them down; when I put 'em outdoors the pesky chickens scratched 'em all to pieces in less than two days. You wouldn't believe it, but the chickens even picked the buds off the little trees I set out, until I put sticks around each one. It's kinder hard to have to give up all such things, but I am about used to it now.

"Oh, Mis' Pope, you ought to see Willie write now. He has learned a heap since school. A man that used to teach writin' is stoppin' with us, and Willie does the whole arm movement just beautiful. His pa thinks it awful smart for any one to write, especially to know about the whole arm movement. He ain't so particular about the muscular and finger movement, for he says when Willie has sown as much grain by hand, and hoed potatoes as often as his pa, he will be good enough in them movements. I know I have them by heart, too. Anyone will soon ketch the muscular or whole arm movement that does a day's washing every week.

"Well, I declare, Mis' Pope!" she said (to mother this time. She persisted in calling us both "Mis' Pope.") "What is there you can't do?"

"That is to be a purse, when finished," answered mother.

"Only a little silk crocheted, and a few steel beads, and so nice! I must make you give me some of your purties some time. What would be nice for a present to my old man on his birthday? I can't think of anything he would like. He would make fun of any 'flubdubs,' as he calls them. Guess I will buy him a handkerchief—he can use that. I never could see the sense of makin' anything just to look at. There is Mis' Newton; she made her old man a 'smokin' cap,' she called it. I thought my old man would die a laughin' when he saw it. He told her to give it to him, and he would trade it off for a pet monkey, and then give the monkey away. She looked red in the face, and never said a word; but since then she doesn't take him through her best room to show him her work. He had no business to say anything,

but she was too much stuck up about it. I don't believe she has ever been in the house since—but law sakes, she never came much. She came just before threshin' last year, and told my old man he ought to hire a girl. He did not like it much, but she said the work was too much for me; she was right, too. But he ain't stingy, and keeps lots of wood chopped, and helps milk when we have a crowd of hands to cook for.

"I sometimes think it would be awful nice if the work would go on just the same if I felt like restin' a spell. Now, if I am sick a day or two, the work piles up, and everything seems mussy, and it is hard to get everything straight again; but I never say anything, for my old man means well. He gets tired and nervous, so I never feel like saying a word to him about myself; for you know a man just as soon not know it, if he is not the only person who is tired. If I should hire a girl, she would waste so much, and break dishes. No, I have lived so long, I reckon I can make out the rest of my days.

"Have you seen the canvasser or agent for the history that is to be published?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject.

We assured her that we had seen and talked with him, and she continued:

"He was down to our house, and wanted my old man to subscribe for the book; showed us the prospec', and said if we bought the book a picture of our house would be in it. My old man ain't a bit proud, but he said the house looked better than a picter of it would.

"'But,' says the agent, 'you expect to build a new house, of course; show me the plan of it; I can make any changes you wish.'"

"My old man kept thinkin' about it, and pullin' his whiskers, like he always does when he is uncertain. The agent saw him hesitate, and he looked pleased, for he knew he had almost got him.

"'See here,' he said, 'you expect to plant trees all in front, just about there'—showing on a piece of paper.

"My old man was tickled and said: 'Put my name down.'"

"That is the first book he ever subscribed for, and will be the only one he ever bought. He is too poor to take any papers, and if he did he couldn't read, an' I never have time to read much; but I borry a few papers and sometimes a book to read to him. He will listen for hours. Wouldn't his poor old father have been proud if he could have lived to see the picture of his son's house and the name all in one book?"

"It was too diverting: when the agent first came—a nice looking fellow, too—he mentioned his business, and my old man looked grum and sour; told him he had no money to fool away with such foolishness. The agent explained that he was after facts, not money, and looked hurt like.

"'Your picture and that of your wife would embellish the book beautifully,' he said. My old man ain't easily blarneyed, but he thought the agent was a truthful man, and he felt a new interest in him."

Mrs. Jones felt so pleased and happy that she told us to "be sure and come down after some fruit soon," and left us sewing on her dress.

Mother and I went down in a few days, wondering how we should ever pay the debt of gratitude. We had no fruit on our place yet, and we needed the plums which Mrs. Jones had so kindly promised us. As we passed the orchard we saw Mr. and Mrs. Jones there, turning over the drying plums on tables and scaffolds.

"Glad to see you," said Mrs. Jones. She always had a way of being suddenly surprised; we never went to her house without almost scaring her out of her wits when we knocked. She always began singing when she thought we were near enough to hear her. She could tell every neighbor who passed the road a half mile away, and never overlooked any one. Yet she feigned astonishment when any one came to the door, although she had been peeping out of the window for ten minutes or more to see who it was.

Mr. Jones pointed to the plums on the trees that he had left for us. "There they are. If you don't git 'em it will be the first

time I ever saw any one refuse to take what what was offered em."

There were about two quarts of them in all, in the very top of the trees. Mr. Jones was too heavy to climb, and "Sary" was not a good climber. But there the tempting fruit was, "so near, and yet so far!" Mr. Jones seemed to lose confidence in our ability to climb trees, and evinced disgust at our lack of appreciation.

We went to the house with "Sary," and she brought out her latest piece of poetry.

"Sary, let Mis' Pope see that pioneer poetry o' yourn sometime. It beats anything she ever seen. It jingles mighty nice, too. You ort to hear her sing it."

"This is a letter to my sister back in Indiany. My old man said it would make her feel bad if I sent it, but I don't think it will," said Mrs. Jones, as she produced a half sheet of foolscap covered with writing. "Now, old man, you keep still while I read this. No one can read my writin' and give it the inflection and accent I can.

"MY OWN DEAR SISTER :—

"Though so far away from sight,  
I dream, I dream of you all night ;  
I think of how you used to be,  
When both together, you and me,  
Went hand in hand to the district school,  
Be the weather hot or awful cool.  
The dinner bucket we both carried,  
And sometimes on the way we carried ;  
And now, alas ! we both are married !  
I'm raising turkeys and lots of hens,  
My old man, lots of hogs in two pens ;  
We have four horses in the barn,  
And I have sixty pounds of yarn.  
We have just the nicest cellar  
Full of apples, good and meller.  
We have corn, potatoes, and wheat—  
You see we have enough to eat.  
Sister, write as soon as you can ;  
I send the love of my old man.  
I'll not advise you to move out,  
But come and see, then look about.  
As I think of no words that'll rhyme,  
I'll write no longer at this time.  
I often wish I could see you ;  
*Your own sister, loving and true."*

"She used to write a heap of poetry to me when we was a-sparkin'," said Mr. Jones with a hearty laugh.

"Go 'long, you are always a-plaguin' me," said Mrs. Jones with a playful push.

"Let me alone. Fetch out the pioneer piece, and I won't say a word."

Mother looked tired, but we waited for Mrs. Jones to hunt under the bed, through boxes and boxes, for her "poetry."

It was found at last behind "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." Brushing off the dust and cobwebs, Mrs. Jones explained how she happened to write it.

"I was sittin' in the old church, where I had gone to meetin' ever since I was a little girl. I felt awful sad and melancholy, to see the changes of time. Didn't I, old man? Not that I was sorry I left, but I couldn't be p it. There was all my schoolmates that were fresh and rosy, from sixteen to twenty years of age when I saw 'em last ; now gray, wrinkled, and careworn, and their children grown up, some of them married. There wasn't many I would have known, and only a few recognized me. I never want to go back again. I was glad to come away. Every one was good to me, but nothing seemed right any more. It is lots nicer to write, for you don't realize any change in persons then ; you can think of them as you saw them last. I have no taste for travelin' anyhow. I expected to lose my satchel, trunk, or purse any minute.

"MY OLD HOME MEMORIES.

"I was runnin' through the medders,  
And ridin' on the hay ;  
Restin' in the shadders,  
Pickin' posies gay ;  
Now huntin' for the hen's nest,  
Then huntin' for the cow ;  
On a board to see-saw,  
Climbin' in the mow ;  
Pokin' 'long the roadside  
On my way to school,  
Grass-hoppers catching,  
Next wadin' in a pool ;  
Makin' dolls of pumpkins ;  
Of mud we made our puddin's ;  
From suds blew airy bubbles ;  
Was after fruit and berries,  
Apples, plums, and cherries.  
My dream is past and gone ;  
I awake to facts, not fancies.  
So farewell, home, mother, and friends,  
For we may never meet again,  
And the parting gives me pain.

Although the friends we've known in childhood  
 Live but in the past,  
 I believe in the realms of light above  
 We all will meet at last ;  
 We all clasp hands, our hearts too full,  
 And tears are filling each eye ;  
 But 'tis no time for sad regrets  
 When dear friends say ' Good-bye. ' "

"Some day, Mis' Pope, I will read the rest of this. I had two half sheets full, and one is all I can find today. I know it ain't lost, for I never lose anything, and Willie wouldn't touch anything I wanted to save."

"I must make a desk for my old woman. She never asks fur anything, but she shall have one, any how. Any woman who can write like that is entitled to a decent place to keep her papers. It's a downright shame I haven't thought of that sooner; but 'better late than never,' eh, Sary?"

"Mis' Pope," said Mrs. Jones, looking gratefully at her husband, "I *must* show you my new *Tillicum Puzzle*. I know you never saw a quilt pieced like it."

The gorgeous thing was spread out to our admiring gaze. There was no particular design about it, and it seemed a medley of diamonds, hexagons, and squares of every hue and shade. I wanted to looked surprised and admiringly at the production; how well

I succeeded I cannot say, but Mrs. Jones offered to piece me one just like it for twenty dollars, and quilt it.

I gave no definite answer, for I hated to say No, and I would not say Yes, for I had no mania for quilts any way. Mother came to my relief, and proposed that we should go home.

There came a day when we were to lose our neighbor Jones; but not before he had threatened to cut down his fruit trees because some wicked boys in the crew of threshers had stolen a few apples, and left an old burlap sack with a few in it to let him know they had been there.

"Well, Mis' Pope," said Mrs. Jones in her farewell visit to us, "I am glad I do not have to cook for threshers any more. My old man has traded off our farm for a small home near town. There is a good house, lots of fruit, and such a nice lot of flowers and shrubbery in the front yard.

"The folks who have bought our place are already fixin' a temperature fence around the house.

"If you are a mind to, I will take this here tidy as a momentum of our friendship when we lived neighbors."

M. A. Ross.

#### BERGAMO.

ONCE from Milan as I sped down  
 By rail, intent for Venice—lo !  
 High on the left a quaint walled town,  
 A proud old town,—'twas Bergamo.

Wall, tower, citadel, methought,  
 Grew from the very cliff, as though  
 Some Titan-sculptor's hand had wrought,  
 From its own rock, gray Bergamo.

The picture drew me ; still the same  
 It lived where'er I journeyed : so,  
 One swift year passed, at length I came  
 To climb the hill to Bergamo.

By vistas that from height to height  
Wound verdurous—a triple row  
Of trim horse-chestnuts, freshly bright  
With creamy bloom—to Bergamo.

Above the embattled parapet  
Tall palaces ranged in stately show ;  
From lancet windows deeply set,  
Dark eyes dreamed down on Bergamo.

Higher, the Castle reared its towers—  
Fair Lombardy lay spread below,  
Her campanilés veiled in bowers  
Of tree and vine, 'neath Bergamo.

Strong mountain masses held the north.  
Beyond, a far faint ridge of snow,  
Whence the twin rivers, issuing forth  
By sister vales, seek Bergamo.

By Lodi's bridge, in languid quest,  
Southward the Adda neared the Po ;  
Eastward hid Brescia ; to the west  
Monza looked up to Bergamo.

The soft air swam with quivering sheen,  
The tremulous breeze seemed scarce to blow—  
How tranquil, mused I, and serene,  
Must glide the hours at Bergamo.

About the close piazza slept  
The dull Città ; the noontide glow  
Touched the dark stone where Tasso kept  
His silent watch o'er Bergamo.

Hard by, the Gallery ;—thither came  
Rare footsteps ; there I learned to know  
Old masters half forgot by fame,  
Cremona-born or of Bergamo.

Grave Previtali best of all—  
Him, ('twas four hundred years ago,)   
Bellini taught ; his types recall  
The teacher still, in Bergamo.

His placid Marys face me now—  
Their eyes a benison bestow—  
Once more comes freshly to my brow  
The perfumed breath of Bergamo !

As, leaning on the bastion's height,—  
The distant Angelus sounding low,  
I feel the shadow of the night  
Fall like a grace on Bergamo.

*W. Winthrop.*

## THE PRIEST'S TALE.

*John Thorne to Miss Mary Lee :*

I SHALL not write you a letter to-night, Molly ; you have more than once of late hinted that the experiences of our little band of engineers upon this line of Mexican railway are becoming monotonous ; that I have nothing to tell you beyond the barest facts—how many miles of iron track we have laid straight across the plain, how many bridges we have built over mountain water courses, how many defiles we have spanned ! Well, perhaps we think it as little interesting as you do, and are just as tired of the ever recurring questions of digging and delving, of the heat of the sun and the drenching of the rains. If it wearies you even to hear of it week after week, what must it be for us who actually experience it ? But we have our relaxations ; perhaps I have not told you as much as I ought of them.

“Do we never talk,” you ask, “with the people above the class of the half-naked *peones*”—who cast up every spadeful of earth lazily, and drive every spike with resentment, eyeing every rod of advancement with imperturbable disdain ? Why should a road for the iron horse be made ? Why should the snorting, rushing, screaming demon supersede the caracoling steeds or sober-plodding mules, which have served so long to carry man and merchandise ? Even Padre Gomez asks questions such as these (you know I have written you what a pleasant, liberal fellow the good *padre* is), and contests all our answers with a skill worthy a more enlightened view of the great problem of modern progress.

No, Molly, it is not I, but Padre Gomez who is to amuse you tonight. I confess that more than once his quips and jests have found their way into my pages, and I suspect have caused you to think some of the sly wit and drollery of these children of the sun was creeping unawares into my matter-of-fact Yankee brain. But no, the credit must all be

given to my jolly Curé of Tres Cruces, and now I am going to transcribe him wholesale. Fact or fancy, you shall have it all.

Just this by way of prelude. We had all gathered—the Padre, Spencer, Bright, Allan, and I—last night, down at the new cut on the road, and were inspecting the work by moonlight, while the rest of the fellows were playing a game of cards, by the light of villainous tallow candles in the tent, when some one remarked how clear and perfect was the night.

In truth, one could have read the finest print ; the plain lay like a flood of silver, the tents and work-shops casting shadows black as ink, the few scattered trees rising like ghosts here and there, and on the western horizon a confused mass of purple and gray rising against the pale melting blue of the heavens. The distant mountains, bold and majestic in outline, had never, even in the most glaring sunlight, looked so near. The intense whiteness of the moon's rays had the effect of deepening the blackness of their tree-covered bases and the purples of their towering summits against the blue-gray of the night sky.

“How beautiful, how grand they are !” I involuntarily exclaimed, adding almost in a whisper as I caught the *padre's* sleeve, uttering a thought which more than once had come to me : “I feel as though that great mass of earth and stone were magnetic, drawing me to itself. I have an irresistible inclination to leave everything and scale those cloud-piercing heights.”

The priest glanced at me curiously, shrugged his shoulders, and walked on for a few moments engrossed in thought.

“I could tell you,” he muttered at length, “*Maria Santissima*, what things I could tell you ! But no, you would laugh ; you would say, ‘*Cosas de Mejico*—what tales these people think to deceive us with !’ Let us go in and look at the game. I, too, play monte

sometimes ; there are curious chances in the cards that interest one."

"All very fine, *Padre mio*," I said, "but you cannot escape us so!" and one having hurried away for an arm chair and a bottle of claret, another having brought a palm-leaf mat for his feet, and a third having produced a roll of cigarettes, the *padre* was good naturedly forced into his seat ; we crouched in various attitudes about him, and after having meditatively prepared and lighted a cigarette, he began the tale which, as literally as possible, I shall now transmit to you.

SOME forty years ago there lived at San M—— a poor boy named Antonio Valle. His father was a shepherd dwelling among the hills on which the city is built, and when Antonio was still a nursling, he was almost daily sent out to watch the sheep and goats which were the sole wealth of the family.

One day when he was about nine years old he wandered farther than usual, and at about noon found himself in a rocky *cañon* completely hidden in the mountain solitudes. Suddenly, while thinking of the best means of egress, he was surrounded by a band of armed men, who to his consternation first bade him seat himself at the foot of a tree, threatening him with instant death if he moved or spoke, and then slaughtered one of the sheep, a portion of which was soon roasting over a fire which one of the number had kindled.

At first the poor boy was half dead with terror ; but as the depredators, even while they threatened, joked with him roughly but kindly, and as they moreover regaled him plentifully with the choicest morsels, he was somewhat reassured, until one of the number proposed they should carry him away to share the solitude of old Kuka.

Poor Antonio had never read of the adventures which befell Gil Blas, but his horror could not have been greater had he known them well, and had been about to be conducted to the veritable cave in which that hero was immured. He cried bitterly, and begged to be allowed to go home with his remaining sheep. He knew his father

would beat him for the one lamb lost, but he did not mind that, if they would allow him to return to his humble home, his mother, and his little sister.

"No! No! No!" exclaimed the bandits laughingly, "we will take you where you will never be beaten, and where you will have no foolish sheep and goats to watch. You shall feed on the best in the land, and be Queen Kuka's head page, my lad ; so cease your *pucheras* and come along!"

So the little flock was left to its fate, and poor Antonio was led away to his. His eyes were blindfolded, and the robbers relieved each other in taking him upon their horses. Thus they traveled days—the poor child taking no note of them but to think them very many and very long. At night they sometimes camped in the open air, but oftener found a welcome in some lonely hut, where the women petted and fondled him, pressing upon him their rural dainties, but never lifting the hateful bandage from his eyes.

So at last when his conductors said he had reached home, he had no idea in what part of the country he was or at what distance from San M——. At first, indeed, he thought himself blind, for although he was no longer blindfolded, for hours he could see nothing. Little by little he began to peer through the darkness, and found himself indeed in a cave, accompanied by a wrinkled and dirty old woman. Those who had brought him had left him with injunctions to help old Kuka, and not to attempt to run away, for she or they would kill him if he did.

Run away! Escape! That did not seem possible even to the hopeful imagination of a nine years' child. The cave, which subsequent observations showed him to be of considerable dimensions, was situated at the summit of a high, unwooded mountain, so precipitous, bare, and uninviting, that even the curiosity and hardihood of miners and treasure-seekers had been untempted by it. The entrance to this retreat was so small and gloomy that even had it been discovered few would have suspected it to lead to anything more ample than the den of some wild beast. Indeed, old Kuka one day told how a lone

hunter coming thither with his dog had thrust his body half way in to spy the game his dog had scented. "And by all the saints," she added, pointing significantly to dull red stains upon the rude stones that sheltered her inhospitable threshold, "he found game whose claws clutched his heart."

From this wild eyrie was to be seen the desolate country for miles and miles, and to the experienced eye of that old bird of prey, the fiendish robber mother Kuka, there was not a nook where man or beast might hide. There was, indeed, at the foot of the mountain, a village of a half-dozen huts of thatched adobe, inhabited by charcoal burners ostensibly, but in reality, as Antonio was told and soon had reason to believe, by members of the gang of which he was captive.

At first, time passed slowly and miserably to the poor lad. Save at nightfall, when they went half way down the mountain to draw water from a spring, he played amongst the great boulders at the mouth of the cave, or remained within it, while old Kuka, who taught him to smoke in her company, required him to listen to long, long tales of a long life spent in bandit company. Sometimes he grew gloomy, and then she cheered him by predictions of the time when he would be a bandit; or if, as was oftener the case, he wearied of restraint and longed for freedom, she would terrify him with the most fearful threats.

There was a weird fascination to the child both in her prophecies and her threats, and above all in the wild tales she told him of the merry outlaw life; and after a time the present seemed the life he had always known, and little by little remembrance of any other, of his father or mother, of the town near which he had lived, or of the hills upon which he had watched his flock, faded from his mind. The old woman called him "*hijo*," and insensibly he grew to have almost the same affection for her as though he had actually been her son, and in an apathetic way reconciled himself to his life, and knowing no other, even loved it.

He grew up strangely, the very nursling of solitude, so that he used to hate those

times when, as happened not infrequently, parties of rough men came, bearing treasures of silver to hide within the secret storehouses of the cave; or when, as still more frequently occurred, some fugitive from justice sought its shelter, and called into requisition the reluctant services of Kuka and her page. The days were lawless then—perhaps as much so as in any future time. No longer could the *conductas* of silver pass safely through the country, unprotected save by the little banner floating over them, which declared them to be the property of the King. The voice of Hidalgo had sounded through the land, arousing not only those who loved liberty, but all the daring and lawless spirits to whom murder and plunder were but pastimes.

Antonio knew nothing of these things, and had only a dim idea of the value of the treasures, which, as he grew older, he helped to stow away in the dark recesses of the cavern. His secluded life made him thoroughly apathetic, even stupid; I think some cloud must have come over his understanding, for even as he grew to have the proportions of a man, he expressed no desire to leave his dwelling-place, and perhaps even felt none. He began to notice, however, that the visits of the banditti became less frequent, and heard in some muttered conversation that the chief and many of his followers had been shot, and that a something called "Justice" was hunting them pitilessly down. At last there came a time when they were left so long alone that it became absolutely necessary for the old woman to go down to the village for food; and once, after an unusually long desertion, they were one night visited by the new chief and a remnant of his men, who told old Kuka that it would probably be their last visit to the cave for months, perhaps for years; and that if they delayed more than three months, she and the boy were at perfect liberty to leave it. Of her they asked no pledge, knowing how devotedly she was one of them; but of Antonio they exacted an oath that he would never divulge where he had spent the years of his seclusion, nor what he had seen there.

Antonio took the oath readily, believing himself surrounded by invisible bands of robbers and assassins, and having a most abject and slavish fear of them; and besides, as he remarked more astutely than was to be expected of his dull comprehension, "Why should he tell anything, when it would probably lead to his being shot as an accomplice?"

So they were left alone, and the old woman, who seemed devoured by anxiety concerning her lawless associates, long before the three months passed was daily burning with fever, and calling vainly upon Antonio to relieve her of the first illness he had perhaps ever beheld. Once, upon returning from the village, she broke into loud moanings and lamentations. Her son, the best and dearest, the last of as fine a family of highwaymen as ever mother bore, had been shot. The old woman seemed almost heart-broken. Her strength no longer permitted her to visit the village, and when the three months had long since passed, the pangs of hunger were added to their other sufferings. Antonio then, for the first time, went down to the village, and to his surprise, found it entirely deserted—not a living creature was to be found. He gathered a few herbs from the lonely little gardens, and returned to his foster-mother, who no sooner heard his tale than, starting up with all her old energy, she exclaimed:

"We must go, my son! The police must be near at hand. They have caused the desertion of the village. Their spies are undoubtedly watching every spot for miles around. Why hast thou not been watching, blind one, to tell me of the danger? But now we must away—yes, this very night. The treasure is safer alone: even if they penetrate into the cave, with all their searching they will find nothing; but if they come while we are here, they would torture thee into confession. Thy bones and flesh are young and tender, but mine—mine," added the old hag with a fiendish laugh, "what would they feel? and even if they did, not the worst torments I expect in purgatory would make me reveal what I know."

Upon that very night they bade farewell

to their old home, and took their dark way down the mountain. Antonio, on leaving the cave, had some dim remembrance of having seen money used to buy food and clothing, and regretted that he had not strength to push away the great stones that closed the narrow entrance to the treasure; but Kuka said it was better thus, for they might in their ignorance present some coin that might attract suspicion.

At daylight Antonio found himself in a new world, for the old woman, in spite of her age and infirmities, had traveled on and on untiringly. They were upon the high and dusty road, and looking around him Antonio thought he recognized in the distance the hill upon which he had passed so many years. He could not be sure, but he marked the spot in his mind and looked at it again and again during the day, for they stopped to rest some hours in a little *choya*, where the old woman bought not only food and drink, but a miserable donkey to forward her on her way. This almost exhausted her store of money. "But," she said, "we can sell the donkey when we get to San M——, and I will soon find friends who will not let old Kuka starve."

With an indescribable feeling of delight and yet of pain, Antonio had recognized the name of the city near which he had been born and whence he had been stolen. With the sound of that name returned to him the remembrance of his father and mother, his little sister, even the very goats and sheep he used to watch. He had seen old Kuka grieve for the loss of her son; would his mother rejoice over hers regained? But should he find her? should he find any one he used to know? and if so, how should he account to them for his absence? His horrible fear of the bandits, perhaps more than the new hopes arising in his breast, seemed to quicken his hitherto dormant imagination. He began to invent a tale to account for his long absence, and upon his imparting it to old Kuka she greatly approved it. It was simply that he had been carried away by shepherds, and that he had been employed in tending sheep in the mountains, and that finally an old widow

who had long been kind to him had brought him back to seek his friends.

So they traveled on two nights and a day, making their entrance into San M——just at nightfall. By good chance they sold the donkey to a wood carrier, although at less than half its original cost, and then old Kuka told Antonio, what she had known during all her journey, that she was dying.

Antonio did not well comprehend what this meant, and not at all why she should desire to see a priest; but he followed her as she led the way slowly and painfully to a large building called a hospital, where two days afterward he learnt what death was, and found himself alone in the world.

Literally alone, for all their little store of money was gone, and he had no friends. No one in the hospital concerned himself about the awkward, perhaps apparently half idiotic lad, and whatever had been the confession with which old Kuka had satisfied her conscience, it did not cause the priest even to glance a second time at poor Antonio; and so with that dreadful feeling of loneliness at his heart in the crowded city, worse than he had ever even dreamed of in the lonely mountain cave, he passed out into the sunny streets and wondered when the darkness came where he should rest, and when he hungered where he should be fed.

Towards afternoon, when he had wandered quite over the city, staring, no doubt vacantly enough, at all the wonders it contained, this latter question began to force itself most pressingly upon him. Little as he knew of life, he knew that money was necessary to obtain any of the articles of food he saw plentifully enough exhibited, and that some dire penalty would follow if he reached out his hand, as he was much tempted to do, and stole enough to satisfy his hunger. At last, when he was in the greatest perplexity what to do, he passed a house in process of building, and saw a mud-bespattered lad seated upon a wooden trough turned upside down, and making a hearty meal of *tortillas*, *chile*, and *frijoles*. Antonio's mouth watered, and there was something in the boy's face that invited confidence, as in the cheeriest man-

ner possible he made spoonlike doublings of his *tortilla*, and scooping up his toothsome *frijoles* and appetizing *chile* with a dexterous swoop, devoured the morsel with an epicurean smack that aroused the keenest feelings of his beholder.

They were indeed so strongly pictured upon his face, that in a roving glance the feaster sent around him they caught his attention, and caused a suspension in air of a more than usually carefully prepared morsel; and Antonio, encouraged by an evident kindness in the curiosity of the boy, frankly stated his plight and begged a portion of the meal.

It was granted ungrudgingly, and while Antonio ate, his host did not fail to ply him with questions, which he answered as he had before decided to do, carefully avoiding by any chance giving a clue to the real character of his kidnappers.

"Well," said the boy at last, picking up his wooden trough, "I'm off to carry more mortar for this blessed house Don Julio is building. If you want to get enough money to pay for your lodging tonight, come along with me. Old Julio is looking for boys, and I'll tell him you're a cousin of mine."

Antonio gladly followed his guide, and at nightfall found himself with aching head and shoulders from the weight of the trough, but with that wherewith to pay his lodging should some kind soul point out where it might be found.

His guardian angel clung to him in the form of the lad Pedro, who took him to his own poor home, and introduced him to his mother, his cousin Luy, and about twenty other relatives, who according to custom huddled together in the two dirty, smoky rooms which formed their common home.

Again Antonio told his fictitious tale. But there was enough truth in it to cause him to be greeted by shouts and tears of delight by the mother and the cousin.

"The saints be praised!" cried the former, "again I behold my godson—my own cousin's child—that she long wept as dead until with weeping she dropped into her grave, poor thing! and your father was not

long in following her ; and then Luy—you must surely remember your sister Luy — came to live with us. And whoever would have believed that her lost brother would have been brought to her like a bird in the hand by my own Pedro? No sooner let the morning come than I'll take the best pair of candles a *real* can buy to *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*—praise be to her name ! ”

Luy was not behind her relative in welcoming back her lost brother ; and so in a manner which seemed to him almost miraculous, he was restored to those of his family who remained. He took up his abode in the crowded little hut, and became at the same time one of its most useful and mysterious inmates. He followed the occupation to which Pedro had introduced him, and from carrying the *batea*, or trough, became a mason. But from various causes the times became dull and the city was overcrowded with workmen, so that it rarely happened that either he or Pedro earned more than sufficient to support those dependent upon them.

Meanwhile Antonio was weighed down by a slavish fear. On every side he seemed to behold his probable assassins. He trembled if he walked abroad at nightfall ; a suspicious glance from a fellow workman set his heart quaking ; and so—fearing to keep, fearing to betray—he guarded his secret, and grew more and more morose and unlovable as time went on.

At last a new phase was added to his mental sufferings—a terrible temptation came upon him to profit by the secret he possessed, and to appropriate to his own uses a part of the stolen treasures. It had come to pass that the only two people whom he loved on earth also deeply loved each other. Pedro and Luy, Antonio's sister, had long been betrothed, and poverty had worn them both sick with its cruel menaces and delays. Antonio became desperate in watching their attempts to better fortune. In vain, all in vain ! Even by self-denials utterly foreign to the character of the Mexican peasantry, not even dollars enough to pay the priest could be hoarded, while one of the trio knew

where thousands, perhaps millions, were tarnishing unheeded.

Dearly as Antonio, as was natural, loved his sister, an affection still deeper and more unselfish filled his heart for Pedro. His first association with him, his steadfast friendship, his unwavering confidence and belief in him, while others were often cold and suspicious of his reserve—all these combined to ensure his love. Besides, in a dim way he revered and admired him. Pedro could read and write ; he seemed to Antonio to hold the key of another world. He was full of high longings and mysterious dreams, which Antonio could only vaguely wonder at, and yet envy and admire. Besides, too, he pitied Pedro. The strong flame of his ardent spirit burned so fiercely in his frail body, and the struggle with poverty, and love, and baffled hopes was so unequal—what could the end be ?

And did he not hold in his hand the very talisman the lovers sighed for ? Aye, one more powerful than their wildest dreams could picture ! But oh ! the old days of slavery ! The fierce bandits extorting oaths which demons might hesitate to dictate ! These would ever rise upon his mind side by side with present terrors, and a curious feeling that he had faith to keep with the robbers whose secrets he had been shown. So he hesitated, sometimes restrained by fears, actual or corporeal, and oftener still by a naturally sensitive conscience, as true to its ideal of duty, though one so grossly false, as though it had been the purest which morality and wisdom could depict.

Long, long did the struggle continue, but one day he overheard a conversation between the lovers so full of baffled hope and despairing love that in a sort of frenzy he called Pedro aside, swore him to silence, and revealed his secret.

Pedro was at first incredulous, then wildly enthusiastic. He embraced Antonio in irrepressible delight, and at the same moment reproached him for his timidity and laughed at his fears.

They were both mere boys still, and Pedro was impulsive and ardent. His very soul seemed to expand before the possibilities

conjured up by his cousin's words. What wonder then that even the dull and repressed nature of Antonio should rush into enthusiasm when talking to him of the treasure? Was Pedro a genius? One who under happier auspices might have been of the earth's best and brightest? At least to Antonio he seemed inspired, as he spoke of what his future—their future—might be, and after swearing a thousand times the most inviolable secrecy, he entreated Antonio that they might at once set forth in quest of this boundless wealth.

So in an excitement that grew more and more intense with the necessity for its repression, they began to seek excuse for absenting themselves from San M——, and this being found, with high hopes they arranged for an early departure..

But whether disease had for some time lurked within him, or whether it was induced by excitement, it now suddenly laid a heavy hand on Pedro. Their immediate journey was prevented by his prostration under a violent attack of fever. Fortunately there was no approach of delirium, or probably Antonio's long guarded secret would have been one no longer. After the first days of illness were passed, Pedro suffered a thousand tortures of baffled desire and maddening impatience.

As they were never alone, the cousins found no opportunity of conversing on the subject which engrossed the thoughts of both. But in indirect ways Pedro was always harping upon it. He longed for the country, he said; he longed after the great free mountains and the wide-stretching plains. As soon as he was well Antonio should take him to them. Would he not? Would he not go? There was nothing to do in the city; there was no revolutionary chief in action, ready to press into service any stray wanderer. There was nothing to fear—all to enjoy. Should they not go?

His mother laughed at the sick man's fancy, but when he became stronger and still persisted in it she became angry that he and Antonio should leave their work for a summer's idle wandering, and pretty Luy pouted

and frowned, even when her lover laughingly predicted that he should return with changed fortune to love and wedlock.

But in spite of all opposition they set out; and as, in deference to Pedro's weakness, they proceeded slowly upon the well-remembered road over which old Kuka had first guided him, Antonio beguiled their frequent solitude by relating a thousand tales of the deep-reaching hatred and vengeance to which they were probably exposing themselves. Had he been able to judge of human nature, he would have spoken upon any theme but this. For while he gained fearlessness and strength by giving utterance to the terrors that had for years haunted him—and in their very utterance finding many of them exaggerated and even absurd—the weaker soul of Pedro received them all with that horrible quaking of dread and uncontrollable horror with which a timid child listens to tales of ghosts and ghouls. He did not tell his fears, but inwardly and vainly struggled against them, the wild solitudes into which they penetrated, each day becoming more grand and terrible, conducting to his fatigue and the bewilderment of his over-burdened mind.

They had started forth gaily enough on the dusty road, which gradually wound across the plain up through the green foot-hills, through the scant woods of prickly *mesquite*, becoming narrower and narrower among the loose sands where the cactus grew, and the masses of broken stones where the rugged pines began. Up, up to the deep cañons in the cleft mountain sides, where the traces of the torrents that in the rainy seasons swept them made yawning seams, laying bare the rock strata in ghastly lines of clayey yellows, glaring masses of barren heat, which burned like furnaces beneath the fierce glare of the tropic sun and grew hard as stone against the wild fierce winds, which, whether hot or cold, penetrated the very marrow, exhausting by day, electrifying by night, so that little sleep was had beneath the covers of the striped blanket which formed their only shelter. Two or three times, it is true, they had come upon lonely huts perched upon some jutting cliff, where only the eagle might have been

looked for ; but they had not dared to exchange a word with the grimy faced charcoal burners, whose scowling and threatening glances belied the peaceful trade in which they were ostensibly engaged.

Once they passed through the village Antonio remembered well: the huts were in ruins ; not a solitary creature was to be seen, but a cock crowed as they were leaving it. Did the notes come from beneath their feet, or was it the ghostly echo of sounds that had long ago been familiar on that uncanny spot ? There was not even a bucket hanging in the half-choked well—plainly the place was utterly forsaken ; yet they hurried through it as if some threatening form might at any moment spring from behind some half-ruined hovel, and drew deep breaths of relief as they found themselves again lost in the mountain solitudes.

For days they strayed from one cleft to another but always upward, until almost unexpectedly they emerged upon the narrow plateau which formed the top of the almost conical mountain. Antonio looked with exultation upon the scene ; how well he remembered it all ! The morning was dazzlingly clear, but a few fleecy clouds floated around the sides of the mountain. The height upon which they stood showed clear beneath the glaring sunlight. Giant rocks were cast upon the gray, loose sand, behind which armies might have lain undiscovered. He knew the very one behind which the mouth of the cave opened. He went and stood there, and pointed out to Pedro the route by which they had come—the pale streak of plain, the green foot-hills, the forests of *mesquite* and pines, the rents and chasms in the mountain sides. Under the clear light all seemed so near which it had taken days and days to pass over ! They could have seen San M—— itself, perhaps, but that a mountain spur cut off the plain abruptly in that direction.

"I shall never see it again," sighed Pedro wearily, as he sank down, and moodily wrapped his *forongo* around him.

Antonio laughed. "What a time to grow faint-hearted !" he cried. "Courage, Pedro,

there is still a handful of pinole left, and six tablets of chocolate, besides a taste of *mes-cal* that will put new life into you. Unless the spring is dried up, we can get fresh water, too, as we go back. Ten minutes' good work, *amigo*, and you will see such sights as will warm the very fibres of your heart."

Pedro sprang to his feet in an access of excitement ; he seized the gourd of *aguardiente* from Antonio's hands, and gasping and staggering with the long draught he took, followed his cousin into the cave, which, after a few minutes' hard labor, they succeeded in opening. Truth to tell, it was with a beating heart that Antonio penetrated its dark recesses—visions of the days he had spent there with old Kuka, of the wild figures before whom he had knelt and taken fearful oaths he was now about to break, rose before him ; shouts of wild laughter and wilder blasphemies echoed in his ears ; it required all his common sense to persuade himself that they were but the footsteps of Pedro in the gloom behind him. More than once he turned the faint gleam of his candle upon the staggering figure ; it was not sufficient to light up the white face, and the wide, staring eyes.

Antonio paused in the very center of the cavern. A huge black rock jutted out from its smoke-covered sides. Countless insects ran in all directions, as Antonio walked towards it, and drew from its dim recesses a pickaxe and a heavy iron-pointed wedge of toughwood. As Antonio selected and brought these tools, keeping up his own courage by singing the refrain of an old song, Pedro looked fearfully around him, and seemed to see a thousand demons lurking in dark recesses, and suddenly their shrieks appeared to rend the air. The very mountain seemed bursting asunder with horrible lamentations and howlings, as with a wild word of daring Antonio suddenly dealt upon the stone a mighty blow of the pickaxe. Another and another ! Oh, ye fiends, what shrieks and howls of torment ! the very air was full of blows ; a weight as of steel seemed to fall upon the bowed head, the crouching form of Pedro, and throwing his arms upward, he fell backward, writhing in horrible convulsions.

Antonio was horror-struck. He dropped the pickaxe, the noise of its fall dying away in fainter and fainter echoes, till a deathlike stillness reigned in the cave, broken only by the stertorous breathing of Pedro. Then he recovered from his momentary paralysis of horror, and rushed to his cousin's side. Lifting him in his arms, he bore him from the cave, vowing by all the saints that he would never again penetrate its demon-haunted depths.

He renewed the vow when, hours later, Pedro had revived, and told how, upon entering the cave, Antonio had taken in his eyes the very form of skeleton Death, and the candle in his hand the glare of the demon light that on All Hallow Eve warns the good angels from the graves of the heathen and unshrived. All this horrified but did not surprise Antonio. Were not the scenes he himself had witnessed, the blasphemies he had heard, sufficient to make the place the very gate of hell?

"Some people to whom I have told this tale," said the Padre musingly, "have thought Pedro was the victim of a fit of epilepsy, induced by extreme excitement in his weakened condition of body. But, indeed, there seem strange spells about that unhallowed treasure; and I wonder not that in spite of his weakness Pedro insisted upon dragging his spent steps down the mountain side, till he fell exhausted near the spring whence Antonio had many and many a time borne water for his task-mistress, whom he believed to be still the ghostly guardian of the accursed cave."

Their poor food was soon exhausted. It took them days even in the descent to reach a village where they could buy more. Pedro bore the suffering uncomplainingly, every feeling apparently lost in the mania of fear with which he fled from the mountain.

"The dream is over," he gasped, as they came upon the high road leading to San M——. It was a cloudy day, and even the outline of the peak had disappeared. "Poor we were born, Antonio; poor we shall die.

How could we hope the devils would yield gold to the poor wretch that the saints refuse even strength to? Dreams, labor, even life—all is over for me. For God's sake, Antonio, and for all you hold most dear, go not into that horrible den again. Death! death! death! Thou wert encompassed by death!"

Antonio shuddered. The icy grasp of the Avenger seemed on him still. His shadowy presence seemed to walk beside them. It stepped with them across the threshold of his mother's door, when Pedro entered there.

I need not linger over what followed. The mother and Luy were distracted with grief. They called the vengeance of all the saints upon the head of Antonio, who had taken Pedro they knew not where, to die of exposure and fatigue. His only comfort during all that time was in Pedro himself—in the glance of those eyes which never reproached him, in the expression of peace which slowly gathered over his white face, and grew perfect that day when he fell asleep upon the bosom of the weeping Luy. Antonio gazed at them a moment with inexpressible love, which became wild remorse when the mother lifted her voice in wailing and a bitter curse. He turned from the scene and fled, feeling as if the brand of Cain were burning on his brow.

Fortunately, we need not trace his wanderings thereafter. His relatives had no clue to them, although at stated intervals he appeared, more reserved, more saturnine at each interview; and neither asking nor answering questions, lavished gifts upon the two women, and without word of farewell went his way. Generally afterward they found a bag of coin under the pillow, and, much or little, they learned by experience to know that before it was exhausted another would be provided. This went on for years. Who knows how his wealth was gained? Our people have peculiar ideas of duty. To support mother or sister many a good son takes to the road when honest labor fails.

In one of his visits, however, he found that Luy was consoled for the loss of Pedro

by marriage with a well-to-do *ranchero*, and that the mother lived with her at her ease. So he left his last bag of money, and departed, joining the army of Santa Anna; and at Buena Vista received a wound in the knee which lamed him for life, and forced him to find employment upon a cattle rancho, where he made horsehair *riatas*, or turned his hand to any light work that offered. Always silent, always morosely busy, he at last attracted the attention of one of the clerks, a young Frenchman who by some chance had found his way to the *hacienda* and to the confidence of its wealthy owner, Don Eusibio de la Torre.

Don Juan, as Jean Le Force was called, had some knowledge of surgery, and devoted infinite care and skill to the cure of the wounded limb; and won the undying gratitude of Antonio by so far restoring it as to enable him to manage a horse without difficulty, and so to become a *vaquero*. Coursing over the plains in pursuit of the half-wild horses and cattle was an occupation so much in accordance with his old free manner of life, that in the first ardor of thankfulness he vowed eternal fidelity to his benefactor—a fidelity which was soon to be called to the proof.

Don Juan became violently enamored of Lola, one of the daughters of Don Eusibio, and though the young people met only at mass, when he managed to kneel discreetly behind her, and catch a glimpse of her white neck and dark hair beneath the folds of her mantilla, or a glance of her expressive eyes as she passed him, in some way he discovered that she was not indifferent to him, and, careless of consequences, urged his suit with an ardor that completed the conquest his good looks and manly bearing had begun. His love was returned with all the intensity of a first and only passion.

Her father was indignant and inexorable: to prize a clerk for his business and social qualities was one thing; to desire him as a son-in-law entirely another. He forbade his daughter even to think of the penniless young Frenchman, and at once removed her to his residence in the city.

But time and distance were in vain. Don Eusibio still retained the young man in his service, thus keeping him in an honorable imprisonment at the *hacienda*, while Lola was liberally indulged in all the gayety of the capital; but amid it all she pined, and in uncomplaining sadness began to droop like a lily in the blast. A year or more passed, when, with intense chagrin, Don Eusibio yielded to what he deemed a hard necessity, and consented to her marriage with the man of her choice, at the same time assuring Don Juan that he would have but a portionless bride. The youthful couple hastened to the *hacienda*, and for a little time were happy. But Don Eusibio regretted the tenderness he had shown, and knowing that at his death Lola could not be debarred from her portion of the estate, his rancor daily increased toward his unwelcome son-in-law, and in a thousand ways he managed to annoy and persecute him.

Lola's life was embittered, and Don Juan's pride deeply wounded; and they soon agreed that such a state of existence was intolerable, and that privation among strangers might be borne more readily than sarcasm and contempt from kindred.

So they went almost penniless to the city of Mexico, arriving there at the era when independence had just been declared, and when not only Spaniards, but all foreigners, were unpopular. For this reason Don Juan found no employment. Their funds were soon exhausted, and when they were at the lowest ebb of poverty and desolation, their first child was born.

But they had still one friend, even when reduced to absolute poverty. Antonio had insisted upon following the fortunes of the young couple, and even when begged, nay, commanded, to leave them, had clung to them with doglike fidelity, with that forgetfulness of self which in all this history he has shown to be his most prominent characteristic. By the exertions of this faithful follower, Don Juan and his wife and child were saved from actual beggary; but not from the want of even the common necessities of life. In vain the young French-

man sought employment. There was none for foreigners. In vain he strove to humble his pride and apply to his father-in-law for assistance. Not even the sight of his wife's distress could move him to that.

One evening, wretched, almost maddened, he sat in a bare room of his lodgings when Antonio entered.

"Oh, my God," he cried, "have you brought us food? have you brought us money? Look, I am a beggar in this rich land—there is not even bread for the foreigner or his helpless wife and babes! Why do not you hate us, Antonio, like the rest of your countrymen? Why do you not follow the example they have given you, and spring upon the outcast and cut his throat?"

Antonio, perhaps, understood as little the deep misery which occasioned this outburst as he had understood his cousin's dreamy hopes and vague aspirations; but it moved him in the same way as those had done to a forgetfulness of fears, both natural and superstitious, and opened his lips upon the subject of which he almost feared to think.

He ran to his master and cast his arms about him, bursting into tears. "Oh, my master," he cried, "forgive me that I have suffered you to reach this depth of poverty and misery, when I can give you untold riches. Listen! only listen to what I have to say!"—and he eagerly poured forth the tale of his life.

Don Juan was at first stunned, then became incredulous of Antonio's sanity. He could not understand the character of Antonio, nor even that of the race of which he was a very ordinary specimen—a race led by superstition or abject devotion to those they considered their superiors, and absolutely ignorant of any happiness to be obtained from more wealth than that needed for the easy acquisition of their daily bread. Of this Don Juan could have no conception. The very fact of Antonio's laying all before him and claiming no reward led him to doubt his sanity; and when the excited servant urged him to buy a mule and provisions for the journey and to set forth with him at once, he answered him impatiently and derisively.

And so the subject ended, and shortly afterward Don Juan obtained employment, and Antonio came to him saying, "I am going back to the *hacienda*. First, though, I am going to the treasure country, and I will learn the name of the mountain where it is hidden and of all the places near, and if ever you wish to grow rich, you shall seek me, and we will go together to the cave, and all shall be yours."

Don Juan was affected by the poor man's devotion, but incredulous as to his sanity. And so they parted, and, as years passed by, Don Juan prospered and grew rich; and as he had entirely lost sight of Antonio (who, he learned, had never returned to the *hacienda*), the wild tale he had heard from him became as a half-remembered dream. Even his features grew indistinct to his memory, and only his devotion and self-denial remained fresh in the minds and hearts of both Don Juan and his gentle wife.

At last arrived those lawless days when the wild history of Mexico was written in its most glowing and most lurid colors—those days just before the short splendor of the Empire began. Robbery and murder were every day occurrences, and within the capital itself few men dared to walk the streets after dark. Such was the position of affairs when one night Don Juan was called upon by a priest, and invited to accompany him to a distant and obscure part of the town, to visit a dying man whom he represented as most urgent in his desire to see his old master before he died. Strangely enough, neither Don Juan nor his wife once thought of Antonio; but the Frenchman had not lost the fire of his youth, and was fond of adventure; and taking the precaution to arm himself, he instructed a trusty clerk to do the same and to follow him closely in another carriage. He then stepped into that of the priest, and they proceeded as quickly as the darkness and roughness of the way would permit towards their destination.

You will, of course, guess that the dying man, whom they found in a house of the poorest and meanest description, was Antonio Valle, who, through poverty and sick-

ness, had dragged himself with doglike fidelity back, as it were, to the very feet of the man he loved, to give him the name and location of the spot where lay the untold wealth he had either never had courage or never had power to appropriate.

This time Don Juan doubted not his tale, told with the earnestness of a dying man in the presence of the confessor and the clerk: he made a memorandum of the names which it was important should be remembered; and after the death of Antonio caused a statement of the matter to be written out by his confidential clerk—who proved less trustworthy than Don Juan had supposed him. Within a few days he disappeared from the city, and his employer was scarcely surprised to learn that he had been found murdered and stripped upon the very mountain where Antonio had declared the treasure hidden.

This incident confirmed Don Juan in his fears of the risk of attempting to profit by Antonio's relation; and as he was already rich and wished to return to his own country, he set aside the statement, intending, perhaps, at some day to place it in hands more avaricious or more daring than his own.

"Are you weary of my tale?" asked the *padre*, dropping the narrator's tone and scanning the group with a critical eye. Eager protests assured him to the contrary.

"You surely are not going to leave us with such a slight clue—with none, indeed, to guess at the lucky fellow who must, by all laws of human fitness, have carried off those golden treasures," cried I.

"On the contrary," answered the *padre*, smiling. "But should I not crave your patience when I am about to bring myself upon the scene as an actor—an important one 'tis true—as well as a narrator."

Exclamations of redoubled interest and curiosity greeted this announcement, and after a moment's thought the priest resumed.

Some years ago, not many months after the fall of the ill-fated Maximilian, when the

very name of Frenchman was execrated through the land, I was one evening surprised by a visit from a young man who gave the name of Leon Lefevre. He brought with him a letter of introduction from my friend, Friar Vicente Aguilar, who had been the confessor of Antonio. His letter was an enigma to me, as I knew nothing then of the history I have related; but in spite of some prejudice against his nation, my heart warmed toward Leon Lefevre. He was a handsome young fellow of twenty-eight, light-hearted and frank, and within a few moments of presenting himself before me had made me acquainted with his history.

"You must know," he said, "I am the youngest son of a poor but aristocratic family, to whom no fortune fell but the sword of my father—a sword which, I blush to own, was turned against a nation's liberties. Like hundreds of others, I came here ignorant and thoughtless, expecting the welcome of all, except, perhaps, a few unreasonable malcontents. Instead, I found a whole nation in arms to resist the emperor we believed had been called by acclamation. Well, well, you know it all. For a few months life passed gaily enough. I was retained in the capital, and there met the lovely daughter of a fellow countryman; I was welcomed to his house, and though he was immensely rich and I so poor, we were the warmest friends, until I proposed to become his son-in-law. This Jean La Force decidedly objected to, in view of the waning fortunes of the Empire and my impecunious condition and uncertain future; but having himself married in spite of obstacles similar to those which threatened to separate me from Rita, his heart was more placable than his reason, and upon the eve of his return to France, he gave a reluctant consent to our union. My wife is at the *meson*, *Padre mio*. Will you not go with me to see her?"

I shortly agreed, and found in the poor inn of our village, and looking sadly out of place in the bare, dull room in which she sat, a radiant young creature of eighteen, whose golden hair and brilliant blue eyes, so rarely seen in our land, together with the fairness

of her complexion, seemed to give her the ethereal beauty of some angelic being.

From these two young creatures I learned the history of Antonio. It tallied with tales I had heard of the famous bandit chief Tomaso, *el Tigre*, as he was called, for no prey of man or plunder escaped his rapacious claws. Many a time had I thrown a stone upon the pile that covered the spot where he had at last been shot, though I knew there had died a murderer rather than a victim; but much secret sympathy had been felt for the daring outlaw, and the young follow the lead of the multitude.

I'm afraid the priests, who know so much of the secret history of the people, are apt to exaggerate in our thoughts the secret treasures which the shifting fortunes of our country, the oft-recurring and dangerous changes of its government, have caused to be hidden in the massive walls of old houses, the depths of wells, the wild recesses of the mountains. I did not for a moment doubt the existence of this robber quarry, and was immediately imbued with the enthusiasm of the young couple, for even Rita was enthusiastic: having entered upon the enterprise, by no arguments I could have advanced would she have been deterred from sharing its dangers.

"I am really the cause of this wild enterprise," she said, "and I shall not leave my husband to face its dangers alone. The presence of a woman will give the party the peaceful appearance of ordinary travelers, and will actually lessen the danger. But whatever may be the risks, I will share them—I will go."

They had left Mexico full of hope, bringing with them money enough to defray the expenses they anticipated, the statement written in French by Don Juan, and also a letter of introduction to me, given them by Father Aguilar, Antonio's confessor. Just as they were leaving Queretaro, they were stopped by so large a band of robbers that resistance was useless. Their baggage and money were taken, their persons searched, and to their consternation, their treasured documents were taken from them. It was in vain that they represented that those pa-

pers were valueless to any one but themselves. Out of mere wanton mischief the chief took possession of them; but in glancing over them saw the letter addressed to me.

"Oh, this good *padre* is a particular friend of mine," he said; "I once had the pleasure of robbing him on this very road, and he absolved me from the sin directly afterward"—which, by my faith, I remember doing much against my will, overpowered by an argument in the shape of a loaded pistol at my head—*Ave Maria sanctissima*, the flesh is weak!

Well, the rascal laughed when he saw my name, and good naturedly threw Leon back the letter, and to his wife a small bag of change wherewith to pay their traveling expenses, and so they presented themselves to me almost penniless; with the precious manuscript witnessing against them to, perhaps, their deepest enemies, and with, worst of all, the name of the mountain forgotten.

My story has been a long one. I will tell you in a few words what I did for them. I first endeavored in vain to dissuade Rita from accompanying her husband. I then offered to secure twelve armed men for their protection, and to go with them myself; and finally I decided that the mountain was the one named Tetethaula—the one standing in bold relief there to the northward.

There was a pause as we lifted ourselves from our lounging postures, and a general murmur of disappointment as the *padre* continued with a sigh:

"I do not mind confessing to you that I was wrong. I was misled by the verbal statement given me by Leon and Rita, and which they believed an exact repetition of the writing they had lost.

"Our preparations were made in accordance with my opinion. In a few days the men—all trusty fellows whom I knew well—were procured, and all made ready for the expedition. I went to bed apparently perfectly well, intending to arise and join the party at two o'clock—the time of starting—but was taken so violently ill during the

night, that fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, they were obliged to leave without me.

"My illness continued more than two weeks, prolonged, I believe, by my anxiety concerning the adventurous party. At last one day, before I could have anticipated their return, two of the *mozos* appeared before me with a tale which even now I weep to recall."

The good *padre* was indeed weeping plentifully, and it was some time ere his emotion allowed him to proceed. Meanwhile the party around him waited with deep interest and silent anxiety. At last, apologizing for his delay, he continued :

"The party arrived in safety as far as the mountain I had spoken of, it being understood by the escort, and generally spoken of at the *haciendas* they passed, that they were seeking mineral deposits. None, however, were found ; nor after the most critical examination could the sharp eyes of Leon and Rita discover any traces of the treasure cave. They had descended the mountain, and were filing through a narrow gorge *en route* to another, whose name they could not learn, when they were fallen upon by a number of armed men. A desperate fight ensued, the *ladrones* evidently fighting for more than mere booty, and the Frenchman and his party offering the most determined resistance. Rita took her part nobly, refusing to fly, and busily employing herself in loading arms, when a shot pierced her heart, and she fell from her horse dead. Instantly the confusion of the scene was increased a thousand-fold, and in that narrow gorge was enacted the most frightful slaughter which even the annals of Mexico can show. It was afterwards found that seventeen robbers were killed, and it was supposed that of those who escaped, perhaps not one was unwounded. Leon Lefevre, who fought with perfect frenzy after the death of his wife, apparently seeking to share her fate, was merely wounded, while half a dozen of his men were killed and the rest barely escaped with their lives ; all but the two who brought the news to me being severely wounded.

"My first act was to hasten to the unfor-

tunate young man, who lay at a *ranchito* to which he had been carried. The body of his beautiful and devoted young wife had been brought to the same place, and there she was interred. Perhaps the saddest duty I ever performed was that of reading the burial service over those cherished remains. How can I portray the despair of the young husband ? Suffice it to say, that immediately upon his recovery he left my house, to which I had had him removed, declaring to me his firm and unalterable resolve to put aside all thoughts of the treasure which had been cursed in its formation, and which had proved a curse to all who had sought its removal.

"He was very young, and I expected as soon as the poignancy of his grief had passed he would forget this determination and make one other trial for wealth, but for two years I heard nothing of him. And when I did, it was but to inform me that he was about to leave Mexico for his native land, whither he had been called to protect the interests of his mother-in-law, Jean Le Force having died of grief at the fate he had brought upon his daughter by his ill-chosen dower. Le Fevre instructed me to apply to a certain firm for payment of the funds with which I had furnished him, and across the letter was written a single word. It was the name of a certain *sierra*. He had remembered where the treasure was hidden."

There was a clamor of voices : "Where, *Padre* ! tell us where" ; but the old man with a quiet gesture commanded silence, and continued :

"Just a few words more, and my tale is ended. My mistake was natural enough ; so natural that Lefevre had been waited for at both places. The race of banditti had not died out — ay, even now lives still. These grimy charcoal burners and dull-eyed shepherds want but a signal to spring to the saddle, seize the musket, and ply the old trade. They drink in the love of adventure with the mother's milk ; it is fostered by scores of such tales as this I have told you. Others beside myself had heard of Tomaso, *el Tigre*, and, as I have said,

Leon Lefevre was waited for upon both mountains, by those who suspected the cause of his visit, even if they did not actually know the hiding place of the treasure.

"This fact I learned in a curious manner. I was called upon some months after the receipt of Leon's letter to confess a dying woman, and to my care she intrusted a number of papers which she said her husband had at different times stolen from travelers in the exercise of his profession of highwayman. Among them was one pierced by a ball and stained with blood, its characters almost undecipherable; but upon examination I found it was written in French, and the woman told me it had been taken from the body of a man—undoubtedly Jean Le Force's clerk—who had been killed years before. Her husband had shown it to another bandit who knew a little French, and whose curiosity had been awakened by its mention of a treasure; but he had been able to obtain no exact information until he had, by a strange coincidence, become possessed of the statement of Leon and Rita Lefevre.

"Rightly conjecturing that an attempt

would be made to discover and open the cave, parties for its defense were stationed at each mountain. Leon had been allowed to leave the first in safety, but upon entering the deep defile which led to the second, the terrible tragedy which I have described was enacted. The robber chieftain fell in the awful carnage which followed the death of Rita; the blood-soaked papers in his bosom were buried with him, and so perished the proofs of the existence of the treasure for which so many lives had been spent in vain."

THE story is ended, Molly. What do you think of it? Shall I take up the gauntlet and accept the challenge? Shall a clear-headed American of the nineteenth century act the part of a spell-breaker, and bear off in triumph this fateful treasure? Would it prove a fatal myth to me, as to so many others? And, lastly: There are clouds in the west today. Are there any such mountains? Is there such a treasure, or such a priest? The sunlight makes man skeptical. What do you say?

*Louise P. Heaven.*

---

### A RAMBLE IN THE FOOTHILLS.

THE early afternoon of a May day; the grim black cloud which had thrust itself up from the north and given us a brisk shower, had glided out at a southern gate of the horizon. Its tempest, relieved by sonorous, angry utterances, mingled with a flow of tears; heaven smiled again. Over the clear blue sea above scudded bits of fleecy cloud, like a host of Neptune's subjects holding carnival. A soft wind blew, bearing upon its succession of billows the freshness of spring—the breath of young vegetation, so exhilarating to the soul.

For me, Poverty Gulch had suddenly lost its attractions. I wanted to fly away from the noisy little mining camp to more tranquil retreats among the surrounding hills, where Nature's secluded corners lend their freedom

to heart and mind. As any nomad of the untilled West will agree, there is a charm about the landscapes innocent of art still abounding there. There is a fascination to the eye and mind about the tumbled-up yet picturesque scenes they afford, with their abrupt breaks, grotesque formations of rocky points, delicate purple-gray coloring in the distance, and the clearness of the air, through which the naked eye may rest upon lofty snow-capped peaks two hundred miles away, with mounds, mesas, bluffs, ample valleys, and rugged brush-fringed margins intervening. Viewed from a lonely and elevated point, this panorama has a grandeur to almost overwhelm the senses; and one feels, with a pang of regret, that the great "I," the center of the universe to all conscious life, is

but the veriest atom in the hand of the ever-present Creator.

We have a calmer appreciation and a deeper thought of the mysteries surrounding us, when away from the sound of human voices and the chatter, clatter, squeak, bang, and dull humdrum noises incident to camp or city. More clearly can our minds grapple with the plans of the great unseen worker, when isolated from man's artifices. Domestic cares are hushed: all is impressive stillness, excepting a faint, harmonious song—the rustle of a leaf, the sway of a branch in the breeze, the hum of a bee, the stir and call of the native species of animal life that in these solemn fields make their happy homes, rear their vivacious and dearly-loved young, grieve over the death of aged companions, vow constancy in their respective dialects to devoted mates, cleave the boundless sky, or roam, light of foot and light of heart, over the vast tracts of their sporting grounds, occasionally hunted, and doomed by the representatives of our boasted human charity to violent death.

They become at times intolerably tiresome—the promises and squabbles over long anticipated riches which remain beyond the reach of grasping hands; hopes deferred indefinitely. Who would not long for relief from wrangles over gold resting safely a league or two under foot, or somewhere, nobody knows just where, and flee to the silent hills for peace? I and my shadow were tempted, and so I and my shadow scaled the walls of Poverty Gulch, and hurried away whither we might shout, sing, or romp with the ladybugs without the torment of conservative criticism. How delightful to be free from the hamper of useless and harmful proprieties! When safe from sight and hearing, how delightful to the feminine vocal organs, muscles, and joints, that have dared, in fear of disgrace, to move only just so for years past, to exercise in imitation of the happy-go-easy masculine youth of promise! Our souls seem teeming with fresh life. We see in all their transparency the follies, the deceptions, the self-imposed miseries, and the dishonourableness of our crippling elite customs, under which we endeavor to live so not to be dub-

bed eccentric, when at home or with any of our kind.

There is comfort in elbow room and innocence in outdoor recreation. Cramped joints grow stiff and rusty, and stifling air stupefies the intellect, makes reasoning defective, and ages the system robbed of its natural supports. Peace of mind depends much on the proper action of the lungs and liver, and the skin loses its tone in the stagnancy of the vital fluid; and in the wake of these ills of non-exertion come the wrinkles that settle deeper and deeper as the years pass. Why should we hasten age with its decrepitudes? The natural decay comes soon enough. Nor do we want to be each other's exact duplicates, nor to echo without thought the opinions and rules of the rabble. Originality is capable of dignity coupled with valor and heroism. We might profit by a degree of innocent independence in daring to do right for health and personal and moral justice, in the face of criticism; in honoring freedom of thought, candid and pure mental analysis, and their expression in speech and action, with a ready consideration of non-encroachment on others' rights to the same liberties. When we render ourselves incapable of clear reflection and just judgment, by enfeebling body and mind with the needless duties of gloomy households, society, and fashion, we wrong others as we wrong ourselves; and we are responsible for these wrongs—responsible for our weakness in not daring to oppose them. We see this in the delicate constitutions of the little ones that gather around the table to eat indigestible pastries, and we feel rather than see it that our own lives are wrecked, though we do not know just how.

The society woman is first a mimic, then a deception, then next to a nonentity, since she is only a shadow, an echo of the multitude. Though neither born to be wealthy, handsome, nor gifted, the dictates of self-styled guardians are not necessarily to be heeded by any of us. Let friends and associates jostle, point out our errors, if they like, but none pick out the crack we are to walk.

With movements elastic and spirits hopeful of interesting incidents, we turned in a

left hand trail to take in Half Moon Cave on our way through a rocky cañon. Nearly there, I felt a weight on my head, and reached my hand to the crown of my hat. Something tapped my fingers, and was gone, and a blackbird flew away in our advance. The thought struck us that familiarity on the part of a blackbird was in nursery days considered an ill omen. "Ha! ha!" I laughed, with a glance at my shadow, my sole companion, "we are neither as young as when we listened to ghost-stories with wide-open eyes and ears, nor as superstitious."

We moved on; we would neither harm our black friend, if we could, nor await anything more from him; he only wanted to salute us in welcome to the hills. We stepped to the entrance of the cave, the rendezvous of owls and bats. Its opening was a low, broad, and well-formed arch in the solid rock, with wild gooseberry bushes nearly concealing it. The floor within was a soft, level bed of sand—the fillings in of many years' sandstorms. We eagerly scanned the old Indian pictures of warriors, animals, suns, and nondescripts, drawn in red, blue, and yellow over the entire smooth vault of the low ceiling.

Our eyes were soon accustomed to the darkness within, and, discovering a smaller entrance leading beyond from the front room, we suddenly were impressed with an unpleasant suggestion. Sheep and goats might not sympathize with us in our distress at that moment, but horses and mules who have been stampeded on the plains by a prowling coyote, or something uncanny, while grazing at night around the sleeping camp, know what the feeling is. My shadow and I were stampeded, yet we had neither seen a coyote nor anything else likely to open hostilities with us. Of course we would not acknowledge that a spark of superstition clung to us (we would not so violate an American boast), yet we thought uneasily of the blackbird. We could almost see wriggling serpents, and grinning, bewhiskered catamounts peering at us from the darkness of the inner chamber as we moved about in their light. A terror seized us in a twinkling, and we beat a pre-

cipitate retreat to the open air, and away up out of the gloomy cañon, struggling for breath on the elevation, and feeling as if we had had a narrow escape from destruction.

Again under way, we set the grasshoppers bounding to right and left apprehensively before our feet. A baby hare started up from behind a bush, stared at us a moment, twitched its nose and worked its ears, and with a hop, hop, vanished, in just a little doubt of our harmlessness. We crossed rocky ridges and dry wastes—which were just then somewhat wet with murky little streams running through them, from the thawing snows on the higher altitude—on down to the plain beyond. These difficulties were soon overcome by a rattling of stepping-stones into line. My shadow and I were having a holiday. Every flower, every bursting bud, was for our benefit; the whole wilderness of smoke-pure air was there for us to breathe, if we could; every note issuing from the throat of a wild songster was uttered for our ears; and every winged bug that flew in our faces with a buzz and a hum of his own added to the whole.

After a weary scramble up a steep acclivity, we reached the realm of the pines. We were nearly half way up the mountain side, furrowed and scarred by the elementary blasts and torrents of ages. We had reached our goal, and halted, gasping for breath, like fish out of water.

"*Chip, chip* (Be seated)," called out a cricket from below, who had ventured almost above his altitude. We obeyed, took a quick, searching glance all around us, and, hidden by a copse, we were settled for a rest.

Above we could see through the odorous pines the naked, gray, and craggy points of rock, standing tier upon tier in bold relief against the clear sapphire sky. Turning from the heights, we gazed upon the wild formations of the landscape before us—a succession of cañons, gutters, ridges terminating in "hog-backs," all spread out until they ended in a valley of scarcely perceptible undulations, and, beginning again, all was hemmed in by the foothills of the opposite range. Thin, fleecy clouds went sailing off into the

sweeping, celestial sphere, and, barred, lay in translucent sheets on the precipitous sides of Guardian Peak. Down on our left we could see, shining in the sunlight, the tumbling, thick, yellow liquid of Mud Falls, and the thunder of the plunging water came creeping up the mountain side to our ears. Below the falls, on the course of the murky stream, we could look into Daisy Valley, with its bluff walls standing in a semicircle on either side of the grassy level, and its creepers struggling with little success to clamber up the perpendicular mass of rock. Daisy Valley, nature's little foothill parlor, gave no admittance to us. Its entrance is from below, up through the narrow cleft which is the outlet of the stream. The larger four-footed animals may use the bed of the creek for a trail, as no doubt they do, and reach the cozy nook, with its fresh, green grasses.

Down among the scrubby cedars on the ridge straight below us were two deer, leisurely browsing. A moment later we discovered a wee little fawn gamboling about and playing with its frisky shadow. They were a family of three, happy in freedom, happy in each other.

My heart warmed toward the buck, as I marked his notice and gallantry to the little one. I set him down in my notebook as a gentleman. The fawn—its every start, its every hop on its tiny hoofs, its large liquid eyes, expressed all contained in its nature: innocence, playfulness, confidence, and love for its dear mamma. The mother—her responsibility the heaviest, her heart the largest, with due regard and love for her mate, and devotion and an ever-present concern for her pretty little one. I began to philosophize.

"The mother love is divine the world over," I wrote in my book. "Have we not, in spite of all our inattention to animals' domestic affairs, constantly proof of its strength brought before our unwilling eyes and understanding? In Africa the elephant, when hunted by the natives, shelters her calf with her own huge body, never wavering for a moment, until she bristles with the spears, and falls and expires from their many punc-

tures. She could herself easily flee unharmed, but she harbors no such thought ~~when~~ the calf would thereby be endangered. A human mother could not do more. Whalers in the lagoons where the young are nursed wound the calf first, knowing that the mother, in her attention to it in its distress, will fall an easy prey thereafter. She makes no effort to leave it while it has life, no matter how much attacked. Bears will face any danger for their cubs. One at the East tried to enter a farmhouse where her cubs were imprisoned. Alone they are shy, and retreat from human kind, if not aggravated by attack. (Near Inskip, said the 'Chico Record' a year and a half ago, a three-year-old girl, daughter of Henry Flynn, was kidnapped by a bear, who carried her away, and treated her with the greatest kindness the twenty-four hours she was in its possession, until, closely pursued, it was forced to drop its burden on a log in crossing water to make its escape. The child said she slept in its arms all night, and it made constant efforts to pacify her. This proves that the bear wanted her for adoption; that it felt a longing for something to care for and center its affections upon; that the ferociousness connected with its kind in general opinion is a myth. And a man who by accident ran across a bear in the Sierras, unarmed and where retreat was inconvenient, concluded to put on a bold face. Dropping on all fours, he slowly met Bruin half way. The result was a friendly salute. They touched noses and passed on, mutually satisfied with respect shown. Had the bear had cubs, in her concern for their safety, she might have acted less kindly, or even had the man taken to flight or shown defiance, there might have been a different issue.) A stork near Hamburg, when the house on which was her nest and young brood took fire, stood still to perish in the flames, in her helplessness to remove her charges, and was so burned and crippled that she barely survived her injuries through the kind attention of a pitying doctor. Cats particularly dislike to wet their feet, yet we know of an instance where the kitten cast into the middle of a pond at dusk

was found cuddled up to its mamma in its old quarters the next morning, both as dry as if they knew nothing about water. And are there not innumerable authentic cases where, with danger to their young as an incentive, birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles have faced death in many ways, their will and courage ready to obey any promise of rescue, however shadowy? Every cow thinks her own calf the handsomest, every tabby thinks her own kittens the cunningest, every mother raven thinks her own brood the whitest: and so it is through all animal life, the little ones are worth facing danger for."

The picture of the contented family of deer below me had sent my imagination to all parts of the world. When the spell was broken, I closed my book and looked again to see if the trio were in view. Yes, they had scarcely changed positions since I looked at them last. What a dear, happy little one! Full of play: how it reared up at the dumb and unappreciative bushes, and then gave a sideling start, challenging them to a race! I almost envied the family their peace and care-free days. How royally the buck poised his crowned head in the air! He had taken alarm at something among the thickets down in the ravine. Then the graceful attitude of the doe, as she approached and stood beside her mate, both staring down the gulch. A rabbit, perhaps, had startled them, we thought.—Bang! bang! Mercy! What a cruel deed! How unjust! O, the cruel tyranny of mankind! A Bengal tiger, or the lion of Africa, the king of all ferocious beasts, would do no worse!

The buck had flown like a bird over the ridge. The doe, with a bound toward her little one, uttered one loud, despairing bleat, which smote upon our ears with a ring of murder in it, and then she fell prostrate upon the earth. One mighty effort she made to regain her feet; but no: her head swung

around for a look to her fawn, then at her side, and sank helplessly. Her tongue protruded and her limbs were still, but for a slight twitching movement of their muscles.

The huntsman came helter skelter up the hillside. His lamb-like face belied him. Good looking and of pleasant appearance in his jaunty suit. His movement was nimble, and his strides told that he felt himself a victorious hero, that he believed he had vanquished some terrible enemy. Blinded by conceit he did not see that he had furtively and treacherously taken an inoffensive life. The pained and pleading look in the victim's dimming eyes touched no tender fiber within his breast. The sign of remaining life only made him pull the keen-edged knife from his belt. A wicked thrust of its point in her throat, one heavy slash, and it was all over, and the hunter's heart beat loud with exultation over business transacted.

The young fawn was easily taken prisoner while tugging for nourishment at the lifeless body of its mother. Roughly the hunter dragged it after him, with a strap to the handkerchief tied about its neck. How the little thing struggled for freedom! "Poor pet!" we said, "your happy play has come to an abrupt and permanent end! You will be cooped up in a little cage, where you will have more than you can eat one day and less the next; where your world will be about four feet square, and boys and even grown people will amuse themselves poking sticks through the bars at you; where the pain of your misfortune will have no sympathetic response. It were kinder did your captor confine your suffering to a moment."

The sun was getting low. The hunter and his captive were lost to view. All for miles around was as still as if nothing had happened. My shadow started from her seat, and we hurried home, thinking and wishing, but saying nothing.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

## LITTLE JETHRO.

WHILE making a short sojourn in the city of B——, during the year 1866, I found among the household servants of my hostess a little contraband, who had been "fotched up," as he termed it, "down Souf, on de plantation of King Hiram." He was an ebony-hued, woolly-headed little specimen, of no earthly use in the domestic economy save as a holdfast on an excellent cook, who claimed to be his aunt and under no consideration would consent to be parted from him. From being at first merely tolerated as a necessary evil, he had become a favorite with the various members of the household, who were wont to amuse themselves with his oddities and ready flow of quaint talk. Furthermore, he was a soft-hearted, grateful little creature, ever ready and willing to serve you, especially if in so doing he could linger in the bright sitting-room, where the cheerful, open fire, the deep windows, with their wide, cushioned seats, over which the golden sunshine streamed, and the many soft rugs, which were his delight as resting-places, all appealed to his indolent, warmth-loving African nature.

"Why do you always call your old master *King Hiram*?" I one day asked of him, as he lingered chatting beside me, after performing some slight service, evidently luxuriating in the glow and warmth of the room.

"Co'se, Miss Kate, dat ar am on'y des a make-up, fo' he shore nuff name am Marse Hiram Partee. Yo' see, Miss Kate, he was powerful rich, en he owned mighty nigh all de kentry roun' dar; en he had swarms pon' swarms uv niggers workin' fo' him ev'ywhars, so de pore white folksy des tuk ter callin' him 'King Hiram.' But arter de war he went away fum dar wif all he fambly—you know whar Memphis am, Miss Kate? Well, dar am whar he lives now."

"And you, my boy, what did they call you in your old home?" I asked, desiring to lead

him to talk more freely of that home and its life.

"Mammy, she allus called me Jethro—des like Aunt Marty does now—but Marse Hiram, he mos'ly called me little Trip-toes—kase why, does yo' say, Miss Kate?"

"Yes, 'kase why' Jethro?"

"Well, I 'spicion, Miss Kate, 'twas fo' de reason I usen sometimes to lie down on de mat des outside de doah of de gre't house, to wait fo' mammy when she staid late wif de chil'en en Mis' Mosella, kase I'se lonely sittin' in de dark down to de cabin. En yo' see, Miss Kate, two, th'ee times, Marse, he fell over me dar when he was coming outen de doah, long uv me bein' fas' 'sleep dar. Co'se, he bark he shins, en dat make him mighty mad, like it do mos'ly ev'y gen'l'm; en at last, I 'lows, he patience gev out alto-gedder, fo' one night, I membunce, he got fur'ous, en des picked me up, he did, en tho'ed me way off inter de grass, des like I'se a hopper-toad, en said: 'Lie, dar, yo' good-fer-nuffin little Trip-toes! En min', ef I ever kotch yo' yere ergin, sleepin' on dis yer doah mat, trippin' up people's heels ter break der bones en crack der heads, I'll give yo' such er shakin' up ez'll make ev'y bone jingle in yo' little midnight skin!' But Marse Hiram didn't mean dat, Miss Kate, he was on'y mad des fo' dat minnit, en I know'd it. So I say, sort o' peart like, 'Oh, Lor'! Marse, don' go fo' ter do dat, kase I 'lows ter grow inter a t'ousan' dollar niggah some day fo' yo'!' Den he larf, des like I made shore he would, he was dat humorsome, Marse Hiram was, en he tho'ed a fip away off inter de grass, en said: 'Go hunt dat twel yo' mammy comes, yo' little humbug; but don't fo'get wha' I tells yo' 'bouten des yer doah steps, kase dars no telling un yo' fum night itself atter dark.' Yo' see dat I'se oncommon brack, don' yo', Miss Kate?"

"Yes, Jethro, your complexion is somewhat dark, I must confess, even for a full-

blooded little African. But what became of your mammy? Where is she now, that you are here without her?"

"Oh, Miss Kate, sussen dresse came to her w'at I kin't bar to think on, en yet I kin never, never fo'get it w'iles I live," he answered, the tears filling his soft, shining eyes.

"When Marse Hiram went ter de big city ter live, he tuk mammy en me 'long, kase she was like to bre'k her heart at bein' parted fum Miss Mosella en de chil'en. Yo' see, mammy was gettin' a leetle ole, en warn't ve'y strong, so Marse Hiram, he planned fo' ter tek Becky, who was a young gal, in her place fo' ter min' de chil'en. But Mis' Mosella, she say she ruther hev mammy ef she was growin' ole, kase she was usen to her ways, en was so patient wif de chil'en w'at all loved her mos' 'mazingly.

"Well, we warn't dar mo'n one week when pore mammy, she was dead—en in such a 'stressful way, too. She was crossin' de street one day, when, 'long uv not bein' usen ter de noise en confusion uv de carts en de cayages, en folkses gwine eve'y way ter onct, she got 'stracted like en fell down, en de hosses' feet trompled her, en killed her right dar, afore she could help herse'f.

"Mis' Mosella felt so bad when dey fotch-ed her home, she cried en cried; en she tol' Marse Hiram he mus' send her back to de ole home fo' ter be buried long side uv her chil'ens, kase she allus was faithful en tender ter dey own little uns, en ter dersel's. So Marse, he sont her, en me, too, back ter daddy; and he buried mammy down in one corner uv de brackberry patch, long wif my little brudders en sister.

"Den right away, daddy, he tuk a new mammy fo' me; but 'pears like she didn't love me like my own pore mammy usen; fo' I'se mos' times hongry, en cold, en mis'ble; and I usen ter feel so sore en ache so at night-time, 'long uv totin' her babies all day, I couldn't sleep, kase how, she had th'ee chil'en 'sides me. En dat ar leetlest baby uv hern, Miss Kate, was des de mos' cryingest baby yo' ever hearn 'bout. 'Pears like it never could keep still one minute

'thouten I tote it all de time—it des wore me cl'ar out, it did.

"But one night dat ar mammy en daddy, dey went off atter dark wif a heap uv other brack folks, fo' ter tend a 'stracted meetin' w'at was holdin' in de woods roun' Bell's Depot; en dey lef' me fo' ter tend de chil'en, des like dey usen ter do mos'ly eve'y night, kase dey's powerful fond uv visitin' en gwine 'bout eve'ywhars. Atter dey was gone a spell en de chil'en was fas' 'sleep, I began fo' ter feel lonely, en like I wanted ter see my own mammy onct mo'; en 'peared like 'twould take de ache all outen my bones, ef I could des lie down in her arms en hev her sing ter me des like she usen ter do atter her wuk was done. I was sittin' on de groun' dar, des like I tells yo', outside de cabin doah—kase 'twas so dark en fearsome inside—cryin', all still, ter myse'f, so ez not ter wake dat ar baby, en wonderin' ef mammy know'd I'se dar, en how hongry, en cold, en mis'ble I felt, when—what yo' t'ink, Miss Kate?—'long come Aunt Marty, en cotched me up in her arms en toted me off ter her own cabin on Marse Clopton's place—fo' shore, she did, Miss Kate!—en she kep' me dar all night; en in de mo'nin', des ez soon ez we could see, she woke me up en gev me some bre'k-fas', des ez much ez ever I could eat, en den she say:

"'Now, Jethro, we mus' be gwine outen dis yer 'fore yo' daddy comes huntin' un yo', fo' ter tek yo' back to be a nigger ter dat ar shifless woman Ca'line, w'at he calls he wife, en w'at he done tuk up wif afore de sun ever shone on yo' pore mudder's grave. I 'clare, chile, it do 'pear like yo's nuffin' but skin en bones 'long uv luggin' roun' dem gre't yaller pickanninies uv hern!—en yere am gre't welts on yer back en legs, bigger'n my finger, whar dat woman hev paddled yo'. I 'lows yer fader's heart mus' be harder'n ole Pharaoh's ever was, fo' ter stan' dat ar.'

"En den Aunt Marty, she 'lowed, she did, I mus' 'a' been e'enames' starved ter def; kase how, I e't des' like a young b'ar. 'But yo' mus' come 'long now,' she said; 'yo' kin bring de hoe-cake wif yo' fo' ter eat on de road, en I'se got more on't in my bundle yere,

en some good 'lasses cake, too, wa't yo'll get bimeby. We's gwine ter King Hiram's, honey,' she said; 'it's a long way fum yere, I reckon, but we'll fin' de end uv de road, we two will, never yo fear.'

"Den, Miss Kate, we trabel, en trabel fo' a whole week; but I warn't never lonely no mor', nor hungry, nor mis'ble; fo' Aunt, she toted me when I'se tired, en ev'ey night I slep' cuddled up fast in her arms; en she kep' me warm, en mos' made me fo'get mammy warn't dar herse'f.

"Atter awhile we foun' Marse, shore nuff, des like Aunt Marty said; en den she tol' him how she done stole me away fum daddy en de woman, Ca'line, kase she heerd dey 'bused me; en she showed him my back en my arms en legs, how thin they was, en kivered wif bruises; en she tol' him how't she was gwine away up Norf, whar she knowed she could earn 'nuff fo' ter keep us bofe com'for'ble. Den Marse, he gev me some nice, warm clo'es, en Aunt Marty some money fo' ter help her on de road. En atter dat we began ter tramp, shore 'nuff, en never stopped fo' long, till we fotched up yere, whar, Aunt Marty says, we am used like white folks, bofe un us, en am des ez 'spectable ez white folks, s'long ez we 'have ourse'fs white."

"Without doubt you are, my little fellow. But I don't quite understand about the blackberry-patch: why was your mother buried in a blackberry-patch? Was it a general burial place?"

"Yes, Miss Kate, all de brack folks w'at died on King Hiram's plantation—leastways, on dat one uv he plantations—was buried dar. When Marse fust gev de patch uv groun' ter de cullud folks, I'se yeard mammy say de briars was dar, en' nobody ever tried fo' ter get 'em outen dar; she 'lowed,' she said, 'twas a case uv eve'ybody's business bein' nobody's business.' Ole Uncle Mose usen ter preach heself hoarse 'bouten it mos'ly eve'y Sunday. He say: 'When de gre't angel Gabriail blow he trumpet on de las' day, en' wake up all dem men en' women en' babies in dat 'ar briar patch, how in de worl' am dey gwine fo' ter get outen' der

graves wif all dem bramble bushes twisted en' tied over 'em? 'Twan't in reason,' he said, 'ter 'spose de Lor' A'mighty was gwine fo' ter scratch he legs in dat briar patch helpin' un 'em!'

"But, ergin, mammy usen ter say Uncle Mose was allus grumblin' 'bouten one t'ing er nerrer all he life. Why didn't he go hese'f, some night arter work was done, and dig up er few uv dem briars, en' preach er little by 'xample, ef he was so mons'ous 'feared uv gwine ter glory wid er scratched face?"

"But de white folks' buryin'-place, Miss Kate, warn't no sech kind—dar warn't no trash uv no sort dar. Oh, Lor'! but 'twas bu'ful, 'specially at night-time, when de moon was shinin' en' ev'y t'ing was so still yo' could year de trees a-whisperin'. Mammy said she 'lowed dat was der way uv singin' 'Glory ter God in de highest!' en' when de birds put in der notes fo' de chorus, she des 'pin-ionated dar warn't no odder music in all de worl' ez could make heaben so real to her, or w'at was so full uv de peace en' freedom in keepin' up dar for her.

"I asked Marse Hiram one day w'at mammy meant by dat ar talk, en' he said 'twas des a part uv de pokery mammy's 'ligion foun' in all t'ings God had made."

"Poetry, Jethro—didn't he say poetry?"

"Mout be he did, Miss Kate; but I didn't 'zactly onderstand w'at Marse meant, nudder, so I disremembers."

"Never mind, now, my boy; you will understand it all some future day, for your mother seems to have bequeathed to you her earnest, imaginative soul, and the bonds which trammelled and repressed her life yours will never know. But I should like to hear more, Jethro, about that final resting-place of the dead of your master's family. What was the spot like?"

"Yes, Miss Kate, I'se wantin' to talk 'bout dat ar, kase mammy 'peared ter love de place so much; en when I t'inks 'bouten it, 'pears des like I kin see her dar, onder de trees, singing all soft to herse'f, like she usen to do.

"It was at de foot uv de flower garden, Miss Kate, whar dar was b'u'ful trees wif

long, wavin' branches, en lubly white stones all smooove en shinin', en shaped like leetle chil'en wif wings; en dar was one gre't white cross which mammy said was ter mind us uv de doah to heaben. En all over de graves, instead uv briars en thorns, was flowers en soft moss. En dar was pretty leetle seats onder an arbor w'ich was all covered wif honeysuckle vines en wild roses. I usen ter go dar of'en wif mammy, kase, yo' see, she was de chil'en's nurse, en usen ter tek de chil'en inter de garden ter play. Marse en Missus, dey usen ter come, too, en sit onder de arbor, fo' dey had four leetle chil'en onder dem flowers en moss clus by; least-ways, mammy tol' me der bodies were dar, but der sperrits, der souls, which am der immortal part en kin never die, am floatin' in de heavenly glbry w'ich lies all 'bout de gre't White Throne, whar dey am safer sheltered fum all pain en harm 'n dey ever could hev been in her ole arms, much ez she love dem; kase dey am cared fer now by God en de Son. She say she tuk care uv dem all w'iles dey was sick, en it was fum her own bosom, whar she was cherishing 'em, dat der sperrits went up yonder into God's keepin'. Den she tol' me to membunce allus, no matter

how pore, en sorrowful, en 'spised I might ever be hyar, ef I was on'y good en true, de Gr'et Marster who keeps all t'ings He ever made onder he watchful eye, would makè a place up dar fer me, too. En mammy said I wouldn't be so brack up dar in heaben, but my soul would be des ez white ez Marse's leetle chil'en's, ef on'y it was a pure soul. Do yo' t'ink, too, Miss Kate, I'll be white up dar? I should so much like to be!"

The round, shining eyes looked very earnestly forth from the little dusky face, as I tried to impress upon his mind that God looks into our hearts for the whereby to judge us, and not at our color or outward surroundings; but soon they began to droop and grow dreamy. The little head sank lower and lower, until it found a resting place on the bright rug, where, when a few minutes later his Aunt Martha looked into the room in search of him, she found him fast asleep, with the firelight dancing over and about him, creating as many weird and fanciful effects in the darkening room as ever the moonlight did amidst the whispering trees and polished emblems which adorned the little graveyard of his far off Southern home.

*Sara D. Halsted.*

---

### RIVERSIDE LONDON.

SOME few years ago I was called to London on business connected with shipping, which necessitated a stay of some weeks in that part of London known as the East End. My purpose in writing this article is to describe, as best I may, the places I saw and the people I met during my visit.

I arrived at Broad Street station one morning in the L. & N. W. R. train from Liverpool, and after making inquiries as to the quickest way of reaching the S. W. India Docks, whither I was bound, I boarded a street, or "tram," car, which was slowly traveling in the direction of the East End. I never knew exactly how I performed that journey: I know I got off and went to some

station, which proved to be a wrong one; then I was told to take the underground train, and again to take some other. It was well on in the afternoon when I at last reached the West India Dock gate. I had then little difficulty in finding the "Narwhal," the vessel of which I was in search, and which was to sail on the following day. After transacting my business with her captain, I asked his advice as to the best locality for me to board in. I wished to be close by the London and St. Katharine's Docks, but this he told me was impossible if I desired to find a respectable abode. Poplar, he said, was the best place for me, as there were many decent houses there in which lodgings could be had;

and a half-hour's railway journey would bring me to London Docks.

As I passed out through the dock gates, I wished heartily that I had already found a resting place such as Captain Bowen had spoken of, for I had been traveling since very early morning and was becoming greatly fatigued. Nor did the scene, as I emerged from the docks, tend to reassure me, or hold out any inducement as a place of residence for however short a time. On either side the gates were a couple of big, hybrid buildings, looking as if they might be tenth-rate hotels, shipping offices, sailors' homes, or a little of all three. Groups of rough-looking men, whose appearance was eminently suggestive of salt water, were loitering on the steps of each building, most of them with the inevitable *brûlée queue* in their mouths. A long, broad street stretched before me, but as it did not look inviting, I took the first opportunity that presented of leaving it, and turning to my right, I took my way down a small street, where every place was either a blacksmith's shop or a sail-maker's loft. Looking into the former, it was easy to see that they, as well as the sail-makers, depended upon the shipping for their work; anchors and spiderbands, and mast-head caps, with portions of boat davits, and the like, were scattered everywhere.

Leaving this haunt of labor, and crossing longitudinally another little street of an entirely different character, noisy, and full of petty shops, I at last found my haven of rest. I fancy if Noah's dove, on her first journey, had found an antediluvian barnyard afloat with the dovecote still intact, she would have felt even as I did, when I found myself suddenly in an atmosphere of perfect calm. I had not left the meandering stream of petty commerce ten yards behind, when all noise ceased as if by magic, or at least all such noise as was offensive to my ear. 'Tis true a number of children were playing in the street (a skipping-rope over which they were jumping largely occupied their attention), and they and their merry voices certainly redeemed the scene from utter repose; but their play was characterized by a spirit of

decorum which was in perfect sympathy with their surroundings. One little creature, as long-legged as a young colt, who could clear a foot higher than any of the others, smoothed down her skirts and rose to the jump every time as demurely as she entered her pew in Limehouse Church, prayer-book in hand, every Sunday morning.

The street was broad; of its length I could form no idea, as it turned a corner. It had a wide, generous pavement, in which every flag was laid down with absolute precision and regularity. The houses were, of course, brick; but the kindly years had divested them of that dull, hopeless appearance that one always sees in a row of new brick dwellings. Some of them, more pretentious than their neighbors, were stuccoed, and they were all surrounded by iron railings, behind which flourished either a carefully kept little plot of grass or a few old-fashioned flowers. In every window, where the snowy curtains parted, was a little table, and on it a piece of coral, a Japanese work-box, a Chinese idol of brass, sitting cross-legged, or in some instances a full-rigged ship; all of which outward and visible signs bore abundant testimony as to the calling of the owners of the houses.

Selecting one house, in the window of which was displayed a card bearing the legend, "Furnished Rooms to Let," I knocked at the door, and in a minute it was opened by an old lady, fresh and sweet as a daisy, dressed in black, a snow-white cap only half concealing her no less snowy hair. In answer to my inquiries, she told me, with a broad Scotch accent (so broad, in fact, that I had great difficulty in following her), that there were apartments in the house which I could have. Acceding to her invitation to step inside, I entered, and found myself in a small parlor, just exactly the place I judged it would be from the appearance of the exterior. Everywhere were strange things from foreign lands. On the fire-place (for it was summer time), were quaint shells and a branch of the beautiful coral tree; on the mantel a little pyramid of cowries, the tiny shells still used as currency in many parts of

India. On the walls hung the stuffed head of a noble albatross, some photographs of ships, a steel engraving of the wreck of the "Worcester," and a couple of portraits in oil, from their appearance evidently painted in China, probably from photographs taken there by some captain of a ship.

It was not long before I made an arrangement with the old lady, by which, on very reasonable terms, I was to have the use of the parlor and also a bed room upstairs, with my meals as well. Not being troubled by any luggage save my portmanteau, which I carried with me, and which I now took upstairs to my bedroom, I was devoid of care, and at liberty to domesticate myself in my new quarters at once. I was greatly refreshed by a wash in my little bedroom overlooking the street, and then by a cup of much better tea than I expected to find in the East End of London. I spent the remainder of the evening poring over an old calf-bound volume of Burns, ensconced in a comfortable arm-chair, my feet on a kangaroo's skin, and the curling wreaths from my meerschauum circling round a little bronze god on a bracket overhead.

Much has been written about the East End of London—that is, about its streets, its docks, its ships, and its various institutions—but very little about its people; for the crowd of sea-farers so often described are generally of the deep-sea class, and are here today and away tomorrow. Walter Besant and James Rice, in some of their works, give most admirable descriptions of this part of London, none better since Dickens, in his "Sketches by Boz," laid Ratcliff Highway before us; but they are all at sea when they come to talk about the people. In "All in a Garden Fair," Besant prates about the "Joyless City," and gives a heart-rending representation of the dull hopelessness and misery of its inhabitants. This is all wrong—entirely wrong: there is no more misery and no less joy in East London than in any other place in this world; not even excepting the West End. The average cockney of the East, whether he be a native of White-chapel, Poplar, Wapping, or Bow, or any

other locality, is a merry, careless fellow, full of the present, forgetful of the past, neglectful of the future. He cares nothing for and understands nothing of the large social problems which Besant represents him as bringing a great rude intellect to bear upon. He has his political clubs, certainly, and interests himself to a certain extent in the politics of the day; but only that the discussion of these subjects may give a zest to his beer, when on Sunday, with a group of his fellows, he lounges in his shirt sleeves in the corner public house. He grows eloquent, perhaps, in his denunciation of some Member of Parliament, whose political sentiments are not in accordance with his own; but he never seems to appreciate the fact that *he* is an integral part of the *people*. In fact, the cockney is of an argumentative disposition, but whether the subject of his discussion be a Franchise Bill or Tichborne Trial matters little to him; he never seems to understand that the one concerns *him* more than the other.

The morning following my arrival, I proceeded to London Docks. Catching a train at West India Docks, I passed several stations—Limehouse, Shadwell, Stepney—got off at Lemn Street, close to the entrance to London Docks. There was a ceaseless roar of traffic, as the great, heavily-laden drays jolted over the rough cobblestones outside the gate. I had to wait several minutes before I could find a chance to cross the street. Inside was a little watch-house, with two policemen in charge; and having inquired of them the way, it was not long before I discovered the vessel of which I was in search. My business occupied the greater portion of that day and of several succeeding days, and it was not until Sunday that I had an opportunity of making a tour round the localities which had been made familiar to me by the pens of Dickens and others. I visited Limehouse church in the morning, and in the afternoon I sallied forth on my travels. Taking my usual railway route, I alighted at Lemn Street, and in a few moments found myself in that classic thoroughfare known as Ratcliff Highway, which commenced just at

the London Dock gates. I was, I think, prepared to find a terribly rough place, even to run a little danger of being robbed, or murdered, or meeting with some such pleasant experience. But alas for my expectations!—why, it was a great deal quieter than St. James' Park or Piccadilly. I walked all down the highway, from London Dock back to Limestone, and during the whole journey saw only one drunken man, a Dutch sailor; and even he seemed to have grace enough left to be ashamed of himself, for he was leaning helplessly against the wall, in a sort of apologetic attitude.

Everywhere sailors were to be seen, of all kinds and nationalities, from a crowd of men-of-war's men off a French gunboat, to a negro cabin boy, who, resplendent in an immense collar and crimson scarf, was paying assiduous court to a much painted white damsel, who was arrayed in a dress of very faded purple silk with a bright blue sash, and a Paisley shawl, but without anything on her head save the somewhat scanty covering nature had bestowed upon her. Many places I saw which were familiar to me by report: here was Jamrach's, the famous wild animal man, whose emissaries board every newly-arrived vessel in search of strange beasts from far lands. Here was the "Rose and Crown," the "Blue Anchor," the "Jolly Sailors," and other public houses of almost historic associations. I noticed that a very favorite decoration was flags: every sign had a couple of crossed flags on it somewhere; and almost every window, where there were no wares to display, rejoiced in the flags of all nations. The houses to which these windows belonged were generally foreign boarding houses, and round the doors of them lounged picturesque groups of ruffians. Handsome Greeks with black, flashing eyes, long, curling locks falling from beneath their slouch hats, and with shirts as variegated in hue as Joseph's coat. Stolid Dutchmen, Germans, and Scandinavians in great numbers, dressed more quietly, their soft hats worn in a less jaunty fashion; dark blue clothes, in the making of which no attention to style or fit had evidently been deemed necessary;

their fair hair contrasting strangely with the mahogany hue of their weather-beaten countenances; their ears adorned by small, plain rings of gold.

I stopped to examine the contents of a primitive looking show-case which hung at the doorway of a house. It contained a display of faded photographs and many rude sketches in ink, representing mermaids, flying fish, Faith, Hope, and Charity, symbolized by a heart, an anchor, and a cross, full-rigged ships, the inevitable crossed flags, and many another quaint device. The explanation of this strange exhibition I found in the inscription on the show-case: "Joe Brooks, Tattooer."

I left the Highway, feeling that altogether the place was very different from what I had expected: St. George's Street in the East (for so it is now officially called) is not at all the same thing as the Ratcliff Highway of by-gone years.

I soon found that I was domesticated in a colony of Scots. I think nearly all the people in our street were Scotch, or of Scotch extraction. All were connected with the sea in some manner: if they were not exactly sailors, they were at least shipwrights, engineers, tally-clerks, or something else of the kind. The family in our house consisted of my old lady and her husband, who was a shipwright, and their granddaughter, a quaint, raven-haired lassie, the same long-legged little jumper whom I had observed on the day of my arrival. Sometimes the old man—he was nearly eighty—would come into the parlor of an evening, and spin me a yarn. His garrulity was appalling. Although he had been forty years or more in London, his Scottish accent seemed to be as strong as on the day he left his home, and I often found great difficulty in understanding him. If it had not been for his extraordinary verbosity, his yarns might have been very interesting to me: of the time when Poplar was "no what it is the noo"; when all east of the George Inn was yet country, and when "naething cam intae Lunnon Docks but wee bit briggies." But his great and favorite topic, and the one to which he brought round every conversation

if it lasted more than two minutes, was the visit of George the Fourth to "Edinburry"; and he invariably became much excited over the perfidy of "that bluidy Castlereagh," in representing to his Majesty that the Scotch were a nation of savages, and in endeavoring to dissuade him from paying this visit.

Right across the street was a very handsome young Scotchwoman, who kept house on a limited scale in a few rooms upstairs. Her husband was second engineer on a cross-Channel steamboat, and came home every ten days or so. I was much disappointed when I first saw him: he was such an insignificant little creature, while she was a splendid looking woman, tall and stately, with glorious eyes, and that rare delicacy of complexion which only the most perfect health can supply, and of which the most striking examples in the world are found amongst Caledonia's fair daughters. Yet in spite of the disparity in their appearance, they were just like a couple of love-birds, and always when he was at home they went in for having a "real good time." Every morning about half past seven he would go out for something for breakfast (I often wondered why he couldn't get it the night before); and an hour or two later I would see them sallying forth in brave attire, she tastefully and quietly arrayed in black, and he with his neat and well-fitting suit of blue, his kid gloves, and natty cane—for was he not second engineer of a large steamboat, and in receipt of good wages? I don't know exactly where they used to go on these trips, but they generally stayed away all day. I suppose they went to Richmond, and Hampton Court, and to the Crystal Palace very often; and perhaps to Madame Tussaud's, or the Tower, or St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey—but pshaw! who would ever be at a loss for a place to go to in London? Anyhow, they seemed perfectly happy. I wonder what Besant would have said about this pair. I wonder if he would have thought them good examples of the inhabitants of the "Joyless City"! When her husband was away, she never went anywhere. I often wondered what she did with herself; perhaps this was her unhappy

time. She sometimes came over to our house, and once I heard her sing. She sang some song about the Relief of Lucknow, I think—I know it was about the Indian Mutiny anyhow—and the exploits of a Scottish regiment; and her voice was as glorious as herself. I have no ear for music, though I am as susceptible to its influence as any one else, so I don't know whether her voice was a soprano, or a contralto, or what it was, but I know that it was delightful. I envied that little engineer a good deal.

There was a big music hall or variety theater in High Street Poplar, called the "Queen's Palace of Varieties," and having some curiosity to find out what kind of place it was, I went there one night, having paid one shilling and sixpence for a ticket to the orchestra stalls. I found myself in a large and handsome, though very gaudy, theater, which had evidently been fitted up recently. The orchestra stalls were not different from those of a West End theater, save in having little shelves in front of them for the reception of glasses. I was rather late, and the show had already begun when I arrived. There was a "funny act" on the boards: a sculptor, who had been engaged by a patron of art, an irascible old gentleman, to make a life-size figure of Caractacus in marble, was at his wit's end, the day having arrived for delivering his work, while as yet it was not begun. A happy idea strikes him: he goes out and fetches in a young man from the gutter, attired in a most dilapidated ulster. To him he explains his difficulty—how for want of funds he has been, and still is, unable to execute his patron's command. The young man, well intentioned, but not knowing exactly how to help, proposes to raise the wind by pawning the aforementioned ulster. The sculptor ignores this suggestion, but explains his plan; which is, that the young man dress in snowy tights, powder his exposed parts, and pose as Caractacus. This is done—the living statue, who has a chair for a pedestal, creating much merriment by declaring in broadest Cockney that he "cawn't get up on the fuhnitye with these taight trowsyes awn." The old gentleman comes in presently, and

as he is very short-sighted, there is much fun when the volatile Caractus, getting his back turned, knocks his hat over his eyes. The patron admits the grandeur of the statue, the striking attitude, the stern features, the warlike appearance, but complains of a clumsiness of execution in the nose, one side of which, he claims, is thicker than the other. The sculptor demurs to this, but the old gentleman insists that he is right, and that he can prove it, and rectify the error himself. In pursuance of this declaration, he gets a hammer and chisel, and clambering upon a chair, is about to commence operations, when Caractus, naturally objecting, slowly unbends his rigid right leg, and plants his foot firmly in the critic's stomach. The thing ends, as all these things end, in a sort of kaleidoscopic view of jammed hats, broken chairs, flying crockery, and general confusion. This is a fair specimen, I believe, of what pleases the audiences of these places; certainly they screamed and applauded to their hearts' content.

When the curtain fell, I began to look around, and whom should I see a few seats from me but my beautiful Scotch lassie and her little husband. She was delicately sipping ginger beer, while he appeared perfectly happy with a very fine cigar (a steamboat man defies customs duties) and a pot of beer. There was a great buzz of talking and laughing, a sound of the chinking of glasses, and a thick cloud of tobacco smoke. There was only one gallery, but this was well filled. The boxes, with one exception, were unoccupied. In the center of the theater was a raised stand, with a desk and table. Here sat the chairman in faultless evening dress, surrounded by a half dozen boon companions, at whose expense he was imbibing very freely many different kinds of liquor. His interest, however, seemed to center chiefly in champagne. These gay young men—his companions—were evidently the bloods of the East End. Everywhere was jollity, complete abandonment to the merriment of the hour, and good humor. There was the young mechanic and his wife, she with an infant at her breast (Heavens, I thought,

what a place for a child!), tarry-fisted sailors, dapper shop boys from the commercial road, Jews from everywhere. In the orchestral stalls were a number of decent-looking fellows, whose trade I could not even guess; others who were unmistakably captains of ships, in many cases accompanied by their wives and female friends; and several young couples, just like the little engineer and his wife.

I sat till the end of the entertainment through a long and varied programme. Scantly attired damsels sung popular songs, and danced with many wonderful evolutions. Negro minstrels played on their banjos, and cracked their bones and their time-honored jokes. Gallant tars, in some cases females in disguise, sung of their faithless Nancy or their loving Poll. Some of these actors earn very high wages—those who have made a name—and they appear at four or five places on the same night, so that one sees much the same kind of thing at the Queen's as at Lusby's in the Mile End Road, or at the Cambridge in Commercial Street, or at any of the East End variety theatres. One of the singers I heard was George Leybourne, the "prince of music hall singers," whose name is known far and wide through England. He is an old man now.

I found that this was a favorite place of resort for the people in our street, and I was surprised at this, for, as I said before, they were nearly all Scotch, and the Scotch are generally so strict in their own country. The exhibitions witnessed here and at similar places are, if not absolutely demoralizing in their influence, at least devoid of any element of good.

Our street was a regular little village of itself. Everybody knew everybody else, and it was just as full of gossip and scandal as any isolated village in the country. I used to get all sorts of little scraps of information about the concerns of its inhabitants from my old lady when she brought me my breakfast. She was almost as garrulous as her husband. She would tell me how Mrs. Brown, the handsome widow ("at least, some folks thought her handsome") in the large house on the corner, although she had

[May,

over sixteen, was not a bit steadier  
*y-fisted sailors,* she ought to be; and though she had  
*mmercial road,* it lodgers for many years, no decent cap-  
*he orchestra,* tain would stay there now; how once, even,  
*ooking* she was seen at dusk going down the street  
 with a black bag in her hand, and Captain  
 Forbes, of the "Evening Star," and his wife,  
 who were at the Queen's that night, both vow-  
 ed afterwards that she appeared on the stage  
 there with no clothes to speak of, and sung  
 a comic song, and executed a breakdown,  
 "which she was far too stout to do, though."

One evening I paid a visit to the Well  
 Street Sailors' Home, a place I had often  
 heard spoken of as being an admirable in-  
 stitution, and the largest of its kind. It is  
 but a few minutes' walk from the London  
 Dock gates and from Ratcliff Highway. It  
 is a very large building, with a great porch  
 and entrance door, gained by a long, broad  
 flight of steps, on which I found sailors in  
 every attitude, talking and smoking. Pass-  
 ing through the entrance door, I found my-  
 self in a great hall, the main hall of the  
 house. Just inside the door is the porter's  
 little box office, and here the porter may be  
 found day and night. In one corner is a  
 billiard table, where two or three ebony-  
 hued West Indian negroes and a few white  
 men are deeply engaged. In another corner  
 is a stall for the retail of tobacco, cigars, etc.  
 Benches line the wall on every side, and are  
 scattered indiscriminately through the hall.  
 Resting on them in every conceivable atti-  
 tude, or standing in groups, talking or smok-  
 ing, is as motley a crowd as I suppose one  
 could find anywhere in the world. Yonder  
 is a very exclusive group of Spanish man-o'-  
 war's men, with swarthy faces and blue jack-  
 ets, their gesticulations reminding one of  
 their lively compatriots round Gibraltar.  
 Near them are a couple of Japanese, with  
 almond-shaped eyes, and little ratty mous-  
 taches; while crouched shivering over the  
 stove is a Hindoo, retaining no trace of his  
 native costume save the many-folded turban  
 on his shaven head. He has adopted the  
 European trousers, less, perhaps, out of re-  
 spect for conventionality, than because of  
 the uselessness of his own garment as a pro-  
 tection for his slender legs against the rigor-

ous British climate. In a deep window seat  
 near the porter's box, talking to the old,  
 white-haired chaplain (I wonder if chaplains  
 are always white-haired), is as fine a speci-  
 men of the British tar as one could find in  
 all London. Though probably not more  
 than twenty-nine or thirty, he looks to the  
 eye of a landsman all of ten years more. The  
 sailor's life may be a healthy one, but wheth-  
 er it is by reason of his generally intemperate  
 habits, or simply because of the downright  
 hardship he has to endure, poor Jack ages  
 very soon; and this is a noteworthy fact. I  
 do not know that a sailor's life is any shorter  
 than another person's, but certain it is that  
 a man of thirty, who has spent fifteen years  
 at sea, almost always looks to be from five  
 to ten years more. And this is more true,  
 perhaps, of that poor Ishmaelite, the mer-  
 chant sailor, than of his brother of the navy.  
 This particular Jack is a boatswain; there is  
 no mistaking that. He has about him that  
 strange combination of authority and sub-  
 servience, not less familiar in the foreman at  
 shore than in the boatswain at sea—the air  
 of one accustomed to turn from his superior  
 officer with the respectful "Ay, ay, sir!" still  
 hovering on his lips, and issue a command  
 in stentorian tones to some "pea-soup swil-  
 ling son of a gun." Our friend, though, is  
 evidently neither a bully nor a time-server.  
 His countenance is too frank, his whole as-  
 pect too manly for that. He is dressed in  
 the costume which his kind most affect—a  
 cap with a turned down peak, white silk  
 handkerchief, and loosely-fitting, comfortable  
 suit of blue.

Presently, one, two, three, four, goes a large  
 bell; and immediately the whole crowd is  
 on its feet and in motion. This is four bells,  
 or six o'clock, and is the hour for the eve-  
 ning meal. I allowed myself to be borne  
 with the crowd up two flights of stairs, and  
 into a large and handsome dining-room. On  
 the walls were handsome oil paintings of na-  
 val celebrities and of the founders of the  
 Home. There were rows of long tables,  
 and in the center of the room large gas  
 stoves, where the food was kept warm.  
 Here several cooks with snowy caps and  
 aprons were dispensing soup to the waiters

with lightning rapidity. In less than a minute more than a hundred men were hard at work, and more pouring in all the time; as the meal is kept on the table for an hour, they would doubtless keep dropping in until the hour was gone.

I left the dining room, and made a tour of inspection round the rest of the house, up to the dormitories, rising tier upon tier, all open iron work, the ladders—one could hardly call them stairs—which led up to them and the landings on each story. Entering one of the berths I found that I was in a little hole where there was not room to turn round; a little bed took up most of the place, the head and one side fixed to the wall, and the corner which thus remained supported by a wire from the ceiling. A little slit in the bare white-washed brick wall illuminated the place by day, while by night a square hole in the partition furnished with a sliding door allowed the light from the common lamp outside to enter. On the wall over the bed was a tiny bracket, and on it a brown-covered Bible; this completed the furniture of the berth. Everything was scrupulously clean, but so bare and meager, and so like a hospital, that I should think the fore-castle must be almost as comfortable to Jack. There was a lavatory on every second landing, and on each side a long sink with five or six tin basins for about twenty or thirty men; that is, if all the berths were full.

I visited the library and reading room—comfortable, well-furnished apartments, with plenty of good reading material, and all the papers and magazines of the day; also the bank and clothing establishments, both of which are in connection with the Home; and the dispensary—the benefit of all of which Jack gets for fifteen shillings per week. I suppose the Home is an admirable institution; indeed it must be, since it succeeds to some extent in keeping these poor men out of mischief; but I confess I should not care much to be one of its boarders.

But I could fill a volume with accounts of the folks I met and the sights I saw. Old ship-keeper Thompson in St. Katherine's Dock had once been captain, in the employment of one of the largest shipping firms in

London, but his intemperate habits had brought him at last to being watchman on board the ships in dock, and to sweeping the decks of vessels that in his better days he would not have condescended to command. Many a time I watched him, when some exhibition of negligence or unskillful seamanship met his eye, turn to pour the vials of his wrath in nautical eloquence on the offending person, and then remembering his position, check himself and remain silent. Then the outward-bound and the homeward-bound vessels were a source of great interest to me. Such scenes of bustling activity, such hurrying to and fro, cries from ship to dock and from dock to ship, of "Hold fast that stern rope!" "Slack away forrard!" "Heave! heave!" "Another pull aft there!" Sometimes there were such sad little groups standing on the wharf when a vessel was hauling out—weeping women and children, generally the wives and families of the officers; other women who did not cry, but laughed and made merry, were there to see Jack off; and Jack himself was very frequently drunk, oftentimes so drunk that he would have to be carried into the fore-castle. But I liked best to see the homeward-bound ships—nobody drunk there, no weeping women, all bright faces and joyful anticipation. And the ship was often so devoid of paint and so weather-beaten looking, and the sailors always so brown and presenting an appearance so suggestive of foreign lands, that I often conjured up mental pictures of the glassy tropical seas, with their skimming flying-fish and their occasional sharks, over which she had passed, and the burning suns under which she had lain, perhaps only a few weeks previously. Somehow I never seemed to think of the cold weather, the living gales, the tempestuous seas, which she had encountered in the Western Ocean, off the "Cape of Horrors," or even in the English Channel.

But I must bring my reminiscences to a close. As I said before, I could fill a volume from my experiences in the East End. I enjoyed my visit very much, and left there with an entirely different opinion of the place and its inhabitants from that which I had previously entertained.

*Samuel J. Rea.*

## BARBARA'S STORY.

AFTER a party the other evening, while the wildest of March storms was beating against the panes, sobbing among the elms, and then hushing for a moment as if in terror at its own resistless might, we sat around the fire, a little group of friends, and fell to talking about death. Almost all of us had some anecdote, touching or humorous, to tell of the way in which we had received our earliest impressions of death. One or two of our tales were quite weird, and as the hour grew later and the storm fiercer, I think we grew a trifle superstitious. At all events, we gradually drew nearer together, and at last Barbara Sears, whose cheeks and eyes were still bright with dancing, told a most pathetic little tale, which impressed me so deeply that I shall try to write it down just as she told it.

I was seven years old (began Barbara) at the time I speak of, and had been carefully kept from any real knowledge of death; for, as nearly as I can remember, I considered the habit of dying as a peculiarity of the lower animals. My father and mother, and I, their only child, were spending the summer in a quiet little village in the south of France. As my mother was not strong, I was left a great deal to the care of my nurse Nanna, a sweet-tempered young French girl who lived in the neighborhood, and we often used to spend half the day exploring the country.

One of our favorite walks was along the bank of the little River A——, where a nephew of Nanna's used to watch his grandfather's sheep. We often stayed a long time with Jacques, who was a dark-eyed, sturdy boy, about nine years old. He used to tell the most fascinating stories of witches, step-mothers, and fairies. Sometimes a little girl of just my own age used to bring her sheep to the same meadow, and we would both sit and listen breathlessly to our oracle while he

narrated these marvels, making a willow whistle or plaiting a rush basket for one of us meanwhile.

On days when Jacques had no stories to tell, we would take off our shoes and wade in the sedgy little brook that ran down to the A——. We used to chase the water-spiders that skipped along the surface, casting their inexplicable shadows on the bottom of the brook, or else we would watch the little water-wheel Jacques had made. We used to pass such happy days together, and I grew devotedly fond of Jacques and Mimi, as the little girl was called. I remember especially admiring their odd, clumsy peasant shoes.

As nearly as I can recall the geography of the place, there was a high-arched stone foot-bridge crossing the A—— some distance below our meadow; and near this bridge, though entirely concealed from it by a bend in the road and a clump of aspens or willows, the straggling little village street began with a childish purposeless abruptness. On this street there was a tiny bake-shop, and another little shop where yarns, threads, and other trifles were sold, and two or three little cottages, over whose gates the old Frenchmen, with their tasseled caps, used to lean and smoke at sunset, while their wives wandered slowly through the garden paths, petting their flowers. Some little distance above the meadows where we played, a railroad bridge crossed the A——, and we used to like to watch the trains, which passed with a grand rush, though not very frequently.

Nanna used to sit on the grass knitting, while we children talked or played; and one day it happened that her yarn gave out. She wanted me to go with her to the shop to buy more, but Jacques was telling such a thrilling story that I begged Nanna to let me stay and hear it to the end, while she went for her yarn. So off she started.

We listened and listened, and Jacques told

and told; but just as the little boy was trying to slip away from the goblin with glowing eyes, we heard a shrill whistle away up the railroad track.

"The sheep! The sheep!" screamed Jacques, and started up the river bank as hard as he could run.

There on the bridge were the sheep, pushing blindly after their leader, huddled close together and completely panic stricken. The train was close upon them, and Jacques not nearly there. Then Mimi and I covered our eyes, and stopped our ears, and cried and cried.

After what seemed an endless time, Jacques came back. He showed neither fear nor excitement, but was very pale, and I remember feeling awe-struck by something in his manner and by the brightness of his eyes. He scolded us, and made us stop crying and talk with him about what was to be done. Some of the sheep had been run over by the cars, and the rest had leaped from the bridge and were drowned.

"I can't go home, Mimi," said Jacques, "for grandfather would punish me again. You remember how he punished me when I let the old barn door fall on the goose."

"Yes; but you said that he should have mended the door, and that it was near killing you as well as the goose," answered Mimi. "That made him so angry; and besides, what would you do? You would *have* to go home to dinner, Jacques."

I, in the innocence of my trans-Atlantic heart, ventured a suggestion. "Tell your grandfather that you tried your best to save the sheep. I don't believe he will punish you."

Jacques smiled a little at that idea and then said, "I will tell you what I had better do, Mimi. I will go down to the high foot-bridge and jump off into the river; then grandfather cannot beat me. The *bon Dieu* will forgive."

So down we three children started along the mossy foot-path, Jacques quiet and determined, and poor little blonde Mimi holding on to his hand as he hurried along, and crying softly as she went, while I followed, fright-

ened and bewildered, but hardly realizing what could possibly happen. At last we reached the bridge. Then Mimi said that Jacques must wait a minute. She would go to the baker's, and sell her hat and feather, and buy two cakes. They would eat them together, and then she would count for Jacques to jump off.

He tried to dissuade her, for he knew that she was very proud of her little hat, but Mimi went, and when she cried and begged the baker's wife to take it and give her only two little cakes, the good woman let her have them—two very pretty ones, with a pattern in red sugar-work on top.

The two children sat quietly down on the parapet of the bridge and ate their cakes, offering me a piece, which I was too much excited to eat. It is strange how every little circumstance, every detail of scenery and surrounding, seemingly unnoticed at the time, will remain forever fixed in one's memory when these details are connected with any strange event. I remember so distinctly how the little things nibbled their cakes in careful and regular scallops, each admiring the gradually diminishing remains of the other's cake; and how a superannuated goat walked slowly across the bridge, blinking in the sunlight, and disappeared at the turn of the road.

At last the cakes were finished with a sigh of regret, and Jacques told Mimi to count. The little creature shut her eyes, as children do in playing hide-and-seek, and said, "One—two—three"; and the boy jumped. Mimi shivered, but never opened her eyes; but I, as I saw the poor child whirled away among the rocks and rapids, came at last to my senses, and rushed up the village road as fast as I could go, searching and shouting for Nanna, who must have stayed gossiping somewhere. At length I found her, and we flew down to the bridge. Mimi was still standing just where I had left her.

As we were almost at the spot I heard the child say:

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* I shall be punished, too, because I have sold my hat."

And before we could possibly reach her, we

saw dear little Mimi's golden hair flash in the sun, and she, too, was gone.

Then, as Nanna afterwards told me, I fainted away, for the first and only time in my life, I believe.

During the afternoon news was brought to our house that a laborer working on his garden patch a little way down the stream had seen the body of Jacques float along and lodge behind the trunk of a fallen tree, close to the bank. An eddy must have carried it out of the main current. Finding the child apparently lifeless, this man had started for the village to get help. As he was hurrying along the bank, he had seen Mimi in the water, had sprung in after her, and almost by a miracle had succeeded in bringing her ashore. The child had seemed to be dead, but, to our great joy, we heard later in the evening that she had been brought to life and it was thought that she might recover.

Three days afterwards Jacques was buried. I had begged so hard to be allowed to see him again, that my mother finally let me go to the funeral, though she bitterly regretted that I should so soon receive still another sad impression. I have never since seen anything so gloomy as that little, dark, close room where Jacques lay in his coffin. Some kind neighbor had tried to ornament the place by putting a white wax cross and a few wax flowers on the mantel shelf, and the women were crying, and wiping their eyes with their coarse blue aprons. But when I was led up to the coffin I met with the complete reverse of all the painful feelings my mother had led me to expect. It had never occurred to me that Jacques' rugged, irregular face was handsome or expressive; but there he lay, with his dark hair curling around a perfectly white forehead, and smiling with a look at once peaceful and triumphant. I cannot imagine any human face more beautiful, and I thought, "Jacques was right. *The bon Dieu* will forgive."

There is very little more to tell; only a few words about the golden-haired Mimi, whose only object in life had been to please Jacques.

Ten years later my father took me abroad

again, and as we were to pass through the South of France, I begged that we might stop for at least one afternoon at this little village of C——. I had an idea that Mimi's parents might be still living, or that we might in some way hear news of her.

We found that the same little baker-shop was in existence, and was still kept by the same woman, so we went in and asked if she knew anything of Mimi.

"Yes, indeed," answered the garrulous old woman, "she is alive and well, but she has been so strange these ten years back, ever since the trouble there at the bridge, you know. Her mother won't admit it, but the poor child's mind is not right. Just fancy, she does not dance or laugh like the other girls, she cannot sew or spin, and she does not even think of marriage. *C'est bien triste, cela.*"

The kind old woman offered to show us the way to the little house where Mimi's parents lived, and father and I were very glad to have her go with us.

Once again I crossed the old stone bridge, and watched the line of poplars shimmering against the pale orange sunset sky. There was the darkening river, swirling and gurgling below the bridge, but I could hardly bear to look at that. After crossing the bridge we followed for some time a road that left the river and wound through some very pretty woods. This road I failed to remember, but it finally brought us to old La Flèche's house.

As she was just leaving her door we met Mimi's mother—a stout, elderly woman in a plain, gray gown and a saffron-colored fichu. She greeted the baker's wife very warmly, and said that she was just going to call Mimi home. Would we not go, too? It was a pleasant walk at sunset.

When she was told who we were, and that I had been with the children on that dreadful day so long ago, the dear old woman was much affected, but dried her eyes and would have us come with her.

I was much startled to find myself, after following a shady footpath for a few minutes, in the very same meadow where we had all played together years ago. And there, un-

der our dear old linden tree, sat Mimi, a dream of beauty and pathos. Her soft, fair hair was stirring a little in the breeze, her cheeks were flushed as if with the memory of some secret pleasure, and her eyes were fixed on the river with a vague, wistful look. Some sort of knitting work lay in her lap, and her hands were idly clasped upon the ball of yarn.

The girl did not notice us as we came silently toward her, though I was near enough to see that her knitting was a perfectly shapeless tangle.

The baker's wife whispered to me that Mimi thought she was making a scarf for Jacques, and that she waited there every afternoon and thought that he would come back.

"But she is as happy as the blessed angels," added the mother, with tears in her eyes.

Father and I slipped quietly away again, before the young girl had looked up or spoken. There were tears in our eyes, too, and we feared to disturb her happy dreams. I never saw Mimi again.

*Katharine Royce.*

### IN MEMORIAM.

THE long, long years! On earth we count  
From sorrow unto sorrow, in the heart  
Close numbering heavy days. And oft we say,  
"So many years ago I wept!" then drop anew  
The bitter tear; the tireless grief awakes  
To claim its dole; it will not rest like joy,  
Nor sleep, and be forgot.

Ah, weary years,  
Since thou, my love, didst leave me desolate!  
Ah, many years by Grief's dark calendar,  
Since thou didst pass upon the summer morn  
Up through the sunshine, and the shadow fell  
Which lifteth not.

Ah, is it true my Love,  
(Who raised up thine eyes so longingly,  
And saw the gates ajar, yet shrank to pass  
Lest I should weep,) that thou hast never heard  
A distant sigh upon the raptured air?

Nay! nay! no sighs can reach thee! Well I know  
They pause at Heaven's gate, and straight become  
The muttering clouds which bar the way of Peace.  
Oh baneful clouds, descend in showers of tears,  
I fain would weep tonight—ay, weep and rest!

Beloved soul, forgive my wayward cry!  
Oh, be thou 'hanced in bliss, till I may stand  
Close at thy side, and touch thy garments white.  
Then turn on me thy gaze of perfect love,  
And I, too, shall forget the griefs of Time.

*L. P. H.*

## THE CAPTURE OF PORTO PRAYA.

THE Bay of San Francisco affords the finest and most commodious harbor on the Pacific Coast of the United States. The entrance to the bay—called the Golden Gate—seems to be a great cleft in the sea-coast range of mountains, and connects this beautiful sheet of water with the Pacific Ocean. There is absolutely nothing to prevent the most timid navigator from entering this bay, by day or night, unless the land and lights are obscured by fog. Outside the Golden Gate is a bar, in the shape of a horseshoe, having on it a depth of five or six fathoms at mean low water. This bar breaks in heavy southwest gales. It does not often happen, but when it *does*, it is a sight to be remembered, especially if you are bound in or out of the harbor. I crossed it once on such an occasion, and shall never forget my experience.

It was some time in December, 1872, that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer "Sacramento" was lost on the coast of Lower California, on her way from Panama to San Francisco. The ship was a total wreck, but the passengers and crew were saved. Having no steamer in port, our agent chartered the "Idaho," belonging to the Oregon S. S. Company, to make the next trip to Panama, and I was assigned to command her. The "Idaho" was a screw steamer of some twelve hundred tons, and though a well-built, sea-worthy vessel, did not compare favorably in point of accommodations with the magnificent ships of the Pacific Mail Company.

We sailed from San Francisco in the "Idaho" at 11 A. M. of the 23d of December, 1872. It was blowing hard from the southeast, and raining at intervals. As we approached the bar, I saw it was breaking in places; but I was anxious to get to sea, and concluded we could get across safely. We "slowed down" to half speed, and I took my place in the forerigging, to "con"

the ship over the smoothest place. We had gotten about half way across the bar, when it broke heavily directly ahead. It was too late to turn back, and nothing remained but to "take it." I shall never forget the *sound* of that breaker as it came rolling towards us, looking to be higher than our fore-yard, and apparently about to overwhelm us. That sound occasionally rings in my ears still. I had crossed many bars in my life, but this was something beyond my experience.

The First Officer turned to me and said: "It is going over us, sir!"

"No, it is not," I replied confidently, to allay the fears of the passengers standing near—though I confess I "had my doubts."

The little ship rose like a duck to the advancing wave, and, standing for an instant at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, she went over the crest of the breaker without shipping a spoonful of water, and dropped heavily into the trough of the receding sea. I anxiously awaited the two breakers which I knew must follow. Why it is that *three* heavy seas come together, I do not know; but so it is. There is something mystic in the number three. An old ballad says:

"The death-bell *thrice* was heard to ring;  
An aerial voice was heard to call;  
And *thrice* the raven flapped his wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall."

The good ship took the two following breakers in the same admirable manner, and went safely across the bar. Had one of these seas gone over us, the ship would have gone down like a shot; for the hatchways were open, and we did not have time to cover them. When I found myself safely outside—though there was a fresh gale blowing, and every appearance of a bad night—I rubbed my hands with pleasure, and was ready to exclaim with Barney Buntline: "Lord bless me! how I pities all unhappy folks on shore now!"

We were ordered to touch at San Diego,

and arrived there on the 26th, having seen neither sun, moon, stars, nor land, from the time of leaving San Francisco. We ran the entire distance by what sailors call "dead reckoning": that is, by means of the log and compass only. We remained but a day, and proceeded on our voyage. By this time our passengers had become well acquainted with each other, and going into the saloon the first night out, I found a congenial set assembled, spinning yarns and toasting each other; but it being Saturday night,

"The standing toast that pleased the most,  
Was 'The wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor.'"

After a number of amusing stories had been told, the passengers insisted upon my telling one myself, upon the ground that I had never yet done so—though no one seemed to enjoy a yarn more. Although it was growing late, I consented; and casting about in my mind for one which would eclipse all others, I at length decided to relate the CAPTURE OF PORTO PRAYA by three officers of the old sloop-of-war "Yorktown," in 1849—an achievement in comparison to which the exploits of the Cid, Don Quixote, and even the great Amadis himself, sink into insignificance. I will call it

#### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

It is possible, I will not say *probable*, gentlemen, that you may have seen a book of mine, entitled "Recollections of a Naval Officer," and you may wonder the stirring event I am about to describe was not chronicled in that remarkable production. But that work was of too frivolous a nature for the extraordinary, not to say marvelous, story I am about to relate. And here I will follow the example of Sancho Panza, when he told Don Quixote the story of "Torralva and the Three Hundred Goats," and beg you to give me your earnest and undivided attention, so that you may follow me closely; for I propose to describe this affair in all its bearings—north, south, east, and west. And if you interrupt me, I will bring in all the

points of the compass. So be silent, that you may hear.

Some time in the year 1849, the sloop-of-war "Yorktown" was lying in the harbor of Porto Praya, situated on the southwest side of the Island of St. Iago, one of the Cape de Verde Islands. This group of islands was discovered by the Portuguese in 1449, and named *Verde* because there is no green thing to be found on them—on the same principle that "Quail" Islands never have any quail, and "Lobos" Islands no seals. The Portuguese were the great navigators of the world in the fifteenth century, and were at that time prosecuting their explorations on the west coast of Africa, searching for its southern extremity. It was a long time before they ventured to cross the equator, owing to their superstitious fears; but they at length accomplished it. I remember reading somewhere that on one of their voyages they captured one of the inhabitants, and carried her (for it was a female) back to Lisbon. The chroniclers relate that she "could not *talk*" (this is a singular fact) and that her body was covered with coarse black hair. An ingenious writer has since suggested that it was probably a gorilla—a species of monkey discovered by Monsieur Du Chaillu—and this reminds me of an anecdote of Charles Dickens. Dickens said he had read Du Chaillu's book with much interest, but was puzzled to understand his description of the gorilla emerging from the forest, beating his breast, and uttering loud cries at the sight of the Monsieur. There is a picture of it in the book. Dickens said he could not comprehend *why* the gorilla should act in this frantic manner until some time after, when he had the pleasure to—But this is a digression; and a digression, gentlemen, is a thing I abominate. If there is anything I dislike in a yarn, it is a man who will not stick to his story.

Well, as I have said, the staunch ship "Yorktown," of which I was the sailing master, was one day lying in the harbor of Porto Praya, when a party consisting of passed midshipmen Arrack, Sliden, and myself went on shore for the purpose of recreation. We

went, I say, simply for recreation and with no hostile intent. This I must beg you to notice particularly, gentlemen.

The town of Porto Praya is situated on the top of a very high hill; and we landed at the base of this hill. We toiled up the ascent, and had just arrived at about the spot where the younger of James's two horsemen invariably pauses to deliver himself of some philosophical remark, when—

Mr. James, the novelist, by the way, was at one time the British Consul at Norfolk. He was an agreeable gentleman, and was much liked by the citizens of that hospitable town. His son was for a short time in the U. S. navy; that is, he was clerk to Captain James M. Watson of the "Fulton." When I was in the "Cyane" in 1853, we fell in with the "Fulton," and I observed that young James was always addressed by the middies as "The Solitary Horseman," or abbreviated to "The Solitary." He took the sobriquet in good part, and always answered to it promptly.

Just as we got, I say, to the top of the hill and were about entering the town—There were two large baboons anchored in front of the first house on the hill. They were savage-looking, no-tailed beasts, and were chained to a large stone buried in the ground. I used to pity the poor creatures, exposed as they were to the hot sun. They would sit upon their haunches, with their hands over their eyes to shelter them; and (as the midshipmen were in the habit of teasing them in passing) they would throw dirt and stones on our white pantaloons without regard to friend or foe—confound them!

As we were about entering the town, passed midshipman Sliden picked up a stone, and—I think this Sliden was one of the drollest fellows I ever knew. He was on the coast of Africa in 1845, in the "Saratoga." The midshipmen of the date of '40 were applying to Commodore Perry for permission to return home for their examination. Sliden belonged to the class of 1842, and it was said he went to the Commodore and applied to return home, saying: "Commodore, I am a forty-two." I do not know anything about

that; but Sliden was at the Naval Academy with me in 1847-'48. He was very intimate with Nag Hunter. They were both from Vermont, and great chums. Whilst our examination in seamanship was going on, in the summer of 1848, we were left pretty much to our own devices; for we had passed in all the other branches, and in seamanship the Board could only get through with three or four a day. It happened that one afternoon Sliden was lying on his bed taking a *siesta*—for he had had the "sun in his eyes," (as Mr. Dick Swiveler remarks) pretty badly the night before—when he was awakened by Nag Hunter riding a tall, gray horse into his room, and reining up alongside his bedstead. Nag invited him to mount behind and take a ride, which he promptly consented to do. After riding up and down the battery-platform several times, Nag turned his steed for the good old town of Annapolis. As they rode out of the Academy gate they encountered the entire Board of Examiners, consisting of Commodores Morgan, Wyman, Gwinn, Dulaney, and Mayo, all in full uniform, on their way to the Academy. The two Vermonters touched their caps in salute, to which Sliden politely added, "Good evening, young gentlemen," and pursued their mad career. In going round the State-house-circle, Nag remembered a short cut to the hotel by the way of Tuck's alley; and whether he forgot he was on horseback or not I do not know, but he turned his horse at full speed down the alley. There were five stone steps to descend, and then a short bricked pathway led to another descent of seven steps into Main Street. The horse took the first flight in beautiful style; but the second proved too much for him, and he fell upon his knees. Sliden fell off, but Nag grasped him by the collar, with the remark: "Never mind, old fellow, I'll look out for you," and galloped to the hotel, dragging him with him. The riders were not hurt, and the horse had barely a scratch.

This horse had been hired by Nag several days before at the "Junction," twenty miles from Annapolis, and he had promised the owner to send him back

immediately. Our middies found the owner at the hotel in a great rage, and although Nag assured him he had intended "tying the horse behind the cars" that very evening, he could not be pacified until many mint-juleps had been expended.

"A fellow of infinite jest," indeed, gentlemen, was my friend Sliden, and were I not afraid of tiring your patience and losing the thread of my story, I would tell you that when we returned to the "Yorktown" after capturing Porto Praya, we found David Coleman in charge of the deck. As we had been ordered to return at sunset, and it was then near midnight, David was extremely anxious to hear what had detained us, especially as he saw that Arrack had his head bound up. Arrack and I dove below as soon as we had reported our return; but Sliden remained, and, being in high feather on account of our successful campaign against the "Portugals," he kept skipping about the quarter-deck. For some time all that David could get out of him was: "Oh, we've had a devil of a row," and this he kept repeating until David's patience was exhausted. Finally he consented to quiet down. He told his tale, and related how, at the end of the skirmish, the Portuguese sergeant had beaten Arrack over the head with a cane. Coleman was a high-spirited fellow; his ire rose, his eyes flashed, as he exclaimed:

"What did Arrack do then?"

"He hit me," replied Sliden.

"Hit you," cried Coleman. "What did he hit *you* for?"

"How in the mischief do I know?" responded Sliden.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Where was I? Oh! well, we passed by the cursed baboons I have mentioned, and immediately proceeded to call on the señoritas Clara and Amelia, the belles of Porto Praya. I really do not know whether these two ladies had any other name or not. They *must* have had, for these Portuguese and Spanish ladies have always a superabundance of names. The ladies Clara and Amelia were, as I say, the belles *par excellence* of Porto Praya, and their palace was the resort of the offi-

cers of the squadron. They played on the mandolin, and sang sweetly. They had a younger sister named Johanna; but Johanna would not wear shoes or stockings, and was in consequence banished from polite society—though to tell the honest truth, the dirt floor of the ancestral hall *was* occasionally sloppy.

To continue: after our visit to the señoritas we proceeded to the *posada*, or hotel, kept by one Gilbert—a hybrid rascal who spoke a little English. There was the most extraordinary billiard table in Gilbert's hotel I have ever happened upon. I used to wish it could speak and tell of its adventures from the time it was built until it was shipped to the Cape de Verdes. Dear to my heart is it, with all its faults, for on it I have learned to play that game which has since so delighted and astonished my friends. I suppose it might have been called a veritable Verde antique; though George Chapman of the Navy defined a *verte antique* as "a very old man who entered the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant!"

This Gilbert had a very pretty sister called Antonia. She was about sixteen years of age, graceful as a fawn, with large, melting black eyes. I went once to a *fête champêtre*, given by the Bishop of the Cape de Verde Islands at his country-seat in the delightful valley of Trinidad, some five miles from Porto Praya. Upon my return, it being about the "hour when from the boughs the nightingale's high note is heard" (not that there were any nightingales on St. Iago Island, gentlemen. I do not wish to deceive you. I only mean to say that if there *had* been, it was about the hour when they would be heard from), I overtook the fair Antonia, returning from the *fête*, accompanied by her faithless duenna. I joined her, and holding her hand (to keep her from falling off her horse, gentlemen), I leaned over and softly—

But this is neither here nor there. What I wish to tell you about is the CAPTURE OF PORTO PRAYA, without reference to any gorillas, solitary horsemen, or señoritas whatsoever.

To proceed : After dining at Gilbert's, we, that is to say, Arrack, Sliden, and I, proceeded down the hill to the landing-place, in order to take the sunset-boat back to the ship. Upon arriving there we found the sunset-boat had departed, and we were left on the lone shore lamenting. About this time we perceived, drawn up on the beach, a detachment of ten Portuguese drummers, in charge of a sergeant. This sergeant carried in his right hand a cane. It was a bamboo cane, and very lucky it *was* a bamboo, as you will see as I get on with my story. The drummers were pounding the Devil's tattoo, and for some reasons the sounds were obnoxious to us. We therefore proceeded to disarm them, so to speak, and to beat the tattoo ourselves. We succeeded after a short struggle, and three drums gave out the most war-like music. We were much pleased with our performance, but, singular to say, the sergeant was not. He made an attack upon us, assisted by his ten drummers, and took the drums away. We resented this, and armed ourselves with round stones—the principal productions of this island. The drummers retreated up the hill in the direction of their barracks, and we pursued them—and here it is, gentlemen, that the story of the captain of Porto Praya really begins : so wake up, and listen attentively. Do not interrupt me, and do not become impatient, for as the boy in "Georgia Scenes" says : "You should never kick before you're spurred."

As we followed the retreating foe, we were under a heavy fire of stones, which we returned ; but as they threw *down* hill, and we *up*, they had much the advantage of us. Finally, Arrack, who was of light build, pushed rapidly to the front, and seizing the sternmost drummer by the throat, he commenced to pound him on the head with a large stone. Unfortunately, in seizing the drummer he managed somehow to thrust his thumb into the drummer's mouth, and the latter shut down on it like a vise. The sergeant turned back to the assistance of his drummer, and hammered away on Arrack's head with his

bamboo cane. So here were all three ; pounding, biting, and hammering to the extent of their powers ! We of the rear guard, perceiving this state of affairs, advanced with the *pas gymnastique* to the assistance of our *enfant perdu* ; and as we closed with the enemy, Sliden seized the sergeant by the top-knot, and drawing his sword, he—

At this moment the ship's bell struck eight (midnight). "Gentlemen," said I, "it is now Sunday morning ; I must finish my story another time. I bid you an affectionate good night." I went immediately on deck, but lingered a while at the skylight to listen to what might be said.

The Purser gave a long whistle ! "By George," said he, "that is the most infernally long-winded story of the Captain's I ever listened to ; and I'll be hanged if I know any more about the capture of Porto Praya, as he calls it, than I did when he commenced. I read once an anecdote of Fuseli, the famous English painter. His wife gave a tea-party to a number of ladies, and they chattered away to their hearts' content. Fuseli sat silent for several hours, and then suddenly and unexpectedly exclaimed : 'We had roast pork for dinner today.'

" 'My dear,' said his wife, 'that is a singular remark.'

" 'Well,' he rejoined, 'there is as much sense in it as in anything that has been said tonight !' "

"I must confess," said the sleepy passenger, "the Captain's story reminds me of what the Eastern potentate said to Layard, the author of 'Nineveh.' Said he : 'You are a great traveler, and you have talked much ; but you have done no harm, for the *talker* is one and the *listener* is another !' "

"That's so," said a tall "Pike," stretching himself wearily, "the Captain certainly cuts off more chips with a dull knife than any man I ever met up with."

I went to the pilot-house, gave the orders for the night, and retired to my cabin—not much pleased with the comments upon my story of the CAPTURE OF PORTO PRAYA !

W. H. P.

## DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR EDUCATION.

A GENTLEMAN once, by persevering efforts, succeeded, in a certain sense, in teaching his dog to read. He had several phrases, such as "I want some meat," "I want a walk," "Open the door," printed in large letters on pieces of pasteboard. The pieces were scattered about the room, and the dog was trained to express his wishes through the medium of these prints. He was never given meat till he had hunted up the print, "I want some meat"; the door was never opened till the dog had in his mouth the printed expression of his wish; and so on.

Now, we do not hold a lump of sugar over the mouth of a deaf and dumb child in order to make him pronounce the word, but if a comparison happily illustrative of the method of educating a deaf-mute is asked for, we cannot think of anything better than the above story, provided the dog did read—not *smell*—the letters. The comparison will not be objected to if the condition of deaf and dumb children before their education is understood.

They usually come to school at six years old. What do they know? Absolutely nothing. Do they know their own name? Of course not. How can they? Their ears are shut to all voices. Deprived of hearing, the children become dumb. Here, do not fall into a fallacy: No child of a vigorous mind is ever born dumb. He becomes dumb simply because he is deaf. His organ of voice is perfect. But how can he use it? Can you, with your ears sealed up, learn to play on an upright organ, even if a thousand such organs send up clear peals around you from morn to eve? Certainly not. That is why the child never learns to use his voice. Though talking goes on incessantly around him, he hears not a word; and not hearing, he never speaks. At an age when the hearing children are astonishing their parents with their precocity, he is a dumb show of dumb woes. "He possesses nothing, knows

nothing, hopes nothing." Through his eyes the imprisoned soul watches the world without, while the people talk and wonder at him. Having no means of learning the wherefore of the things he sees, he has to account for them in his fantastic way. He thinks the stars are twinklings of candles. The wind is air blown from a giant's mouth, and rain the sprinkling of water from the same gigantic mouth. Lightning is a flint's spark. The sun is a red ball that disappears in the west, to be tossed up across the sky again the next morning. He has strong likes and dislikes, and watches the face of a stranger as a dog would. He cries out in the dark for fear. The pallid face of the dead is a terror to him. He knows right and wrong only as a dog would under the lash of its master. At heart he is a born liar and thief.

A little savage, simple and pure, to be sure. We are going to educate him. It is lucky that he comes into the world in this blessed age. Deaf-mutes were neglected until only a hundred years ago. The Mosaic code provided only that they be left unmolested. Under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to die in the woods. The ancient Romans sacrificed them to the Tiber. The famous code of Justinian excluded them from equality before the law with the rest of mankind. They were disinherited. A special permit from the Pope was necessary for their marriage. Till only one hundred years ago, philosophers and theologians came to a grave conclusion that because speech was the only and exclusive channel and instrument of thought, deaf-mutes could not be educated. Nor could they receive faith, except through the literal word; so, until a very recent time, deaf-mutes were denied intellectual liberty in this world, and hopes of the life hereafter.

Look at the change today. There are hundreds of institutions for the education of

muters all over the civilized world ; and of the teachers employed in these schools, half are themselves deaf and dumb. There are churches supported exclusively by muters. At the late election fully ten thousand muters cast their ballots, and knew what they were about. So supreme must be the moment in the child's life when he trots by the side of his mother into the office of the institution that this age, in its enlightenment, has provided for the amelioration of his misfortune. His birth, age, cause of deafness, and residence are duly registered in the huge book. The relationship, if any, between the parents before marriage, and the prior existence, if any, of deafness in the family or the ancestors, are carefully ascertained for the sake of statistics. The mother rises to go. She presses the child to her bosom with tears, and the child does not know why. The superintendent takes the now new inmate of the school on his knee, and the mother slips away from the room unseen. The child now discovers her absence. Then come on him the fears of an abandoned dog. He begins to set up a storm of sobbing, and to struggle for the door. The kind man does his best to allay the flutterings of the breaking little heart. He calls the supervisor, and says to him :

"Take good care of this child. See that he does not run away. Be good to him. He is crying for his mother."

Runaways, however, do often take place, and it is sometimes surprising how the child, piloted by nothing but love, can elude the train conductor and find the way home.

He now sees many faces around him—mostly children as small as himself. They sympathize with him, and say knowingly among each other : "He cry; want mother. He ignorant, he ignorant."

Wondrously wise do they assume to be—those three-footers, whose crying days are not over. "Are you ignorant?" you may ask of one of them. "No, I am *some* wise," he would reply.

The name of the new boy is quickly learned by their grasping minds. It remains for them to exercise a certain prerogative reserved to

them by an unwritten law. It is to dub the new boy in the sign language. A scar, some physical defect in the face, or even some peculiarity in dress or outward appearance, is pounced upon and pressed into service as the sign equivalent of the proper name. Thus, a scar over the eyebrow would carry the owner through life under the sobriquet of "Dick with a scar over the left eyebrow." Such is one characteristic of the sign language. The deaf muters never address each other by their proper names. They say: "The boy with the large eyes," "The girl with a dimple in her chin," "The man minus a thumb," and so on. There is a characteristic sign for Napoleon the Great. It is "Crown dashed down," which vividly describes his fate.

Let us go into the schoolroom the next morning. It is easy to fall into poetry, if we attempt to describe how the poor little boy must have felt in passing the first night of absence from home—how he must have missed in the wide, white room the familiar home surroundings, and from his side his little brother, perhaps; how, under the action of those feelings, little understanding as he does why he has been torn away from home, he begins to cry, till weariness comes to his relief, and the little head goes out on the tide toward the Land of Nod. Let all the above go by default, and our imagination begin when the boy has forgotten his mother—which he invariably does within three days—and is standing up, as bright as a new coin, for his first lesson. On the wall before him hang two pasteboard cards, one containing the picture of a cow, and the other containing the letters COW. We begin with "cow" for convenience's sake, because if you examine the cut of the hand alphabet in the dictionary, you will see how perfectly the fingers can assume the shapes of the letters. On that account the child easily learns how to spell and memorize the letters. Take away the print COW; ask by pantomime what the picture is. Rightly inferring that the black lines, the shape of which he has been making on the fingers, stand for the picture, he spells c-o-w. Take away the picture, and substitute in its place the print ;

now look around the room as if in quest of the pictorial equivalent of the letters COW. Acting on the hint, the child trots off and brings the picture. Thus the first step is made. He recognizes the connection between the picture and the letters. Again hold the picture up to him, and teach him the sign for the horned animal. It at once dawns on his mind that if the sign stands for the picture it must also stand for the letters. So the beginning of his education is already made. From words we come to sentences. We teach by actions. Certain verbs stand for certain actions. It is not difficult for the child to see that a sentence, with its subject, verb, and object, completes a tale. At the end of the second year he is able to write a composition like this:

#### *A Rabbit.*

A rabbit is a good Animals. He has a large ears and small tail. It is very sharp teeth. It cannot chew nut. A man walked in the woods and sees a rabbit run into the hole. He shot at an rabbit and it was died. The man is angry to the rabbit because it is run to steal cabbages. I often eat many rabbits. I fond soft eat rabbits. I thinks the rabbit weigh five pounds and 1 foot high. It lives in United State. Once day I was looked a rabbit play from a hole. I made the trap. That is box. I caught it and carry to home. My father said where you find. I said from the hole with a trap. I puts it into a box and few days it was died.

The above is about the worst example of English that a deaf and dumb child can evolve out of his inner consciousness. I insert it designedly, so that, by invoking several questions from you, I may tell you why it is so. You may ask: "Does the teacher himself use correct English when he teaches the child?" I answer, Yes. "Does the child use books?" Yes. "Why, then, is it that he falls into the use of so bad English? Why is it that, in spite of training and the use of text-books, he does not seem to take to the prescribed mode of thinking as readily as speaking children would?"

These questions involve some explanation.

Deaf-mutes talk in signs. That they do so naturally and with the facility of speech shows that the sign language may be said to be their natural inheritance. You can hear,

and so are addressed through the ear. The mutes can only see, and so have to be addressed through the eye. The signs best do that office. But are the language you speak and the signs the mutes use alike? Your language is the result of a growth in which sound plays the whole or the most part. The signs have absolutely nothing to do with sound. Your language has grammatical rules, without which it cannot exist in its perfection. The signs have no rule whatever, except that they be delivered intelligibly. Your language has an order established by usage. The signs have no order whatever. Can two other things be so widely different? You may not understand. Let me explain. Signs are pictures of ideas. Have you ever seen a picture of figure-drawings by the aboriginal Indians? In one part of the picture is delineated a row of men with a stack of muskets near by them. Three camp-fires are burning, and by one of them is a figure of a buffalo. Surmounting them all is a new moon. Taking the figures as exponents of certain ideas, several of you may write several stories, all different in language, but the essence of ideas of which is this: "During the new moon a company of soldiers camped by three camp-fires and regaled themselves with buffalo meat." All right thus far: but do the hieroglyphics, aside from giving you ideas only, dictate the construction of the language itself? Do they lay down grammatical rules, or ordain the order in which words should be written? The figures of men and muskets give you ideas of "company" and "soldiers," but where do you find pretexts for "during," "a," "of," "by," "and," "with"?

Like the hieroglyphics, the signs are embodiments of ideas by means of pictures. Like the figure-drawing, the sign language has no grammatical order of words, no commas, no points, no conjunctions, no sentences. There are no signs for *a* and *the*, or for the relatives *who*, *which*, and *that*; not even any to distinguish *we* and *us*; *you*, *thou*, and *ye*; or *my* and *mine*. Gender of nouns is indicated simply by the compound sign *he* or *she*, so that the child, if not otherwise advis-

ed, will write he-pig, she-horse. The nouns have no sign inflections to mark number or case. We never distinguish transitive verbs from intransitive ones, nor do we ever modify them to mark number or person. One example will do. The upturned face and the finger pointing toward heaven stand for *God*; the knitted brow, the face turned askance and the arms outstretched as if repelling something, constitute the sign for *hate*; the tongue turned aside is a sign that gives you the idea of *lie*; now, if you translate those signs literally, you have, "God hate lie"—a homely expression of the Lord's abomination of lying. Here *hate* has no number-ending to make it agree with *God*, and there is no sign to signify the verbal noun form of *lie*.

"Home, sweet home!" if so delivered as to be understood by deaf-mutes, will read exactly in this wise:

"We may roam amidst pleasures, castles, splendid, but even if home humble, any place equal home none: some sweetness from heaven seem make home holy, same you seek through world, find equal none! Home, sweet home! Any place like home none!"

"I leave home wander, splendor make me blind cannot: O, give me again my cottage, low, straw-covered! Birds sing gayly; I call, come at once; O, give me back my home and more—mind peaceful! Home, sweet home! Any place like home none!"

From the above examples, you may infer that the sign-language must be a crude, or rather a barbarous, mode of communicating thoughts. A more mistaken conclusion cannot be made. Of all languages, the mutes' is the subtlest, because the simplest. It easily describes what words labor to express, for actions speak louder than words. There is no mathematical problem, no theological question, no human passion that cannot be demonstrated, expounded, or dissected in the sign-language. Pantomime is its inspiring or descriptive element. By its life-images, pathos, humor, and sublimity are wonderfully interpreted—you are by turns thrilled, moved, and stirred. In the "Home,

sweet Home!" you see, instead of a jumble of words, a series of pictures come up before you at the will of the sign-maker. Stone columns (sign for castle), and mirth and gaiety (pleasures) are portrayed in speaking signs; the charm from the skies is felt as if you are by an actual fireside; the longing face and the entreating attitude and gestures tell in a passionate life-picture the prayer of the exile, "O, give me again the lowly thatched cottage!" You are as moved by the music of signs as when a prima donna warbles the song. Under the influence of so beautiful and picturesque a language the mutes grow up to have an eye for acting. No keener critics of stage-acting exist than they.

Now, brought up as they are to think in a language that has its life in these graceful and beautiful gestures, what do the mutes know about your commas, sentences, grammatical rules, and puzzling idioms? When they begin to study English, the vexations of a foreigner studying a strange language begin. If we compare the mutes' sign-language with a specimen of their writing, and remember that language is the embodiment of thought, the inevitable conclusion is that they think in signs. In writing English they have to make translations mentally from signs to words, with the result that their written language contracts all the inversions and peculiarities of the signs. To counteract the demoralizing influence of the signs, the teacher has to forever tell the pupils not to do this way but that way, again that way, again that way. Repetition, indeed, is the soul of the mute's progress. It is the alpha and omega of his education, and in it alone lies the teacher's whole work. But, strange to say, the teacher has to bring the mute up to the correct mode of thinking by means of that confusing, ungrammatical, and alien language—the signs themselves! Have you ever heard of a more absurd thing? You may ask: "Why is the sign-language not so improved as to conform to the genius of the written language?" Such a thing would presuppose the possibility of the deaf child's having beforehand acquired the spoken lan-

guage, or of his mind having already been trained to an idiomatic use of nature's language, as the speaking child's is from birth. That can never be the case. The teacher, indeed, has a system of classroom signs invented to meet the drawbacks, but it is unsatisfactory and altogether so foreign to the beautiful language of the mutes' own, that it can never have a place in their thoughts. So, at best, wearisome must his labor be and meager the results. But I think it is more the teachers that blunder than the mutes that are found incapable. The discovery that mutes could be educated is so recent—only a hundred years ago—that most questions pertaining to their education still remain to most teachers a debatable ground, and a matter of perhaps unnecessary anxiety. The wherefore of so uncertain and shifting a condition can only be told in a way understood by specialists alone.

We can afford to smile at the queer English contained in this clipping from a newspaper:

NAPOLEON'S ENGLISH.—In the collection of Count Las Casas, at Paris, is a curious letter in English of Napoleon I.: "Count Las Casas—Since six week I learn the English, and I do not any progress. 6 week do fourty and two day, if I might have learn 50 word for day, I could know it 2 thousands and 2 hundred. It is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand, even if he could, must 20 bout much often for know it or 120 week, which do more 2 years. After this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labor, who must do it in the young aged. Longwood this morning the seven March Thursday one thousand eight hundred and sixteen after nativity Jesus Christ."

Why he wrote so is evident to everybody who knows what difficulties lie in the way of studying a foreign language. We insert another clipping which is self-explanatory:

The well-known Sioux chief, Red Cloud, visited the Indian school at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., and addressed the scholars in his own language. A prize of three dollars was offered for the best translation of this speech. Luther Standing Bear was the successful "reporter." We copy from "St. Nicholas" a paragraph of the speech as he translated it. The result was not good English, but it is better than some foreigners, who think they know the language, could have done.

"'You seem,' said Red Cloud, 'like my grandchildren; and now I went pass through the shops and saw what you can be done. I saw the shoe-

maker, harness-maker, tailor, carpenter, tinner, blacksmiths, and they all doing very well.

"'Here, you see, I wear a boots which you make it. I was surprise that the blacksmith doing very good. Also the girls can washing clothes and sewing. Also I went pass through the school-rooms, and saw some of you can write very fast, and read, and I was glad.

"'Now this is the thing what we send you here for, to learn white men's way. There is two roads, one is good and one is what we call a devil road. Another thing is, you know, if who do nothing, just put his hand on his back and lie down, so any dime not come to in his pocket itself, so you must do something with your hands. Now you must not home-sick any; but you must try to be good and happier."

Much greater difficulties than either the emperor or the savage a deaf-mute has to surmount. Then is wonder to be expressed if a graduate of an Institution for the deaf-mutes writes, as one actually did not long ago, the following letter?

"———, Dec. 21st, 1884.

"To ———

"I received your welcome letter to me in a few days ago. You tell me news. I am still work here steady that is same I do haul hay in my header-wagon and haul hay in the Mangers to feed the Beefcattles and Horses and Mules. Last Monday, Midnight about one o'clock the large stack hay about 150 ft. long, 40 ft. wide and 24 ft. high was destroyed by fire to ashes. We don't know how occurred it gets fire. We thought that some drunkards or tramps come around to sleep on it all night, used to take a smoke, dropped match on it, caught it fire. Last Tuesday and Wednesday the wind blows very strong from North and was very cold, make me cold to haul hay. It was very heavy frost and my hand is sore to haul it. The wind blows very strong make I haul hay which is spread off. I work from 5 A. M in the Morning to clean my teams. 5.30 It is breakfast 15 min to 6 the Bell rings for we ready to set our horses to draw wagons. 6 A. M is perfect, we all go and work until 12. Rest 12.30. Begin to work until the sun sets down little dark. I work every days, also on Sunday. I work also the rains comes also I work all the times. There is more plow and no feed for the cattles. There is ready to sown now. There will be plow more. Some Men said me that place to plow about 12000 Acres to plow. There are awful many thousand White and Gray Geese come there to eat wheat. I have no thanksgiving turkeys but we kill lots of wild geese and we all eat geese. There are multiplid geese are flying high, we can't shoot them. They are smart and wild as like as a deer. There are many thousand young wild ducks further the creek and lots ponds, are easily to shoot lots of them in a day. They are not very wild not fly from me at 50 feet long. I surprised that Miss

— was married to ——. He steals my girl. I will go after him with my big gun. The clouds is coming dark, shows that it will be heavy rain. I shall not go to City this winter. I have no news to tell you at present. Write to me any news from Deaf-mutes. I send my regards to you.

"Yours Respectfully Friends,  
" — — —."

The above burlesque of English is not an exception to the rule. The *average* mute actually writes like that. It is to be observed that in the above letter the writer uses a very limited vocabulary, and only the simplest forms of language. Indeed, so simple is the letter, that we wish we could see better results, considering that the writer had been in school some eight years. The reason why he had to leave school with so confused a knowledge of the use of English, can be told in a few words. Once I, after some years' persevering efforts, succeeded in teaching a somewhat weak-minded boy to do the only thing he could ever possibly do—write English in short, homely, but grammatically correct sentences. Pleased with what I thought quite a triumph, I called a friend, long conversant with the methods of mute teaching, to see a specimen of the boy's work. But a cloud of dissatisfaction was observed on the friend's brow, and he said: "That may be very well, but there is no style about it." What! a boy not only deaf and dumb, but imbecile, to use style! The friend was trying to aim at something higher. There can only be one result—success neither in small nor great things. In even the commonest expressions there are enough puzzles to beset a deaf and dumb pupil, such as the idiomatic forms, the several meanings of a single word, and the kaleidoscopic character of some parts of speech, for any one of which no corresponding analogies exist in the sign language. Thus, from "mouse—mice," he demonstrates that *hice* is the plural of house. *Boxen* is the plural of *box* on the principle of *ox's* inflection. *Always* is often used thus: "A girl always play," on the supposition that the adverb has already done the business of agreeing with the noun in number. The pupil is perplexed by the difference between *fun*, *funny*, and *funnily*, and would say "The monkey is funnily," for anything he

knows to the contrary. The differences between *a* and *the*, *take* and *put*, *go there* and *come here*, *today* and *in the day*, *dress himself* and *put on his clothes* are a few of the many peculiarities of language in common use that perplex the pupil the most. It is a perfect waste of time to teach him the multifold uses of *get*, such as "get a thing," "get home," "get down," "get sick," and so on. He does not know why *an* may precede *hour*. The following extracts from my notebook show the errors that the deaf mutes are most prone to.

"I must to go in the house."

"The mother lets the child to play in the yard."

"The man told the boy that he staid in the wagon" (told him to).

"I asked a boy that I wanted his help."

"The girl changes an apron" (puts on).

"The girls asked their mother to play each other."

"The bird is tired to fly."

"John refuses to me to take his top."

"The grass is little tall."

"I am afraid to the snake."

"Once day a cat watched a bird to come."

"The water, out of which a fish is taken, will die."

"I got a letter because I was glad."

"The child loves and obeys to her mother every days."

Is it not, then, clearly the duty of every teacher to confine himself to teaching deaf-mutes the art of writing simple language correctly, even if that work takes up the whole of their school years? Even the cleverest deaf-mutes cannot produce original essays without here and there putting the Queen's English to as bad distortions as those we have noted. They may be said to write extremely well, but are in such a limbo of uncertainty as to the proper use of words or the rules of construction, that peculiarities known as "deaf-mutisms" would crop out in their writings. Examples:

"The statute of woman is a beautiful art."

"The people often shudder to see, with much interest, the works of nature."

"A teacher must exercise kindness to the pupils."

"I do not trust in giving any money to that boy."

"Napoleon rose France to the highest point of prosperity, and eclipsed all other nations."

"We must work, or poverty will be our residence" (we will live in poverty).

"I have lost enthusiasm in the interests of the class."

"She was in brown study, unconscious of everything around, yet only perceptible in the expression of love."

"Mr. Z. was appointed with the determination to discharge the duties of his office well."

"It was a great bore to me in being a farmer."

Deaf-mutes very rarely become finished writers. But to imagine, when they do, that they would even go further and compose poetry, of the musical essence of which they are supposed to have no knowledge whatever, is enough to strain our credulity to the utmost. Yet, they are known to have invoked the aid of the Muse quite successfully. .

I insert, for an illustration, a not at all unmusical poem by the famous mute John Carlin, who never heard a sound in his life :

*To the Fire-flies.*

"Awake, ye sparklers, bright and gay,  
Still nestling in your lair !  
The twilight glories fade away,  
And gloom pervades the air.  
Come, then, ye merry elves of light,  
Illuminate the tranquil night,  
While low and high ye blithely fly,  
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

"The twinkling stars appear anon,  
Shine feebly from on high ;  
The humble glow-worms hasten on  
To bear them company.  
O, come, ye lustrous sylphs of night,  
Display, with them, your fairy light,  
While low and high ye blithely fly,  
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

"The trees are hushed, the streamlet's still,  
The frogs their vigils keep ;  
The nodding grain on yonder hill  
And flowers together sleep.  
O, rise, ye sprightly flies of fire,  
This slumbering scene with life inspire,  
While low and high ye blithely fly,  
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

"The old folks doze, the maidens fair  
Their wooing swains delight.  
Then rise ye from your wat'ry lair,  
To cheer the solemn night.  
O, sparklers, in the hour of dreams,  
Fling merrily your witching gleams,  
While low and high ye blithely fly,  
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky."

Deaf mutes generally leave school when eighteen years old. We cannot vouch for the correctness of their English, but their moral training is completed. They know the ten commandments by heart, and are henceforth not to be held irresponsible for their acts. But how do they move on this earth, that to them must seem as silent and empty as a city in its midnight stillness? Why, like all other folks. The majority of the mutes become cabinet-makers, shoemakers, tailors, printers, bookbinders, clerks, lithographers, and engravers. The more educated and able ones become teachers, contributors in literature, painters, sculptors, and even lawyers! The bad go their way, and fare as the Scriptures say they would. They detest work, plague people with door-tapping, beg by means of the "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," and "Ten children at home" dodges, get drunk on the day's beggings, and are locked up. The well-behaving organize social clubs for mutual aid and improvement. They go to churches supported by themselves, the services of which are conducted wholly in signs. They set days for picnics and balls, hire brass bands, and dance to the music. They fall in love, write an ode to the eyebrow, are jilted, get moody, try again, and are happy. Their marriage knot is tied in signs. Their joys, sorrows, and griefs are told in signs. Their last message when on the dying bed is delivered in signs. A dumb farewell is pronounced at the grave by a dumb preacher before dumb mourners, and the strange life drama is ended. Strange, indeed, but a mercy it is that their misfortune is only such that they are not denied the blessings of education and the hope of dying seeing, believing, and trusting.

*Douglas Tilden.*

## THE GOLD-HANDLED RIDING-WHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN GREEK OF A. R. RANGAVIS.

## I.

AT the beginning of the year 1841, General Bugeaud returned to Algeria as Governor of the French colonies. During his absence the Treaty of Tafna had borne its evil fruit. The too-lightly-placed confidence led to a miserable act of treason. The province of Oran, which had been committed to his charge, had suffered most from the devastation of Abdel-el-Kader, and General Bugeaud had formerly made the mistake of negotiating with this Emir as representative of all the Arabs, and of thus recognizing him, as it were, as leader of the entire nation. The reputation and power of the Emir were thus unduly increased. The wily Arab turned the advantage obtained to the best account, and with genuine Libyan treachery he broke all treaties, placed himself in chief command of the Arabs, awoke their religious fanaticism, and stirred them up to revolt against the French. His audacity went to such lengths that, during the administration of Governor La Vallée, he and his savage horsemen laid waste the entire country. They frequently approached within cannon-range of the French cities, and even of Algiers. Their path was everywhere marked by death and desolation.

The difficult military undertaking of again obtaining recognition of the French supremacy beyond the walls of the fortified cities, of humiliating the savage Emir, and of liberating the towns from the impending dangers, fell to the lot of General Bugeaud.

It was the Carnival time when General Bugeaud arrived, and the French society of Algiers, imitating the example of Parisian society, troubled itself little about the surrounding dangers, but gave itself up to balls and amusements: the French know how to be merry in the most trying times. The Gen-

eral had to enter into the prevailing spirit. He therefore threw open his palace to give a grand ball. All the apartments were resplendent with illuminations; the floral splendor and feminine beauty added to the brilliancy of the scene. One might have imagined himself in the fashionable Parisian suburb, St. Germain. The throng was great, and the costumes were gorgeous and costly.

The ladies, sitting in groups, passed their time in observing every new arrival with the closest scrutiny, in order to detect the smallest violation of the latest fashions. The younger gentlemen were engaged in bestowing their attentions on the ladies; the older ones discussed the event of the day—the surprise and capture of a provision train by the Arabs in the immediate vicinity of the city.

One young man, of handsome person, alone remained apart from the rest, neither seeking the society of the ladies nor mingling in the conversation of the older gentlemen. He seemed to be absorbed in thought, or else to be awaiting somebody's arrival. Leaning against the gilt column of a chandelier, he kept his eyes fixed upon the door opposite him. This young man was Richard Duvallon, secretary to the Superior Judge of Algeria.

Not far from him, in a circle of ladies, sat an elderly lady of attractive appearance, whose refined countenance revealed a loving and noble character. She frequently cast her eyes in the direction of Richard, and his every melancholy thought seemed to find a response in her breast. This lady was Richard's mother. Motherly love and devotion filled her heart.

Married when quite young to a man to whom she clung with the ardor of her whole soul, she had devoted her life entirely to him, and knew no joy apart from him. Thus her days passed like a dream by his side. She

could imagine no happiness at a distance from him, still less without him. When, however, inconstant fortune had forsaken the arms of Napoleon, and his once glorious star had sunk at Waterloo, soon to be entirely extinguished in the Atlantic Ocean, M. Duvallon sought his wife one day, bringing his little son with him ; amid tears and kisses he said :

" I leave him to your care. Teach him to love virtue and his country. Let him not forget his father. May he be to you a comfort and a consolation. I had hoped to enjoy your companionship to the hour of my death. But iron necessity wills it otherwise. My Emperor, my benefactor, the hero of our country, is being taken away a prisoner, and I should be unworthy of you and your love if I could desert him in such a trying hour. I must bid you good-bye ; but I hope for a joyous return. Take care of our child."

At these words Madame Duvallon swooned away. Any misfortune, whatever, she would have endured submissively ; but this separation destroyed her every earthly hope. When she came to herself, she implored her husband, with bitter tears, to alter his determination. But he, firm in his resolution, although heart-broken, tore himself away from her, with the promise to return after the lapse of a year. The disconsolate woman spent the nights in weeping, and the days in counting the minutes which were to bring nearer the fervently longed-for hour. But the year passed, and at its expiration there came, instead of M. Duvallon, the news that he—had died.

The distress of the widow was indescribable. For weeks the physicians despaired of her life. But one day, after she had been caressing and kissing her son, she suddenly exclaimed :

" No, I will not die ! Your father has confided you to my care. He looks down upon me from heaven, and bids me not to forsake you. My darling child, you are the very picture of your father. Through you I mean to win a great victory, the victory over despair." And she fulfilled her word. From that day she seemed more composed. She concealed

her grief from others' eyes, and centered all her love upon her son. She regarded him as a holy pledge entrusted to her, which still connected her to life and the past, that past which had seen her former happiness.

As the boy grew up into manhood, he developed more and more his father's traits of character ; and in the same measure his mother's love increased even to adoration. Just as during his infancy she had noted every movement of his limbs and every sound from his lips, so now nothing escaped her maternal watchfulness that had reference to his welfare.

And now, because during the past few days he had seemed to her dejected, to-night his melancholy mood worried her. But when, with a pleasant smile on his face, he moved from the spot where he had been standing, she, too, turned again to the ladies, and joined in the conversation. Had Madame Duvallon continued to observe him a moment longer, she would have noticed not only his smile, but also the blush mantling to his cheek ; and that the one and the other were caused by the arrival of M. St. Martin, the Colonial Treasurer, with his niece Julia.

Not only Richard, but the whole company, seemed moved by this arrival, for the eyes of all were suddenly fixed on Julia. The gentlemen regarded with admiration the extraordinary beauty of her large and lustrous eyes, her jet black hair, and her fascinating countenance, with its warm southern expression. And the ladies, after thorough inspection, had to confess her attire faultless and charming. General Bugeaud received the new comers with the greatest courtesy, and Julia took a seat among the ladies. Richard, who had at once approached, addressed her :

" This evening, Mademoiselle, I may request the pleasure of a cotillion. This time I have come first."

Julia was about to answer, probably to assent, when suddenly Count De Laverrière, Adjutant to the General, a young man of fine appearance, equally renowned for his ancient nobility and for his wealth, and withal an excellent dancer, made his way toward the two.

"No, you have not come first," said he arrogantly; "Miss Julia has promised the cotillion to me, and also the first waltz, which is just beginning. Is it not so, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes: I am very sorry, Monsieur Duvalon," said Julia, with an angelic smile, taking the arm of the Count. The wicked girl had burdened her conscience with a lie.

"Not even tonight," said Richard to himself, leaving the spot. His face, a faithful mirror of his soul, only a moment ago quite red, had turned as pale as death. Julia followed him silently a moment with her eyes. But as she passed him to take her place in the dance, she said:

"For the third quadrille I am still disengaged. Will you be my partner?"

Richard accepted with a distant bow, and his face grew still paler, if possible.

"I hope we shall remain friends," continued Julia, casting upon him one of her most captivating glances.

Richard bowed again, and a deep red suffused his cheeks.

## II.

THE conversation became very animated; and Julia, who was in the best of humors, danced like a fairy, and talked enchantingly. After the first dance she had taken her seat by the side of Madame Duvalon, who on such occasions took a mother's place for Julia, who had early lost her own mother. Her father had come to Algiers at the time of the conquest of the colonies; and here he, too, had died. Since then she had resided with Madame St. Martin, her aunt. But as Madame St. Martin was an invalid, and unable to go out much to parties, Julia would have seriously realized her orphanage had it not been for the friendly protection of Madame Duvalon.

By the side of Julia sat also her partner, the Count, and the conversation became livelier and more agreeable than before. Richard kept away from Julia until the third dance, and avoided her eye. Nevertheless, she was constantly present to his mental vis-

ion, as was also the Count. In the most remote corner of the hall, he watched her bright smile and heard the Count's loud laughter. And however much, at the present moment, Richard would have liked to have convinced himself of the contrary, it nevertheless remained true that he loved Julia with all the fire of his enthusiastic and poetic soul. Besides, he concluded from various circumstances that she had divined what was passing in his breast, and, too, that she did not feel entirely indifferent to his suit. But Julia's character was a strange mixture of affectionate womanly timidity and arch boldness. Her heart was capable of feeling sudden, deep emotions, and at the same time of seeing the sunny side of things—away down a sea of fire; on the surface a blooming garden of flowers, changing colors chameleon-like as circumstances required.

Thus Richard often thought that he discovered in her the tenderest inclination toward himself, and the word upon which depended his whole life's happiness frequently hovered upon his lips, only to be stopped short of utterance by her suddenly changing mood and her then unrestrained mirth. At such times Richard was a prey to the acutest torments, and lived in doubt whether the object of his love was the most perfect or the most every-day-like creature.

Especially since the arrival of General Bugeaud, Julia's head seemed to have been entirely turned by the gold-embroidered uniform, the golden spurs, the blonde mustache, the ancient nobility, the wealth, and the German waltz of Count de Laverière. At all the balls, soirées, excursions on horseback and on foot, the Count was at her side, and his magnificence crowded Richard's picture completely into the background; so that, as we have seen, Julia had even had recourse to a falsehood, in order to give the preference in the cotillion to the Count.

At last came the quadrille. Richard, with a beating heart, approached Julia, and, silently bowing, offered her his arm. From internal emotion no word could pass his lips. But Julia was so vivacious and charming, chatted in so friendly and confidential a

manner, that Richard, who had made up his mind to remain distant, and to leave her immediately after the dance, first became confused, and then obeying like a child all her biddings, took the seat pointed out by her at her side. While Richard was thus talking pleasantly to her and hovering in the seventh heaven, the Count approached from the other side of the hall, and taking possession of the first chair he laid his hand on, engaged in the conversation. Richard's impatience was almost unbounded, and he determined at first to give up his seat; but this seemed unbecoming, and he remained.

After a little the conversation turned to the sudden appearance of the Arabs before the city.

"In case the Arabs dare to attack the city, we shall rely upon your protection, Count," said Julia jokingly.

"My sword is ready to be drawn in your service. For life and death I shall protect you against the Arabs and the whole world. Accept my knightly services and be without fear."

"We should only be too glad to shed our blood in your behalf, Mademoiselle," Richard hastened to add. "Only over our dead bodies could the enemy assault you."

"Behold the powers that are at your command!" sneeringly remarked the Count. "M. Duvalon, the peaceful servant of justice, you, all of a sudden, transform into a bloodthirsty warrior! Such things, however, belong to our profession, not to his."

A bitter word rose to Richard's lips, but he feared to appear ridiculous, and kept silent.

"If I were a man," said Julia, looking at the Count, "I should be a soldier. It is the only profession worthy of a man. What can there be nobler than to confide in one's own courage, and ever to protect one's own?"

"And is courage only to be found with the soldier?" asked Richard, his feelings hurt.

"At least, you'll not expect us," answered Julia playfully, "to look for it under the judicial cloak. Am I not right, Count?"

"Mademoiselle," replied he, bursting into a loud laugh, "if ever the Arabs capture Al-

giers, I should not advise you to seek shelter in the *Palais de Justice*."

"If the hour of danger comes we shall see where bravery is," said Richard, whose blood began to boil.

"You are talking of the Greek calends now. But let me make a proposition to you. Yesterday I took a horseback ride to Big Springs, and under the plane-tree there I forgot my gold-handled riding-whip. I was asking the Count a moment ago if he wouldn't go and get it for me tomorrow, but he considers this impossible; for, as he says, the Arabs have taken possession of the pass. Now, if you are the hero we are to take you for, here is a fine opportunity to show it. Bring me my riding-whip, and I shall crown your courage."

"You are mistaken, Mademoiselle," said Richard with signs of vexation; "I make no boast of my heroism."

With a deep bow he withdrew, and did not go near Julia again during the entire evening. But Julia, when she caught sight of him standing in a corner of the hall, pale and motionless, approached him to suggest another dance with him. Richard submitted without uttering a word. Immediately after the dance he left the hall in company with his mother.

Early the next day—it was Sunday—Richard saddled his horse, and with his gun swinging from his shoulder, he went to his mother to bid her good-bye, informing her that he was going on a hunt. Madame Duvalon begged him to be careful not to expose himself to any danger while the Arabs were still in the neighborhood. But he calmed her with the assurance that by this time they must have departed, and that he was familiar with all the mountain paths.

Mounting his horse he soon left the city behind, and took the road to Big Springs. In fact, he was well acquainted with the whole way; and after a half-hour's ride he left the main highway and took a trail leading through high shrubbery, where both horse and rider were concealed from the sight of passing enemies. After traveling thus something like a mile, he came to an

open spot where the trail crossed the main road. Here he suddenly became aware of the fact that the Arabs were in possession of the road.

Without losing presence of mind, he puts spurs to his horse, plunges right through their midst, and before they recover from their surprise, he gallops at full speed up the mountain pass on the other side of the road. The Arabs immediately start in pursuit, but as he has gained a considerable head-start and knows the region thoroughly, he succeeds in reaching the plane-tree and securing the whip on the spot described by Julia.

Without a second's delay he is off, turning his horse now to the left and now to the right in order to escape his pursuers. But it is too late; he is overtaken.

In this desperate situation he wheels his horse about and risks an attack. Aiming his gun, he pulls the trigger and wounds the nearest assailant; and then, throwing his gun away, and with his unsheathed sword in his hand, rushes madly into the crowd, in the vain hope of cutting his way through. An impossible undertaking! He soon sees himself surrounded by more than fifty of these Bedouins, and their number increasing every moment. After a heroic defence, during which his sword is broken, Richard is forced to surrender.

His valor, however, inspires these warlike sons of the desert with the greatest respect. Having made him prisoner, they drag him to a remote, inaccessible spot, and place him under close surveillance.

As soon as Richard discovers that he is alone with his Arab guard, he approaches him thus:

"Would it be any object to you to earn a nice piece of money?"

"Yes, indeed, that's just what I should like!"

"Name the sum, then, for which you'll help me to escape."

The Arab, drawing his sword, exclaims:

"If you stir or repeat such offers, I'll off with your head."

"Very well, then. But will you carry this whip to Algiers for me?"

"And what'll be my reward?"

"A thousand francs."

"All right, I accept."

"Do you know how to write?"

"Yes."

"When you come to Algiers, hunt up the residence of M. St. Martin. Ask for his niece, Mdlle. Julia Vosan—write her name down—and deliver this whip to her."

"And what am I to tell her?"

"Nothing at all!"

"And if she asks me questions?"

"Leave them unanswered!"

"And who'll pay me?"

Richard pulled a gold ring from his finger, and said:

"Inquire for the residence of Mme. Duvalon. Deliver this ring to her, and tell her that I am a prisoner in the hands of the Arabs, but am alive. The lady, my mother, will pay you the money."

"But suppose she don't believe me?"

Richard wrote the following words in Arabic:

"Grieve not; I live. Pay the bearer 1000 francs, and let him depart."

The Arab took the piece of paper, read it attentively, concealed it in his girdle; and as soon as he had been relieved of his watch, he threw himself upon his horse, and hastened away.

#### IV.

ON the day following the ball, General Bugeaud gave a farewell banquet, to which the *haute-volée* of Algiers was invited. He intended to make an expedition against the Arabs, who were annoying the city; and after that, to penetrate into the interior, in order to bring the provinces again under the supremacy of the French arms. The guests appeared, and among them some with whom we are already acquainted, such as M. St. Martin and his niece, whose side Count de Laverrière never left for an instant. Mme. Duvalon had sent her regrets, saying that she needed rest, and that her son had gone on a hunting excursion.

Even before the guests had taken their seats at the table, a servant entered the din-

ing-hall, to tell Julia that some one wished to see her outside. Julia left the room, and after a little time returned, her face all aglow, and a gold-handled riding-whip in her hand.

"What has happened to you?" asked the Count at once, as he hastened to meet her.

"Here, he sends it to me," replied Julia mysteriously and in the greatest confusion, holding out the whip, and at the same time pressing her bosom with her hand, as if to quiet her violently beating heart.

"Eh! How's that?"

"An Arab brought it to me, but he would not answer any of my questions."

"Now, no doubt, you are going to call M. Duvalon a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, as the phrase ran formerly!" exclaimed the Count laughing.

"Don't jest at his expense, Monsieur le Comte!" replied Julia, with severity. "He has shown great courage, and exposed himself to danger, all for a foolish whim of mine. I reproach myself bitterly."

"Oh, an imaginary danger! These Arabs, I dare say, are myths, or else have left this vicinity long ago; and M. Duvalon knew that"; stammered the Count, taken aback by Julia's answer.

At this moment the door opened, and a servant announced Mme. Duvalon.

"He is a prisoner! They have dragged him to the mountains! They are going to murder him!" cried Mme. Duvalon, while General Bugeaud, surprised by the unexpected arrival, hurried to meet her.

"Who is a prisoner? Who is being murdered? Make yourself clear!" said the General, in a friendly manner.

"My son! My son! They are going to murder him! The Arabs have captured him!" moaned Mme. Duvalon. "O, General, save him! He's my all! Without him I cannot live! Just consider, General, he is in the hands of the Arabs; they are carrying him to the mountains! Help! help!"

"Control yourself, Madame, and explain to us what has happened," said the General.

Mme. Duvalon related that her son had left in the morning to go hunting, with the promise to return before evening; but that

a few minutes ago an Arab had come to her home to deliver to her a ring, together with a note in her son's handwriting, informing her that he had been caught by the Arabs. After telling this, she threw herself, as if bereft of her senses, at the General's feet.

"My son, my son!" she cried, and fell in a swoon on the floor.

Julia, pale as death, hastened to assist her. The General raised her up and placed her in an easy chair.

"Madame," he consoled her, "dispel all anxiety for your son. Within twenty-four hours I shall bring him to your arms." And turning to the officers, he continued: "I invited you to a dinner, but I shall prepare for you a genuine feast. Let us empty a glass, and then be mounted. Our troops are ready; in half an hour we depart. The ladies will drink a glass to our good success. The Count remains to do the honors. M. Duvalon is one of France's most cherished sons; before midnight he must be free."

At these remarks all were seized with eagerness for battle. Mme. Duvalon rose to kiss the General's hand, which he, however, prevented. The officers drank to the success of their enterprise, and hastened to their commands. In half an hour the troops of General Bugeaud were marching from the city amid the greetings of the inhabitants.

Mme. Duvalon was carried to her residence, accompanied by Julia, who would not leave her for a moment. Exhaustion followed the violent emotion, and Mme. Duvalon lay on her couch with fixed eyes and speechless. During the night she fell into a raging fever. In her delirium she called her son by the tenderest names; implored Julia to tell her by whom and when he had been murdered; lamenting that Richard had been entrusted to her by his father, and that she would be called to account by him. Then she would sit up in bed, begging to be allowed to follow the troops and be the first to literate and embrace him. Upon return of consciousness, during the intervals of the fever, she wept and sobbed, inquiring whether no news had arrived from the troops.

Favorable reports spread through the city on the following day. Early in the morning the Count came to Mme. Duvalon to communicate the contents of a letter from General Bugeaud. He had surprised and defeated the Arabs during the night. He was pursuing the small fleeing bodies, he wrote, and hoped soon to overtake them and to rescue Richard.

This, then, was the so impatiently awaited news, upon which hung all her hopes. Now that it has come, Mme. Duvalon is again tossed upon a sea of uncertainty, or rather, plunged into an abyss of despair. But what can she do? Only wait, count the slowly creeping minutes which seem like an eternity, filled with the saddest thoughts and most terrible tortures.

Thus, then, she waited, apparently with submission and fortitude. But Julia, her close and anxious attendant, noted a fixed look in her eye, a spasmodic twitching of her lips, and a burning heat in her hands that indicated an internal fever.

At length, on the evening of the fifth day, while Julia was sitting by the bedside of the patient, the door of the apartment opened.

"The Count! A letter!" cried Mme. Duvalon, rushing from her couch and seizing the Count violently by the arm. The Count seemed despondent, and hesitatingly delivered a letter. It came from the General and read as follows:

"*Dear Madame*:—What bravery can do has been done for your noble son. But the decrees of Providence are inscrutable. We pursued the Arabs as far as the desert, and cut down many a one, although they fled before us like shadows. Finally we reached Bab-el-Sara, an impassable mountain range, which constitutes a natural wall against assault as well as bombardment. Through a mountain pass here the Arabs escaped with their prisoner. The hope of rescuing him for you, for us, for France, caused our soldiers to accomplish miracles of bravery. Three times, in utter disregard of life, they penetrated into the pass; three times we saw the bravest of the brave consecrate themselves to death. More enviable, nevertheless, was the lot of those who found their death than ours—to live in the certainty that our present efforts must be vain. May the Almighty, who alone knows why He imposes sufferings upon us, give you the fortitude to endure this, the greatest of all!"

Mme. Duvalon read the letter through several times; then, looking inquiringly at the Count, and standing awhile as though petrified, suddenly sank to the floor as if dead. Julia, with the aid of the Count, placed her on the couch. The physician was summoned, and while efforts were being made to recall the patient to consciousness, Julia drew the Count to one side and said:

"Is there no hope? Is it absolutely impossible to save him?"

"According to all accounts, absolutely impossible. As long as the Arabs hold the pass no bird can get through."

"And will they be allowed to hold it forever?"

"The General writes that as soon as the southern provinces are subjugated he will make an attempt from the other side to attack and capture the Arabs."

"And how long may that take?"

"Several months, at least; perhaps a year."

"Count, you know your men. Is it not possible for money—for a good deal of money, and even if it should take all I have—to induce a few to undertake a bold venture?"

"Money is a bait, where there is still hope, though it be ever so slight. But where the General failed, there is absolutely no hope. And even if we do induce a few for money, we only send them to certain death."

Julia stood a few minutes in reflection. Then turning to the Count again she said:

"Since valor has been able to do nothing, might not devotion make an attempt? Is there no one who will make an effort to penetrate even to him and release him?"

"Mademoiselle, your zeal carries you away. Where can a man be found self-sacrificing enough to choose between so perilous an undertaking and sure death?"

"And how, Count, if you were the man?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Mademoiselle."

"Suppose you dress yourself in Arabian attire; you speak the language very well. If, then, you could reach M. Duvalon, perhaps you might succeed in saving him. What do you say?"

"That your confidence is very flattering, but not your readiness to sacrifice me for the sake of M. Duvalon. Death, which I should undoubtedly meet, I am sure I am not afraid of. But I am afraid of making myself ridiculous."

"How would it do, then," said Julia with impatience, "if we two together, I in your company, exposed ourselves to ridicule and death?"

"I should have to say that wild, incomprehensible, or rather impossible, ideas fill your head. It would be the greatest bliss for me to accompany you to the end of the earth. But under the circumstances, and in your own interest, I consider it my duty not only to restrain you from your mad purpose, but also without delay to inform your aunt, so that she may protect you against your own heart, until better counsels rule you."

Julia, looking straight into his face, answered his speech with a light and unexpected laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! I have succeeded in fooling you! You take my words in dead earnest. Now I shall be able to relate everywhere that I succeeded in playing a trick on the prudent Count!"

"Oh, that was not so very difficult, Mademoiselle! I have been accustomed to be deceived by you now for some time. I confess, this trick of yours frightened me for a moment."

"Yes, I must admit it was very unbecoming, Monsieur le Comte. However, come again soon and bring us the news."

The Count, with the deepest bow, took his departure. Julia followed him with her eyes, in which there shone unutterable contempt. Then quickly regaining composure and rising above herself, she made one of those supreme resolutions, which, while at once indicating the highest nobility of the soul, and revealing in one moment the whole character of a human being, determine, too, the whole future course of one's life. She betook herself to the bedside of the sick lady, who had recovered consciousness. For a while Mme. Duvalon gazed vacantly at Julia, as though she did not recognize her.

Then she grasped the girl's head with both her hands, and drew it to her lips.

"We have lost him!" was the breathless whisper that forced itself from her lips.

Julia kissed her passionately, and with tears streaming from her eyes, left the room without saying a word.

A little while after a servant brought Mme. Duvalon a note containing the following words:

"Have courage! There is one person left who will save your son, or else perish with him."

Julia did not make her appearance at breakfast the next morning, and M. St. Martin, on going to her room, found the following note:

"*Dearest Uncle:* I must leave. Let nobody know of it for ten days. Our trusted Joseph accompanies me. Confide in me."

This was a lightning flash from a clear sky for M. St. Martin and his wife. But as Julia had gone, they respected her request; and all who inquired for her received for an answer that she was unwell, which did not seem at all strange, since she had been looking much worn for several days.

After the French had left Bab-el-Sara as impregnable from the north, the Arabs fortified themselves there; and the Deira, a nomadic horde of Farat Ben Asis, encamped among the rocks in a spot that defied any attack. Beneath a tent, near the middle of the Deira, lay the prisoner; and, although his hands and feet were fettered, a sentinel was at all times on guard.

One day there appeared in the Deira a beggar-woman, asking for food and a place to sleep in for the night. The outposts admitted her to the camp without difficulty. The woman seemed to be one of those gypsies, who, living on fortune-telling and necromancy, victimize the credulous and ignorant. She was dressed in tattered garments, old boots that had undoubtedly been given to her, wide breeches, patched up out of rags of all sorts, a torn jacket, and over all an Arab burnous of the coarsest hairy cloth. This enveloped her whole body, even her head, only leaving an opening for the eyes,

which shone with a youthful and sparkling light. But all else that was visible of the sun-burnt body, as well as its bent position, and the cane which was grasped in her brown hands, and which supported her, betrayed an old woman.

Picking out the spot in the Deira where the women kept themselves, she sang a few Arabian songs, accompanying them on a sort of tambourine which hung by her side. Her singing soon brought around her a number of women, children, and also men. The singing ended, she held out her tambourine for alms. The women then asked her if she could tell fortunes.

"That's my business," said the gypsy. "It's forty years since I told a young fellow that he would become Sultan. His name was Ab-el-Kader."

"Allah! Allah!" cried those about; and more than one hand was stretched out to the fortune-teller, who examined the lines on one and then another, at the same time muttering strange words. Then addressing herself to a woman with child, she prophesied to her the birth of a son who would become pasha of three provinces; to a young girl she promised a black-eyed, brave, and rich husband, which brought her a coin; to a woman bearing all the outward signs of servitude, she held out the hope of liberty. Thus, quickly taking in the situation, she told them what each wanted most to hear. From the women she went over among the men, and did the same thing, reaping many words of thanks and many a piece of money. Finally the gypsy came to a man dressed in better style, and evidently belonging to the soldier-class. She regarded him for a long time, and then examining the lines on his hand, was heard to say:

"Here is a line of great promise; a line of riches."

"A line of riches!" exclaimed the young Arab, and his eyes beamed with joy.

"Yes, of riches," repeated the woman; "and that, too, of great riches!"

"How and when shall I find them?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh," said she, examining his hand once

more, "this line is crossed right here by another. It seems, my friend, that you'll soon find your riches. But, upon my word! here it runs into the index finger. That means that the securing of the treasure depends on yourself."

"Can you tell me where to look for it?"

"That's not so easy," she said aloud; and then added in a low voice, audible only to him, "and if I can, shall I tell it before all this crowd of people?"

Without really knowing what it all meant, the Arab answered in the negative, and at the same time slipped a piece of money into her hand. When she had sung a few more songs, she withdrew to a quiet spot to eat some of the victuals that had been given to her.

Pretty soon, when the Arab had made sure that she was alone, he stole up to her and seated himself by her side.

"Now, I suppose you can tell me where and how I can find the treasure?"

"I was just thinking about that," answered she, "but I must examine your hands once more"—so saying she seized both his hands and let her eyes wander from one to the other, at the same time going through a long rigmarole.

"Now I must have a few hairs of your head."

The Arab cut off a few with his knife and handed them to her.

"Now, something that's not quite so easy. I must moisten the hairs with a drop of your own blood."

The Arab scratched the skin on his wrist with the sharp point of his knife, and dipped the hairs in the blood. In the meanwhile the gypsy had formed a circle out of various pebbles, little vials, and small pieces of metal.

"Now, all I need is some fire."

The Arab offered his pipe. She made a small fire in the middle of the circle, laid the hairs upon it, and over the smoke thus produced she held her tambourine. Then she examined it closely, and described certain signs on it with her finger.

"Have you a Christian in the camp?" she asked.

"No!" he answered hesitatingly.

"I am sorry; that's too bad. From what has been revealed to me, it appears that the treasure is buried. I can take you to the spot, provided you promise me a good reward. But it is indispensable that a Christian dig the treasure up."

"A Christian! And how large is the treasure, I wonder!"

"I can't tell you exactly, but the smoke indicates a considerable sum."

"If that is so," cried the Arab, putting out his hand, as if to grasp the money, "listen! We have a Christian as prisoner here. But how could I take him along?"

"That's none of my business," replied the gypsy-woman. "Your interests are at stake, not mine."

"See here!" said the Arab: "From midnight to sunrise I keep watch at the Christian's tent. Do you think that we could execute the work in that time?"

The woman seemed to fall into a sort of trance, and meditated.

"A tall tree; a meadow; not far from the tree, running water; on the bank of the stream a dilapidated structure; below, a flowing well. Somewhere there is the treasure. Two, two and a half hours' ride from here. Thus it appears before my mind."

"Oh, I know that place perfectly well! I have an excellent camel that can make ten days' journey in one. At midnight we'll take the prisoner and mount the camel. I'll threaten him with death if he utters a sound. As soon as the treasure is dug up, then—"

"What then—?"

"Then the Christian will be buried!"

Involuntarily the gypsy sprang to her feet.

"And why that?" she asked.

"The dead are silent!"

"Perhaps you are right," she answered, with feigned quiet. "But fear makes silent: possibly you only need inspire him with fear."

"We'll see what may seem best."

Thus they parted.

## VI.

At midnight as the Arab, whose name was Bu-Mahomet, went to relieve the watch, he awakened the gypsy-woman, as had been agreed on. She followed him stealthily. When they reached the tent, they found Richard asleep, but Mahomet aroused him rudely.

"Dog of a Christian, get up! We are going to start on a trip."

"Where to?" asked Richard, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

Then the gypsy, who was scarcely visible in the dim moonlight, approached.

"No matter what you see or hear," she advised, "make not a sound if your life is dear to you. Obey that man and wonder at nothing."

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Richard.

"Keep still!" the gypsy woman emphatically interrupted. "I enjoin silence upon you if you wish to live."

"That's right! Well said!" said the Arab.

Richard was ready to start instantly.

"Well, I shall do as you command," he said, turning to the Arab.

Mahomet now released him from his chains, and led him to where the swift camel stood. He had him mount the animal; then helped the woman up, and finally mounted himself in front. Then they set off through the mountains, by lonely paths where there was no apprehension of being discovered. While mounting, the gypsy had succeeded in whispering to Richard two words in French:

"Silence! circumspection!"

With the swiftness of the wind the camel sped through the mountain passes, and in an hour's time they had reached the plain. They soon arrived at the described spot. The three here dismounted, and the Arab tied the camel among some tall bushes. The woman seized a stick, and walking about every which way, described all sorts of hieroglyphics in the air, and marked out circles on the ground; and finally struck a

distant spot near the ruins, with the exclamation :

"Here, I have found it!"

"The Arab put a spade which he had brought along in Richard's hand, and said in a threatening voice:

"Now, go and dig!"

"Obey thy master!" said the woman sharply.

Richard, trembling from excitement, took the spade, and at the indicated place commenced to throw up the soil, which yielded easily.

"If you find anything strange, let us know," said the gypsy, who remained with Mahomet at a distance, near the camel.

The Arab was in the greatest excitement, trembling from head to foot. The perspiration rolled from his brow, as he waited in suspense between doubts and hopes.

After a quarter of an hour's labor Richard suddenly cried out :

"Here is some gold!"

"Stop digging!" ordered the woman, and turning to the Arab who was agitated almost beyond control when he heard Richard's words, she added : "We have found the treasure, but it would not be wise to let the Christian see the whole sum. Bring him this way, and collect the money yourself."

"Would it not be better to shoot him?" asked the Arab, grasping his gun.

"By no means! Beware, or you will spoil everything! Perhaps the Christian is destined to continue the digging."

The Arab, who was afraid of defeating his own chances, seized Richard by the arm, and took him to where the woman was, by the camel.

"I suppose I'll have to fether him first," said Mahomet.

"Undoubtedly you must, otherwise he might escape. Tie him firmly on the camel. I shall watch him. I hope you'll not forget the reward you promised me."

"Rely on me," answered the Arab, obeying the suggestion.

He ordered the prisoner to mount the camel, and then tied him there. Then going to the pit, he laid his gun near him, and

stooped down. At this moment the gypsy clapped her hands twice, and from the tall shrubbery there appeared two men. One snatched the Arab's gun, and aiming it at him, said :

"If you move, you are a dead man!"

At the same time, the gypsy, mounting the camel and riding by the Arab, said :

"I promised you a treasure. You'll find it in the pit. It is your property. However, I advise you never to be seen again in your camp."

Then she let the camel feel the whip, and it flew across the plain. The two men, too, mounted their horses, which had been concealed in the high bushes; and as they rode away, they informed the Arab that he would find his gun a hundred paces distant. This succession of events had almost robbed the Arab of his senses. When, however, he had composed himself somewhat, and realized that he was alone and out of danger, he searched for and found the great treasure promised him. It was all in French gold coins. A hundred paces away he found his gun. Then he set off in a direction opposite to his camp; for if he had gone thither, after the flight of his prisoner, he would not have remained alive a single hour.

## VII.

THE swift camel, after flying rather than running for an hour, brought our riders into the first village garrisoned by the French. Here Richard fell on his knees before Julia, and with burning tears streaming from his eyes, worshiped her as his protecting angel and savior. Julia had soon put off her ragged garments, and restored to her hands and face their natural appearance, in order as a lady to mount the horse that stood in readiness. The faithful Joseph, together with his kinsman, had in the meantime arrived, and the happy company started for Algiers, where they arrived just ten days after Julia's disappearance.

M. and Mme. St. Martin, who had begun to be extremely anxious for Julia's safety, received their niece with inexpressible joy, and

accompanied her and Richard at once to the home of Mme Duvalon, who was hardly recognizable in consequence of her great grief. For a long time she struggled in vain to utter the words: "My son!" until at last a spasmodic sobbing eased her breath and relieved her heart. When now she heard of Julia's brave undertaking, she fell upon her neck, and prayed to God to reward the heroic maiden.

"If I should from henceforth devote my

whole life to you, how can I ever compensate you for what you have done?" she cried.

"By calling me your daughter," replied Julia, covered with blushes.

A short time thereafter the marriage of Richard and Julia was solemnized, General Bugeaud signing the contract as witness. Our story leaves us in doubt whether Count de Laverrière was present at the ceremony or not.

*Albin Putzker.*

### TO A YOUNG MAN.

CARESS thy pleasures with a reverent touch:

Too soon at best their early fragrance flees.

Seek not to know, to see, or taste too much:

The sweetest, deepest cup hath still its lees;

The blushing grape is not too rudely pressed,

When gushes forth its richest and its best.

Bird, bubble, butterfly on light wing straying,

With changing tints of crimson, blue, and gold,

Upon warm waves of summer sunlight swaying,

When thy frail, flaming wing the boy shall hold,

Alas, how soon its fragile charms expire!

E'en so when strong men seize their soul's desire.

Rend not with ruthless hand the lily's bell,

To gather all its sweetness at a breath;

Spill not the pearl deep in its bosom's cell,—

The crystal gift Aurora's tears bequeath.

So shall a delicate perfume be thine,

Through all the weary hours of day's decline.

The gentlest spirits of the earth and air,—

Sweet mysteries to ruder men unknown—

Shall yield delights as delicate as rare.

The secret bowers of Love shall be thy own,

The one great bliss, so long thy hope's despair,

Shall press with eager feet to find thee there.

*E. L. Huggins.*

THE ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLE OF POETIC ART.<sup>1</sup>

It was originally suggested that our topic this evening should be the essential *principles* of poetic art. But I have purposely changed the main word in the title to the singular number. Time would wholly fail us to pursue the manifold and varied conditions of the poet's gift to all their diverging ends. We must content ourselves with an endeavor to find the single determining principle from which they all arise.

But is there any such single principle? It seems difficult to think so, when we contemplate the confusing diversity of the actual species of poetry. Not to speak of a common originative *principle*, it does not appear probable, at first sight, that anything of essential import should be common to the varieties of poetry at all—to the epic, the dramatic, the lyric, the didactic; the tragic, the comic; the heroic, the sentimental; the meditative, the sportive; the elegiac, the satirical; the classic, the romantic. And if we turn from the form and mood of the poetry to its subject and contents—to love and war, to the myriad-visaged landscape and the "marvelous heart of man," to joy and sorrow, glory and shame, to "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind" and "those thoughts that wander through eternity"—the belief in the unity of the poetic spirit becomes still more difficult. How can diversity so wide be reduced to unity? How can a single principle provide for such manifold effects, or preserve its identity throughout such an infinitude of variations?

To dispose of these wonderings, and satisfy them, is doubtless part of our business in the effort to ascertain the essential principle of poetry. But this theoretical aim of our inquiry is not the only one; there is a practical interest to be served by it, too. The former might, to be sure, yield us the pleasure of a gratified curiosity; but we may

rightly demand of such an inquiry that it furnish us with a discipline of taste and with the means of permanent culture. If its result is real, it should put us in possession of a criterion or touchstone by which not only to ascertain the real character of a production that professes to be poetry, but to discriminate between works undoubtedly poetic according to their real merits. Our question, then, is not simply whether there is a single essential principle of poetic art, and what it is, but more pertinently what the subtle quality is that makes a poem a poem, and determines, by the degree of its presence, the rank of any poem in the great company of poems.

The surest method of settling this question might seem to be to examine those works which the maturest judgment of the world has pronounced the best examples of poetry, and by a careful analysis and comparison to penetrate at length to their common secret. But, aside from the doubt which the largest experience of appreciative minds has cast upon this method of the dissecting room, the execution of it would require at least an academic term of daily lectures. In no less time could we hope to traverse the Iliad and the Odyssey, the book of Job, the Agamemnon, the Antigone, the Rubaiyat, the Divina Commedia, the Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, the Death of Wallenstein, and the Faust. Even then almost the whole of lyric poetry, and the whole of comic, would be left untouched. But in this impracticability of the inductive method we are fortunate in having the swifter deductive one within our reach. We can set out from the theory concerning the essential principle of art in general, which was so clearly and comprehensively presented to us at our last meeting by Professor Le Conte.<sup>2</sup> As poetry is a species of art, its essential principle must be

<sup>1</sup> Substance of remarks made at a meeting of the Longfellow Memorial Association of the University of California, March 5, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> See his "General Principles of Art and their Application to the Novel," in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for April, 1885.

simply a specific development of the principle essential to all art; and it will merely remain for us to ascertain what the specific addition is that the peculiar conditions of the poet's art make to the principle of art in general.

The general principle of art, then, in regard to which we all found ourselves in such main agreement with Professor Le Conte, may be summarily stated as *real-ideality*. That is, art is not the canceling of the actual and imperfect, and the putting in its place of a vague and fanciful perfection that is only an illusory abstraction after all; it is the transfiguring of the actual by the ideal that is actually immanent in it. The actual hides in itself an ideal that is its true reality and its destination, and this hidden ideal it is the function of art to reveal. The artist is a seer whose eye pierces to the secret of which the natural fact is the embodied sign and prophecy. He is a magician whose hand releases the spirit imprisoned in matter, and transforms the brute token into the breathing and speaking body. And as the ideal in the whole of nature moves in an infinite process toward an Absolute Perfection, we may truly say that art is the apotheosis of nature. Art is thus at once the exaltation of the natural towards its destined supernatural perfection, and the investiture of the Absolute Beauty with the reality of natural existence. Its aim and work is consequently not a means to some higher end, but is itself an end absolute; or, as we may otherwise state the case, art is its own end. It is not a mere recreation for man, a piece of by-play in human life, nor is it merely a means to some other more serious end; but it is a mode of spiritual activity, the lack of which would be a falling short of the destination of man. It is itself part and parcel of man's eternal vocation.

And this self-subsistence, this serious necessity, grounded in the very nature of art as the investiture of the actual with its ideal-reality or real-ideality (call it which we will) is the essential quality and the criterion of art. If a work comes to us claiming to be a piece of art, its claim must stand or fall

according as we can or cannot find a place for it in that scheme of our life which comports with the permanent self-respect of human nature; and according to its place in the scale of things compatible with the worth of man, as measured by his rational self-criticism, must be its rank in the scale of art.

Applied to poetry, this theory would teach us that what makes a poem a poem is the embodiment in it of some element of actual experience, set in the light of that ideal of itself which, by virtue of fitting into the ideal of human nature, forms at once the true reality of the embodied fact and a permanent part in the complete reality of man. The theory rests upon the doctrine that the final truth of nature and of man is one and the same; that the ideal law of nature—the predestined end toward which it moves by force of its own immanent idea—is identical with that revealed in the human imagination as the ideal of man; that the criterion of imagination, as distinguished from the caprice of fancy, is this conformity with the laws of nature—this holding fast to the sobriety of the actual, and pursuing the lines of its real ideal, as projected according to the actual (even if unrealized) guidance of rational thought. Such productions as exhibit this healthy and truly prophetic imagination that moves upon the lines of eternal law common to nature and to man, are genuine poems; such as lack it are not. The latter may give a transient pleasure to such minds as, still under the dominion of passion and impulse, and always seeking for that intensity of experience which alone can satisfy the craving for novelty and change, fall naturally into bondage to the glittering but capricious illusions of fancy; but such works will have no place in the abiding judgment of man: they cannot endure the test of time. It is profoundly true that it is not only the quality but the test of a real poem, that, like every other work of genuine art, it possesses *a perpetually increasing interest*; and this, not only for the individual reader, but for historic man, as his culture advances in successive generations and succeeding ages. Indeed,

we may carry the principle of this test even farther than Professor Le Conte has done, and say that works of art, and therefore poems, fail of their full effect on a first view in proportion to their greatness. Only the most experienced judges can recognize a work of the highest order upon sight; even to them the realization of its true compass and depth comes only through repeated examination and patient study; while upon the ordinary observer, even of good taste, the first effect of the greatest works is unimpressive or even disappointing. Work of genius demands an answering genius in the beholder; in lack of it, there must be a patient teachableness that waits reverently on the slow self-revelation of greatness.

So far, somewhat altered in form of expression, and with its implied grounds partially exhibited, the theory presented by Professor Le Conte. We have from it a fruitful conception of the ground-trait of the essential principle of poetry:—All poetry must, in common with all other art, combine in one whole a fact of sense and the real-ideal of the imagination—the ideal conforming to the root-idea of the fact; this real-ideal must in the poetry, as it does in the law of nature, comport with the law that determines the permanent worth of man; and the whole into which the ideal and the fact are blended must, in the poetic treatment, be presented as a self-justifying end—the poet must regard and treat his poem as completely its own end. It should now be our business to trace the steps of specialization by which, in the act of poetic creation, this ground-trait develops itself from the common principle of all art into the specific principle of poetry. But before doing this, and in order the better to effect it, I will endeavor to present the theory advanced by Professor Le Conte in a somewhat varied form, and from a different point of view. And as he, though presenting it in his own admirable and original way, has followed in the main the doctrine of Schiller and of Schelling, I shall follow here the principles suggested by Hegel, in his development of the hints furnished by his two great predecessors.

The point of view from which I would reconstruct our theory of art is the trait of *art's being its own end*, taken in conjunction with another trait constantly implied by Professor Le Conte, though I think nowhere expressly mentioned by him—the trait, I mean, of literal *creativity*, in virtue of which every true work of art is not only a *union* of the two contrasted elements—the actual and the ideal—but an indivisible *unit*, in which each element lives indeed, but not in its own proper and isolated form. Each lives, on the contrary, in a higher realization in one and the same new reality. The real *is*, but is idealized, and the ideal has taken on a completer realization than it had in the original fact. And thus the work of art brings into existence a new being—an actual and genuine *individual*. This is the sovereign and essential quality of art; and it is because this individual creation is set into existence in pursuance of the real-ideal constituting the law of nature, and thus enters into being as a real term in nature—a term, too, prophetic of that transfigured order of nature which is kindred with the rational nature of man and is to form his fitting abode—it is precisely for this reason, I say, that we can truly assert—nay, that we cannot do less than assert—that every work of art is an end in itself. Emerson has put this view with the greatest force in his poem of “The Problem”:

“ For, out of THOUGHT's interior sphere,  
Art's wonders rose to upper air;  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;  
Art might obey, but not surpass:  
The passive master lent his hand  
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;  
And the same Power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.”

The same thought, of the blending of the actual and the ideal in a new actual—a more veritable individual, at once more ideal and more real—is the burden of those forever quoted yet forever fresh lines of Shakespeare:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven ;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to SHAPES, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

The self-justifying, self-motived nature of art—and hence of the poetic art—as consisting in the literal creation of new and individual realities, and of realities, too, that continue the line of nature in its true progress toward the Absolute Beauty which is also the goal of man, is the real ground-trait, then, of the essential principle of poetry that we are seeking. Here, again, Emerson in one of the most perfect of poems—"To the Rhodora"—has given us an expression of the right reason of art or beauty—conjoined remarkably with the real ground of its self-sufficiency—that is as high as we can well conceive :

"In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being :  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,  
I never thought to ask, I never knew :  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The selfsame Power that brought me there,  
brought you."

That is, the self-excuse of the being of beauty and the self-warranty of the higher human nature are alike grounded in the Power who reveals his own ideal nature in both. The beautiful and the soul of man are in an eternal correlation. Each, as the expression of the selfsame Ideal of the Reason that is the living source of both, reflects the other and implies the other. Each in this its inseparable union with the other is thus self-complete, and so must truly be said to stand in need of nothing for its justification save itself—must be said to be an end

in itself, an end absolute—to be its own end. Now, art is art only as it creates the beautiful ; that is, only as it sets the beautiful into actual existence, or, what is the same thing, transforms the actual into the beautiful which is its proper truth and higher reality. To be itself, then, art must generate that which in its necessary correlation with the ideal of human nature is an absolute end, and not a means ; and hence, to be itself—to be at all—art must be its own end.

We need, however, to ascertain clearly what this noticeable expression really means. It is liable to great and even gross misunderstanding. It seems to challenge the most sacred convictions of the Puritan spirit—which, as a genuine historic spirit, has a real authority—and it does challenge, mortally, the Puritan's abstract and one-sided conception of human life ; but it might seem also to justify or excuse the sensual spirit, as much as to say : "*Quicquid libet licet*—art is its own law, it may do as it will. It may, if it please, clothe license and sensuality in the enticing garb of color and fair form and melodious sound and ravishing words ; its only condition is that its product shall be beautiful."

And this its sole condition we may fearlessly accept ; but we must also as fearlessly apply it. When rigorously applied, it puts an end at once to the pretensions of the sensual school of professed artists and poets, and allays the righteous rage and honest apprehensions of the Puritan, and may hope, possibly, to win him to a larger apprehension of life. For merely physical or sensuous beauty is not the end of art ; but that intellectual beauty whose consummation is the beauty of a complete and righteous life. It must be remembered that the ideal which guides and inspires art—genuine art—is the Supreme Ideal at once of man and nature. The true artist worships and must worship God ; but his rite and symbol must be his art, and, so far as he is artist, must be his art alone. Not that the God whom he adores by his art is other than the God whom we all adore by a common dutiful life ; but that to him, in his function of artist, the godhead,

in all its sum of perfections, is summed up in the Spirit of Beauty.

Nor does the doctrine that art is its own end mean that art is indifferent to science (or philosophy) and religion; nor that beauty stands in no necessary relation to truth and goodness. On the contrary, to reach the true state of the case, we must go even farther than Tennyson has gone, in the famous lines prefixed to his "Palace of Art," in which he declares—

"That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three  
sisters

That dote upon each other, friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never can be sundered without tears."

For we must say, rather, that beauty, truth, and good stand in an eternal mutual necessity; neither of them has any real existence at all apart from the others. Though each has a formative principle of its own, so that they are all real, in a distinction that is irreducible, yet this distinction is in the *form* of their being, and not in its content; for neither can complete its own idea except as it gathers the two others into itself: beauty that does not comprehend truth and goodness is no complete beauty, but only the rudiment of beauty; truth that does not include good and beauty is only the fragment of truth; and goodness that does not compass truth and beauty is only an abortive goodness. In all of them alike, lives and reigns one selfsame Supreme Ideal, whose essence necessarily involves the three; and it is this that is the ground of their mutual involution. Their triune relation is strikingly expressed in the slightly altered words of Goethe:

"As all Nature's myriad changes  
Still one changeless Power proclaim,  
So in Thought's wide kingdom ranges  
One vast Meaning, still the same:

This is Truth—eternal Reason  
That from Beauty takes its dress,  
And through every changing season  
Stands for aye in Righteousness."

It will aid us in further clearing up the conception of beauty and art as ends in themselves, if we trace to a sufficient precision the nature of the distinction between these

three consubstantial ideas which we have now found to enjoy this literally hypostatic union. The true, the beautiful, and the good are each recognized by the developed human spirit everywhere as ends absolute—that is, as each its own end; and we have now seen the ground of this recognition in the fact that, through their reciprocal implication, the reality of each is one and the same engendering unity of the three, and that this, as the one and sole Supreme Ideal, is of necessity the absolute end—is its own end. And while this demonstrates that none of the three, in isolation from the others or in any abstract conception of it, can be a valid end at all, and, consequently, that beauty cannot be its own end apart from its complete nature as involving truth and good—much less if it be set in antagonism to them—the clear distinction of the one from the other and the discovery of the exact basis of the distinction will corroborate and emphasize their necessary interdependence.

In attempting to trace this distinction, we naturally have our attention arrested by a time-honored and very striking definition of beauty: Beauty is the reduction of diversity to unity; it is variety in unity, or unity in variety; it is the harmony of divergent parts in a single whole; it is the reconciliation of antagonistic elements; it is the triumph of the one over the many. The definition has not only the note of age, but of genius; it is itself beautiful, or, more exactly, it affects us in its first impression with a sense of the beautiful; we feel that it is fit to have come as it did from the lips of Plato and of Augustine. And it is undeniably true, in the sense that it states a real and universal quality of beauty, and an indispensable condition of its existence. It is certain that everything that is beautiful must be self-harmonious; that every work of art must have an inward fitness of its component members. Indeed, we may without exaggeration take a sublimer flight, and say that every work of art is, and must be, an embodied theodicy—it must by its nature be a symbol of the justification of the ways of God to man, of the perfection of the Sum of all Perfections in creating an

imperfect world. Every work of art, in fact, is the incarnation of man's faith in the perfection of things in their complete or ideal reality—of his seer's insight into that perfection by the prophetic light of imagination. A work of art is really a monumental record of a vision of the world in its real totality—in the light of the Sovereign Idea that originates it, embodies itself in it, and guides it to its destination.

But while all this is true of art, and of beauty as its object, the crucial question is, whether it is peculiar to art and to beauty; or, granting that it is the indispensable condition of their existence, is it also the sufficient condition? Now it is plain enough that, in this quality of self-harmony, this unity of diverse terms, we are not upon the nerve peculiar to beauty and art, but upon the trunk of their kindred and identity with truth and science, with good and religion; that for the differencing of this identity into the individual reality of art and beauty some further principle is needed; the principle of self-harmony, though indispensable, is itself insufficient. For science is as unquestionably a self-harmonious whole, a variety in unity, as any work of art can be; truth is a system of which science is the imaging exposition; and its supreme objective principle is the same as that of religion—the one and only Creative Idea or Self-existent Person; while religion is the imaging practice of the moral system or harmony in which good, by its own nature, subsists. Beauty, truth, and good—art, science, and religion—come thus alike under the common formula of unity in variety; and this, too, independently of that special and intimate phase of it which their identical triune essence, in their necessary interdependence and mutual involution, presents. But while this corroborates their kindred, and even puts it in a new and striking light, we not only fail here of the secret of their distinction, but we are conscious that we have nothing more than a *formal* statement of their identity; the essence of their common nature is missing, after all. To say that beauty, truth, and good are all self-harmonies—all unities in variety—tells us

as little of their common secret as of the specific secret of each; we would know *what* unity of *what* variety is in each case there.

And if we press the matter, we discover that nothing affords any key to either secret except the nature of our own human personality; that the trinity we cannot but observe in beauty, truth, and good is counterposed to a trinity in our own being as persons, and that the distinctions in it are dependent on this correlation, get their definition from this, and are in so far founded thereon. We, too, as persons (or beings rationally conscious) are existent, and can only be so, in a triune synthesis—an individual unity of intellect, susceptibility, and will. As members of the system of merely sub-personal nature, which we really are, and as which we begin and must begin the course of our proper or personal being, we recognize ourselves to be individual beings, merely in the low sense of being limited and specific; and we contrast with ourselves a universe of things and persons having a reality transcendent of us, grounded finally in the reality of an absolutely perfect and therefore self-existent Supreme Person. The conscious life of this Supreme Person, because of its perfection, constitutes a universal that is real and concrete, in the sense of standing for the potential or final or fulfilled life of every possible conscious being. To ourselves thus contrasted as individual against this universal, we give the name of *subjects*; to the universe of things and other finite persons that have their being transcendent of ours in the being of the Universal Person, we give the name of *objects*, partly to designate them as the targets, so to speak, of our subjective contemplation, partly to mark them as grounded in the universality that transcends our limits, and all limits save those arising from its own free nature. In so far as we are *subjects*, now, and tend to live in the isolated abstraction of our merely particular selves, we are merely a *susceptibility*; but in so far as we have revelation of the universe of *objects*, and can trace, even if by slow degrees, the system of their existence to its root in the Supreme Person, we are an *intellect*; finally, in so far as we can unite in an

indivisible activity our subjective with our objective essence, raising our mere susceptibility into the universal life of the intellect, and thus repeating in our own life the life of the sovereign ideal that images for us the character of the Supreme Person, we are a *will*. In short, susceptibility is our being as subjects, intellect is our being as part of the real world of objects, and will is the synthesis of both—is our being as subject-objects. In our "state of nature," susceptibility, as the very root of our individual reality, dominates us wholly; intellect appears only in the rudimentary form of sensuous impressions—mere uncomprehended *data* "from elsewhere;" and will appears as mere self-will—mere unreasoning desire. By the discipline of life we gradually ascend, through the mediation of the intellect, into the freedom belonging to will—to will whose life is obedience to reason, as at once the law of nature and the law of God. Thus our reality of personal existence, while immovably conditioned upon this trinity of our nature, derives all its spring from the same Supreme Ideal that we found a while ago to be the essential reality of beauty, truth, and good. Thus the Supreme Ideal defines itself in these three forms through its correlation with the three constitutive elements of our personality. We may therefore approximately define truth, beauty, and good as follows: Truth is the Supreme Ideal as the object of the intellect; beauty, that Ideal as the object of the susceptibility; and good, the same as the object of the will. Or, by going back to the ground of our threefold constitution, in the distinction between object and subject, we may say that truth is the Supreme Ideal taken barely in its objective aspect—taken in its pure universality, apart from any interest of the subject that knows it; beauty, on the contrary, is the same Ideal directly in its aspect of interest to the subject; while good, as the subject bringing the object within its own life—as the reconciliation of the interest of the subject with the disinterested universality of the object—is the Supreme Ideal in its own reality. Or, again, to return to our first theme—the identity of essence in the three, by virtue of their mutual implica-

tion—we must say that truth has its distinctive reality of form in dominating the common content of the three by the object, or the principle of *universality*; while the distinctive form of beauty is the predominance of the subject, or the principle of *particularity*; finally, the specific form of good is the union of the particular with the universal by the subject becoming rational object or the object becoming conscious subject—that is, the principle of *real individuality*. This last point of view, now, furnishes us with a new test of the true nature of art, and enables us to pass out of this long digression, and advance again upon the proper line of our inquiry.

For the real meaning of our last position is, that science approaches the universal—the truth—in its abstract form only, while art and religion deal with it in the concrete; art putting it as an *external object*, so far individualized as an unconscious thing may be; religion putting it as an *inwardly living subject-object*—that is, as fully individualized as only a conscious person can be. While art, science, and religion, then, like beauty, truth, and good, thus derive their distinct reality from their relation to human nature, and not from any quality intrinsic in their own isolated being, we find the specific trait of beauty in its setting the Supreme Ideal that it shares with truth and good into living interaction with our faculty of delight. That Ideal is beautiful in so far as it fills us with joy, and our joy is the sentiment of the beautiful in so far as it is joy in that Ideal. Art, therefore, to fulfill its own idea, must put that Ideal before us as a *reality*. But while the indispensable ground of art thus lies in the ideal, the identity of its ideal with that of truth and good requires that it found on fact, that it follow the law of nature, and that its works, while genuine facts of nature—sensibly objective individual things—be higher embodiments of the idea that founds nature and foreordains its course. In art, then, the universal descends into sensible individuality—descends in fuller self-realization than in the merely natural fact. Thus, to exist, the work of art must truly be *creat-*

*ed*; and in art man actually adds new and real and higher forms to the system of nature itself. This is the sublime prerogative of human nature. Man completes nature, not simply as himself a nature—a round of endowment passively received—standing at the summit of the natural system, but veritably as a free creator, to whom the Author of nature has assigned the transcendent office of carrying out the prophetic types of nature into that higher world which is nature's end and true reality—a world of new existences fit to be the expressions and the companions of man's spiritual life. It was with literal truth that Schiller sang :

“But *thine*, O Man, is art!—*thine* wholly and alone.”

Indeed, the entire world of spirit—the world of religion, of laws, and of science, as well as of art; of good and right and truth, as well as of beauty—God creates only through the creative freedom of man. Art in its unblemished nature, like religion and the search of truth, is thus literally a sacrament. The artist's calling and genius are sacred, and the men of old spoke with strict accuracy when they called the poet holy, and directed that he be venerated as a prophet. The darker is the condemnation, then, of our world of boasted “enlightenment,” and of those minds of prostituted power who stand for the ministers of art in it, that belief in this elevating truth has become as good as dead and well-nigh impossible. Art will never get its own, nor do its proper work in the discipline of life, until the sense of its real and sacred character comes once more into the general judgment, and masses of men look upon it as the few great spirits have looked who have been its true masters and interpreters.

But art cannot be sacred, save by the consistency of its contents with its sacred normal aim, and with the ideal which it shares, in its real nature, with truth and good. It is hollow and trivial enough if its soul of deep thought and reverent imagination be lost, and if men descend to the folly of taking its formal *technique* for its sufficient essence. The power of art lies in the artist's flashing insight into truth. It is a power of *thought*;

but of thought that, swifter and more sure of its symbols than the sage's, utters itself directly in its proper sensible forms. Nevertheless, its contents are always such as the sage and the man of science will surely verify in proportion to their degree of wisdom and knowledge. So that, as Ruskin in his “Modern Painters” says, “He is the greatest artist who in the sum of all his works has given us the greatest sum of the greatest truths.” This brings us to a final removal of the misapprehension that regards the principle of art's being its own end as implying indifference to truth and good. The doctrine does not mean that the contents of a work of art—of a poem, for instance—are not necessarily true and moral; much less does it mean that those contents may, if the artist choose, violate truth and morality. Such a meaning would contradict the nature of art, as we have now seen it. The meaning is, that while truth and good, in all their various gradations from the lowest to the highest, form the essential contents of art, its character as *art*—as distinguished, that is, from science and religion—turns on its *form*, and that its whole business, in dealing with whatever contents that are compatible with its nature, is to put them into its own proper form, instead of the form proper to religion or to science. For, whereas the proper form of science is explanation and argument, and the proper form of religion and morality is exhortation and command, that of art is simply the directest embodiment of its theme as the theme itself requires. Assured that the theme is compatible with the ideal nature of art, the artist knows that it will justify itself and work its own work, if only it can find expression in its natural embodiment. The theme and its natural embodiment stand to him as their own end; his sole business is to give them free being. He has faith in his art, faith in the substance of his subject, and faith in the power of its own proper and self-determined form to make its worth and meaning clear. It stands in need of no assistance from the explanation that belongs to science, or the exhortation that belongs to religion. Nor has it any need or intention to instruct for

instruction's sake, or to exhort for the sake of edification. It has what we may dare to call a higher aim. It will render its theme as the theme *is*, sure that the inward worth which makes the thing of beauty a joy forever will shine by its own light, and that instruction and edification will take care of themselves. So far as the artist entertains any other motive than the exactly fit expression of his fit theme, so far will he surely fall short of his artist's aim; for the presence of the foreign motive, however moral or judicious it may be, will certainly distract his attention from the essential demands of his theme, and members will appear in his work that do not belong there, while others that belong will fail to come in. This is the reason why didactic or hortatory versifying offends a healthy taste, why allegorical sculpture and painting are insipid, and why the "novel with a purpose" has become a by-word and reproach.

To return, now, to our starting-point, and realize upon the long transaction we have been carrying on in the grounds of our view—we may say, with a better comprehension than at first, that art is imaginative creation taking its hint from fact, and setting into existence a thoroughly individualized unit, for the simple purpose of giving the theme which the work represents an embodiment in vital accord with its nature; but this nature must be such as comports with the real ideality that makes the essence of art. In short, art is the literal origination of a beautiful object simply for the sake of its beauty.

To apply this to the poetic art: A poem, to be such, must present some theme, of a completely original unity, wrought out of the materials of real experience by force of the ideal which, while carried in them and in fact giving them origin, points beyond them; and which, though condemning them to imperfection, recognizes in them a token, at least, of the Supreme Perfection. This theme must not be simply rehearsed, but must be *embodied*—set forth in an organic and individual whole that gives us the sense of actual life and the verity of a personal iden-

tity; and into the treatment of this theme no motive whatever must enter except the setting of it forth in the form its own nature determines. In fact, the essence of poetic form, in common with that of all other artistic form, lies just in this intimate correspondence between theme and expression; and it is this that is the secret of that impression of living reality which marks the work of art and the genuine poem. Form, in this sense, is the very life of poetry, as of all art; for though rationality of contents is indispensable to art, and the degree of this is the main determinant of the rank of a work, yet this is common to art with truth and good, and art obtains its differential and sufficing quality in this trait of form alone.

But all that we have thus far determined leaves us still on the ground of art in general. We have as yet no canon of poetry distinct from a canon of art universally. Our passage to this must be effected by ascertaining the basis of distinction among the different orders of art. And here I hope that Professor Le Conte, who has hitherto been so admirably our guide in fruitful suggestions, will bear with us if we at length perceptibly, though slightly, part from him in his view of the classification of the arts. To his striking statement of the ground of the common distinction of the arts into the useful and the fine—that the one class is an embodiment of the laws of force, and the other of the laws of form—there is, of course, no occasion to except, unless it be in the trifling matter of calling the needed attention to the fact that force is here made to cover (as under the modern dynamic conception of mathematics it may certainly do) so much of form as is geometrical and physical; while form is really used in the restricted sense of imaginative harmony. It might be better, then, to call the first class the mechanical arts, and the second (as Schelling has done) the *esemplastic*—those that form a manifold into unity for the sake of the unity—and to bring out more distinctly the point that the real difference between the two classes is that a mechanical whole must of necessity be nothing but a means to

something beyond it, while a whole of imagination is not a means at all, but a veritable end. In short, the mechanical arts do not result in true wholes. Every mechanical result is, after all, only a contributing part to the real whole that comes into existence in the realm of the *esemplastic* arts alone—the realm of the fine arts. Nor must we overlook the important fact that the distinction between the mechanical and the fine in art is not really a distinction into separate classes, but a distinction of order or gradation in the elements of one indivisible system. The products of mechanism are doubtless in most instances separate material objects, but these are never finalities. They are always mere means to some final want in our rational nature, and get their justification thereby; or else they receive their condemnation and ultimate dismissal from the world as man will have it, because of their lack of such rational ground. These rational ends it is the function of fine art, in conjunction with religion and science, to express; and it must be borne in mind that the mechanical enters into every fine art, and is indispensable to its existence and complete realization; but let it be more carefully borne in mind that this mechanical element is only the servant of the fine art as such, and that this fine art, in its own proper nature, is not even hinted at in the mechanical. The sculptor must be a deft draughtsman and modeler; but draughtsmanship and modeling are not sculpture. The painter must be a draughtsman and a colorist; but drawing and coloring are not painting. The composer must be a master of melodics and counterpoint; but melody and harmony are not an oratorio or a symphony. The poet must be master of rhythm, metre, and all the resources of rhetoric; but rhythm, metre, and all the arts of rhetoric are infinitely short of the soul of poetry. No: it is the creative principle of imagination alone that gives the fine arts their proper substance—the principle that creates for the sake of creating, for the sake of giving free course to that imagination which is not only an essential but the guiding factor in the supernatural constitu-

tion of man, and which not only founds for him the order of religion and science, as well as that of art, but is the constructive and developing principle of the universe itself.

So far, beyond doubt, Professor Le Conte would heartily follow us; and I trust he will not regard us as going too far astray when we now depart somewhat farther from his stated view in the grouping of the fine arts themselves. He recognizes the standard five—architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry—but throws them, in the terminology of Aristotle, into two groups: the mimetic, including sculpture and painting, and the poetic, or creative, including architecture, music, and poetry. I hope I shall not be doing more than developing the germ lying apparently in Professor Le Conte's own thoughts, as shown by his expressed suspicion of the philosophic character of this division, when I emphasize his own statement, that the so-called mimetic arts "are more than imitative, otherwise they would not belong at all in the category of fine art." And I would not only emphasize the statement, but add to it this other: that fine art, as such, is not mimetic at all, and that relation or non-relation to the sensible world does not constitute the distinction between the various fine arts. In a word, architecture, music, and poetry must as truly derive their materials from the world of sensible experience as sculpture and painting; while sculpture and painting must as really contain imaginative creation as architecture, music, or poetry. That the sense-world which is the basis of the latter three is a world of inner sense, while that which founds the two former is an external world, is a point of no material import. The vital chord in all the fine arts is their self-motived, creative function; and any real distinction among them must refer to a gradation of their perfection in giving this function free play. If one, but only one, of the arts recognized as fine is so hampered by relations to the mechanical arts, so circumscribed by certain uses its product has to serve, as to be prevented from entering unreservedly into the ideal of

its theme, while it unquestionably still deals with the ideal, then we must place that art at the bottom of a hierarchy in whose higher grades the other arts will follow each other according to their compass of creative freedom.

Now, by this principle, it is found that the recognized fine arts form an ascending series in the order in which I have already named them—architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. As to architecture, it is obvious that this art, in its aim of giving the masses and details of a building ideal form, is guided and restricted both by the purposes of shelter and room that the building is to serve, and by the laws of constructive engineering. The two combine to prevent the free action of imagination, not only in regard to the proportions of the structure and the mode of combining its component masses, but also, though in a less degree, in regard to the ornamentation of its details. A building cannot be made with a primary reference to the demands of beauty. Use and stability must be secured at all hazards, and the architect can only make it as beautiful as these conditions will permit. Any other method in building would be absurd. Accordingly, it has been well said that architecture is not pure art, but only art struggling to get into being—“striving,” as the Germans phrase it, “to become.” In all the other four arts in the list, the creative function is quite emancipated from external uses and mechanical conditions. The only question regarding each is, What limits to the perfection of creative freedom remain by virtue of its material or medium of embodiment? what enlargement of free expression has it by reason of the greater complex of elements which it merges into unity in its material, or by reason of the more inward and intellectual nature of its medium of embodiment? By the principle here involved, sculpture ranks below painting, not only because its material, as matter in mass, is less kindred with the intellectual nature of imagination than the surface of pigment which painting presents, but because its medium of embodiment, physical form, is less complex

than that of painting, which unites both form and color with perspective; the consequence of all which is, that sculpture is much more restricted than painting in its control over the principles of unity: it is limited to one narrow spot of foreground space, as well as to a present instant of time, while painting is limited in the unity of time alone; hence, the vaster manifold that painting has the power of reducing to unity opens to the latter a vastly larger range of creative combination. Painting, in its turn, must yield to music in creative scope, partly because music works in a medium—sound, and the scale, and the harmonic and the rhythmic systems—not only more ethereal but incomparably more complex than that of painting, giving rise to an enormous increase in the alternatives for combination; partly because music is released from all limits of space, having no form but that of time, and is unconstrained by any defined boundaries even in the latter; but, most of all, because music, in its medium of sound, has an organ of utterance more expressive of the mystery of existence, more immediately answering to the undefined and inarticulate longings with which the soul looks into the dim unknown from whence the ideal unveils itself, than any other: it is in this that the human heart spontaneously pours itself forth when in communion with “those thoughts that wander through eternity,” or when thrilled by those other “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.” Finally, in poetry we reach the form of art in which not only are the unities of time and place and action freed from the restrictive bounds of the single instant, the single spot, the single simple transaction, but the medium of embodiment is thought itself, with its completely articulate utterance in language. Here, the very source of the ideal view of the world, the very origin of the creative artistic impulse, becomes the material and the instrument of its own purpose, the executor of its own will. The scope of the creative faculty is therefore the utmost conceivable, and poetry rightfully takes the highest place as the art of the greatest possibilities—the art, indeed, of an all-inclusive compass.

If we sum up, now, all that our inquiry has gathered concerning the essential principle of poetic art, our result is this: that what makes a poem a poem is the fact that there is presented in it, in a rounded whole of rigorous unity, a theme of real-ideality—a theme founded in actual experience, but transfigured in the light of that ideal, borne within it, which unites it at once with the reality of nature and with the Supreme Ideal toward which all nature moves. This real-ideal strikes in with the real law of nature, expresses it, and is in fact its product. The theme this offers to the poet must be embodied in exact accordance with its own nature, and simply for its own worth—for its own beauty—for its own sake. The whole that this embodiment gives must be a literal *creation*, a unit thoroughly individual and nowhere to be matched—without a double—and where it is a complex unit, as in dramas and epics, every one of its members, whether characters or incidents, must be equally created and individual. Finally, this creative embodiment must be *in the genuine medium of thought and language*, avoiding all those meretricious effects, exaggerations and extravagances that come of attempting to force thought and speech out of their natural province and make them ape the functions of music or painting or sculpture—avoiding, in short, the fault (so common) of the false mimicking of external nature by that whose proper function is only to suggest its ideal—the fault of over-melodiousness, over-description, over-delineation.

The last-mentioned trait of true poetry—that it shall conform to the nature of thought and language—is the specific quality that the poetic art must add to the essential principle of art in general. And yet it might easily seem to be a quality that will be present of necessity, and consequently of no practical moment as a factor in ascertaining the existence and rank of a poem; we might suppose that we could perfectly well disregard it. But to do so would expose the very substance of poetic art to mutilation, and even to destruction. The tolerance which the disregard would foster of the extravagant exter-

nalism just mentioned is of a piece with another common mistake—that of supposing that poetry must be set in metre and rhythm, or that poetry is identical with verse; and that its contrast to prose is simply the contrast between versified and unversified utterance.

This brings us to the question of the real distinction between the *substance* of poetry and that of prose, the settlement of which will decide another question, quite as important—whether the series of fine arts should be enlarged by the addition of prose writing. To investigate this: It is plain that, since poetry is creation, it cannot be limited to composition in the form of verse unless we can show that imaginative creation in the medium of thought and language demands verse as its only normal expression. But to this there are two fatal objections. In the first place, it is a fact that some of the greatest poems lose nothing vital to their poetic character by being translated into an unversified form: witness the book of Job, in our English Bible; the translation of the Odyssey, by Butcher and Lang; and John Carlyle's version of Dante's *Inferno*: something of *effect* they may lose, but they are real poems of the highest order, just as they are translated. In the second place, there are unversified works of genius that are unquestionable poems; for instance, Coleridge's wonderful fragment, "The Wanderings of Cain," De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," and the "Dream Fugue" that follows it, his "Flight of a Tartar Khan," and Jean Paul Richter's "Dream." In fact, verse and poetry are quite distinct. Verse may sometimes be the form of poetry, but it has nothing necessarily to do with its essence; verse of a high order may be, and frequently is, absolutely void of all poetry, and poetry is often independent of verse. Besides, we must either add to our list of fine arts three others, namely, novel writing, play writing, and writing such as De Quincey's pieces and the other works just mentioned with them, or else we must take poetry as including them; but, in its proper character of creative embodiment, it surely does include them. It

is clear that poetry, in the only sense in which it belongs in our discussion, is not contrasted with prose in the sense of unversified writing, but with prose in the sense of writing that is not creative and not its own end—writing used only as a means to the end of instruction, conviction, excitation, or edification. Now, in the latter sense, the only sense pertinent to our inquiry, it is manifest that prose is not a fine art, simply because it does not pretend to be a self-motivated art of creation; its end is not an imaginative whole, produced for its own sake.

But this settlement of the pretensions of prose writing to a place among the fine arts has its chief interest in the light it throws upon the real cause of the common persuasion, not only that prose, particularly in the form of oratory, is a fine art, but that, since it is, the doctrine that fine art must be its own end is groundless. The persuasion has its source in a confusion of ideas—in a failure to discriminate between a delicate mechanical art (which prose is, and which may well enough be called “fine” in that sense) and a fine art in the only sense in which æsthetics recognizes the term; and in a further failure to avoid the ambiguity or double sense in which we constantly employ the words *prose* and *poetry*. This is a strong argument for discontinuing the name *fine arts*, and substituting the term *esemplastic arts* in

its stead; and it would be well if we always said *verse* and *unversified writing* when we mean those things, and kept the words *poetry* and *prose* for their deeper meaning in reference to art. Then, too, there is a further explanation of the common error, in the overlooking of the whole series of *decorative arts*. These form between the strictly fine or esemplastic arts and the mechanical an intermediary—a sort of ascending series of “arts striving to become.” Architecture is properly their “upper limit”—the point at which they vanish into esemplastic art; so that many of the ablest recent theorists on architecture have taken the ground that this is merely a decorative art; though it should surely be plain that architecture involves creation on a systematic scale to a degree amounting to a difference in kind from any mere scheme of decoration. Now, prose in its strict sense, as the antithesis of poetry proper, is an art combining the mechanical and decorative in one; and oratory, the highest form of prose, illustrates this fact with the greatest clearness. Such confusions and oversights as are involved in the misapprehension which has just been exposed might be prevented, if we grouped the whole series of arts as mechanical and fine, and subdivided fine arts into decorative and esemplastic, or creative, recognizing that in architecture we have the nodal point of transition from the decorative to the creative.

G. H. Howison.

---

## BALLAD OF THE NORTH-WIND.

HARK! on the lake the North-wind hunts,  
And drives his wintry pack,  
A thousand foaming hounds before,  
The North-wind at their back.

His brother Frost rides by his side,  
Armèd with arrows frore:  
Was ever baying heard like this—  
Voiced like the ocean's roar?

Whence come they? From high Shasta's snow,  
Far in the unseen North,  
Bent on their winter's ravening,  
The twain fared keenly forth.

With a bound they leapt from Shasta's side,  
And wild the pace they rode,  
And many a mountain barrier  
Their galloping bestrode.

And through the land as on they passed,  
A furrow, like a frown,  
Marked where the thick-set mountain pines  
Were trod and trampled down.

Until at last Elk Mountain rose.  
Then with a wild delight,  
Quicker than powder springs to flame  
They reached its topmost height.

There in a whirlwind they stood still.  
Poised in the cloudless air,  
One moment they surveyed below  
The scene that lured them there.

Konochti's lake rimmed round with hills  
Gleamed in the wintry sun:  
As stars fall, with one headlong swoop  
The water's marge was won.

Lo! at the touch the North-wind's hounds  
That sleep beneath the lake,  
Loosened their tongues in such a note  
As the last trump shall make.

Hark! though the sun long set should bid  
The huntsman's speed grow slack—  
Hark! on the lake the North-wind hunts  
And drives his wintry pack.

The night is full of frosty stars,  
Far down the dark they pierce:  
The lake is all a-swarm with hounds,  
Frothy and black and fierce.

Who shall say what the North-wind sees?  
What quarry—who shall tell?  
There is no tongue can make reply  
But a ghost from heaven or hell.

The stiff trees bend as the hunt goes by,—  
The trees blanched bare like bones;  
Thicker than once last year with leaves  
Their boughs are filled with moans.

The wild-fowl fly before the blast  
Like fluttering autumn leaves;  
With beak and claw and steadying wings  
The owl to the pine-top cleaves.

Clangor of hard swords clashed in fight,  
Clangor of human wail  
When a whole city is wrapped in fire,  
Before this clangor pale.

Ah, but the dawn! Its earliest gleam  
Beheld the still lake hushed.  
Back to his jagged Shasta clefts  
The wild North-wind had rushed.

But lo! still here, his brother Frost,  
A-weary with the chase,  
On high Konochti's summit sits  
And rests him for a space.

Gladder than lovers' eyes he grew  
On that ærial stand,  
As his wide, circling glance surveyed  
Glory of lake and land.

Joy at his heart he felt exhale  
Like perfume out of flowers,  
Till thought was dimmed of that far home  
Where gathering thunder lowers.

But then uprose the swift red sun.  
Frost felt his fieriest dart:  
Next moment rocks on Shasta's side  
Were sundered to the heart.

*Alfred A. Wheeler.*

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.<sup>1</sup>

THIS book, by the Marquis de Nadaillac, edited in the translation by W. H. Dall, is to be received as the standard authority upon the subject of the native American people, and as covering briefly the whole ground of what is known of them. It is the only work of at all equal extent that covers this ground in the spirit of scientific ethnology. It will seem, perhaps, rather tame to those who have fed their imaginations on the picturesque myths of romancers, as to the origin and civilizations of the prehistoric peoples of this continent; but for those who have not become too enamored of Atlantis, and Norembega, and Cibola, it will seem a great satisfaction to have a sober and trustworthy statement of the probable truth. Real science is always a little tame at first acquaintance to those who have been infected by the pseudo-science that the sensational lecturer, book-writer, or paragraphist builds into current popular conceptions.

*Prehistoric America*, we understand, is to be considered on the whole as much Dr. Dall's work as De Nadaillac's, although Dr. Dall's name appears only as editor; and he is the one responsible for the main conclusions reached. Dr. Dall is probably even more satisfactory to American readers than the French scholar as authority on the subject, and his share in the work is matter of congratulation.

The subject is very systematically divided up. The first chapter, "Man and the Mastodon," gives quite exhaustively all that is known of man's existence on this continent contemporaneously with the mastodon—that is, in quaternary times. The evidences of this are conclusive, and not a few. Positive conclusions as to the geographical distribution of man in America at this early period are hindered by the incompleteness of pres-

ent knowledge of the geology of the continent, and also by the incomplete scientific equipment of many of the explorers. But it seems highly probable that as early as the glacial period, and in the time of the mastodon and glyptodon, rude nomads were scattered over all the area of "Central America" (by which term North America from the northern limits of the United States to the Isthmus seems to be meant) and of South America. That man had by this period become so widely distributed over the two continents, indicates that his first arrival upon them must have been much earlier. In California, where human remains associated with mastodon and tapir bones, and of undoubtedly pre-glacial date, have been frequently found and properly verified, the indications of a still greater antiquity exist, as all the world knows through the Calaveras skull discussion. Indications, we say, not evidences; but after a careful reading of the comments on this point, we cannot but conclude that De Nadaillac, and still more Dr. Dall, incline to believe the skull actually tertiary, as Whitney believes it. Strange as it may seem, after all these years, the newspaper story that Professor Whitney was hoaxed in the matter of this skull is still believed by many—is, in fact, the popular faith in press, and pulpit, and conversation. This may excuse our dwelling somewhat on the point, and repeating what to some of our readers is an old story.

It was in 1866 that the skull was discovered. It was by no means the only indication of human life in the same geological deposit, but it was far the most important. In 1872, Professor Whitney, in answer to letters, reiterated his assured belief that the skull and many other human relics were tertiary, but went on eight years thereafter completing his study of his discoveries, and preparing for publication, without paying the smallest attention to the newspaper stories of a hoax, which be-

<sup>1</sup> *Prehistoric America*. By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Translated by N. D'Anvers. Edited by W. H. Dall. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

gan to be numerous. There are miners from Calaveras today, who assert in detailed narrative their personal knowledge of the fraudulent origin of the skull; and Harte's witty poem has doubtless given a long tenure of life to this belief. It is, however, to be regarded as a curious instance of the growth of a myth; for all the characteristics of the skull, including those revealed by chemical analysis, testify to its being very ancient, and the only difference of opinion among those who have examined the evidence seems to be, *how* ancient. De Nadaillac says of it: "The conclusions to be arrived at seem to us simple. Without doubt, man lived in California—and Whitney's narrative is one more proof added to those already quoted—during the time when the volcanoes of the Sierra Nevada were in full action, before the great extension of the glaciers: at a period when the flora and the fauna were totally different from those of today. But Whitney himself admits that if the eruption of the great mass of volcanic matter began toward the pliocene period, it certainly lasted throughout the whole of the post-pliocene period." Professor March is quoted as follows: "The evidence, as it stands today, although not conclusive, seems to place the appearance of man in this country in the pliocene; and the best proof of this has been found on the Pacific Coast." Dr. Dall says: "No reasonable person who has impartially reviewed the evidence brought together by Whitney, and who saw, as we did, the Calaveras skull in its original condition, can doubt that it was found, as alleged by the discoverers, in the auriferous gravels below the lava. The only question to which some uncertainty still attaches itself among geologists is that of the true age of these gravels in geological time; and whether all the extinct species of which remains are found in them were contemporaneous with the deposition of the gravels, and with the then undoubted presence of man."

Man had, then, in all probability, spread over the whole of "Central" and South America before the disappearance of the mastodon, and may have appeared still ear-

lier upon the Pacific Coast. He was then a nomad hunter, with no indication whatever of any tribal organization, burial, or other religious rites. The next chapter takes up the kitchen-middens and caves, and reviews the abundant testimony of the shell-heaps and cave-dwellings to the existence, within recent geological times, but at a very ancient period, of tribes of men, living under some organization, hunting and fishing, and possessed of some crude arts and burial rites. Among some of the tribes of this date, the evidences of cannibalism are unmistakable. Some of the cave-men seem to have been also agricultural, and in several ways more advanced and of later period than the men of the shell-mounds, and show close resemblances to the Mound-Builders. It would be erroneous to regard this stage of cultivation as one which the peoples of America reached and then passed from into the higher ones, as there seems to be no period, even to the present time, at which tribes have not been living in about the same way. The Apaches, the Californian "Diggers," and others would seem to have the same mode of life as that of the tribes described by the Spanish conquerors, and these as the ancient tribes of the shell-heaps. The only statement possible of their date seems to be that this period of stone age nomad tribes began long before the time of the Mound-Builders and other skilled races, and continued alongside of them, and even until the present day.

One of the most important portions of the book is that which—in the next two chapters—reviews the remains of the Mound-Builders. The many theories as to the purpose of the mounds and the mysterious character of their builders, find little favor. "They were neither more nor less than the immediate predecessors in blood and culture of the Indians . . . who inhabited the region of the mounds at the time of their discovery by civilized man." "The objects found in them [the mounds] . . . might have been taken from the inmost recesses of a mound, or picked up on the surface among the debris of a recent Indian village, and the most

experienced archæologist could not decide which was their origin." Lucien Carr, Haven, Schoolcraft, Brinton, General Lewis Cass, Gallatin, C. C. Jones, Judge M. F. Force, and Lapham, all agree positively with this conclusion, and Squier partially admits it. "There is nothing in the mounds beyond the power of such people as inhabited the region when discovered; . . . those people are known to have constructed many of the mounds now or recently existing; and there is no evidence that any other or different people had any hand in the construction of those mounds in regard to which direct historical evidence is wanting." This, however, is not to be taken as disparaging these remarkable works; rather as attributing to the Indians of the northern and central United States a higher capacity than we, with the arrogance of a conquering race, have been accustomed to admit. The remarkable drawings and carvings, the ingenious copper-mining, the system of canals, seventy miles long, connecting the Mississippi with several lakes in Missouri, for canoe navigation, one of these canals fifty feet wide by twelve deep, show that we have not so much overrated the Mound-Builders as underrated the Indians. And that this has been largely sheer carelessness in finding out their real capacities, is evident from the testimony of the Indian schools to the genius for drawing and modeling, for figures and calculations, shown by the observant children from the better Indian tribes, from the lofty figures recovered from them by Leland and others, from the testimony of many military men who have been among them. We carelessly confuse the race tribes spoken of in the preceding chapter, with the intelligent Mexicans, Aztecs, Chiricuas, Creeks, etc. It is not necessary that the struggle with other civilizations and the advantages of being conquered have checked and thrown back our civilization. As some nations, according to the old story, did, the Indians in Mexico did not. They were the struggle with a nation that was stronger and more advanced than they, and they were not conquered by their enemies, but by a more powerful and more

arts. Some of the ablest of these tribes have been actually exterminated. Moreover, their potteries and weavings and tools and baskets have been supplanted by the cheaper and handier ones to be purchased from the whites for furs and fish and berries, and after three hundred years of this sort of trade their native arts have inevitably been almost forgotten. A people crushed by one of the most overwhelming and destructive conquests that ever befell, it is more surprising that, after three hundred years, they should retain so much of their old power, than that they should have lost a great deal. There is, however, no doubt that there has been much moving about of tribes, probably driven out by others; and that, recent as are the latest Iroquois mounds, the whole period of mound-building extended over many centuries, and dated back to a time that can only be guessed at. Some of the guesses carry the beginning back before the Christian era; more careful ones to the first Christian centuries, the most flourishing period falling about the seventh century.

The next two chapters treat of the Cliff-dwellers and Pueblos, who are both considered the same people, the cliff dwellings being retreats in time of danger, prepared for themselves by the peaceful inhabitants of the plain. Arizona and New Mexico were then fertile countries, densely settled; and the drying up of waters (due perhaps to reckless cutting of forests by these very people) may have had more to do than war with their reduction to the dozen poor pueblos which now represent this once great people. This race has suffered little from the whites, and consequently retains its ancient traits very closely. Marvelous as are the ruins of the pueblo country, they give no comfort to those who are disposed to believe the legends of cities and palaces, but are evidences merely of a prosperous and dense population of exactly the same sort that now lingers in the Zuni and other pueblos.

The civilizations of Mexico, Central America, and Yucatan occupy the next division, and those of Peru and other South American districts, the last. We must not

dwell on these, farther than to say that unmistakable traces of relation are discernible between the Mound-Builders and the Mexican Indians, and again between these and the Pueblos, and these and one or two of the South American peoples. These traces are so confusing that it is impossible to mark out any probable course of migration or conquest by which either of these peoples could have been derived from the others; yet that much migration and conquest has taken place among them seems certain. The "civilization" of Mexico cannot be traced farther back than the Maya period, whose beginning, according to legend, was many centuries before the beginning of our era. The three Nahuatl races—Toltec, Chichimec, and Aztec—followed successively, until the evolution of a civilization was checked by the Spanish conquest. "Everything goes to prove that the ancient races of Central America possessed an advanced culture, exact ideas on certain arts and sciences, and remarkable technical knowledge. . . . The Spanish succeeded in destroying . . . a civilization undoubtedly superior in many respects to that which they endeavored to substitute for it." The human sacrifices, however, are mentioned as a serious limitation to this opinion. The fact is noted that instead of being, as usually supposed, an empire, the Aztec government was an extreme elective democracy, and the ideal of the socialist—all offices and posts, even that of the "emperor," being elective; land held in common; children educated in common; complete abolition of the hereditary principle; and that the result of these institutions, "which ignorance and theory delight in holding up to the human race as the beacon lights of the future," was, "the most complete anarchy"—hatred and struggles so fierce that to Mexican allies, as much as to their own prowess, the Spaniards owed their victory. Under the still higher civilization of Peru, the communistic system, under which no man could become poor and no

man rich, so that neither prudence nor ambition stimulated to exertion and created energy, nor ownership of soil created patriotism, is held responsible for that lack of any spirited patriotism which made Pizarro's conquest possible.

Without touching upon any more of these interesting points, we will simply give Dr. Dall's conclusion as to the origin of the American races: That they undoubtedly reached the west coast of America from Asia by Behring's Strait (where even now the peoples on either side pass back and forth), and probably also by way of Polynesia, where the ocean currents are such as to make it possible to very primitive people to reach South America. This immigration took place at an incalculably early period, when the immigrants were in the most primitive stage—mere wandering savages, hunting the mastodon, and eating each other. Their later culture was purely self-developed, and the theory of any connection whatever with old-world civilizations is illusion. The many resemblances to Egyptian, Persian, Chinese, Greek, Hindoo, or Etruscan art, which have set so many unscientific ethnologists off upon enthusiastic theories, prove only the similarity with which the human mind works everywhere, the same needs producing the same results, without the least collusion. The Asiatic origin of the Americans does not make them descendants of the Mongols, the Malays, or any other race now in Asia; for, at so immense an antiquity their arrival here must have taken place, that there is no reason to suppose that any of the present races then inhabited the Asiatic coast; nor, perhaps, that any races now living in the world had then acquired tribal existence. There may have been successive migrations, but all dated back to the most primitive condition of man; and by successive separations into tribes, mingling and parting, crossing, migrating, trading, the divisions of race and culture found here were developed.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF PHILOSOPHY.<sup>1</sup>

WE have read this book carefully, and with very great interest. It is stimulating in the highest degree, not only to the thought, but also to the true religious feelings. It will doubtless be repudiated, and, perhaps, even ridiculed, by the orthodox ; and yet there is in it more honest thinking and more real religion than in many bushels of ordinary sermons. The most deeply important questions are treated with wonderful analytical skill, and yet in language so clear and untechnical that it is not beyond the reach of the thoughtful reader, even though he be not by vocation a philosopher. We cannot, however, advise any one to undertake it who reads for mere intellectual enjoyment—who expects to enjoy the pleasure of passively imbibing. Close attention and hard thinking will be necessary from beginning to end. And yet, from time to time, in the ends of his chapters and in the practical application of his conclusions, the author rises into the highest plane of stirring eloquence—an eloquence not meant for effect, but the natural outcome of elevated thought and noble feeling.

The reader of this notice will expect some analysis of the work ; but this is simply impossible, because it is so closely woven in its logical texture that every thread is necessary to the resulting fabric. Yet we must say something. We will, therefore, glance very briefly at its method and some of its main results.

The book is divided into two parts: Part I. is "A Search after a Moral Ideal" ; Part II., "A Search after Religious Truth." In both searches the author commences by trying all prevalent views, shows the irrationality of each successively, and ends in utter skepticism. From this skepticism, he again emerges into Faith, which he regards as rational, though many will think meager and unsatisfactory.

In Part I., or "A Search after a Moral Ideal," he shows first the necessity of an ideal ; then the warfare of contradictory ideals and their mutual destruction ; then tries the solutions offered by Spencer and by Schopenhauer, and finds them wanting ; and then, as final result of this search, the moral ideal is found in what he calls *moral insight*. We stop to explain this. In animals and, in a less degree, in many men, the whole life is concentrated in the present moment and in the *self*. As prudent conduct consists in extending one's consciousness, thoughts, and motives beyond the present, over the past and the future, by memory and by *foresight*, so that our consciousness and motives include all time, and we act accordingly ; so moral conduct consists in extending one's consciousness and will beyond the self to all other selves by *insight*, so that our consciousness includes all other consciousnesses, and our will realizes all other wills, by insight, and acts accordingly. This is evidently naught else than the second law announced by Jesus, viz : "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—only reached by thought, and put into philosophic language. The great difficulty with most men in trying to act rightly is not so much active ill-will towards others as it is an absorption of consciousness and will in self, and an inability to realize the consciousness and will of the neighbor. By moral insight we appreciate, thoroughly realize, the conscious life of others as we do our own, weigh all in equal balances, and our conduct is the outcome of such just estimate.

In the practical application of this conclusion, in the chapter on "Organization of Life," it is interesting to observe that the rules of duty given are only translations in other, and perhaps more philosophical, language, of the rules given by Jesus. Our first and highest duty is to "seek to extend the moral insight." This is very like the command "Go preach the gospel"—extend the

<sup>1</sup> The Religious Aspect of Philosophy. By Josiah Royce. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

kingdom of God. Again: "Seek to make men happy, but only so far as happiness helps the moral insight"; for the moral insight eventually produces the greatest happiness. This is very like "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things will be added." We do not say this in dispraise; on the contrary, it is the highest possible praise: for the function of philosophy is to verify the intuitions and inspirations of truth.

In the second part—the "Search after Religious Truth"—the author pursues a similar method. He graphically describes what he calls "*the world of doubt*," and the various conflicting theories concerning the external world of matter and of force, and shows that they are all either mutually or self destructive. He then tries *postulates*. He shows that science always works by postulates which it assumes but seeks not to prove. These are working philosophic hypotheses absolutely necessary for progress in knowledge. So also religious activity must have its postulates—its working assumptions—absolutely necessary for activity. He shows that these postulates—scientific and religious—stand on similar ground. If one chooses he may, as many do, reject the religious postulates; but let him remember that to be consistent he ought to reject also the scientific postulates. If he discards religious faith, all well; but then he must discard scientific faith also. But we must not stop with postulates. These are necessary in the beginning, but philosophy must verify them, or we cannot be satisfied. Faith must precede reason, but reason must justify faith. So he continues his search.

In the chapter on idealism the author draws a very necessary distinction between *subjective* idealism and *absolute* idealism. Subjective idealism supposes the external world to have no existence except in the mind of the observer. It is but internal states externalized by the activity of the mind. It is a dream of the observer, and each dreamer makes his own world. Absolute idealism, on the contrary, makes the external world the objectified, realized thoughts of God, and therefore a reality

external to and independent of us. In the chapter on "possibility of error," the author shows that to the thorough-going subjective idealist there can be no such thing as truth or error, as good or evil. He therefore adopts absolute idealism. According to him, God, the object of worship, is *absolute, all-including thought*. As with us error is only partial view, and truth always a wider view, including and explaining many mutually-excluding partial views; so the Infinite Thought—the Absolute Truth—includes and explains all facts, phenomena, and partial views, past, present, and to come. In this Infinite Thought all things have their existence.

His solution of the *problem* of evil is, we believe, in part, at least, the true solution. He puts aside external evil, or evil in the external world, as perhaps insoluble, because too partially understood: but attacks the question of evil in the moral consciousness, and asserts that without evil there could be no good; that moral good consists in, and only in, the triumph of the good will over the evil will; that without evil will and its conquest by the good there might indeed be innocence but not goodness. This, we think, will be admitted by all who reflect upon their own experience. The harder question of abstract evil he explains in the same way, though most will hesitate to follow him here. According to him there could be no absolute good, *i. e.*, good in the Infinite Consciousness, without evil. Good consists in the triumph over and the condemnation of the evil in the Infinite Consciousness.

Thus far we have confined ourselves to exposition, brief and wholly inadequate, we know, but sufficient, we hope, to attract attention to the book. But in questions so profound it is impossible that any reader can submit to merely follow, and the author would be the last to desire it. The work is wonderfully stimulating to thought, but it is the nature of thought to doubt and question. We wish, therefore, to point out what seem to us shortcomings in the search after religious truth. In "Search after a Moral Ideal" we find little to criticize.

The final result, it will be seen, is that the infinite divine reality is absolute thought. This may be formulated in three words: "*God is Thought.*" Now, we would ask, Is this exhaustive? Surely the Christian formula, "*God is Love*" is not only equally true, but far more practical; for life is mostly conduct and not pure thought. But there is a difference between the Christian philosophy and the author's. The formula "*God is Love*" does not pretend to be exhaustive, but only to present one aspect, but that the most precious and practical to man; while the formula "*God is Thought*" the author insists is exhaustive. For him God is neither will nor emotion, but only conscious thought. He argues this question fully in the section on "The World of Powers," but it seems to us that he uses the term power in the sense of a force exerted *externally*. In this sense it cannot, perhaps, be predicated of God, since there is nothing *outside* of him. But may not will—essential energy—belong to him as well as thought? To come to the main point at once, the world is the realized thought of the Infinite: but what determines the *order of succession*? If it be answered, With God there is no time, then we ask what determines the order of succession for man? If not chance, then it must be will. In a word, God is absolute Thought, God is absolute Will, God is absolute Love. All these are true, but none exhaustive. There is but one exhaustive formula: "God is absolute Spirit." Doubtless the philosopher will select "God is Thought" as his favorite formula; but the good man who is not a philosopher will prefer "God is Love." Will it be said, thought is more fundamental and includes all other spiritual phenomena? We answer, Not so: if there be any which is truly fundamental, it is self-consciousness. It may be, therefore, that "God is the absolute Self-Consciousness" is truly exhaustive, because equivalent to "God is the absolute Spirit."

Again, in his section on the "*Problem of*

*Evil*," the author very properly divides the problem into two parts, viz: that which concerns the external evil and that which concerns the internal evil; i. e., evil in the external world and evil in the moral consciousness, or the evil *will*. His solution of the evil will in consciousness of man, we think right. His solution of the same in the infinite consciousness may be more doubtful, but we know of no better one. The other half of the problem, viz: evil in the external world, he does not attempt to solve. But why so? It seems to us that this is quite as soluble as evil in the moral consciousness. Surely, evil in the external world or the inimical aspects of nature is as absolutely necessary a condition of *knowledge* as evil in the moral consciousness is of *goodness*. Every step of advance of knowledge in man—yea, of evolution of the animal kingdom—is conditioned upon a ceaseless struggle with what seems an inimical environment. We confess the problem of evil has never troubled us as it has many others. It may be because we do not see deep enough into it.

One other criticism: The author in his preface and elsewhere speaks doubtingly of the ability of even the intelligent popular reader to follow him. In this he seems to us to do scant justice to the intelligence of his readers, and especially to his own power of clear exposition. He even advises many readers to *skip*. This is all wrong. No reader who is compelled to skip has any business to read at all. It is true, close attention is necessary to follow the author, but those who read attentively will find little difficulty in doing so.

In conclusion, we would heartily recommend the book to all who read for something more than amusement. We have for some time past regarded the author as one of the acutest and most independent of American thinkers. The book before us has more than confirmed our opinion. California has a right to be proud of her son, and the University of her graduate.

BASSNETT'S THEORY OF THE SUN.<sup>1</sup>

IN the preface to this volume, the author informs us that "the work is not written for the man of science. It does not soar above the general level of an educated understanding, nor out of the region of experience." This is certainly a most extraordinary announcement, in view of the subjects discussed in the volume. No one can deny that they constitute the most difficult problems in physical science—problems in which no theoretical views are entitled to serious consideration, unless they are capable of being verified by observation or experiment. Indeed, it seems to us very evident that on such questions the trained physicist is alone qualified to give a rational opinion. It is impossible that the general public, however intelligent, should be able to form a reasonable conclusion in relation to problems demanding the precise and accurate knowledge of many departments of physical science. Those who sound the depths of science are, from the very nature of the case, not expected to be fully understood by the multitude. In such cases, we ought not to *count* the suffrages: it is far wiser to *weigh* them.

The history of the speculations of Mr. Bassnett is quite interesting and instructive. It seems that about the middle of the current century, "the author was led to speculate on the hidden causes which are competent to change in a few hours the balmy quiet of a summer eve into a night black with tempest and roaring with the sweep of the besom of destruction." The result of those speculations was published in 1854, under the title of "Outlines of a Mechanical Theory of Storms." "The present work may be considered a supplement to that, by giving a more explicit account of many physical

questions which were then only briefly indicated." (Preface.)

Mr. Bassnett appears to be one of those earnest and enthusiastic men whose imperfect knowledge of physical laws has led him to speculate on some of the most obscure and recondite problems of nature, with the *positiveness* which is born of half-knowledge. There can be no question that the great diffusion of semi-scientific information among the multitude, so characteristic of the present phase of civilization, has opened a proportionately extensive domain to the pernicious enterprise of those enthusiasts, who, having gathered a few ill-observed facts or ill-considered, unverified theories, vociferously proclaim themselves the discoverers of new laws of nature.

While residing in the town of Ottawa, La Salle County, Illinois, it seems that, in speculating on the phenomena of hurricanes, the author came to the conclusion that the moon is a potent factor in disturbing the weather; but that the influence could not be dependent upon her phases, nor upon her distance from the earth. This idea was put into more definite shape in 1844, in the form of a memorial to Congress, which was presented by Senator Breeze of Illinois, and was referred to the Committee on Agriculture, where it still slumbers. Ten years later (in May, 1854), Mr. Bassnett read a paper before the Meteorological Section of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," in which he gave the details of his "Theory of Storms"; whereupon a committee of thirteen members (with Professor Henry as chairman) was appointed to investigate it, with instructions to report to the association at its next annual meeting.

The following is a brief statement of the theory: "The theory contends that the existence of a universal, imponderable medium, possessing inertia and great specific heat, and subject to all the laws of matter and mo-

<sup>1</sup> The True Theory of the Sun; showing the Common Origin of the Solar Spots and Corona, and of Atmospheric Storms and Cyclones. By Thomas Bassnett, author of "Outlines of a Mechanical Theory of Storms." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

tion (gravitation alone excepted), is proved by the determination of the motions of a series of vortices in the medium, arising from the fact that the center of the earth is not coincident with the axis of the ethereal vortex surrounding it. That the axis of the vortex is inclined to the earth's axis, and consequently these vortices follow the moon in right ascension, and describe orbits whose apogees are variously situated in longitude, and are caused to circulate over the earth's surface between the *average* limits of ten degrees and eighty degrees latitude in each hemisphere; thus exempting both the poles and the equator from the disastrous presence of the hurricane. The theory further contends that all storms are *primarily* due to the passages of these vortices, and that not a single storm has ever occurred, of which sufficient details were recorded to enable him to interpret its aspects, that contradicted the theory."

It is evident that, inasmuch as the theory involves a series of assumptions incapable of being directly verified by observation or experiment, the only feasible method of testing its validity was by its capacity of *prediction* of storm phenomena. Accordingly, the committee determined that the theory should be tested by its power of predicting the weather in different latitudes, and that Mr. Bassnett be requested to prepare such particulars for Cambridge, Mass., Washington, D. C., and Charleston, S. C., to be distributed to suitable observers, who should compare the weather with the predictions, and report to the chairman of the committee.

At the following annual meeting of the Association, in August, 1855, Professor Henry reported that the theory "had been tested by the committee by observing the weather and noting its correspondence, or want of correspondence, with Mr. Bassnett's predictions. The predictions of the theory were verified during the first ten days tolerably well; but were found worthless during the remaining time of observation, or for nearly two months."

As might have been expected, Mr. Bass-

nett protests that the failure of his predictions did not invalidate his theory. But it seems that this was the test which he himself desired and invited, as it was, in fact, the only one available to the committee. He contends that, subsequent to these predictions, he discovered that he made "one error of fact vitiating the numerical elements." He "supposed that there were only *six* vortices, *one* central and *five* secondary." Since that time, "a *seventh* has been satisfactorily determined, so close to the central as to have been confounded with it; and hence discrepant values were deduced for the other elements." Nevertheless, it is certainly a significant fact that during the years that have elapsed since the discovery (or assumption) of this seventh vortex (in 1856), Mr. Bassnett has not been able to test the validity of his theory by revised tables of weather predictions in different latitudes. In fact, in 1881 he was compelled to admit that "the ill-defined nature of the phenomena" rendered it "impossible to tell, in any single case, the central line of passage [of the vortex] within thirty or forty miles."

In the volume before us, Mr. Bassnett extends the views elaborated in his "Mechanical Theory of Storms" to the solar spots and solar coronæ, maintaining a *common origin* of these phenomena and of the atmospheric storms and cyclones. The enlargement of the domain of his speculation involves the assumption of additional hypotheses, equally incapable of verification by any means at human command. He says (page 124): "The solar system, and by parity of reasoning all other stellar systems, are placed in the axes of so many ethereal or electrical vortices, in which, while the laws of motion are rigidly observed, there may be an endless variety of phenomena—endless in its full, literal sense—that no two suns, no two planets, no two created entities throughout the universe, are identical in a single feature, except in the state of simple primitive atoms; and the same may be predicted of stellar vortices." In the case of our solar system, each of the planets revolving about the sun has an agency in developing a series of

ethereal vortices, which, traversing the solar atmosphere, produce those prodigious movements of the same which give rise to the solar spots; the varying displacements of these ethereal vortices, due to the configuration of the planetary masses, being the cause of the *periodicity* of the phenomena.

In view of the vast number of unverifiable assumptions which are pressed into service, we are astounded at the author's announcement that his theory "does not soar above the general level of an educated understanding, nor out of the region of experience." For it is obvious that every new vortex which the theorist introduces to explain every new difficulty transcends the limits of experience, and imposes an additional tax on the faith of the reader. As an illustration of the facility with which Mr. Bassnett introduces new assumptions to meet physical difficulties as they arise, we may cite the fact that in order to account for the observed periodicity of the solar spots, he finds it necessary to invoke the assistance of an *unknown* planet *exterior* to Neptune; and furthermore, he does not hesitate (contrary to the analogies of the whole solar system) to assign a *retrograde* revolution to this hypothetical planet!

Amid such an array of gratuitous, unverifiable postulates, involving the ascription of properties to an all-pervading ethereal medium, which, to say the least, are in the highest degree hypothetical, it is almost impossible for the physicist to submit the theory to a rational criticism; simply because, where everything is hypothetical, there is no opportunity to test its validity by the application of the established fundamental principles of science. There is no objection to guessing—to framing hypotheses to explain physical phenomena—provided we hasten to *verify* them; and provided, when the verifications fail, we have the Keplerian honesty to at

once abandon the hypotheses. It is the spirit of the *advocate* that is so pernicious, so antagonistic, to science; it is the very antithesis of the spirit of truth. It seems to us that Mr. Bassnett belongs to that class of persistent advocates who, shutting their eyes to the significance of every adverse fact, blindly commit themselves to some cherished theory, and, by means of multiplied postulates, strive to force the phenomena to accord with their preconceived notions. "Such a theory may, to a certain extent, explain the phenomena which it was at first contrived to meet; but every new class of facts requires a new supposition—an addition to the machinery; and, as observation goes on, these incoherent appendages accumulate till they overwhelm and upset the original frame-work." "There is here no unexpected success, no happy coincidence, no convergence of principles from remote quarters: the philosopher builds the machine, but its parts do not fit; they hold together only while he presses them: this is not the character of truth."

On the other hand, it is the peculiar characteristic of a true theory that all tends to unity and simplicity. "Out of its original stock of principles it educes the counterpart of all that observation shows. It accounts for, explains, simplifies, the most entangled cases; corrects known laws and facts; predicts and discloses unknown ones; and becomes the guide of its former teacher, observation."

Finally, there is one important lesson to be learned from such a work as that which we have had under consideration, viz.: that in order to prevent the great multitude from being misled by the pernicious and erroneous deductions of half-knowledge, it is essential that those who undertake the very difficult task of *popularizing science* should possess the most thorough knowledge of the subject discussed, in all its bearings.

## RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

It is curious to what an extent recent biography deals with literary people. Not to mention the two most notable biographies now or recently engaging attention—that of George Eliot by her husband, and that of Nathaniel Hawthorne by his son—four out of five of the less notable yet still important ones that fall under our notice in the present review, are of literary men and women. Three of these are issues of the "American Men of Letters" series: Dr. Holmes's *Ralph Waldo Emerson*,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Woodberry's *Edgar Allan Poe*,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Beers's *Nathaniel Parker Willis*.<sup>3</sup> The fourth is one of the "Famous Women Series": *Harriet Martineau*,<sup>4</sup> by Mrs. Miller. The fifth of these biographies, the only one not of a literary person, is Mr. Arnold's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*.<sup>5</sup>

We take up the last of these first. Now that prominent men on either side of the Civil War are uniting in furnishing for the future historian the authoritative data from which its final history is to be written, this life of Lincoln by Isaac N. Arnold is timely and valuable. Mr. Arnold, for twenty-five years a trusted friend of Lincoln, a member of Congress during his administration, and for the rest of a life that has just closed, a faithful student of the acts of the late president, sympathizing with him in his larger policy and in his local attachments, meant to produce a book that should remove the necessity of further effort in this particular field. He has not succeeded, though he has done much to make easier the task of

the man that shall write Abraham Lincoln's real biography.

Probably the writer of such a biography, as well as the historian mentioned above, will not be found among the actors in the great drama. He must be a man whose opinions are unwarpd by the fierce heat of the conflict, whose impartial mind shall form its judgments in the clear light of the event when the smoke and dust of the battle have drifted away. Not that such a man will seek to diminish the laurels that crown the great war president, but he will crown him in a less partisan spirit and on juster grounds. He will be a man of broader horizon than Mr. Arnold, and one who, while appreciating to the full the great qualities of his hero shall yet be large enough to hold himself erect in their presence. Mr. Arnold does not always do this, and the reader is pained, realizing how gravely Lincoln himself would have rebuked the man that would compare his second inaugural to the Sermon on the Mount, or his welcome by the negroes of Baltimore to the entry into Jerusalem. Such a thought is to every Christian essentially irreverent, no matter how earnestly its author may deny the intention of being so.

For the rest, it is easy to speak kindly of the book. The author died, leaving the notes and such matter to be added by other hands—a fact that it is well to bear in mind when reading them. A great merit of the work is the frequency with which Mr. Arnold allows Lincoln to speak for himself, such extracts from speeches and letters being chosen with much discretion. This is the only direction in which space is generously used, the narrative, both personal and historical, being admirably compact.

The final chapter of the book, in which the author endeavors to sum up the character of his subject, rises to a fine eloquence as this friend of the martyr president pays his

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> Edgar Allan Poe. By George E. Woodberry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> Nathaniel Parker Willis. By Henry A. Beers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>4</sup> Harriet Martineau. By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Isaac N. Arnold: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Chicago: 1885.

tribute to the man he loved and revered—a man who shall hold the love and reverence of the world more and more as the lapse of time shows him in true perspective.

Turning to the literary biographies, one naturally places first Dr. Holmes's biography of Emerson. This is a peculiarly interesting book, from the eminence of both author and subject and its own excellent qualities; but it is not very much of a biography. It is instead a collection of personal reminiscences from long acquaintance, and of running comments on Mr. Emerson's works and views. The comments preponderate over the reminiscences to an extent that is possibly a little disappointing; but they are very interesting, coming from the source they do, and Emerson seems never to have afforded much material for anecdote or similar reminiscence. So tranquil, reticent, devoid of eccentricities or conspicuousnesses, was this well-nigh perfect life, that it cannot be easy to get much biographical material out of it.

It is quite evident from Dr. Holmes's comments that his admiration for his great contemporary has no flavor of the Concord School idolatry: Mr. Emerson is to him a flesh-and-blood man—a very wise and admirable one, but nothing supernatural; and his writings wise and beautiful, but no oracles. None the less is he appreciative—often very shrewdly so. Felicities are scattered lavishly through the papers. What could be neater than this:

"Emerson is a citizen of the universe, who has taken up his residence for a few days and nights in this traveling caravansary between the two inns that hang out the signs of Venus and Mars. This little planet could not provincialize such a man."

It is interesting indeed to find the general impression of a man held by his own life-long mates, so exactly coincident with the impression the really appreciative reader receives from his works, as the whole picture of Mr. Emerson in this book shows him: the serenity, the wisdom, the gentleness, the entire courage and withal moderation, the optimism yet without over-enthusiasm, and the dignity and reticence, too kindly for coldness, yet not absolutely removed from that

quality. Mr. Emerson seems to have been in everything precisely what one would have expected him to be—unless, perhaps, in the incongruous weakness for *pie*, which evidently delights Dr. Holmes. It is quite the only chance he can find for a familiar smile at his subject: he quotes approvingly Mr. Lowell's expression as to that "'majesty' that always seemed to hedge him round."

"What man was he who would lay his hand familiarly upon his shoulder and call him Waldo? . . . There may have been such irreverent persons, but if anyone had so ventured at the 'Saturday Club,' it would have produced a sensation like Brummel's 'George, ring the bell,' to the Prince Regent."

And this was among his intimate friends and companions—so far as Mr. Emerson can be said to have had "intimates." Yet little children sought his arms readily, and responded to his "angelic smile," and his farmer neighbors esteemed him as a plain, sensible, neighborly man.

The author does not hesitate to interpolate a good deal of Dr. Holmes, nor to slip in any apropos good story, in a rapid parenthesis, sometimes without much bearing on his subject. If anecdotes of Emerson are scarce, however, anecdotes of his critics and admirers are not few. One of these, which pleases Dr. Holmes, is an extract from the "Alta California's" remarks upon Mr. Emerson's address in Dr. Stebbins's church:

"All left the church feeling that an elegant tribute had been paid to the creative genius of the Great First Cause, and that a masterly use of the English language had contributed to that end."

Professor Woodberry's "Edgar Allan Poe" is almost the reverse of Dr. Holmes's biography in character. It deals little in criticism, but contains a wonderfully exhaustive investigation of the poet's life and estimate of his character. It is undoubtedly the satisfactory and final word on both these subjects. And an unattractive enough picture it is of selfishness, vanity, and unscrupulousness. It is, after the school and military periods are over, one long succession of experiments in editorial work chiefly, and in purely literary work as a resource when the other failed. Poe had fine qualities as an editor, and he does not seem to have suffered from

any lack of appreciation. On the contrary, he received, first and last, a great deal of aid and encouragement. But he was absolutely unable to work with others amiably and fairly; and his repeated quarrels deprived him of one means of support after another. Sometimes he was in the right in these quarrels, and behaved with dignity and rectitude; sometimes in the wrong, and behaved very meanly. On the whole, this biography must certainly destroy any lingering tendency to idealize him as a man whose worst faults were of impulse and generous weakness: for faults of meanness certainly played a very large part in the miseries of Poe's life. On the other hand, his dissipation has unquestionably been very greatly exaggerated: he was for many years a temperate man; his domestic life seems to have been blameless, his love for his young wife unfailingly tender, and his unamiable traits of temper kept completely out of his home circle. No one can but shudder at the more than pitiful close of this happy domestic life, the wretched, half-mad period that followed, and the final squalid ending of his existence. The love affairs that discredit Poe most belong to this final period; and it is not fair to hold the shattered man strictly responsible for them. We think Mr. Woodberry's biography, so far from discrediting the poet in the matter of his domestic life, goes far to rehabilitate him, so obviously broken in brain and will was he at the only time when he laid himself open to serious criticism. Take him for all in all, however, no one could care to see his like coming on the stage again.

Nothing could be more dispassionate, clear, and just than Mr. Woodberry's presentation of his much befogged subject. It is the work of a critic in the highest sense of the word.

The biographer of N. P. Willis has had a task the reverse of that of Poe's biographer, in so far as purely biographical matter is concerned: for, so far from having to search out a true record of facts from myth and obscurity, he has been embarrassed only by the question how to make anything new of

the already well-known incidents of Willis's life, and how to select amid the superabundant material. Yet to thus select, and to put the narrative into a clear and agreeable shape for the general reader, is quite worth while; and Willis's place in American literature is sufficient to entitle him to the attention. For however light his writings, they cut an important figure in their day; and in the first half of the century, especially before the appearance on the stage of the great Boston school now passing away, such refined and respectable work was of real value in developing our literature. Among such a group as Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Hoffman, Morris, Woodworth, Percival, Mrs. Sigourney, the name of Willis need by no means be considered insignificant. As far as critical estimate is concerned, there has been absolutely nothing left for Professor Beers to say of his subject. There can be really but one opinion of Willis as an author, and this has been already expressed in all its possible variations—perhaps most neatly in Lowell's "Fable for Critics." Probably it is fair to say, too, that of Willis as a man there can be but one opinion. The only room for difference is in the feeling the reader has toward that sort of author and that sort of man; and *here* is room for as wide difference as has ever been in the estimates of any literary man. For even as Willis's poetry has had its hosts of enthusiastic admirers, and has been utterly despised, so the man Willis had been thought a most delightful fellow, and has been contemned as a fop and puppy. It is hard, even with all the light that the biographer can cast upon the subject, to understand why Willis made enemies, and why his innocent fopperies should have excited so bitter wrath that their memory has been stamped upon the minds of this generation which follows his, as his characteristic trait, to the obliteration of all the amiability and honorable work that, after all, made up the chief part of his life. It is not, however, a solitary instance of the irrationally intense resentment that little vanities, social ambitions, fastidiousnesses, will excite in very many minds. Willis was,

in the main, a perfectly steady, hard-working man, in legitimate lines of literary work, though not the most elevated; a man of integrity and real kindness, gentlemanly in his behavior, a good husband and father, an affectionate son and brother: but he was fond of good clothes, disliked rude manners, was frankly pleased at being made much of by people of position, was well aware that he pleased women, and—perhaps worst of all—found the life lived by the British aristocracy exceedingly comfortable and attractive, and had his yearnings toward it; and these are things that always stir up a resentment quite incommensurate with the gravity of the offense. Willis was taken up by the best people of New Haven when a mere boy, on account of the success of his early verses; became a pet in New England and New York society, liked it immensely, and threw himself eagerly into the mild dissipation of parties and operas. This was shocking to the Puritan scruples of his home set—the Park Street Church people, Boston—and parallel with his first experience of society's caresses began the unfounded stories derogatory to his character, which followed him persistently his life through. There seems to be no doubt of the genuineness of his social success abroad: Miss Martineau's well-known letter was a serious blow to belief in this; but Professor Beers is able to offer evidence enough that Willis did not really claim any intimacies he did not possess. He was of a joyous spirit, however, and disposed to take everything at its best—to be pleased with everyone, and willing to believe every one pleased with him; so there is no doubt that in all innocence he accepted

all politenesses and hospitalities at their full nominal value. Thackeray's not unkindly amusement at him shows that this is about the view he took of the amiable young American. Willis's "betrayal of confidence" in his newspaper correspondence from English houses, seems, also, when sifted down, to consist of only three or four serious indiscretions, and these regretted and apologised for by himself. He was a man of no great caliber, in mind or character, but in no wise a man to be despised.

Mrs. Miller's biography of Harriet Martineau is not a pleasing one. The writer succeeds in prejudicing the reader against herself from the outset, by decrying others who have previously written of Miss Martineau, and intimating that her own is to be the only truly good biography of that lady. She has a good deal to say of the new material she is going to offer; but in fact, offers little that is new. Nevertheless, the biography is good, so far as it merely narrates Miss Martineau's life, though worthless enough wherever the biographer's own comments come in. The criticism upon the autobiography, that it was written at probably the most discontented period of Miss Martineau's life, and therefore does injustice to the amiability and cheerfulness of her disposition, is important: but the detraction from Mrs. Chapman's work seems without foundation. The true value of this present biography depends not upon anything specially new or excellent in it, but upon its being a really well-arranged and clear *résumé* of Miss Martineau's life, work, and character, brief and easy to read, and admirably adapted to popular reading—in High School libraries, for instance.

## ETC.

MR. ADOLPH SUTRO'S proposed public library of scientific and learned books will be a remarkable collection, for reasons both extrinsic and intrinsic. That a modern millionaire should possess the natural liberality and refinement to conceive such an enterprise, is very uncommon. The quiet, prompt ease with which he has gathered 60,000 volumes—soon to be, if not already, 100,000—shows the speed and power of modern transportation, as well as of the mind that has thus utilized it. That this should happen at San Francisco, one generation ago no place at all, shows the still more tremendous swiftness and vastness of the rush of modern civilization. That a collection so strange, out-of-the-way, and specialized as the stock of Hebrew and Arabic MSS. of the notorious old Jerusalem dealer and suicide, Shapira, should find its final lodgment as part of this library on the American shore of the Pacific, is of itself a whole romance of literary fate. That the library is one of rare interest, would be proved to any bookish man, even without this strange store of ancient Oriental learning, by the one fact of its containing some 1,200 or 1,500 examples of "fifteeners" or "incunabula"; i. e., books printed between 1455 and 1500. There is a third collection, perhaps hardly less remarkable—of English publications of the Commonwealth period—which shows exactly what sort of materials such writers as Carlyle and Macaulay used in writing history. These are already three specialties in which the Sutro Library is, we believe, the first on this continent. That this and the other large libraries in and near San Francisco should already have grown so large, and should still be growing so constantly and rapidly, shows that we shall soon have the one literary apparatus in which we have hitherto been most deficient—for training learned scholars. We hope hereafter to offer our readers some more specific accounts of the contents of this great collection of books, and of the hardly less remarkable collection of antiquities, gems, etc., which accompanies it.

SOME one asks the OVERLAND if all our determined preference for the local is not going to make our Pacific literature very provincial; like the village weekly, which has no interest in matters outside of Grangeville, while the great city daily takes a lively interest in Afghanistan, and the South Pole, and the scientific societies of Italy, and the school-system of Russia, and the social customs of Turkestan. Some one else says, that to lean upon older and greater communities is the very note of provincialism, and that we must be rigidly local lest we be suspected of pupillage to the East. Both these things

are true, and neither indicates the real line of development that Pacific literature should seek. To fear provinciality and seek to avoid it by refusing to learn of communities competent to teach us, is itself a provinciality—a *gaucherie* as great as that of him who boasts and blusters in parlors, lest he be supposed rustic, timid, and unused to good society. To fear provinciality, and seek to avoid it by tacking your literature on to the car of some larger literature that is not provincial—creating the local supply by importation of work written elsewhere, and by imitation of the same—is itself a provinciality. In truth, if you *are* provincial, you can in no wise seek to dodge the fact without succeeding in emphasizing it. It is only when the fear of provincialism is lost, that a real native literature is developed. And there is but one way to lose it: and that is, to lay aside all effort to be either like or unlike older literatures, and try to be like life. In order to be very much like life, we must draw from the life we know the best; and this will create local color of its own accord, and not by any straining after it.

LOOK at the history of American literature. It began in imitation of English literature, and though this imitation produced no work of value, it was vastly better for the colonies than if they had refused to imitate, for it kept the literary spirit alive among them, and kept them reading and admiring good writing. When they caught the idea of copying life, instead of copying English writers, the seed of the Atlantic American literature was planted, and its growth to splendid dimensions only a question of time. However crude and blundering their effort to paint the life they knew, it had in it the promise and potency of more than all the neat imitations in the world. But, notice, this effort *was* to honestly paint the life they knew: not to be original, nor to be local. Suppose, without trying to write well, or to write truly, they had merely tried to be local? It would only have been exchanging a modest and respectable provincialism for a flaunting and foolish one. Suppose, on the other hand, perceiving the crudity of their local work, they had feared to cut loose from English models and depend upon nature? They would never have developed their crude promise into real achievement. The method of the writers who created, and are still creating, American literature, has been most wise because most honest. They have simply told their own observation; chiefly local, because their observation was chiefly local; yet never fearing to be thought slavish or to injure the future of American literature, if their observation chanced to lead them abroad; and least of all for-

getting that while each writer must get his *material* from his own knowledge of life, the *use* of literary material is art, and art depends upon unchanging principles, and must be learned by pupilage to the best masters of all times and places.

WE have before noted the curious parallel there seems to be between the relation of Californian to Atlantic civilization, and the relation of this to European, and especially English. Such parallels can never be forced too closely, and our literature has had no history of infancy and growth like that of the Atlantic literature; yet in many respects it stands now related to this as this stood related to English literature during the first quarter of the present century. We may therefore very well take a lesson from the experience of the now flourishing American literature, then in as formative a stage as ours now is. The lesson is one that our writers are wide awake to learn; that they are learning with an intelligent readiness which leaves the critic less to say in the way of warning than of congratulation. If—having to begin with a pretty good supply of native ability, as communities go—we understand that we must not imitate the East nor anybody, but speak the truth that is in us, just as we see it; always remembering, however, that we are not likely to have much truth in us, nor to know how to speak it, if we have not been students of the best work that has been done anywhere;—if we do this, we shall develop a native literature fast enough. But our writers have learned better to shun imitating the East than to shun imitating *anybody*. After Bret Harte's brilliant adaptation of the Dickens method to Californian subjects (no imitation, but an original and legitimate development of the Dickens school), we imitated Harte a good deal; and later, this Harte imitation glided by imperceptible gradations into a very close copying of certain Parisian styles, applied to Californian subjects. By a curious confusion of ideas, we have had much of the sheerest copying of one branch of French literature, with Californian names and localities, and a liberal sprinkling of Spanish words or mining slang thrown in, offered us as literature possessed of the true, original, Californian spirit. Now imitation French is no more the looked-for native Pacific literature than imitation English or Eastern-American: indeed, as with all our Keltic and South-European elements, we of the Pacific States are doubtless still more Anglo-American in blood and brain than anything else, we are less genuine in copying Paris than in copying London or Boston. Neither Paris, nor London, nor Boston, nor our own past, but life as we see it, we must copy. Meanwhile, the local color and specifically Pacific traits will look out for themselves.

BUT how about the special function of a Pacific magazine? As a Pacific writer should simply seek the best excellence of which he is capable, without worrying about being intensely Pacific, should the

magazine seek the best excellence attainable, without reference to local quality? If it were the only medium of current literature to the readers of its coast, yes. To do otherwise would be as absurd as to limit our public libraries to local subjects or the work of local authors. But the best work of eastern writers comes abundantly to our community through other sources; the study of eastern subjects is amply provided for otherwise. In its marked discrimination in favor of Pacific writers and Pacific subjects, therefore, the magazine accepts not so much the provincial position of a local paper, as a specialized function, something as a journal of science, or art, or history, or criticism does. If in some not impossible far future it should hold a *commanding* position in American literature, it should undoubtedly become cosmopolitan in its aims, taking all Anglo-Saxondom for its province; but meanwhile it can never be to advantage to a journal to spend much effort in occupying any field it cannot command.

IT has been remarked in the old countries that the laboring poor have vastly less respect for earned than for inherited wealth—even resenting the mere fact of possession of wealth by one who has himself acquired it. This is supposed to be due to the effect upon their imagination of class distinctions, the self-made man being without the glamor of rank or other aristocratic backing. But the same antipathy to earned wealth seems to exist in this rankless country. A few days since we heard a laboring woman answer indignantly to some comment on a millionaire of this city, "And why should he be proud? What's he got to be proud of? Twenty years ago he had no money. He earned all he has himself, and with hard work, too—he's got nothing to be proud about." The insistence of workmen upon humility of demeanor and moderation in use of authority, from an employer who has been himself a workman, and their restlessness under his orders, is comprehensible enough, upon the ground of a feeling that he has "been there" himself, and ought to sympathize with them; even some hostility toward him would be an exhibition of a very natural jealousy: but the idea that in a general way he has nothing to be proud about who has earned his own wealth, reveals a curious mental attitude. It might easily enough be brought hither from lands of rank and station by our laboring population, who are so generally foreign, or only a remove therefrom: but we suspect there is very commonly latent in some corner of the native American mind a hidden respect for long possessed and unearned wealth. The native American yeoman or laborer may be considered about as absolutely free from aristocratic traditions as any human being that can be found: and he has unquestionably an immense admiration for self-attained wealth, which is quite in accord with all his social principles. Yet at the same time, a careful observer may almost invariably detect in him an unacknowledged

and reluctant deference for long-standing wealth and exemption from toil—a deference which he himself resents as contrary to his principles, but cannot quite rid his human nature of. Probably the one person for whom wealth wins neither the rational respect due to the power displayed in acquirement, nor the instinctive deference yielded to its long-inherited possession, is the spendthrift inheritor of a newly-made fortune. The sort of admiration this familiar American character commands among the congenial “sets” that surround him, is absolutely unshared outside them. Even the man who wins wealth by successful knavery commands more admiration; for an element of respect for his ability will creep into the indignation due to his unscrupulousness. But the man of undeserved and utterly abused luck, whether that of inheritance or the rarer case of sheer stumbling upon a fortune, not only is, but is regarded, a contemptible figure in our American life.

### Night and Peace.

Night in the woods,—night :  
 Peace, peace on the plain.  
 The last red sunset beam  
 Belts the tall beech with gold;  
 The quiet kine are in the fold,  
 And stilly flows the stream.  
 Soon shall we see the stars again,  
 For one more day down to its rest has lain,  
 And all its cares have taken flight,  
 And all its doubt and pain.  
 Night in the woods,—night :  
 Peace, peace on the plain.

E. R. S.

### Notes on the Columbia River.

AT The Dalles one takes the steamer down the Columbia—the greatest river, say the geographers, west of the Rockies. I can well believe this, but there is something more than mere size to recommend it. Comparisons with the Rhine, the Hudson, and the French Broad suggest themselves, and the additional attractions of the Columbia are at once apparent. Mount Hood is in plain sight, forty miles distant, but seeming as though you had merely to stretch out the hand to touch its snows. How white, how calm, how still it stands!—“alone, aloft, divine!” It seldom leaves the sight all the way down the river, but tyrannizes over the vision in spite of turn or winding. On either side the wide current, great heights and swells soar away; hills with trees, and hills without, arise; basaltic columns burst forth, and at their base level land abases itself, and is the more humiliated in that it is already subjected by the husbandmen; one looks for nothing and seldom finds anything save the most absolute freedom of a wild country—freedom so complete as to be forbidding at times, so exultant as to uplift itself in lordly elevations, scorning low altitudes and flat surfaces.

Occasionally these haughty realms have carelessly

left space enough for landings—or is it that the river, who is a traveler, has recognized the need of them, and has generously formed them from her own resources? Indians, chiefly squaws, are the only squatters on these little freeholds. Occasionally, strips of shore and narrow beaches are seen, covered with willows, which now are knee-deep in water, for there is an overflow this season. Mountains come crouching down to the river, or precipices fall sheer. A stiff breeze is blowing up the stream—always the case they say—so that it takes as long to go down as up against the current. Bright sunshine frequently illumines all things, but there are clouds toward the south threatening rain; we must not think of it, for we do not care to see fine scenery under showers. An island; a sandy spit stranded in midstream; short, rocky promontories, thrusting themselves diagonally into the current and forming little coves and bays—these pass in varied procession. On either side at distant intervals farm houses peep forth, and now and then a Chinaman's camp.

As we approach the Cascade region, the scene becomes more attractive, not so bare nor cold as near and above The Dalles—yet the Dalles scenery has a fascination one cannot analyze. Now mountains are green and wooded; a lovely waterfall leaps down over a dark, steep cliff; cloud tints run over the pale yellow, white-capped river—a pity its name is no longer the Oregon, whatever that may mean; at least, it is not so commonplace as Columbia. Long sloping shafts, down which great tree-trunks are shot, are blazed along the banks here and there. On the southern side the appearance is like the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania; there is the same gloom and weight of woods here as in the eastern mountains, but these heights are bolder. Again, the scene is Swiss; a truce, however, to resemblances—one obtains *all* kinds of scenery, from the charming pastoral to the grand Alpine; peaks rise clear-cut against the sky; debris fragments of rock from heights above, up which straggling pines with infinite difficulty ascend, strew the Washington side. Poplars and cottonwood gleam in the breezy sunshine, the undersides of their leaves shimmering with the sheen of silver. A patch of yellow, like a sulphur deposit, appears on a mountain slope; a white thread of waterfall gleams on the right bank; near at hand cold, gray rocks repel one, and he thinks of them when lashed with rains, or “wet with winter's wrath.” Peaks soaring aloft on the northern Territory challenge those on the southern to lordlier eminence; there is another streamlet on the left, sliding down mossy rocks like a glistening serpent; a succession of ridges riding down to the river breaks off as it reaches the water; another cascade waves its plume aloft. The grand views surpass expectation, but we glide by too quickly; the panorama passes too swiftly to enable one to take all in. One thinks the Hudson sinks into insignificance, and that the Rhine cannot compare except in historic and traditional charm. White streaks of snow are

away off to the left; a huge mountain, all alone, like a sullen giant, sits by the water, gray, scarred, granitic, frowning always at its wooded neighbors opposite. The wind, though strong, is soft, so that the deck is comfortable; no glass between you and this great landscape. Gigantic mountains stride heedlessly to the very brink of this mighty flood, and then halt forever at its impassable barriers. Coloring is sometimes wonderful in blues and purples; a dull red stains the side of one hill, and just below lie black rocks with the hue of rich soils. The mountains now stoop lower, stand farther apart, and the view opens as if the sea were near. A great, thick column of granite, abrupt, precipitous, one hundred feet high, rises, water-girdled, hard by; it is a miniature fortress, impregnable, blood-red on yonder bluff, as though the crown of it were bleeding—a ghastly spectacle to be always present to the peaceful agricultural folk opposite. Pediments of Gothic buildings, castles, cathedrals stand on all sides. The pretty may accompany the grand, for here is a pleasant little pastoral scene close under bold, lofty, uncouth heights. A fine pyramidal eminence uplifts a towering head, similarly-shaped forms bowing down before it. The bleeding crest from this point shows less horribly, having turned in mute agony away; the foreground is of sloping pines, dark spears, melting gradually into the pale green of water-washed willows.

At this point one takes the train for a few miles, navigation being impossible through these foaming rapids; the majestic river has been humiliated to the confinement of a narrow channel, strangely in contrast to the broad, swelling freedom both above and below; the stream seems to resent the indignity put upon it by hissing, tossing, rushing angrily down, but this is done in small, vindictive fashion as many a lesser river might do, not in the grand, violent, relentless way one would expect from so vast a flood. The train stops at The Cascades, a name applied here to the small station where one awaits the transfer steamer. Again the views are imposing of Alp and rock; man, settled down in this spot, seems very puny in such great presences. A little meadow invites one to pause and look at its grasses, waved by passing breezes, and one is glad to comply, for awe-inspiring forms are not always to our mood.

When you take the boat again, on your left hand enormous altitudes arise at once opposite—a massive pillar of granite, a huge thumb of rock. Some of these tall walls look like foundations of immense cathedrals—far greater than were ever imagined—eternally set, rifted, and scarred by age, yet never weakened, slowly rising heavenwards, nave and choir already complete, wherein an awful, solemn service goes on everlastingly. This very monotony—vast forms repeated although never alike—lends impressiveness and grandeur. It is no displeasing thought that these magnificent heights can never be greatly changed by science nor intruded upon: they must be for countless years as they are now, so that a sail on

the Columbia a century hence will be as it is to-day, so far as shores are concerned; these solitudes are too perfect to need or fear improvement. How glorious autumn must be with all its pomp of coloring! A dashing torrent gleams on the sight, white and tall like a marble statue shot over with flowing light; another fall bursts upon the eye, this one a cataract, not clinging to the cliffs but overleaping them in perceptible spray, a distance of 1,000 feet; still another fall, holding on in vain, but broken and spent, with its slender thread blown away, dissolved, reappears farther down; close by, a double stream gliding steadily and smoothly. The Oregon rampart now overtops the Washington, and is always more attractive. A tower of stone stands in the middle of the river. Rounding and curiously shaped forms are on the northern bank. Grand walls of rock rise sheer from the water, perhaps 150 feet, clothed with verdure atop, but rising again a little back in more irregular and lesser ascent; a few thin falls slide down in blown ribbons of sheeny water.

The afternoon is not as windy as the morning, and the river, though tawny, is no longer turbid; it lies sun-smitten yet not sparkling, a long, broad, polished, gleaming surface. We glide down amid lower eminences, the mountains receding or melting away, the river widening, islands coming alongside, low and with sand heaps lining the course of the current; pines and herbage cover them, taking as faithfully to sand as to cliffs or rocks, so that no part of this western water-way is naked or dreary-looking; only when rocks are precipices, or debris has formed a sliding roof can no trees be seen.

We reach Rooster's Rock, as it is beautifully named—a prominent object and a wonderful one; an upright pillar rising like the tower of a church from inferior heights. Again great buttresses under a covering of green velvet loom up on the southern side, imposing, indeed, though not so tall nor striking as those already passed. A railroad tunnel perforates the mass. A distant peak, with its crown of snow, peers over the nearer ridges on the right. On the same side half-drowned-copses of water-loving trees and shrubs, haunts of birds of the air, and fish as well, are spread.

After passing Washoula, now as often half submerged, the shores stretch out low and flat on either hand, the left covered with a growth of trees herded together in dense contact, the right with more open, irregular, and varied woods; soon they become alike—one forest cut through by the stream. Mount Hood has gone behind, far away to the east, and stands an enormous, cold, snowy pyramid, one drift of cloud like a smoke on its white side, but soaring aloft with easy exaltation, and spreading below in ponderous slopes—a sublime spectacle, majestic in its coldness, its whiteness, its immensity, its loneliness.

From here, at least as far as Vancouver, the Columbia rolls along like many another stream, placidly

between low-lying, fertile shores. Vancouver is finely situated on a long, gentle slope, with a dark background of pines. It is a straggling, vagrant, slow, sleepy little town, much like an eastern village, without pretensions, and none the worse for that; the streets are grass-grown, the houses neat enough but not prim. The river in front is like a lake. Opposite the town, perhaps a mile away, lies a long island with enticing woods, a visionary place where the fancy may ramble; the trees there are not pine but cottonwood, oak, willow, and the like—a softer foliage through which the sunshine is always playing. The river westward is a shield of silver under the afternoon's sun. Mount Hood stands always in sight, and far away towards the southeast another peak, vague and shadowy, lifts up a snowy fin above the long black waste of mountains. Nowhere on this western coast can an evening in early summer be spent more contentedly than in Vancouver, say at the Parade grounds, the finest in many respects any of the Government posts can show. On this warm and fragrant evening the expansive view is doubly fine: Mount Hood with its monarch's head above the clouds gazes serenely down over miles and miles of subject territory; the heights near Portland are in easy sight; a country, half champaign, half undulating, stretches off southward, while between all runs the great flood upon which we have been voyaging; tall pine trees—ten or twelve—stand, stately sentinels, on grounds soft and rich with genuine turf; in the southwest, far from the sun, there are rays, faint, shadowy, and colorless as though a mock sun were setting; the wind blows musically through these great organ-pipes, the pines; a robin now and then breaks forth with flute-like note; soon a bugle sounds, soldiers in their white gloves appear, an officer moves quickly over the plain; again the bugle plays, once, twice and still again, men stand by to lower the flag, the evening gun puffs out its smoke, and the day is done; but Mount Hood still retains the last beams, while a few clouds of varied shape and color fade slowly away before night falls, for twilight is long lasting in this northern land.

*Henry Colbach.*

### Helen of Troy.

IS IT a joy to live for aye in song?  
Dost thou with thirst that glory ne'er can sate  
Upon the dark flood's thither margin wait  
To hear one poet more thy reign prolong?  
Or dost condemn the worshipers who throng,  
And curse thy Nemesis far-eyed—the fate  
That doomed through thee to lay earth desolate,  
And would not let thy name die with the wrong?  
Remorse ne'er bowed that head of wondrous gold  
Erect, defiant of immortal shame.  
But art so weary of thy tale oft told,  
Of man's idolatry and woman's blame,  
Thou wouldst been born a beldame crook'd and cold  
To have been spared *eternu* of fame?

*Wilbur Larremore.*

### Mr. Earnest and his Secret.

THE writer makes no pretense of calling this narrative either true or fictitious. Enough that the year is 1875, the scene Calcutta, and, more particularly, the elegantly furnished abode of an English merchant known as Mr. James Earnest, our hero. Evidently, Mr. Earnest was more than well-to-do, as the phrase is; he was surrounded by and immersed in luxury. To describe his appearance briefly, it was that of a gentleman of at least fifty years, and bearing many traces of a handsome youth. All of his features were attractive, but the most conspicuous of them, because of his years, were the large and brilliant teeth shown by a winning smile and occasional hearty laugh. For all this expression of urbanity, physiognomy would have detected firmness as a prominent trait of character. But what kind of firmness? Seated by him, and in confidential talk, was Mr. Thomas Richardson, also a merchant, and some twenty years the junior, though evidently time had made no gap in the intimacy of these two bosom friends. About twenty-five years before this particular date, Mr. Earnest had come to Calcutta, a total stranger to the land and its inhabitants, and in such pecuniary straits that the helping hand of Mr. Richardson's father had placed him under unusual obligation.

"Tell me the story of your life—I mean, of your early life, before you came to Calcutta. Don't think me inquisitive—surely our intimacy warrants the question, and I have heard strange and romantic reports of your previous career."

Thus said Mr. Richardson to his friend, who quickly responded: "No, Tom; strange it was indeed, but so far from being what's called romantic, my history is eminently prosaic. Yet the prose of life is often really more romantic than the writers of romance care to admit. It would spoil their trade. What I have to tell you has long been on my lips, but the story must remain sealed upon yours till my life is over. Will you promise?"

An affirmative nod and a grasp of the hand was compact enough.

"Excuse the dwelling upon my personal characteristics," he continued, "for it is essential to the narrative. As a youth, I was considered tolerably frank, rather amiable, passably good-looking; and as I had wealth to advantage these qualifications, the world's oyster was opened for me in advance. This amiability, by the by, was marred, my friends said, by the exhibition of a tremendous will—obstinacy, it was freely called—and I had, also, another marked peculiarity—a temperament so nervous that the slightest physical pain was torture indescribable. Slander called me, without qualification, a coward. Ignorance served me little better, for it is only the philosopher who knows that there are as many kinds of innate physical cowards as of moral. I could face the cannon's mouth, with the rest of those Bond Street dandies who fought in the Crimea, and yet I confess the mere sight of blood made me shrink and grow pale.

This sort of weakness was often mortifying, as it appeared on the most trivial occasions. Once, for example, when I was compelled to undergo the simple operation of a tooth-filling, the prospect of possible pain made me faint. Many a man, whose bravery is otherwise unquestioned, has had somewhat similar experience. After all, moral heroism is the rarest of virtues; and as to physical bravery, we share it in common with the brutes. But a truce to moralizing, or I might venture a little in favor of obstinacy. Why should the word always be used in a bad sense. One may be firm without being able to reason why. Every one is not born logical. Some must depend upon instinct. It's very certain that those same brutes make better use of their instinct than we poor mortals of our reason. Hamlet says: 'What a piece of work is man!' Yes! and what a piece of work he makes out of it, with his high resolve and weak performance. But what has all this to do with my story? you ask. Much, my dear friend. Have patience.

"Now, let me hint to you of the extravagance and follies of my youth, of the rejection of my suit, in consequence, by the only woman I ever loved, of a state of despair, of more wickedness, of gambling (the croupiers of Baden knew no more familiar face than mine), of drink—ah! all this, at least, is no uncommon history. Let me hasten to the sequel. I had a wealthy uncle, whose affection for me was very strong, and my heirship to his property was well known. This uncle was extremely eccentric. Moreover, he had the family trait—obstinacy. Such a nature, combined with the utter contempt he showed for my peculiar nervous temperament, hatched many a bitter quarrel between us. In vain I argued, or tried to; the more he laughed and sneered at my shrinking from the slightest physical pain. Almost on his death-bed he vowed that such weakness was the result of a morbid imagination; and that I would live to see it, whether he did or not. My waywardness and reckless dissipation he could forgive sooner than what I was assuredly not accountable for. When this affectionate but very eccentric uncle died, it appeared that I, his heir, was presumably a very rich man—provided any lucky mortal could lay his hand upon the estate. You see, my uncle had sold every acre, every house in the city, all his stocks and bonds, and, by the confession of his will, had secreted the gold in some out-of-the-way spot—Heaven knows where. To make the complication worse, it was intimated in the very will itself, that the key to the discovery of the treasure was, to use his own unaccountable words, *hidden about my own person*, and that I had nothing to thank for it but my own obstinacy. How? and where? Madness!—surely the emanation of a disordered brain. One only clue to the unravelling of the whole mystery was this: a direction for me to go to Florence, Italy, and from a certain individual, whose address was given, important information could be obtained.

"Curiosity alone would have taken me, and I hur-

ried through Paris, post haste, for Florence. There I found—what? An Italian dentist, whose name had slipped my memory, and who had performed the only operation I had ever undergone in this line, and that was the filling of a tooth. He told me (and I could hardly keep my hands from his throat during the narration), that in one of our winters in Italy, a heavy bribe had induced him to become a tool of my uncle, who had determined to cure me of what he considered my chief failings. He would crown himself a victor, though it be after his death; and he had hit upon this novel expedient. For a good round sum, the operator was persuaded to insert securely a diminutive piece of foil underneath the exterior filling of gold. Certain small figures upon this foil, stamped by my eccentric and tantalizing uncle (so the fellow was charged to tell me), designated the exact spot where the treasures were buried. No one knew what the cabalistic figures were. The Italian did not. *Corpo di Jesu*—he did not—as I grasped him by the throat, and he prayed for mercy. A few deliberate moments after my frenzy, and the simple fact remained that the secret was indeed about my own person, and that there could be no discovery of the wealth save by the extraction of the tooth."

"But the obstinacy of your uncle," interrupted Mr. Richardson; "you have defended your own—what of his?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Earnest, "you are langhing at me in the moment of my discomfure, as you deem it. You believe that I did as most would do: accept my fate with the best grace possible, thankful that only a momentary pang of the flesh need be incurred, and then my pecuniary distress would be relieved, and worldly prosperity restored. Certainly I did not hesitate. But what was the determination? Submitting to my uncle's plan would have given me fresh means of yielding to all the temptations hitherto so successful. My own obstinacy stood my friend, and so did my cowardice, (if you call it so), too for the dread of physical pain aided the decision. I determined to reform, to retrieve my fortunes by my own exertions, and to die with the unextracted secret in my head.

"This resolution would be futile, if not acted on at once, for the story of such a strange will had necessarily been noised abroad; and how did I know but that, swift as my travel was from England, robbers and murderers were watching every movement. As I walked through the streets of Florence, on the very night of my arrival, more than one black-eyed Italian wore, to me, a sinister expression; and there were ugly-faced fellows, too, prowling about, whom my fancy pictured as ruffians such as only the slums of London can show. Mind you, Tom, my cowardice was not of the kind to fear any attack of this sort, except it be the stab in the back; so common prudence dictated thorough disguise and flight to foreign lands. Fortunately, to cut my story short, a fishing craft was bound for an eastern port of Spain. I

reached it in safety, and without a sign of pursuit. Thence, after a few days' hiding, a storm-bound English ship brought me here. You know, my dear young friend, the rest of my story. How your late father befriended me, a total stranger, and in apparent want. How he gave many kind words and sufficient material help. Yes! saved me (little knowing the fortune that I was keeping for his son), and furnished such help as, with the blessing of God, founded my prosperity in this city. You are likely to outlive me. I am the last of my family. My name here is an assumed one—but appropriate—is it not? My will is in your favor, and all directions are enclosed whereby you may be saved from curious or hostile remarks, when the secret is finally disclosed. Certain premonitory symptoms—a trouble of the heart—the opinion of my physician—admonish me"—here the speaker suddenly paused; a strange pallor overspread his face, and just as Mr. Richardson caught him in his arms, the spirit of Mr. Earnest passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There! my dear sir, rouse yourself. "You'll have no more trouble from *that* tooth—it's out."

"Did Mr. Richardson find the treasure?"

"Oh! there was no Mr. Richardson. You've had a sort of dream—the result of our peculiar anæsthetic."

John Murray.

### A Madrona Tree.

UPWARD its twisted branches reach,  
The highest dipping in the sky,  
That softly bathes and touches each,—  
So near the blue deep seems to lie.

The glossy oval leaves are stirred,  
As little breezes come and go.  
Their mellow, rustling sound is heard,  
While they swing quickly to and fro.

On each the others' shadows fall,  
Now here, now there; gaily between  
The sunlight glances, turning all  
With its light touch to golden green.

Dead, yellow leaves are thickly spread  
Within the shade; and lightly down  
Drop twisted curls of thin bark, shed  
From the smooth boughs of reddish brown.

Where in the spring the flowers grew,  
Whose waxy spikes made white the tree,  
And with their heavy fragrance drew  
The hum of eager honey-bee,

Clusters of wine-red berries glow,—  
The trees' thanksgiving for the rains  
And summer sun, that waked the slow  
Crude sap to life within its veins.

H. K.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### John Adams.<sup>1</sup>

It is hardly to be supposed that Mr. J. T. Morse, the editor of the "American Statesmen" series, reserved the writing of this volume to himself, because of any partiality for the subject. The whole work, from the first page to the last, conveys the impression that Mr. Morse is not in entire sympathy with the Adams family. He has detracted from the merit of an otherwise valuable and interesting book by cavilling at failings in temperament and disposition in a manner to indicate the existence of something like personal spite. Even were he taking the attitude of an apologist for Adams, the method of treatment would still be open to criticism. To inform us of Adams's "devil of suspiciousness," his censoriousness, and overweening vanity, and much more of the like, before we are fairly introduced to him, shows a defect in that artistic sense which a writer must possess, who would place before us the portrait of a great man.

Mr. Morse gives Adams due credit for his great

<sup>1</sup> John Adams ("American Statesmen"). By J. T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

services to the country, and he is frequently enthusiastic in his admiration of his judgment, and cool, far-sighted understanding. At the same time, however, he has a habit of controverting, or of unduly qualifying, even his own praise on almost every occasion. In speaking of the efforts of Mr. Adams in defending the "Declaration of Independence," he closes his statement with the remark that "independence would not have been lost in his loss, would probably not even have been seriously postponed." The unfairness of the judgment rendered, appears more conspicuously in the account of the affairs between Gates and Washington. After the surrender of Burgoyne, and after Washington's disastrous campaign on Long Island, all eyes were turned towards Gates, as possibly a more able general than Washington. It was a question of setting up Gates as a rival of Washington. "Adams," says Mr. Morse, "was fortunately no longer a member of Congress when these designs had come near maturity. It is probable that he thus fortunately escaped any share in them." The supposition that he would have shared these designs rests on the statement that "his affiliations had been so largely with those who became anti-Washingtonians,

and his predilections were already so far known, that he was regarded as of that connection and sympathy." Having made this supposition as to what would have been Mr. Adams's attitude in this matter, had he been in Congress, our author proceeds to speak of "the obloquy attending such sentiments." In the supposed case, these would have been merely an error of judgment; and it is not clear, in view of Adams's efforts to secure Washington's appointment in the beginning, that he would have entertained these sentiments, or, even if he had entertained them, that they would have been attended by obloquy.

In view of the present state of our foreign affairs, when, in the words of a London journal, English society is putting on mourning over the departure of Mr. Lowell, it is interesting to note the manner in which the first American minister at St. James was treated. "Some years hence," writes Mrs. Adams, "it may be a pleasure to reside here in the character of American minister; but with the present salary and the present temper of the English no one need envy the embassy." George the Third publicly turned his back on Mr. Adams, and the rest of the Court followed his example.

Although nominally a Federalist, Adams was not a party man; he voted on all questions solely with reference to their merit; he was a believer in a "strong government," but did not go in this matter as far as Hamilton. In spite of frequent unjust judgments, and carping criticism of failings that affected no one but Adams himself, the impression made by this book is still of a strong and patriotic statesman, a character not so brilliant, perhaps, nor with so much unity of purpose as Hamilton, but with something so noble in his love of country that we are inclined to remember only his devotion and pass over his failings.

### The Rescue of Greely.

Chief Engineer Melville, in his book "In the Lena Delta," noticed in the March OVERLAND, gave a brief account of the Greely Relief Expedition of '84, as an appendix to the more extended narrative of the Jeannette expedition. That account, brief though it was, was sufficient to show that when the story of the expedition should be more fully written, it would be a narrative of more than common interest. Now we have such a narrative from the hand of the commander of the expedition. It is told in the style that one might expect from the man that could plan and carry out so complicated and dangerous a task with success — a style practical, plain, straightforward, making a book that must find its place in the library of every succeeding expedition into Arctic waters as a trustworthy guide, rather than on the shelves of those that prize only *belles lettres*. The whole book might with propriety have been addressed to the Sec-

retary of the Navy as an official report, so few are the digressions in search of the purely attractive. Even so, the general reader will not shun the book, and will find enough to hold the attention and stir the blood in the account of the race through Melville Bay, with its tremendous obstacles, of the "Thetis" and "Bear," and the whalers. Each strove to accomplish first the errand of mercy, on which there was such cause for haste. Then comes the pitiful story of the finding of Greely and his six comrades, lying in the wrecked tent which they could not raise for weakness, and waiting for the death that a few more hours would bring. Then there is the home coming, with its mingled sadness and joy, to bear to the world the tidings that out of the twenty-five persons of the Lady Franklin Bay party, but six survived. There yet remains to be written (and Lieutenant Greely is the man that must do it, if it ever is done) the story, which the present book could give only in outline, of those long two years on the coast of Grinnell Land, the march to Cape Sabine, and the dreary time at Camp Clay, where twenty-five men tried to live eight months on forty days' rations. Commander Schley wisely refrains from entering into any discussion of responsibility in the matter, or into any of the vexed and vexing points that have been raised regarding the acts of Greely in his terrible ordeal. Unless Greely himself shall tell the history of those acts, silence is best. The book is made more valuable by illustrations, track charts, and a large map of the whole region entered by Baffin's Bay and its extensions.

### Briefer Notices.

THE *Riverside Aldine Series*,<sup>2</sup> which has now reached the fourth number, deserves to win the regards of every book-lover. The best traditions of the art cluster about the name Aldine, and the classic "anchor and dolphin" sign appears fully at home on these fair, open pages. There is no better work done in America than that of the Riverside Press of Cambridge, and this series ought to become a favorite with judicious purchasers. T. B. Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories," C. D. Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," Lowell's "Fireside Travels," and Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," and other stories, are the numbers already issued. "Venetian Life" in two volumes, and Burroughs's "Wake Robin" in one volume, complete the announcements so far as made. Of all these, the book that is best fitted for this scholarly and sedate style is Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw," with its dainty, surprising myth, and its subtle skill of expression. — The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society is publishing a series of books

<sup>1</sup> The Rescue of Greely. By Commander W. S. Schley and Prof. J. R. Soley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> 1. Marjorie Daw and other Stories. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 2. My Summer in a Garden. By Charles Dudley Warner. 3. Fireside Travels. By James Russell Lowell. 4. The Luck of Roaring Camp and other Stories. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

of Normal Studies for Sunday School Teachers, and we have received the first three,<sup>1</sup> entitled respectively *The Young Teacher*, *The Bible — The Sunday School Text-Book*, and a *Primer of Christian Evidence*, of from 100 to 150 pages each; price 75 cents. These are admirable works for their purpose, prepared under the direction of the International Committee for Normal Study. — Dr. Teft enters the field of religio-scientific discussion with a volume of nearly five hundred pages,<sup>2</sup> whose central thesis is, that the doctrines of evolution are diametrically opposed to those of Christianity. To quote his own words, the writer "looks upon evolution as essentially wicked." He does not object to the doctrines held by such writers as Hermann Lotze and Dr. James McCosh, because, in this view, a "First Cause" and "new powers at required intervals" are predicated. But evolution proper, he calls an atheistic doctrine, and hopelessly at variance with revelation. To his argument he brings immense zeal, the labor of twenty years, and an astonishing list of citations. The first book is devoted to the "Origin and Character of Evolution," and to its leading exponents, among whom he places such dissimilar mortals as Herbert Spencer, Henry Ward Beecher, and Robert Ingersoll. The second book on "The Quality of Our Religion," which he says is "based upon self-consciousness," contains fragmentary extracts from a large number of philosophical writers. In the three subsequent books an attempt is made to examine the extent, relations, and influence of religion, and to point out the errors of science. To many readers these papers will seem conclusive, and to still others the evident earnestness of the writer, and his high moral purpose, will entitle him to respectful consideration. It is too much to expect even the narrowest synopsis of his line of argument in this brief review, except to say that twenty years' study should have en-

abled a man to sift and compare evidence better. To disprove Darwin's studies on the sundew (*Dionaea Muscipula*) the author quotes from a lecture delivered by an enterprising florist and seedsman in New York some years ago. The writer of this review well remembers the discussion that followed the reading of this seedsman's paper, and Darwin appears to have been amply sustained. But it is useless to pursue the subject further. Men of science will hardly spend much time over this volume, despite its passages of fine feeling and of true earnestness, for the discussions in which true science is willing to take part "accept nothing, deny nothing," and know of no irrepressible conflict with religion. — We have been late in noticing the issue for 1885 of Mr. Thrum's admirable *Hawaiian Almanac*.<sup>3</sup> This publication annually comes out with all the qualities of a good Hawaiian magazine, in addition to the statistics, etc., proper to an almanac. It is, indeed, a yearly magazine, a guide-book, and an almanac, in one. — *Cynicism*<sup>4</sup> is a collection of very brief symposia on important subjects, purporting to be by half a dozen intelligent and cosmopolitan guests at a Los Angeles sanitarium. There is wisdom in the little discussions, and for the most part an air of refinement, but with a few incongruous slips into an inferior manner. — A compact and useful *Dictionary of English History*<sup>5</sup> comes from Cassell & Co. — a stout volume, containing condensed information on as many as possible of the topics of English history: these are arranged alphabetically, and the larger and more complex topics have from a page to seven pages granted them, the simpler ones covering less than a page. "Ireland," for instance, has over seven pages, including many sub-topics. Mr. Creighton and Professors Earle and Thorold Rogers are among the contributors, and the book may be accepted as not only a very convenient, but as a trustworthy one.

<sup>1</sup> The Young Teacher. The Bible—the Sunday School Text-Book. Primer of Christian Evidence. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> Evolution and Christianity; or an Answer to the Development Infidelity of Modern Times. By Benjamin F. Teft, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Hawaiian Almanac. 1885. G. Thrum. Honolulu.

<sup>4</sup> Cynicism. By C. F. Gillingham, M.D. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1884.

<sup>5</sup> The Dictionary of English History. Edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling. New York and London: Cassell & Co. 1885.

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

---

VOL. V. (SECOND SERIES.)—JUNE, 1885.—No. 30.

---

## RIPARIAN RIGHTS.

OUR time is characterized by new features and phases of old questions in science and law, the solution of which results in more perfectly defining human rights, bringing them within more concise limits, and thus contributing to the perfection of our civilization. This process oft-times produces social and legal friction, and a long period of agitation may ensue before some questions, involving conflicting interests, will find rest under the shadow of a legal decision which will be accepted as embodying an equitable determination of the rights or principles involved.

New features of a business, scientific, moral, climatic, or physical character, render necessary a remodeling of old laws and rules of action, or an adoption of new ones fitted to these new features. The business or social customs of ancient Athens or Rome could be regulated by laws that would be ill adapted to the demands of trade and society in the Paris or London of today. Laws adapted to the physical and climatic conditions of Egypt or Algiers, would be ill suited to those of England or the United States. Hence the necessity of continuous energy and invention in the domain of laws to keep pace with these changed and varying conditions.

As soon as a people has become located

in any defined territory, the question of the value of land immediately becomes a matter of discussion, and an important and necessary incident connected with land is that of the supply of water that may be depended upon to moisten the cultivated area of the district. Where the rainfall continues through the season, there is seldom apprehension of loss from drought; but where such is not the case, the risks of the husbandman are greater and water has an enhanced value.

The regulation of the right of property in running water has always been a difficult one, and its solution in many countries is still a matter "*in futuro*." We will attempt to discuss its status under the common and civil law; consider its history in some European States; try to learn what has become the law of its status in the States and Territories of the Pacific Coast, and perhaps venture some suggestions respecting the legislation needed to determine and define its status in California.

The great body of our law has been derived from the common law of England, which is that part of English jurisprudence that has grown up from usage, been defined, and had its principles clearly stated by the decisions of the courts, and thus become the

rule of action and the precedent governing in subsequent cases. The legal theory of ownership in land is that the fee owner possesses a certain superficial area which entitles him to the enjoyment of all that is comprehended within his boundaries to an infinite distance below and above the surface, or more definitely, from the center of the earth upward. It is a feature of this theory that water standing on land, flowing over or under its surface, so long as it does not form a definite stream, or water running in a definite stream, formed over or under the surface, so long as it remains there, may be used by the owner of the land; but he may not prevent the natural flow of the stream, or of the spring from which it commences its definite course, nor pollute the same.

Blackstone classes this right as a corporal hereditament, and says that "Water from its nature must continue common, so that one can have only a temporary, transient, usufructuary property therein."

Bainbridge, in his work on Mines, has stated this right very clearly:

"The waters of brooks and rivers are the gifts of nature, and the owners of land on their banks are entitled to the enjoyment of them as part of their private domain. Each proprietor has a presumptive right to the land covered with water, on his own side, and along his whole front, to the middle of the stream. The owners have a general right to receive the waters in as pure a state as nature affords them, and such owners are equally bound to transmit them to proprietors below without diminution, diversion or deterioration. For all riparian owners acquire no property in the water itself, but only the privilege of *using it* in its passage by reasonable interference."

Chancellor Kent says: "Water is a movable, wandering thing, and must of necessity continue common by the law of nature; so that I can only have a temporary, transient, usufructuary property therein."

It is apparent from these opinions, derived from the expounders of the common law, that water is held to be a hereditament or right, incident to property in land. A

"riparian proprietor," as understood at common law, was the owner of the land immediately along the water course; he might own but a few feet along and back from the bank, but it gave him the entire right and privileges of a riparian proprietor, and prevented the owner of land immediately in the rear from enjoying any usufruct in the running stream. Whether this is an equitable method of defining water rights, or whether in adopting the common law in California we have accepted this construction, are questions we will consider later.

There is, perhaps, no kind of property in which it is more difficult to define the legal and equitable rights of owners than in that of water. Veining through the ancient and mediæval history of European States and Asiatic countries, are abundant incidents of the legislative and legal attempts to define and determine this right. Natural and artificial conditions have influenced its status in different countries, but as these conditions have changed, new rules and often new principles have been required.

Judicial tribunals in this country, in dealing with questions of riparian rights, have been inclined to distinguish between the *uses* of water, and to define them as natural and artificial: natural uses being those absolutely necessary to man's existence, such as to quench thirst, to water cattle, and for household purposes; and, in arid countries, for the purposes of irrigation; artificial uses are such as are beneficial, but not essential to man's existence. So that, in many cases, the question whether a certain use is natural or artificial, would be dependent upon circumstances.

England, the home of the common law, is a land favored by natural conditions; situated between seas, it has a humid atmosphere the year round; timber and verdure are indigenous to the soil, springs and streams are abundant; hence irrigation and the many other uses of water which give it value and render it essential to countries having a less rain-fall are there unknown. So, when it is attempted to adapt the common law, which has been said to be the per-

fection of human reason, to a class of conditions differing from those above, it is found inadequate, and results in radical changes. What may be the perfection of reason as applied to England, may work the greatest injustice when applied to the Pacific Coast.

The civil law, made up of enactments of legislative bodies and the edicts of rulers, which prevails in the continental states of Europe, has taken a broader view of the law of riparian rights than that embodied in the common law. This has been necessitated by the physical condition of the states of southern Europe, whence it has emanated.

The ancient world was familiar with the discussion of laws regulating water rights, and prior to the formation of the Roman Empire, irrigation had become a practical thing, and water rights in various forms were recognized as property. The Roman law, in classifying things as to ownership and use, defined, first, things "*in patrimonio*," capable of being possessed by persons exclusive of others; and things "*extra patrimonium*," those incapable of being so possessed. The latter were classed under four headings, the first of which was "*res communes*," things common, free to all mankind; and under *this* was placed air and water, which were regarded as necessities of life, and of which every one might use what was necessary for personal requirements; but they were not capable of appropriation to exclusive ownership beyond that limit. The Justinian Code held that "by the law of nature, flowing water is a common property of all men." "*Res communes*" comprehended things the property of no one in particular—the air, running water, the sea and its coasts, and wild animals in a state of freedom.

Gaius, the Roman Jurist, in discussing this character of property, says, that "when the Romans speak of the air as *res omnium communis*, they do not mean to include the space above the earth, but only the atmosphere." The man who owns the soil owns the space above it, and this space is a thing "*in commercio*" (capable of barter and sale); but the *atmosphere* is a "*res extra commercium*" (a

thing not capable of barter or sale). The same remarks apply to running water. The space in which the brook or streamlet flows is in private ownership, but the water is not.

The second subdivision of common things was "*res publicæ*," which included those things exclusively in the possession of the State; such as public thoroughfares, public streams, squares, baths, and amphitheatres. The river could be used by the public as a shipway, or for fishing, but the ownership was vested in the State. The beds of navigable rivers and all streams of the public property belonged to the State. In the case of non-navigable rivers and streams not regarded as public, the beds belonged to the riparian proprietor, to the extent that he had the right to take the fruits and cut the trees thereon, but they were public property so far as the public chose to use them in aid of navigation. The riparian owner might use the water of the river to the extent of his domestic necessities, and also for watering his land, if he did not infringe on the use or right of the general public to the water.

The history of the law of water-courses in France is one full of interest and instruction. The ownership of running water has been alternately asserted by the people, the kings, and the feudal lords. In latter years, when it was found necessary, in consequence of the increased litigation, for the government to assume control over the channels of streams and their waters, it became recognized that the latter were in reality common property, and that the bank proprietors had only a right to use them, and not a right of ownership in them. The Code Napoleon, in force at the present time, defines rivers and streams which will carry floats as parts of the public domain. A royal ordinance of 1835 enumerated the navigable or raftable streams, which act makes them part of the public domain, and the list has since been much increased. The sovereign authority to declare streams a part of the public domain "has not been disputed, either in the courts or before the Council of State; but indemnity has been awarded to riparian proprietors, who have been dispossessed of irrigation water rights

by the exercise of this power, to the extent of actual damages."

The *Ownership of Streams not Navigable* has been a disputed question, but De Passy says that "all authoritative writers now hold that, according to the terms of the Civil Code, water courses not navigable or raftable are common property." Several centuries of litigation over this mooted question has resulted in settling the status of the ownership of the water in this class of streams, as the property of the nation. W. H. Hall, our State Engineer, in speaking of this question in France, says: "Starting several centuries ago, with almost complete ownership and control of the waters and channels and streams not navigable nor raftable, the riparian land owners have since been restricted in their rights from time to time, and we now find them without any recognized claim of ownership in the waters, and only the semblance of ownership in the channel beds until after these shall have been laid dry; but without a preferred privilege to the use of the water."

The legislation of France respecting water rights is the product of statesmanship and scientific knowledge, supplemented by the experience of an ingenious people, who for centuries have been mainly engaged in agriculture, and its kindred occupation, manufacture: both of which require an economic use of water facilities. And although her system has been mainly formed under monarchical surroundings, yet, since the establishment of the republic, there has been manifest no disposition to change its leading principles.

France is divided into 87 departments; these into 362 arrondissements or sub-departments; these into 2,683 cantons; and these into 36,056 communes or municipalities. Each of these divisions has a superior officer and an associate body of advisers chosen by election. These officers make up the administrative department, which, with the bureau of public works, control the inland waters of the country. The territory of the commune or municipality is 5.5 square miles—less than one-sixth of one of our townships—and the average department is

2,345 square miles in area. The right of eminent domain is extended to all navigable waters, and also to others that are required for purposes of irrigation, power, industrial, municipal, or other purposes of public utility, and they are placed under the care of supervisory agents of the government called "guards," who have charge of all locks, sluices, dams, gates, and structures in the channels of streams. These are appointed by recommendation of the Prefects, and their salaries are assessed on those benefited by the water privileges.

It is not our purpose to go more into detail respecting this system, but it has many features that commend it to our own needs. It places the control of the water in the hands of the local residents of the territory, subject to such government inspection and control as is deemed necessary for the general good. De Buffon, in discussing the system in general, says: "Water has, on riparian properties, a natural, primordial right—the right to a sufficient and proper channel in which to pass. River waters are, then, from time immemorial, in possession of canals carved out of the surface of the earth. This is possession on the part of the State. The existence of these canals, as old as the world, is a title in the State, inscribed in the ground by the hand of God for the common good. Consequently it is a sound conclusion that public authority should have the right, and that it should be its duty, to have them respected, and not tampered with by every dweller on their banks."

When water privileges are desired by individuals for their private benefit, as for power or irrigation purposes, an application is made to the Prefect of the department, setting forth the object, location, and plan of the work, also the amount of water desired. The matter is referred to the Mayor of each commune affected by the work. It is advertised, and all objections considered. If it is approved, the plans and petition go to the engineer of the department, who examines the location of the proposed work, and if his report is favorable, the Prefect grants the petition and issues his permit for the construction

of the works. In case of water privileges being desired by individuals or companies for speculative purposes, a more formal proceeding has to be followed, and the application must be favorably considered by the Council of State before it can be granted. The safeguards are sufficient to protect the public against unjust monopolies.

The right to back water in the channel before the land of another by a dam below, or abut a dam against the land of another, the right to conduct a canal over the land of another, are questions that have caused protracted litigation in France. In 1845 a law was passed giving land owners generally the power to secure rights of way to conduct water to which they had a right of use, as a servitude over lands not their own. In 1847 a law was passed giving the owner of one bank a right to abut his dam against the bank owned by his opposite neighbor, under certain regulations and administrative sanction. This also was a step towards breaking down the exclusiveness of the riparian right to the stream.

It is now held that the slope of the channel is not the property of the land proprietors, but is part of the public domain, and common to all.

Notwithstanding these changes, the rights of the riparian proprietors are respected and preserved to them to the extent of the *use* of the running water, while it passes their domains. In fact, we see no essential difference between the French law, as defined by the Code Napoleon, and the Common Law of England, as construed by English jurists. De Passey, in alluding to this feature of the French laws, says, that "they require the surplus drainage of waters to be returned to their natural channels"; that they uphold ancient customs in the use of water, but enforce administrative regulations that look towards economizing it, and other measures in the public interest.

France has a peculiar obstacle in the way of her advancement in this regard that would not exist in this country: the humble condition of her peasant land-proprietors and the minute subdivisions of the land. To illus-

trate: in 1845 there were 1414 subscribers to the De l'Isle Canal, of whom 1095 desired irrigation for tracts less than 2.47 acres, 205 others for tracts less than 5 acres, and only 4 for areas greater than 24 acres. The farms of the subscribers to the St. Julian Canal average  $3\frac{1}{4}$  acres, and those of the Crillon Canal but  $2\frac{1}{4}$  acres.

The high price of land for right of way has also been a great hindrance to the progress of these schemes. In the regions spoken of, it commands from \$300 to \$1200 per acre. In California large areas of land can be purchased for from \$3 to \$10 per acre, which, when irrigated, will pay interest on from \$50 to \$200 per acre.

The earliest laws extant of the different states of Italy, have recognized the waters of streams and rivers as being common property under control of the sovereign power. Lombardy, in the tenth century, had laws regulating irrigation. A code of the Republic of Milan, dated early in the thirteenth century, contains an extended series of provisions regulating the use of water in irrigation, the right of way for canals, and the privilege of diverting it from streams. In 1455 the laws of the Republic of Venice declared the ownership of running waters to be in the government, for the use of the people, and forbade the diversion of water from the streams without requisite authority. In the Kingdom of Piedmont the right of property in all running water was reserved to the State.

In 1865, after all Italy had been brought under one government, the Civil Code of Victor Emanuel declared that "the national roads, the shore of the sea, the harbors, bays, coasts, rivers, and torrents, form part of the public domain," and that is the law of Italy today. A "torrent" comprehended every stream of intermittent flow from rainfall or melting of snows, except the smallest.

Such has been the history of irrigation in those countries where a dense population and limited productive area required that all possible advantage should be taken of natural resources, and that the benefits of such resources should be equitably enjoyed;

and popular sentiment was accordingly in favor of government ownership and control of inland waters and water ways. Keeping in mind the common law theories respecting water rights in England, and the theories and principles worked out by the States of Southern Europe, where the necessities of the people compelled the promulgation of the most perfect codes of irrigation that exist, let us turn to the States and Territories of the Pacific Coast, and examine the legislation there respecting this question, so intimately connected with the public weal.

The *physical conditions* of the Rocky Mountain region, and especially of the Coast region, rendered necessary a code of laws respecting water rights differing from that adopted in the Eastern States. Here, we have a wet season, when a limited amount of rain falls, succeeded by a long, dry season. Extensive tracts of country are composed of dry plains that are incapable of producing vegetation unless aided by irrigation.

The Sierras receive an amount of snow during the winter season of between sixty and seventy feet, and it lies through the winter at an average depth of fourteen feet. This body of snow supplies the streams during the summer months. Unlike the Eastern States, we have large areas threaded by a single stream of water, which finds its supply in the mountains, and receives but few or no tributaries after it reaches the plains. If the local laws should permit these arteries of wealth and health to be monopolized by the few who chance to control their banks, to the entire exclusion of all other and adjacent land owners, they would be doing a great wrong under the shadow and protection of law.

There were many illogical and severe features of the common law, which have not found favor with the legislators of the Eastern States; and the attempt to impose its provisions respecting water rights on territories to which they are unsuited has not been a success. A slight examination of the Statutes of the States and Territories that are within the rainless belt during the summer months, will disclose the fact that a code at

variance with the common law doctrines, and better suited to the local conditions, is being promulgated.

California furnishes an example of the influence of physical conditions on the laws of a people. The discovery of gold caused mining to be the paramount industry here for many years: the mining districts were almost entirely within the public domain of the United States. They were rapidly settled by a mining population that paid little heed to any restraint beyond physical force. Under this condition of things there necessarily grew up "mining customs" at the camps and diggings, which were enforced by the public sentiment of the particular district; and these customs afterwards received sanction by the Legislatures of States and by Congress. These "mining customs" related to the method of acquiring mineral lands, and the water right necessary to work them. They defined what work must be done to maintain possession of the claim, and what would constitute an abandonment. From these conditions there emanated the doctrine of prior appropriation, by which it was held that the party who first diverted water from the streams, and dedicated it to a beneficial use, had a prior right thereto. Hence it soon became the law of the Pacific States and Territories that a prior appropriation of water from streams or lakes on the public lands of the United States, gave a permanent right of property in such waters. This doctrine, limited at first to mining operations, was subsequently extended to all other uses to which water is essential; to manufacturing, irrigating, and municipal purposes.

This right was recognized by the Federal Government by a statute passed in 1866. It will be noted that this only applies to the appropriation of waters on the public domain; and when the land was sold by the Government, the grantee took the same subject to such rights or easements as had been established. These provisions pertain only to the use of water in the streams, and have no relation to riparian rights as understood under the common law. When land bordering on the stream has been purchased by

a private person, a new element enters into the problem. And when many private parties have purchased land on the bank of the stream, then we are confronted with the problem of riparian rights and what law shall define these rights; has it been left to the common law, or has that been superseded by legislative enactments?

A brief reference to the statutory legislation of the Pacific States will aid in answering the question.

The Territory of Montana has no common law riparian rights, and its code provides that the water in all streams may be appropriated and carried across any tract of land by ditches, canals, or flumes. The statutes of Colorado also make liberal provision for irrigation, by providing for the appropriation of water and the construction of ditches over the land of others. The statutes of Idaho and Dakota make similar provisions.

In the laws of New Mexico we see the influence of the civil law in the statutes affecting water rights. The use of water for purposes of irrigation is made paramount to all others, and ample provisions are made for the construction of public and private canals. Parties are prohibited from constructing any works to the impediment of the irrigation of land or fields, such as mills, or other structures that may interfere with the flow of the water.

In Arizona the legislation resembles that of New Mexico, except that the use of water for mining purposes is made superior to that for irrigation. The waters of streams, lakes, and ponds are declared to be public property, and can only be appropriated to exclusively private uses under certain legislative restrictions.

By the laws of Wyoming Territory, owners of land have the right to use the waters of any streams for purposes of irrigation; and provision is made for condemning a right of way across the lands of others, and the apportionment of the supply where the amount of water is limited.

The laws of Utah contain an elaborate and detailed system of regulations, in which

the waters of all streams are devoted to purposes of irrigation.

There have been in California over fifty legislative enactments respecting water rights; but so strong has been the influence of common law principles over the minds of Judges that but little has been done towards the settlement of the question. The Civil Code adopted in 1872, contained a title under the head of "Water Rights," wherein it was provided that the right to use running water in a stream or river may be acquired by appropriation; and in a series of sections is defined the method of such appropriation, the notice to be given, etc. The sections are clear and concise, and apply to all streams; but the last section of the title fixes a limitation which, under the rulings of our Courts, practically nullifies all that precedes it. It reads as follows: "The rights of riparian proprietors are not affected by the provisions of this title." As all streams of any size have riparian proprietors in greater or less numbers along their banks, whose rights are protected on common law principles, the above title has but little practical value; and it was held, in the recent case of *Lux vs. Haggin*, that these provisions for irrigation do not affect the common law rights of riparian proprietors.

The tendency of California courts has been to recognize the common law construction of riparian rights. In the early and leading case of *Crandall vs. Woods*, 8 Cal., it was held: "The property in water is in the nature of a usufruct, and consists in general, not so much in the fluid as in the advantage of its impetus. The rule is well settled that water flows in its natural channels, and should be *permitted* thus to flow, *so that all through whose land it passes may enjoy the privilege of using*. The uses to which water may be appropriated are to supply natural wants, such as to quench thirst, to water cattle, for household and culinary purposes. These must be first supplied before the water can be applied to the satisfaction of artificial wants, such as mills, factories and the like."

Justice Sanderson, in the case of *Hill vs. Smith*, 27 Cal., says: "The notion has be-

come prevalent, that the rules of the common law touching water rights have been materially modified in this State, upon the theory that they were inapplicable to the conditions found to exist here. This notion is without any substantial foundation."

In the case of *Ferrea vs. Knipe*, 28 Cal., the Court says: "Every proprietor of the land through or adjoining which a water-course passes has a right to a reasonable use of the water, but he has no right to so appropriate it as to unnecessarily diminish the quantity of its natural flow." In this case it was also held that a riparian proprietor has no right to dam up a stream, because the evaporating surface would be increased to the detriment of the lower proprietor.

It is unnecessary to multiply these citations. In no case prior to that of *Lux vs. Haggin* has the question of the right of a riparian proprietor to use the water of a running stream for purposes of irrigation been squarely presented as an issue. It has been, however, intimated that such waters could be used for the purposes of irrigation to a limited extent. It is apparent from these decisions that we are laboring under the incubus of the common law as respects its limitation on the use of water in this State, and that some judicious legislation is necessary to protect the rights of all interests uniformly.

I do not wish to be thought lacking in respect for the principles of the common law. There is no system or body of laws that has done more to define and preserve the rights of man; but it has emanated from a country where geographical and climatic conditions differ essentially from those here, and that it is the usage and rule of action of one people is not a supreme reason why it should be sufficient for *all* people, in whatever surroundings they may be placed.

The land interests and water rights are necessarily intimately connected. If the latter is in the hands of irrigation companies, and the land in the hands of individual farmers, the farmers will be at the mercy of stock companies, and the monopoly will become a burden to the people.

There is one advantage accompanying irrigation, and perhaps influenced by it, that is worthy of being noted. It has been observed in many irrigated districts, that there has been an increase in the volume of the streams. Observations made in Utah Territory establish the fact there, and the cause is ascribed to the increased area being cultivated through the aid of irrigation. Twenty years ago all the waters of some streams were diverted from their channels during the dry portions of the season, and yet dependent fields suffered from drought in the dryer years. Afterwards it was found that in all years there was water enough and to spare, and operations were extended. New canals were dug and a larger area benefited; this process was repeated from time to time, and in many places the service of a stream was double, and in some instances it was increased ten, or even fifty, fold. The permanent rise of the water of Great Salt Lake has been ascribed to the effect of irrigation. Through data furnished by the Smithsonian Institute the fact is established, that in the past thirty years the lake has extended its area seventeen per cent., or three hundred and five square miles, resulting from a raising of its surface of from seven to eight feet. The most rational cause assigned for this effect is the influence of agriculture on the climate. The cultivation of the soil, the growth of vegetation, the enlarged area of surface evaporation, are supposed to have affected the rainfall through their influence on the temperature of the region. In California, Utah, Colorado, and wherever irrigation has been practised, it has been observed that the streams have increased in volume.

Professor Pomeroy, in an elaborate discussion of this question, frequently speaks of riparian rights as a "*natural right*." I must take issue with him on that application. We understand "natural rights" to be such rights as grow out of our nature: the enjoyment by man of certain powers of free action. President Woolsey defines "natural rights" as "those which man must be invested with, and which he ought to have realized to him in a jural society, in order to

fulfil the ends of his being." The right to exist, the right of free action, the right to possess and enjoy the results of labor, are natural rights; but the general right to possess property does not give man a jural right to possess any particular kind of property, or, if land, to have it located in any particular place. A riparian right is only a jural right, and if the law by which it is maintained is founded in error, and works injustice, the right should cease.

When we permit a foreign rule of law to be applied to land tenure in California that fosters greed, favors monopolies, gives to the few what nature intended for, and the law should give, to all, we permit an injustice to our people.

If the common law is to be applied to water rights here, there are large areas that must forever remain in a state of nature. The fear of affecting vested rights on the one hand, and the greed of riparian proprietors on the other, has thus far prevented that modification of the law that equity demands.

The common law, we have seen, gives to a riparian proprietor the use of running water as it passes his land, but he must return it without substantial diminution in quantity or change in quality. This right is a restricted one, and the public may draw water from streams for the purposes of irrigation of large areas, and yet leave sufficient to protect the common law rights of the riparian proprietors. The latter is not vested with the right to have the stream flow past his land, "*ut currere solebat*," in its full volume, as against the necessities of proprietors who require the water for purposes of irrigation. The common law right has received too narrow a construction by our courts. In a country where vast areas are watered by a single stream, the question of who are entitled to be recognized as riparian proprietors is an open one. To illustrate:

If A owns a tract of land ten miles square, through the center of which there flows a stream of water sufficient to irrigate the whole tract, it will be admitted that he

has a water right which he can use upon, and which pertains to, the whole area. This is now a usufruct that accrues to the benefit of every several acre of that tract.

In time he surveys the same into 20-acre lots for purposes of sale; he first sells the tier of lots along the stream to parties who thus become riparian proprietors, and he ceases to be one. What has become of the usufruct that has attached to the rest of the domain? Where has it vanished? It has not been sold. Can the owner be divested of this valuable right by a legal fiction?

Common law did not contemplate the use of water for purposes of irrigation. If the right is extended to the bank owners, why not to all lands within the valley drained by the stream? The intricate problems of water rights cannot be solved by the existing laws of California. We must profit by the lessons of history: statutes formed on a broader basis, and more equitable in effect, must be enacted to protect the rights of all and conserve the prosperity of the State.

We conclude that it is possible to enact provisions which will provide for irrigation and yet not encroach on vested rights. The one thing needed now is the repeal of Section 1422 of the Civil Code of this State, that the formulated laws for irrigation may become operative; and when the system becomes a practical one, there will soon be developed a code of equitable rules of action.

J. W. Powell's Report to Congress, in 1878, on the "Arid Regions of the United States," says, respecting the question of water rights, that "the magnitude of the interests involved must not be overlooked. All the present and future agriculture of more than four-tenths of the area of the United States is dependent upon irrigation, and practically all values for agricultural industries inhere *not in the lands*, but in the water. Monopoly of land need not be feared. The question for legislatures to solve is to devise some practical means by which water rights may be distributed among individual farmers, and water monopolies prevented."

*George W. Haigt.*

## UNREST.

The faint sea breezes lift the silken hangings  
    With a soft, sad unrest ;  
The weary song-bird fain would still the music  
    That trembles in her breast.

I sit alone, environed by the shadows  
    That steal into my room,  
And, bolder grown with pity for my sadness,  
    Wrap me in tenderest gloom.

The pale cream roses in their emerald couches,  
    The sweet breathed heliotrope,  
The star-eyed jessamine, whose fair, pure whiteness  
    Seems emblem best of hope ;

The bending sprays of lily-of-the-valley,  
    With bells like drops of snow ;  
The purple violets with dewy lustre,  
    So like to eyes I know ;

The grand magnolia—empress of the blossoms,  
    Whose fragrance, rare and sweet,  
Is as the essence of all southern glory  
    Born of magnetic heat—

All smite me with their perfume-laden kisses,  
    Like drops of fragrant rain,  
That stir within my soul a restless cadence,  
    Half passion and all pain.

O, weary wastes that lie along life's pathway,  
    Vast seas of space and time,  
That lie between me and the peace that calls,  
    Like some far distant chime !

O strong, pure voices from the blessed future,  
    From which doth emanate  
Wisdom and strength, teach me life's hardest lessons—  
    To work, and hope, and wait.

*Carrie Stevens Walter.*

## THE BUILDING OF A STATE.—VI. EARLY METHODISM IN CALIFORNIA.

IN 1834, Reverends Jason and Daniel Leo, accompanied by Cyrus Shepard, T. S. Edwards, and P. L. Edwards, established an "Aboriginal Mission west of the Rocky Mountains." This was the first Protestant Mission planted on the Pacific Coast. The location selected was in the Willamette Valley, near where Salem now stands. This pioneer mission and its branches, together with the missions of the American Board organized at a later date, are justly credited with preserving Oregon and Washington Territory to the American Government. Thus wrote the eminent Secretary of State:

"From 1834, when the American missionaries first penetrated this remote region, a contest was going on as to which nation (American or English) should possess it; and that, probably, depended on the fact which could first settle it with emigrants. \* \* \* On the other hand were the missionaries of the American Board and the Methodist society, who had established their stations among the Indians in various parts of the country; and who attracted thither the tide of American emigration that turned the scale in favor of our government, resulting in the establishment of the 'Territorial Government of Oregon,' wholly American in interest, which continued to exercise all the functions of government over the territory, and its six or seven thousand inhabitants, until the erection of the Territory of Oregon by Congress, by the Act of August, 1848."

In 1846, Rev. William Roberts was appointed superintendent of missions, with Rev. J. H. Willbur for assistant. These gentlemen landed in San Francisco, April 24th, 1847. The next day, Mr. Willbur (now Father Willbur of the Yakima Indian Reservation), organized a class and a Sabbath school, and Mr. Roberts preached in a hotel kept by a Mr. Brown, who closed the bar and the billiard-room for the service. On the report of these gentlemen, the General

Conference, in May, 1848, directed a mission to be organized in California, and Oregon and California were organized into the Oregon and California Mission Conference.

In 1847, Rev. Elihu Anthony, a young local preacher (now Hon. Elihu Anthony of Santa Cruz), organized classes and established preaching in San Jose, Santa Cruz, and Monterey. The service at the latter place was preaching only.

The discovery of gold in February, 1848, stirred the world, and the tide began to move toward California. In June of 1849, Mr. Roberts, by Episcopal direction, revisited this State, preached, renewed classes, changed leaders, etc., in many parts, and, as far as possible, prepared the way for the coming thousands.

In the fall of 1848, William Taylor of the Baltimore Conference (now Bishop for Africa), and Isaac Owen of the Indiana Conference, were appointed missionaries for California. The first came by sea and brought a house of worship with him. The other crossed the plains. Taylor preached his first sermon in California at San Francisco, September 14th, 1849, and Owen his at Grass Valley on the same day. Rev. Asa White, a local preacher, had erected a small church in San Francisco, in consequence of which fact the material brought out by Taylor was shipped to Sacramento, and set up at the corner of L and 7th streets in that city. These two, Taylor and Owen, were the first regularly appointed missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal church in the Golden State. But they found sturdy helpers in J. W. Brier, James Corwin, Elihu Anthony, Asa White, and Warner Oliver. October 17th, 1850, S. D. Simonds, Edward Bannister, and M. C. Briggs joined the little band. At that date, Isaac Owen was presiding elder of the whole State, and felt cramped for want of room even then. The enlargement of the work was rapid, the demands urgent, and transfers were sent as

fast as men and funds could be commanded; and on February 3d, 1853, when the first session of the California Conference proper was held, we had the following goodly array of men: William Taylor, S. D. Simonds, Edward Bannister, George S. Phillips, D. A. Dryden, E. A. Hazen, Charles Maclay, A. H. Shaffer, H. C. Benson, A. L. S. Bateman, David Deal, E. Merchant, I. B. Fish, A. S. Gibbons, J. W. Brier, J. Corwin, J. D. Blain, Joseph Pettit, R. B. Stratton, W. Morrow, J. McH. Caldwell, John Bennem, B. F. Rawlins, J. Daniel, Jessie L. Bennett, W. Wilmot, W. Oliver, W. J. Casper, James Hunter, W. Hulbert, A. Bland, R. R. Dunlap, A. McLean, J. B. Hill, H. B. Sheldon, M. C. Briggs. Most of these men had from two to ten out appointments. Since that time the Conference has been twice divided, and at this date, the mother Conference has a muster roll of a hundred and forty-three in full connection and ten on trial.

The subject of education engaged the attention of the pioneers. In January of 1851 the ministers met at San José to plan for schools. Edward Bannister had already established an academic school at San José. In 1851 a charter was procured for the California Wesleyan College. We had a seminary at San José, one at Santa Cruz, and one at Sacramento. The California Wesleyan College grew into the University of the Pacific, and that has been growing as fast as it could ever since, in an ambitious effort to fill the proportions of its name. It is now a well-rooted institution, and commands a large and increasing patronage. Besides the University of the Pacific, the Conference has under its care the Napa Collegiate Institute, a school of great excellence, and literally full of students. In the Southern California Conference is another very flourishing institution assuming the name University.

The temperance record of the Methodist Episcopal Church has always been above suspicion. That Church is today the strongest temperance organization in existence. Its members are forbidden to make, drink, buy, sell liquor, rent buildings for the liquor business, loan money for carrying it on, or sign

petitions for license to sell liquors. The Church has always been in the van of the great contest, and is fully committed to the policy of Constitutional Prohibition.

It could hardly have been otherwise than that Methodist ministers and members should have a prominent part in the fierce controversy springing out of a sinister attempt to perpetuate slavery in this State after the adoption of the Free Constitution. At the time of the forming and adoption of the Constitution, California was regarded mainly as a place to get gold to spend elsewhere; but before the State was admitted, all eyes were opened to its great agricultural and climatic resources, and the friends of the slave system were deeply chagrined at their oversight and indifference, and many will remember how strenuously the admission of the State was opposed in Congress. It was admitted, however. This fact ought to have put a quietus upon the contention; but proslavery politicians in California and the South resolved to break down this new barrier to the spread of their loved institution. A convention was quietly held at Wilmington, N. C., to devise plans. The results of that conference were embodied in a secret circular, intended only for the eyes of friends of the scheme. It proposed three methods: 1st. To introduce more slave property by the connivance of the Southern Governor of California, and thus strengthen the plea in equity for the repeal of the anti-slavery clause in justice to vested rights. 2d. To secure the calling of a convention to revise the Constitution, and so shape the composition of the convention as to secure the result desired. 3d. In case this second method should miscarry, to call a convention to divide the State, under plea of its unwieldy length, and throw the southern part back under a territorial government, then concentrate slave property and slavery propagandists, and make a new Slave State.

Either by design or misdirection, one of these circulars came into the hands of a Methodist minister, and one into the possession of Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Purdy. The "California Christian Advocate" issued its

first number Oct. 18th, 1851. The brother who held the circular, and had watched with deep but silent concern the movements of parties in interest, was one of its editors. In the paper of November 12th, 1852, being fully satisfied of the sincerity and earnestness of the attempt to carry out its suggestions, the editor aforesaid exposed the scheme of the circular in a two-column editorial, which now lies before me. That editorial, supported by some notices by Governor Purdy which soon afterward appeared, opened a battle which raged with much fierceness for nearly two years; and its "confused noise" was not fully hushed till the organization of the Republican party, in 1856. The Methodist Episcopal Church was as "solid" against the revolution attempted as against rum, and some of its ministers were forced into a prominence which nothing but conscience could have made them willing to endure. They turned pen, voice, prayer, and personal exhortation against the desecration of a soil already dedicated to freedom, lectured in all parts of the State, and, with some brave brethren of other churches, bore the brunt of the day that tried men's souls. Happily, that day is passed. Wise men throughout the nation thank God. Other great questions, such as Temperance, Common-School Education, and the Sabbath, occupy the field of vision. Permit me to express the fullest confidence that our people, cleric and lay, with respect to all these issues, will be found faithful to their creed, their traditions, and the memories of the past.

Of the two pioneers of the pioneers, Isaac Owen and William Taylor, the one in heaven and the other in Africa, I must indulge myself with the pleasure of attempting a brief sketch. All history is barren without the portraiture of its chief actors. The brethren whom I have named were men of mark, each in his way.

At nine years of age Isaac Owen knew not a letter of the alphabet, but he could bring down a deer or prairie chicken with quick and unerring aim. His ambition ran toward the game of the prairies and forests of Indiana. His sound conversion in early life was his salvation in more senses than one. It

changed the current of his life so decidedly that the past dropped away as a dream when one awaketh. From that day he sought books as miners seek nuggets. At seventeen he began to "exhort" among the primitive and kind-hearted people with whom he lived. His selection as one of the missionaries to California was an instance of admirable foresight. He found a surging, heaving sea of men, of high average intelligence, unconquerable energy, and insatiable greed. His activity, geniality, hardihood, fertility of resource, and agility of tongue, opened his way. He must have been born with a smile on his face, for it never faded during his lifetime. The defects of his early education, imperfectly repaired at the hardest, made him zealous in the cause of learning. He would have established a high school at every crossroads and a college in every county. His virtue in excess ran close to the borders of mistake, and it cost his brethren some effort and time to set right that which a too uninformed zeal was near making disastrously wrong. But, take him all in all, that short, square-shouldered, dark-eyed, ever-smiling man with retreating forehead and repeating Greek, was a marvel of labor and success.

William Taylor, now Missionary Bishop for Africa, is one of the men whom the world will need to grow half a century older to appreciate as he deserves. Physically, he was fashioned for feats of strength and endurance. More than six feet in stature, spare, but not thin, erect, free-motioned, with an eye that would not quail before a whole army of assailants, a voice to be distinctly heard a mile away, and a spirit as unconquerable as Paul's, this Virginian who hated slavery, this American who loved the world, undertook and is still prosecuting a work more apostolic than that of any other man of this century, and unexcelled for self-forgetfulness and heroic consecration in any century of the past.

No parsonage with a reception committee at the door welcomed Taylor and his young wife. No official board met to hear the report of the estimating committee and fix his salary. With his own strong hands he rived out the redwood stakes in the Contra Costa

Mountains, hauled them to where East Oakland now is with an ox-team, rowed them across the bay in a whale-boat, and built a house for himself. I believe this historic edifice is still standing in or near John Street, San Francisco. Not content with preaching in the church on Powell Street, on the edge of the Plaza, on the wharves, in the hospital, and at funerals in private houses and hotels, he must needs undertake a great Bethel enterprise for the benefit of seamen. The scheme included a Bethel ship, a house built on it, and a large sailors' home. Mr. Taylor's energy commanded universal confidence, his credit was boundless, money was plentiful, but all notes had to be signed by him personally. The enterprise prospered till the great financial crash in 1855, when it went down under pressure of a general financial wreck. Banks, merchants, real estate men, all fell into the pit together. Most of the unfortunate relieved themselves from the pressure of their debts by the bankrupt law. Not so William Taylor. The dauntless manhood in him (coincident, as I believe, with the providence of God over him) rose to the occasion, and he set out on his world-wide mission, publishing and selling books, preaching in many lands, declining donations, and paying percentages on his debts as fast as possible. I paid thousands of dollars for him, in obedience to his scheduled directions. He had put every dollar of his private property into the hands of creditors of the Bethel, and left his family without lot, house, or income. His homestead in Alameda was paid over. Annually he made remittances to his wife sufficient for a modest support. By working hard with her own hands, and practicing a severity of economy of which few people can form a conception, Mrs. Taylor saved a part of her annual allowance, and when real estate went down to a low figure in Alameda, she was able to buy back the old place on High street. In the same way she has purchased some additional realty, but has nothing which yields an income worth mentioning. For more than a quarter of a century this noble struggle on both sides has gone on.

Bishop Taylor is a man of dauntless cour-

age. Many years ago he published an appointment to preach at Five Points, New York City. Five Points was then at its worst. The police authorities sent an officer to say to him that they could not protect him in that place. He thanked the officer. Sabbath morning came, and precisely at the hour stated in the handbills, the tall, commanding form of the preacher appeared on a cask, and his voice rang out "the Gospel Proclamation." An immense crowd of all colors gathered about him. He said to the motley swarm :

"The police have notified me that they can't protect me in this place. All I have to say to the police is what the sailor said to the Lord in the storm : ' Help, Lord, if you can help ; if not, hands off, and I'll take care of myself.' "

Every man was on his side in a moment, and the great crush listened with most respectful attention, many of them in tears. The secret of this wonderful power is this : he trusts God and trusts men.

Mr. Taylor is a man of unconquerable perseverance. In his extensive travels he preached with great success in most of our States, in Australia, New Zealand, England, Ireland, South Africa, Ceylon, and India. He founded the South India Conference of self-supporting charges, and planted numerous self-supporting churches and schools in Central and particularly South America. One of his enterprises was the building of a college in South America. Money was scarce for so great an undertaking, but muscle and heart were strong. La Fetra and the other teachers were ready to follow his ever cheerful lead ; and for five months William Taylor lived on bread and figs, at a cost of one dollar a week, and wrought hard all the week-days, filling the Sabbaths and evenings by entering every door of opportunity.

At the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. Taylor was elected Missionary Bishop for Africa. The election was as the breath of God. The Conference could not help electing him. Conviction and impulse swept over the body like a resistless sea-tide. And he has gone. With a company of well toward sixty

including a son, daughter-in-law, and four young children, he is marching toward Central Africa. His first thought was to discourage ladies from making the attempt. He pictured in strong language the hardships and perils they might anticipate. But they would go. Men of all callings offered themselves. The five confederate tribes or nations on the vast table-lands about the head waters of the Congo are the objective point. The Bishop's plan is to take the Bible, particularly the New Testament, in phonetic characters, and teach English and Christianity together. He has enough helpers with him to carry on a method of object-teaching by the personal acting of the sense of words in the sight of the heathen. The conception is a grand one. If he succeeds, the world

will applaud him. If he fails, the world will pity or denounce him. But whether he succeeds or fails, his example of consecration and the grandeur of the work God has already wrought through him will edify the Church and bless the world in all the coming ages. His is the sublimest example of the courage of faith which our eyes have seen.

My pen is reluctant to desist; an incident or two out of hundreds appears so meager a portrayal of a unique career. Then, how many other true men swarm upon my memory! The time would fail me to tell of Daniels, and Bannister, and Tansey, and Brooks, and Merchant, and Bennem, and an honorable list who have

“Through death escaped from death  
And life eternal gained.”

*M. C. Briggs.*

### THE OLD CARRIAGE-BLOCK.

THERE it stands before the gate,  
Burdened with the shadow-weight  
Of the trees o'erhead.  
It is faded now, you see,  
But its three steps used to be  
Bright with blue and red.

Oft, in those days long ago,  
Came there hither pacing slow  
One, whose weary tread  
Turned from out the sultry heat  
Of the dusty city-street  
To this rest instead.

Old and wrinkled was her face,  
Yet therein there shone a grace  
That to others said,—  
“Life hath held for me much grief,  
Now death's peace that brings relief  
Wherefore should I dread?”

Wrapped about in garb of gray,  
Here she sat day after day,  
While above out-spread,  
Her old-fashioned sunshade made  
For her book a place of shade  
Where she sometimes read.

But, as one whom fate denies  
Something longed for, so her eyes  
Held a wish unsaid,  
As she often turned her gaze  
Toward the flowers whose summer blaze  
Filled each garden-bed.

Silent, she was wont to read,  
As, by common stranger-creed,  
Speech-prohibited,  
But one day she spoke her thought,  
Told what daily to this spot  
Her faint foot-steps led.

"Once I had a garden, too;  
Ah, what lovely flowers grew  
By my home," she said,  
And then drew a tired sigh  
For that time so long gone by  
With its beauty fled.

In her homesick heart remained  
Still a thought that inly pained  
And disquieted :—  
In a stranger-land to die,  
Under foreign sods to lie  
All unvisited !

"Maybe in that other land,"  
And her trembling, wrinkled hand  
Pointed up o'erhead,  
"I shall have my flowers some day.  
Do you think perhaps I may ?"  
Wistfully she said.

Ah, sad soul, long years have passed  
Since your lips that question asked ;  
Lingering in your stead  
Still your memory will stay,  
With that old seat by the way,  
Which, interpreted,

Saith to me, forevermore  
When I look out from my door,  
"Ah, she is not dead,  
But, beneath far nobler trees,  
Those whose leaves heal earth's disease,  
She is comforted."

*Mary E. Bamford.*

## THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

## WITH SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

WHO of us, having reached middle life, does not recall the exultation and enthusiasm aroused by the news of the capture of Fort Donelson? What a thrill of pride and patriotism was felt through all the loyal North! The soldiers of the great Northwest had attacked a citadel of the rebellion, and captured it, with sixteen thousand of its defenders.

At this time the Third Iowa Infantry was strung along the North Missouri Railroad, guarding bridges and doing other police work. Company B, which had the honor of having on its muster roll private Olney, was stationed at that time in the little town of Sturgeon, Missouri, where our principal occupation was to keep from freezing. We had then spent eight months campaigning in that border State—that is, if you can call guarding railways and bridges, and attempting to overawe the disaffected, enlivened now and then by a brisk skirmish, campaigning. The Second Iowa had led the charge which captured the hostile breastworks at Donelson, and General Grant had telegraphed to General Halleck at St. Louis, who had repeated the message to the Governor of our State, that the Second Iowa was the bravest of the brave. The First Iowa had distinguished itself at Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, under General Lyon, while *we*—well, we hadn't done much of anything but to get a licking at Blue Mills. Therefore, when a message to move came, and we found ourselves on the way to join General Grant's army, we felt quite hilarious.

At St. Louis, we were put on board the steamer "Iatan." Down the Mississippi, up the Ohio, up the Tennessee. As we proceeded up the Tennessee we were continually overtaking or being joined by other steamboats loaded with troops, until presently the river was alive with transports, carrying the army of the West right into the

heart of the Confederacy. It was a beautiful and stirring sight; mild weather had set in (it was now the second week of March), the flotilla of steamboats, black with soldiers, bands playing, flags flying, all combined to arouse and interest. It was "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

Frequent stoppages were made, giving us a chance to run ashore. About the thirteenth we reached the landing-place, which soon afterwards became famous. The river was very high, and at first there seemed to be doubt as to where a landing should be effected, but in a few days the question was settled. Our boat was moored as near shore as possible, and we joined the immense throng painfully making its way through the unfathomable mud to camps in the dense woods. The first things I observed after reaching the high bluff, were trees that had been torn and shattered by shells from our gunboats, which, it seems, had dislodged a company of Confederates, who had dug rifle-pits on the bluff, from whence they had fired on our steamboats.

We first camped on the bluff near the landing, but shortly moved back about a mile from the river, and camped on the edge of a small cotton field with dense forests all around. The Hamburg road ran past the left of our line, between us and the Forty-first Illinois; while on the right was a small ravine, which ran into a little creek, and that into Snake Creek.

The mud—well, it was indescribable. Though we were only a mile from our base of supplies, the greatest difficulty was experienced in getting camp equipage and provisions. We found that other divisions of the army had landed before us, moving farther out to the front towards Corinth, and had so cut up the roads that they were quagmires their whole length. Teams were stalled in

the mud in every direction. The principal features of the landscape were trees, mud, wagons buried to the hub, and struggling, plunging mule teams. The shouts of teamsters and resounding whacks filled the air; and as to profanity—well, the army in Flanders must yield the palm to this army of Western teamsters. And the rain! how it did come down! As I recall it, the Spring of 1862 did not measure its rainfall in Western Tennessee by inches, but by feet.

But in time, our camp was fairly established. Sibley tents were distributed, one for fourteen men. They protected us from the rain, but they had their drawbacks. Several of us were schoolmates from a Western college, and, of course, in some respects, constituted a little aristocracy. We had had a small tent to ourselves, and the socialistic grayback, as yet, had not crawled therein. Now, we were required to share our tent with others, and that might mean a great many. But when it came to a question of sleeping out in the cold rain, or camping down in a crowded tent in true democratic equality, and taking the chances of immigration from our neighbors' clothing, we did not prefer the rain.

Of course, a private soldier has not much opportunity for exploration about his camp, however strong may be his passion in that direction. I did what I could, but my knowledge of the general encampment was much enlarged when, during the days following the battle, all discipline being relaxed, I tramped the field over in every direction, and talked with the men of numerous regiments on their camp grounds. Further on, I shall refer to the position occupied by our army more at length, and shall only refer now to the general position of our encampment, as on a wooded plateau, accessible to attack only from the direction of Corinth, the river being in our rear, Snake Creek and Owl Creek on our right flank, and Lick Creek on our left. In places there were small fields with their adjuncts of deserted cabins. Our troops were camped wherever there was an opening in the woods or underbrush sufficiently large for a regiment. There seemed to be no or-

der or system about the method of encampment, but each regiment occupied such suitable ground as presented itself in the neighborhood of the rest of the brigade; and the same was true of the brigades composing the divisions.

Our regiment was brigaded with the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second, and Forty-first Illinois. The division was commanded by Brigadier-General Stephen A. Hurlbut (since somewhat notorious as United States Minister to Peru). We had served under him in Missouri, and our principal recollection of him was an event which occurred at Macon. We had got aboard a train of cattle cars for the purpose of going to the relief of some point threatened by the enemy. After waiting on the train two or three hours, expecting every moment to start, we noticed a couple of staff officers supporting on each side the commanding general, and leading him to the car I was in. Getting him to the side of the car, they boosted him in at the door, procured a soldier's knapsack for him to sit on, and left him. He was so drunk he couldn't sit upright. The consequence was that the regimental officers refused to move. A court-martial followed, and we heard no more of our general until we found him at Pittsburg Landing in command of a division. He showed so much coolness and bravery in the battle which followed, that we forgave him his first scandalous appearance. But the distrust of him before the battle can readily be imagined.

No one who has not been through the experience can realize the anxiety of the private soldier respecting the character and capacity of his commanding officer. His life is in the general's hand. Whether he shall be uselessly sacrificed, may depend wholly upon the coolness or readiness for an emergency of the commander; whether he has had two drinks or three; whether he has had a good night's rest, or a good cigar. The private soldier regards a new and unknown commander very much as a slave does a new owner, and with good reason. Without confidence on the part of the rank and file, victory is impossible. Their soldiers' confidence

in Stonewall Jackson and Lee doubled the effective strength of their armies. When in the Franco-Prussian war a German regiment was called upon for a charge, each man felt that the order was given because it was necessary, and that what he was doing was part of a comprehensive scheme, whose success might very likely depend upon whether he did his assigned part manfully. The French soldier in that war had no such feeling, and of course, the result of that campaign could not long be in doubt. In Napoleon's time, the confidence of the rank and file was such that time and again he was saved from defeat by the feeling of the attacked corps or detachment that it *must* hold its ground, or probably imperil the army. Oh, the sickening doubt and distrust of our generals during the first years of the war! Our soldiers were as brave as ever trod the earth, and thoroughly imbued with the cause for which they were fighting: but the suspicion that at headquarters there might be inefficiency or drunkenness; that marches and counter-marches had no definite purpose; that their lives might be uselessly thrown away—you would have to go through it to realize it! At the beginning of the war, the Southerners had a vast advantage over us in that respect. Generally speaking, they started out with the same able commanders they had at the end.

Our colonel was thoroughly hated and distrusted. We even doubted his courage. As he was the ranking colonel of the brigade, he was placed in command of it: so you see we did not feel particularly happy over the situation, especially as we knew the Confederate army was only twenty-two miles off. The steady, cold rains of the first week or two were most depressing. On account, probably, of the bad weather and exposure, the soldier's worst enemy, diarrhoea, took possession of our camps, and for a week or ten days we literally had no stomachs for fighting. But after a little the rain let up, the sun came out warm, our spirits revived, the roads, and consequently the supplies, improved; and on the whole, we thought it rather jolly.

Troops were continually arriving, some of

them freshly recruited, and not yet familiar with their arms, or the simplest elements of regimental maneuvers. It was said there were some regiments who had just received their guns, and had never fired them. Badeau says they came on the field without cartridges. I know that improved rifles were scarce, for my own regiment at that time did not have rifles, but old smooth bore muskets with buck-and-ball ammunition—that is, the cartridge had next to the powder a large ball, and then next to it three buck shot. Of course, we should have had no show against rifles at long range, but at short range, in woods and brush, these weapons were fearfully destructive, as we shall presently see.

Strange to say, these freshly recruited regiments were assigned to Sherman's division and to Prentiss's division, whose camps were scattered in the woods farthest out towards Corinth. As might have been expected, these new soldiers did not stand on the order of their going, when they suddenly discovered a hostile army on top of them.

A map of the place selected for the concentration of our army shows that with proper precautions and such defensive works as later in the war would have been constructed within a few hours, the place was impregnable. The river which ran in the rear was controlled by our gunboats, and furnished us the means of obtaining abundant supplies. Creeks with marshy banks protected either flank. The only possible avenue of attack upon this position was directly in front, and across that ran little creeks and ravines, with here and there open fields affording fine vantage-ground. A general anticipating the possibility of attack, would not have scattered his divisions so widely, and would have marked a line of defense upon which the troops should rally. Advantage would have been taken of the ground, and trees felled with the tops outward, through which an attacking force would have, with great difficulty, to struggle. And later in the war, as a matter of precaution, and because of the proximity of the enemy, breastworks would have been thrown up. All this could have been done in a few hours. Our flanks were so

well protected that no troops were needed there, and in case of attack each division commander should have had his place in the front, to which to immediately march his command; while, the line being not more than three miles long at the very outside estimate, there were abundant forces to man it thoroughly, leaving a large force in reserve to reinforce a point imperiled.

Why was not this done? It is hard to find an answer. General Sherman's division was at the extreme front. It was just being organized. The enemy was not more than twenty-two miles away, and was known to be concentrating from all the West. Yet this general, who afterwards acquired such fame as a consummate master of the art of war, took no precautions whatever, not even thoroughly scouting the ground in his front. His pickets could not have been out more than a mile. General Prentiss's division was also in process of organization, and he, like Sherman, was in advance, and on Sherman's left. The complete absence of the ordinary precautions always taken by military commanders since the beginning of history, is inexplicable. The only reason I can conjecture for it grows out of the character of General Grant and his distinguished subordinate, and their inexperience. They had then no practical knowledge of the requirements of actual warfare. General Sherman, except on one occasion, had never heard a hostile gun fired. They had to learn their art, and the country and their army had to pay the cost of their teaching. Happily, they were able to profit by every lesson, and soon had no equal among our commanders. But because they have since deserved so well of their country, is no reason why history should be silent as to their mistakes. The Confederates would have made a great mistake in attacking us at all in such a position, if we had been prepared to receive them. This want of preparation prevented us from taking advantage of the opportunity, and inflicting a crushing defeat upon the South. By it the war was prolonged, and every village and hamlet in the West had its house of mourning.

Immediately in the right rear of General Sherman was camped the veteran division of General McClernand. About two miles further back, and about a mile from the river, was stationed the reserve, consisting of two divisions, Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's, formerly C. F. Smith's. Across Owl Creek, and seven or eight miles off, was camped General Lew Wallace's division. It was so far away as not to be in easy supporting distance.

On April 1st, our division was marched to an open field, and there carefully reviewed by General Grant. This was our first sight of the victor of Donelson. Friday, the 4th of April, was a sloppy day, and just before sundown we heard firing off towards Sherman's division. We fell into line and started toward the front. After we had marched about a mile, pitch darkness came on. Presently, a staff officer directed a countermarch back to camp, saying it was only a rebel reconnoissance. It was a nasty march back in the mud, dense woods, and thick darkness.

All this day the Confederate army was struggling through the woods and mud, on its march from Corinth to attack us. It was the expectation of General Johnson and his subordinates to cover the intervening space between the two armies in this one day, and attack early Saturday morning; but the difficulties of the march were such that he did not make more than half the distance, and had to go into camp for the night. Saturday was a reasonably pleasant day, but General Johnson's troops had got so entangled in the forests, he did not feel justified in attacking until all his preparations were made, which took the whole of Saturday. He then moved up to within a mile or two of Sherman and Prentiss, and went into camp *within sound of our drums*.

The delay had been so great that Beauregard now advised a countermarch back to Corinth. He represented that our forces had surely been apprised of their march, and it would be too late now to effect a surprise; that they would undoubtedly find us all prepared, and probably behind breastworks and other obstructions. General Johnson was

smarting under the criticisms of the campaign which resulted in the loss of Donelson. A bold stroke was necessary to redeem the fortunes of the Confederacy and his own reputation. His resolution was to conquer or die; and he replied to Beauregard: "We shall attack at daylight tomorrow."

Here was an army of a little over 40,000 men, as brave as ever shouldered muskets, fighting on their own soil, and, as they believed, for homes and liberty, resting for the night at about twenty miles from the invading army, and all prepared to attack at dawn, and sweep the invaders of their country back into the Tennessee River. Upon the favoring breeze, the sound of our drums at evening parade came floating to their ears. They heard the bugle call enjoining quiet and repose in the camp of their unsuspecting foe. They, themselves, were crouching in the thick woods and darkness, all prepared to spring on their prey. No camp-fire was lighted; no unnecessary sound was permitted; but silent, watchful, with mind and heart prepared for conflict, the Southern hosts waited for the morning.

Such was the situation, so far as our enemies were concerned. But how was it with the army fighting for the integrity and preservation of the nation? Let us begin with the commanding General. That day (Saturday) he despatched General Halleck as follows: "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth. \* \* \* The number at Corinth and within supporting distance of it cannot be far from 80,000 men." Later in the day he despatched the news of the enemy's reconnoissance the night before, and added: "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us, but will be prepared should such a thing take place."

Grant had less than 50,000 men fit for battle. He thinks the enemy at Corinth, twenty-two miles away, has 80,000 men. He must know that the enemy knows Buell, with his army, will soon reach the Tennessee, and when united with his own will nearly double his effective strength; that now, and before Buell joins him, if ever, must the Con-

federates strike an effective blow. His pickets have been driven in the night before the enemy using a piece or two of artillery; yet he does not expect an attack, and makes not the slightest preparation to receive or repel one. He leaves General Lew Wallace with over 7,000 good troops at Crump's Landing, out of easy supporting distance; Nelson's division and Crittenden's division of Buell's army at Savannah; and has no thought of moving them up that day to repel an overwhelming attack about to be made on him. On Saturday he visits his army and Sherman, and then goes back to Savannah, unsuspecting of the presence of the enemy.

How was it with General Sherman, who had the advance on the right, and was probably more relied upon by Grant and Halleck than was Prentiss? He reported on Saturday that he thought there were about two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery about six miles out. Later in the day he despatches: "The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position."

A tolerably extensive reading of campaigns and military histories justifies me in saying, that such an exhibition of unsuspecting security in the presence of a hostile army is without a parallel in the history of warfare.

How was it with our army? We knew the enemy to be at Corinth, but there had been no intimation of advance; and no army could get over the intervening space in less than two days, of which, of course, it was the duty of our generals to have ample notice. Usually, before a battle, there seems to be something in the very air that warns the soldier and the officer of what is coming, and to nerve themselves for the struggle; but most of us retired this Saturday night to our blankets in as perfect fancied security as ever enveloped an army.

But this was not true of all. A sense of uneasiness pervaded a portion of the advance line. Possibly there had been too much noise in the woods in front, possibly that occult sense, which tells us of the proximity of another, warned them of the near approach

of a hostile army. Some of the officers noticed that the woods beyond the pickets seemed to be full of rebel cavalry. General Prentiss seemed to be infected with this uneasiness, and at daylight on Sunday morning sent out the Twenty-first Missouri, to make an observation towards Corinth.

This regiment, proceeding through the forest, ran plump upon the Confederate skirmish line, which it promptly attacked. Immediately the Missourians saw an army behind the skirmish line advancing upon them. They could hold their ground but for a moment. The enemy's advance swept them back, and, like an avalanche, the Confederate army poured into the camps of Sherman's and Prentiss's divisions.

At the first firing our men had sprung to arms. By the time the enemy had reached our camps many regiments had become partially formed, but they were all unnerved by the shock. Some were captured by the enemy before they could get their clothes on. Some, without firing a shot, broke for the river-landing, three miles away, and cowered beneath its banks. General Sherman and his staff mounted their horses, and as they galloped past the Fifty-third Ohio, which was getting into line, one of the officers called out to him not to go any farther, for the rebel army was just beyond the rising ground. The General made use of some expression about not getting frightened at a reconnoissance, and went ahead. As he reached the slight elevation he beheld the Confederate army sweeping down upon him. Their skirmish line fired at him, killing his orderly. He realized at last that he was in the presence of a hostile army. From that moment he did everything that mortal man could do to retrieve his fatal mistake. He was everywhere, encouraging, threatening, organizing, and succeeded in establishing a tolerable line in the rear of his camps.

General Prentiss's troops were more demoralized than Sherman's. Whole regiments broke away, and were not reorganized till after the battle. A tide of fugitives set in towards the landing, carrying demoralization and terror with them.

Our camp was so far back that we heard nothing of all this early uproar. The morning was a beautiful one, and after our early breakfast I started down the little creek, hunting for some first flowers of spring. I had scarcely got out of sight of camp, when the firing toward the front, though faintly heard, seemed too steady to be caused by the pernicious habit which prevailed of the pickets firing off their guns on returning from duty, preparatory to cleaning them. A sense of apprehension took possession of me. Presently artillery was heard, and then I turned toward camp, getting more alarmed at every step. When I reached camp a startled look was on every countenance. The musketry firing became loud and general. Whole batteries of artillery joined in the dreadful chorus. The men rushed to their tents and seized their guns, but as yet no order to fall in was given. Nearer and nearer sounded the din of a tremendous conflict. Presently, the long roll was heard from the regiments on our right. A staff officer came galloping up, spoke a word to the Lieutenant-Colonel, a command to fall in was shouted, the drummers began to beat the long roll, and it was taken up by the regiments on our left. The men, with pale faces, wild eyes, compressed lips, quickly accoutered themselves for battle. The shouts of the officers, the rolling of the drums, the hurrying to and fro of the men, the uproar of approaching but unexpected battle, all together produced sensations which cannot be described. Soon, teams with shouting drivers came tearing along the road toward the landing. Crowds of fugitives and men slightly wounded went hurrying past in the same direction. Uproar and turmoil was all around; but we, having got into line, stood quietly, with scarcely a word spoken. The men were struggling with themselves, and nerving themselves for what bid fair to be a dreadful conflict.

Presently a staff officer rode up, the command to march was given, and with the movement came some relief to the mental and moral strain. As we passed in front of the Forty-first Illinois, the Lieutenant-

Colonel of that regiment, in a clear, ringing voice, was speaking to his men, and announced that if any man left the ranks on pretense of caring for the wounded, he should be shot on the spot; that the wounded must be left till the fight was over. His men cheered him, and we took up the cheer. Blood was beginning to flow through our veins again, and we could even comment to one another upon the sneaks who remained in camp, on pretense of being sick. As we moved toward the front, the fugitives and the wounded increased in numbers. Poor wretches, horribly mutilated, would drop down, unable to go farther. Wagons full of wounded, filling the air with their groans, went hurrying by. As we approached the scene of conflict, we moved off to the left of the line of the rearward going crowd, crossed a small field, and halted in the open woods beyond. As we halted, we saw right in front of us, but about three hundred or four hundred yards off, a dense line of Confederate infantry, quietly standing in ranks. In our excitement, and without word of command, we turned loose, and with our smooth bore muskets opened fire upon them. After three or four rounds, the absurdity of firing at the enemy at that distance with our guns dawned upon us, and we stopped. As the smoke cleared up we saw the enemy still there, not having budged or fired a shot in return. But though our action was absurd, it was a relief to us to do something, and we were rapidly becoming toned up to the point of steady endurance.

As we gazed at the enemy so coolly standing there, an Ohio battery of artillery came galloping up in our rear, and what followed I don't believe was equalled by anything of the kind during the war. As the artillery came up we moved off by the right flank a few steps, to let it come in between us and the Illinois regiment next on our left. Where we were standing was in open, low-limbed oak timber. The line of Southern infantry was in tolerably plain view through the openings in the wood, and were still standing quietly. Of course, we all turned our heads away from them to look at the finely-equipped battery,

as it came galloping from the rear to our left flank, its officers shouting directions to the riders where to stop their guns. It was the work of but an instant to bring every gun into position. Like a flash, the gunners leaped from their seats and unlimbered the cannon. The fine six-horse teams began turning round with the caissons, charges were being rammed home, and the guns pointed towards the dense ranks of the enemy, when, from right in front, a dense puff of smoke, a tearing of shot and shell through the trees, a roar from half a dozen cannon, hitherto unseen, and our brave battery was knocked into smithereens. Great limbs of trees came down on horse and rider, crushing them to earth. Shot and shell struck cannon, upsetting them; caissons, exploding them. Not a shot was fired from our side.

But how those astounded artillery men—those of them who could run at all—did scamper out of there! Like Mark Twain's dog, they may be running yet. At least, it is certain that no attempt was ever made to reorganize that battery—it was literally wiped out then and there.

This made us feel mightily uncomfortable—in fact, we had been feeling quite uncomfortable all the morning. It did not particularly add to the cheerfulness of the prospect, to reflect that our division was the reserve of the army, and should not be called into action, ordinarily, until towards the close of the battle; while here we were, early in the forenoon, face to face with the enemy, our battery of artillery gobbled up at one mouthful, and the rest of the army in great strait, certainly, and probably demoralized. However, there was one consolation. One of the cannon shot had gone through our Colonel's horse, and the rider had been carried off the field, with probably the wish of every man that he might never be seen again. Colonel Pugh, of the Forty-first Illinois, then took command of the brigade, about-faced us, and marched us back across the little field, and halted us just behind the fence, the enemy during this maneuver leaving us wholly undisturbed.

The rails were thrown down, and we lay flat upon the ground, while another battery

came up and opened on the enemy, who had moved up almost to the wreck of our first battery. Here, then, began a fierce artillery duel. Shot and shell went crashing through the trees to the rear of us, and I suppose that shot and shell went crashing through the trees above the enemy; but if they didn't suffer any more from shot and shell than we did, there was a great waste of powder and iron that day. But how a fellow does hug the ground under such circumstances! As a shell goes whistling over him, he flattens out, and presses himself into the earth, almost. Pity the sorrows of a big fat man under such a fire. Later in the war we should have dug holes for ourselves with our bayonets. We must have lain there hugging the ground for more than two hours, with now and then an intermission, listening to the flight of dreaded missiles above us; but, as nobody in our immediate neighborhood was hurt, we at length voted the performance of the artillery to be, on the whole, rather fine. During intermissions, while the scenes were shifting, we began to feel a disposition to talk and joke over the situation.

The reason why we were not subjected to an infantry fire was, because the enemy's forces, tangled in the wooded country, and in places beaten back by the stubborn gallantry of our surprised but not demoralized men, needed to be reorganized. All the Southern accounts agree that their brigades and divisions had become mixed in apparently hopeless confusion. The battle field was so extensive, that fighting was going on at some point all the time, so that at no time was there a complete cessation of the roar of artillery or the rattle of musketry. Two or three times General Hurlbut came riding along our line; and once, during a lull, General Grant and staff came slowly riding by, the General with a cigar in his mouth, and apparently as cool and unconcerned as if inspection was the sole purpose of visiting us. The General's apparent indifference had, undoubtedly, a good influence on the men. They saw him undisturbed, and felt assured that the worst was over, and the attack had spent its force.

This must have been soon after he reached the field; for, upon hearing the roar of battle in the morning at Savannah, he went aboard a steamer, came up the river eight or nine miles, and did not reach the scene of action much, if any, before ten o'clock. By that time, Sherman, McClelland, and Prentiss had been driven more than a mile beyond their camps, and with such of their command as they could hold together had formed on the flanks of the two reserve divisions of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, which had moved forward beyond their own camps to meet them. While General Johnston and his adjutants were reorganizing their command after their first great triumph, to complete the conquest so well begun, Grant and his generals were attempting to organize resistance out of defeat, to establish their lines, to connect the divisions with each other, and to improve the situation of the different commands by seizing the most favorable ground. Sherman and McClelland, with what remained of their divisions, were on the extreme right; W. H. L. Wallace, whose division had not yet come into action, on their left, and on the left center of our army; Prentiss on his left. Then came Hurlbut; then a small force under Stuart, on the extreme left of our line. Fortunately for us, General Johnston's plan was to attack our left. If, when he was ready to renew the battle, he had assailed our right, where were Sherman's and McClelland's divisions, which had already done almost as much as flesh and blood could stand, nothing would have stopped him, and by two o'clock we should have been where we were at dark—that is, huddled about the landing. Then there would have been nothing to do but to surrender. Happily, most happily, when he renewed the assaults upon our lines, it was upon those portions manned by the reserve divisions, troops that had not been seriously engaged, and had had time to steady their nerves; and to select favorable positions.

As for myself and comrades, we had become accustomed to the situation, somewhat. The lull in the fighting in our immediate vicinity, and the reports which reached us that mat-

ters were now progressing favorably on the rest of the field, reassured us. We were becoming quite easy in mind. I had always made it a rule to keep a supply of sugar and some hard tack in my haversack, ready for an emergency. It stood me in good stead just then, for I alone had something besides fighting for lunch. I nibbled my hard tack, and ate my sugar with comfort and satisfaction, for I don't believe three men of our regiment were hurt by this artillery fire upon us, which had been kept up with more or less fury for two or three hours. One of the little episodes of the battle happened about this time. We noticed that a Confederate, seated on one of the abandoned cannon I have mentioned, was leisurely taking an observation. He was out of range of our guns, but our First Lieutenant got a rifle from a man who happened to have one, took deliberate aim, and Johnny Reb tumbled.

But soon after noon the Confederate forces were ready to hurl themselves on our lines. There had been more or less fighting on our right all the time, but now Johnston had collected his troops, and massed them in front of the Union army's left. Language is inadequate to give an idea of the situation. Cannon and musketry roared and rattled, not in volleys, but in one continual din. Charge after charge was made upon the Union lines, and every time repulsed. By concentrating the main body of his troops on our left, General Johnston was superior there to us in numbers, and there was no one upon whom we could call for help. General Lew Wallace had not taken the precaution to learn the roads between his division at Crump's Landing and the main body, and he and his 7,000 men were lost in the woods, instead of being where they could support us in this our dire extremity. The left wing of our brigade was the Hornet's Nest, mentioned in the Southern accounts of the battle. On the immediate right of my regiment was timber with growth of underbrush, and the dreadful conflict set the woods on fire, burning the dead, and the wounded who could not crawl away. At one point

not burned over, I noticed, after the battle, a strip of low underbrush, which had evidently been the scene of a most desperate contest. Large patches of brush had been cut off by bullets at about as high as a man's waist, as if mowed with a scythe, and I could not find in the whole thicket a bush which had not at some part of it been touched by a ball. Of course, human beings could not exist in such a scene, save by closely hugging the ground, or screening themselves behind trees.

Hour after hour passed. Time and again the Confederate hordes threw themselves on our lines, and were repulsed; but our ranks were becoming dangerously thinned. If a few thousand troops could have been brought from Lew Wallace's division to our sorely-tried left, the battle would have been won. His failure to reach us was fatal.

Yet, during all this terrible ordeal through which our comrades on the immediate right and the left of us were passing, we were left undisturbed until about two o'clock. Then there came from the woods on the other side of the field, to the edge of it, and then came trotting across it, as fine looking a body of men as I ever expect to see under arms. They came with their guns at what soldiers call right shoulder shift. Lying on the ground there, with the rails of the fence thrown down in front of us, we beheld them, as they started in beautiful line; then increasing their speed as they neared our side of the field, they came on till they reached the range of our smooth bore guns, loaded with buck and ball. Then we rose with a volley right in their faces. Of course, the smoke then entirely obscured the vision, but with eager, bloodthirsty energy, we loaded and fired our muskets at the top of our speed, aiming low, until, from not noticing any return fire, the word passed along from man to man to stop firing. As the smoke rose so that we could see over the field, that splendid body of men presented to my eyes more the appearance of a windrow of hay than anything else. They seemed to be piled up on each other in a long row across the field. Probably the obscurity caused by the

smoke, as well as the slight slope of the ground towards us, accounted for this piled up appearance, for it was something which could not possibly occur. But the slaughter had been fearful. Here and there you could see a squad of men running off out of range; now and then a man lying down, probably wounded or stunned, would rise and try to run, soon to tumble from the shots we sent after him. After the action I went all over the field of battle, visiting every part of it; but in no place was there anything like the number of dead upon the same space of ground as here in this little field. Our old-fashioned guns, loaded as they were, and at such close quarters, had done fearful execution. This is undoubtedly the same field General Grant speaks of in the "Century" article, but he is mistaken when he speaks of the dead being from both sides. There were no Union dead in that field.

Our casualties were small. In our little set of college boys only one was hurt; he receiving a wound in the leg, which caused its amputation. The bayonet of my gun was shot off, but possibly that was done by some man behind me, firing just as I threw the muzzle of my gun into his way. I didn't notice it, until, in loading my gun, I struck my hand against the jagged end of the broken piece.

The Confederates had all they wanted of charging across that field, and let us alone. But just to our left General Johnston had personally organized and started a heavy assaulting column. Overwhelmed by numbers, the Forty-first and Thirty-second Illinois gave way from the position they had so tenaciously held, but one of their last shots mortally wounded the Confederate general. The gallant Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-first, whom we had cheered as we moved out in the morning, was killed, and his regiment, broken and cut to pieces, did not renew the fight. Making that break in our line, after four or five hours of as hard fighting as ever occurred on this continent, was the turning point of the day. American had met American in fair, stand-up fight, and our side was beaten, because we could not

reinforce the point which was assailed by the concentrated forces of the enemy.

Of course, the giving way on our left necessitated our abandoning the side of the field from whence we had annihilated an assaulting column. We moved back a short distance in the woods, and a crowd of our enemies promptly occupied the position we had left. Then began the first real, prolonged fighting experienced by our regiment that day. Our success in crushing the first attack had exhilarated us. We had tasted blood and were thoroughly aroused. Screening ourselves behind every log and tree, all broken into squads, the enemy broken up likewise, we gave back shot for shot, and yell for yell. The very madness of blood-thirstiness possessed us. To kill, to exterminate the beings in front of us, was our whole desire. Such energy and force were too much for our enemies, and ere long we saw squads of them rising from the ground and running away. Again there was no foe in our front. Ammunition was getting short, but happily a wagon came up with cartridges, and we took advantage of the lull to fill our boxes. We had not yet lost many men, and were full of fight.

This contest exploded all my notions derived from histories and pictures, of the way men stand up in line in the presence of the enemy. Unless in making an assault or moving forward, both sides hugged the ground as closely as they possibly could and still handle their guns. I doubt if a human being could have existed three minutes, if standing erect in open ground under such a fire as we here experienced. As for myself, at the beginning I jumped behind a little sapling not more than six inches in diameter, and instantly about six men ranged themselves behind me, one behind the other. I thought they certainly would shoot my ears off, and I would be in luck if the side of my head didn't go. The reports of their guns were deafening. A savage remonstrance was unheeded. I was behind a sapling and proposed to stay there. They were behind me and proposed to stay there.

That sapling did me a good turn, small as

it was. It caught some rebel bullets, as I ascertained for a certainty afterwards. I fancied at the time that I heard the spat of the bullets as they struck. Here my particular chum was wounded by a spent ball, and crawled off the field. I can see him yet, writhing at my feet, grasping the leaves and sticks in the horrible pain which the blow from a spent ball inflicts. A bullet struck the top of the forehead of the wit of the company, plowing along the skull without breaking it. His dazed expression, as he turned instinctively to crawl to the rear, was so comical as to cause a laugh even there.

The lull caused by the death of General Johnston did not last long, and again on our left flank great masses of the enemy appeared, and we had to fall back two or three hundred yards. Then began another fight. But this time the odds were overwhelmingly against us. At it we went, but in front and quartering on the left thick masses of the enemy slowly but steadily advanced upon us. This time it was a log I got behind, kneeling, loading, and firing into the dense ranks of the enemy advancing right in front, eager to kill, kill! I lost thought of companions, until a ball struck me fair on the side, just under the arm. I felt it go clear through my body, struggled on the ground with the effect of the blow for an instant, recovered myself, sprang to my feet, saw I was alone, my comrades already on the run, the enemy close in on the left as well as front—saw it all at a glance, felt I was mortally wounded, and—took to my heels. Run! such time was never made before; overhauled my companions in no time; passed them; began to suspect a man shot through the body couldn't make such speed, and perhaps I was not mortally wounded after all; felt for the hole the ball had made, found it in the blouse and shirt, bad bruise on the ribs, nothing more—spent ball; never relaxed my speed; saw everything around—see it yet. I see the enemy close in on the flank, pouring in their fire at short range. I see our men running for their lives, men every instant tumbling forward limp on their faces, men falling wounded and rolling on the ground, the falling bullets

raising little puffs of dust on apparently every foot of ground, a bullet through my hair, a bullet through my trousers. I hear the cruel *iz, iz*, of the minie balls everywhere. Ahead, I see artillery galloping for the landing, and crowds of men running with almost equal speed, and all the same way. I see the purple tinge given by the setting sun to the dust and smoke. I see unutterable defeat, the success of the rebellion, a great catastrophe, a moral and physical cataclysm.

No doubt, in less time than it takes to recall these impressions, we ran out of this horrible gauntlet—a party who shall be nameless still in the lead of the regiment. Before getting out of it we crossed our camp ground, and here one of our college set, the captain of the company, fell, with several holes through his body, while two others of our set were wounded. In that short race at least one-third of our little command was stricken down.

Immediately behind us the Confederates closed in, and the brave General Prentiss and the gallant remains of his command were cut off and surrendered. As we passed out of range of the enemy's fire, we mingled with the masses of troops skurrying towards the landing, all semblance of organization lost. It was a great crowd of beaten troops. Pell-mell we rushed towards the landing. As we approached it, we saw a row of siege guns, manned and ready for action, while a dense mass of unorganized infantry were rallied to their support. No doubt they were men from every regiment on the field, rallied by brave officers for the last and final stand.

We passed them—or, at least, I did. As I reached the top of the bluff, I saw, marching up, in well dressed lines, the advance of General Nelson's division of Buell's army, then being ferried across the river. They moved up the bluff and took part in repulsing the last, rather feeble assault made at dark by a small portion of the enemy, though the main defense was made by brave men collected from every quarter of the field, determined to fight to the last.

As for myself, I was alone in the crowd.

My regiment was thoroughly scattered. I was considerably hurt and somewhat demoralized, and didn't take a hand in the last repulse of the enemy. Darkness came on, and then, for the first time since morning, the horrid din of fire-arms ceased. An examination showed that the ball, though it had hit me fair on a rib, was so far spent that it only made a bad bruise. A requisition on the sugar and hard tack followed, and then, as I happened to be near an old house filled with wounded, a part of the night was spent in carrying them water.

Every fifteen minutes the horizon was lighted up by the flash of a great gun from one of our gunboats, as it sent a shell over towards the Confederate bivouacs in the woods. General Lew. Wallace's division at last reached the battle field, and was placed by General Grant on the right, preparatory to renewing the fight in the morning. All night long the fresh divisions of Buell's army were being ferried across the river, and placed in position. A light rain came on, putting out the fires kindled by the battle.

The next morning the contest was begun by Wallace's division and Buell's army. The remnants of Grant's army that had any fight left in them, slowly collected together on the right. My own regiment, when I found its colors, had as many men together, probably, as any in Hurlbut's division, but there could not have been more than one hundred and fifty. It was the same, I suspect, with every regiment that had been hotly engaged. The men were thoroughly scattered. Soldiers of pluck joined us who could not find their own commands, and no doubt some of ours joined other regiments.

When our general was again about to lead the division to the front, I was only too glad to avail myself of permission to join a body of men to support a battery in reserve. Bruised and sore, I sat or lay on the ground near the guns, while Monday's battle progressed, the sound of it getting farther and farther away. About two o'clock we saw the cavalry moving to the front, and knew the enemy had retreated.

That night, as we collected on our old

camp ground, what eager inquiries were made! With what welcome did we greet each new arrival; how excitedly the events of the last two days were discussed! We found that from the fourteen in our tent, one was killed, one mortally wounded, and seven others more or less severely wounded, only five escaping unhurt. This proportion, of course, was very unusual. The regiment itself, while it had not lost many in the first two fights we made, was still, on account of the disastrous retreat under a flank fire, one of the heaviest losers, in proportion to the numbers engaged, in the whole army.

The feeling in the army after the battle was very bitter. All felt that even a few hours' notice of the impending attack, spent in preparation to receive it, would have been ample to have enabled us to give the Confederates such a reception as Beauregard feared and expected, and to have defeated them. It was long before General Grant regained the confidence of the army and country that he lost that day. He and Sherman there learned a lesson that they never forgot, but they learned it at fearful cost to the country and to us.

It has been many times claimed that Buell's opportune arrival Sunday night saved Grant and his army from annihilation on Monday. This is claiming too much. Buell's reinforcements undoubtedly assured to us the final victory: but without this aid, the arrival on the ground of Lew. Wallace's fresh and strong division, to aid the thousands of brave men determined to fight to the last, would have resulted in the repulse of an enemy which had suffered so severely on Sunday.

One word more, as to numbers of the armies engaged on Sunday. A careful comparison of the returns will show that at the beginning the two armies were about equally matched in numbers; but by the time our stampeded men had got out of the way, and the two reserve divisions were in line with the remnants of the three other divisions, the preponderance was largely with the Confederates. They could choose their

own point of attack, and we had no reserve with which to strengthen a shattered line.

The literature of the battle is quite extensive. The Count of Paris gives in his history the best preliminary description; but as a whole, and making reasonable allowances, the best account yet written is contained in

the life of Albert Sidney Johnston, by his son. The account by General Force, contained in the Scribner series of "Campaigns of the Civil War," is good. The best newspaper correspondent's account was that of Whitelaw Reid, now of the New York "Tribune," in his letter to the Cincinnati "Gazette."

*Warren Olney.*

---

## FOUR YEARS.

### FIRST YEAR.

I, a denizen of the sun-land of Southern California, had been summering in my old home upon the banks of the Missouri, and the ides of November had come down rapidly upon me. Already the nights were growing frosty; and once, returning home in the gray of early morning from my labor in the composing room of a Western daily, I had found the mud in the streets congealed in the form which the last stepper upon it had moulded, and the water standing in the horse tracks absorbed into a thin sheet of feathery ice. Day by day the mercury went lower, and the traditional affinity of the metals was more and more strongly illustrated by the daily lowering gold within my buckskin purse. The "art preservative of arts" is not a remunerative craft, at the best of times; least of all, when the marrow in one's fingers is benumbed by the breath of winds having their birth in the ice-fields of Grinnell's Land. I began to cast about me for means of returning to the genial warmth of the Golden Coast. Carefully husbanded, my resources would procure me an emigrant ticket from Omaha to San Francisco. There was nothing else for it. My climate-energized system would never survive the rigors of an Eastern winter. An early fall of snow settled the question. I would "go emigrant."

At Council Bluffs, accordingly, I was hustled out of the commodious Union Depot, and into a shed at the further end of the long

platform. The new quarters were quite as comfortable as the old, if not so elegant. On one side of the waiting-room was a bar and lunch-counter, and fronting it a rude bench ran the whole length of the room. Men thronged this waiting-room. There were lank, sinewy men, "hatchet-faced" and keen-eyed, from the rocky lands of New England; sturdy, phlegmatic men from Holland and Switzerland, in wooden shoes, rimless caps, and pantaloons which gave one the impression of being all front flap; old men, with a shade of "chivalry" in their bearing, from Virginia; and fresh young farmers in cowhide boots from Kansas and Illinois. Here and there among the crowd the pale, pinched face, hectic flush, square shoulders, and painfully neat clothing, bespoke the broken-down sufferer from sedentary city occupations; and there were a few whose general make-up, like my own, indicated the citizen of Nowhere. Bright and healthy children sported in and out among the crowd of talking, smoking, drinking men, and upon the bench were women—rosy, foreign women, pale, overworked wives of farmers, keen-looking Yankee women, and here and there a pretty, piquant face, such as God has given only to the girl American. Imagine all of these men and women and children talking at once; laying in lunches of queer-looking cold meats, and odd-smelling liquors, and such bread as none of them would have touched at home; fraternizing for their long two-thousand-mile trip across the plains: and you will have an idea of the scene upon

which I opened the door that November morning.

Outside, a keen north wind is blowing, and a switch-engine is puffing up and down the side tracks, and making much ado, apparently about nothing. A long express train, its windows alight with smiling faces, puffs out of the Union Depot, and rattles away to its goal in the Mormon valley. A burly railroad official, in natty blue uniform, throws open the door of our waiting-room and seems staggered for a moment by the fumes of the emigrants. Then he recovers breath, shouts, "Get your baggage checked at the Union Depot," and vanishes into the outer air. In a straggling procession the male emigrants proceed to the elegant waiting-room from which they have been that morning ejected, and are duly checked and ticketed. Afterwards they straggle back to the emigrant depot, and their drinks, and cigars, and lunches, and short pipes, and women.

About noon our train is announced, and we again troop out upon the platform. There are five cars, old, rickety, and dirty. More blue-uniformed employes stand at either entrance of each car, and apportion us off, two by two, in the manner of Noah and the animals. Each car contains so many "sections," and to every pair of emigrants is assigned a section. The passengers are taken two by two, just as they come. No allowance is made for natural selection of comrades—save only in the case of families—a point wherein the Union Pacific is superior to Darwin. The room-mate, so to speak, allotted to me for the trip is a sturdy Switzer, who drinks Kirschwasser straight, who understands not one word of English, and who exhales an odor as of Holland herring and Limburger—healthy, no doubt, but a trifle overpowering for American nerves. There are other Switzers in the car, however, as well as other Americans, and my Kirschwasser-drinking friend and I soon effect an exchange which is mutually agreeable.

The first two days pass by uneventfully, and on the evening of the second we have pulled out of Cheyenne, and are toiling up the Rockies. There is a heavy fall of snow

upon the ground, and the night is bitterly cold. Although there are two stoves red-hot in the car, they seem inadequate to shed any warmth as far as our section in the center. Arising at last, I leave my "pardner" asleep, and go forward to the seat by the stove, to smoke, and ruminate, and "warm," and wish myself a sleeping-car passenger upon the express train, which whirled by us as we stood stupidly upon a siding this morning.

I had almost dropped asleep before the fire, when I became aware of a head protruding from beneath the seat on which I sat. There was an exclamation decidedly profane, and the head protruded farther, and a pair of broad shoulders came into view. The head turned slowly upon the shoulders, and a wicked pair of eyes, in which the fire-light gleamed fearfully, looked furtively up into my face through the semi-darkness. For an instant there was a barely perceptible tendency on the part of the head and shoulders to draw back into their concealment. Then, as if careless of the consequences, and tired of a cramped position, a long body was thrust out, accompanied by a pair of bony arms and a heavy, crooked stick, and followed by a pair of longer legs, encased, for the most part, in tall, stogy boots. This strange figure arose by degrees, and straightened itself after the manner of the opening of a jointed rule. For an instant it towered above me in the gloom, a typical cow-boy—blue shirt, broad hat, belt, boots, pistol, and all, the whole rig rather the worse for wear.

He seated himself by my side, and stretched out his bony hands to the fire, shivering. For an hour, perhaps, we sat there in silence, and then the cow-boy, having apparently become thoroughly permeated with heat, produced a briar-wood pipe, and asked very politely for tobacco. It was given him, and a conversation carried on about as follows:

Having lighted his pipe, and got it comfortably going, he began on me: "Which a-way yer from, stranger?"

"Missouri," I rejoined laconically.

"No! Why old Missouri's my old State, Missouri is. I were born thar."

"Yes," I said, as my heart warmed toward

him as to a companion in misfortune. "How long since you left there?"

"I left Jackson County—I were born in old Jackson—nigh on ten year ago. Been herdin' cows ever since. Been everywheres in the West mostly, 'cept Californy. Goin' out to Californy?"

"Yes. I have lived there for some ten years past, and find that I cannot stand an Eastern winter."

"Which part?"

"Southern."

"These yer northern winters is tough—blizzards and sich—ef a man's used to a warm climit. Thought I'd 'a' died when I fust kem up yer from Albuquerque. Like to be back thar now, seein's I'm shot and all broke up like."

"Have you been shot?" I asked with some curiosity.

"Yes; right yer through the left leg," designating the crippled member.

"How did it happen?"

"Well, I got into a game with some fellers back yer at Cheyenne, and one of 'em held out three jacks on me. I ketched him, and then thar was a disturbance like, and I took the pot. I reckon he won't hold out no more keerds on nobody, though," and there was a firm settling of the deep lines about his mouth as he said it.

I shrank into myself involuntarily, and for a time there was silence. At last I stole a glance at my queer comrade, who fascinated me in spite of myself. He was gazing at the red door of the stove, apparently absorbed in thought. The glare of the fire sent weird, flickering lights and shadows glancing across his face. The silence grew oppressive. I broke it at last.

"Where are you going now?"

"Beatin' the company outen a ride down yer to Fort Steele. I kin git treatment thar."

"From the post surgeon?"

"Jist so. Did you say you was from Southern Californy?"

"Yes. I have lived there for ten years."

"What county?"

"Ventura."

"Ever been in Santy Barb'ry?"

"Yes; frequently."

"Know anybody about thar?"

"Quite a number of people, yes."

"Ever know a family thar named Haskins—Josiah Haskins?"

"No. How long have they lived there?"

"They went thar in '71. Had a son and daughter—Sally Haskins. Reckon she's twenty-five years old by this time—ef she ain't married yit. You won't be in Santy Barb'ry long, 'taint likely?"

"I don't know; why?"

"Well, ef so be as you do, I'd take it es a great favor ef you'd hunt fer old Haskins, and tell 'im I ain't forgot him yit—Job Marple ain't forgot 'im yit, nor ain't likely to."

The cool effrontery of the fellow staggered me, and I was silent. He went on:

"That hain't my name in these parts, but it's what they used ter call me in old Mis-soury. But don't tell Josiah where you see me, stranger; an' don't tell Sally what a drunken, reckless, gamblin' dog I got to be out yer on the plains, where a man don't stand no show ef he's square up an' up. Will you take a drink on't?"

I declined the stimulant, assigning reasons, and waited for Marple to continue. He had had his say, evidently, for he relapsed into a moody silence, and went on smoking. Bye and bye I dozed off, and when I awoke it was just daylight, and my cow-boy had gone. And although I kept both eyes open for him during our short stay at Fort Fred Steele that day, I did not see him again; but I resolved to search Santa Barbara, in and out, for Josiah Haskins.

#### SECOND YEAR.

OF course, though, I did nothing of the kind. By the time I reached Santa Barbara I had forgotten all about Haskins and the romantic cow-boy. The grand scenery of the Central Pacific—appreciated as it can be only by the emigrant passenger—combined with an important episode in my private affairs to banish from my mind all

thought of the night scene by the fire-light. I returned to my home in Ventura, and, in a modest way, engaged in business.

It is a peculiarity of coast towns the world over, I believe, if they have no rail communication with the world, to receive their merchandise and ship their produce by sea. We of Ventura are no exception to the rule, and our commerce is carried on by small screw steamers trading coastwise to San Francisco and San Pedro. For the accommodation of these vessels, there juts out into the Santa Barbara Channel, from the port of San Buenaventura, a rough-built wharf, standing high up from the water to avoid the heavy swells, like some uncouth, many-legged animal, and backed by a group of ugly, white-washed warehouses. On either side of the wharf stretches a long, wide beach of white sand, extending east and west along the coast for miles, and shut in by low, water-worn bluffs of yellow clay. Upon this beach great waves come tumbling in continuously from the far Pacific, their roaring making a never-ending undertone to the still life of the place. Though the town and its surroundings abound in beauty, long familiarity accustoms one to that; and old residents accept the lofty mountains and the sea as things of course. The scenery has become a part of their life, like the roar of the breakers; and, though the absence of either would be immediately detected, they would as soon think of analyzing the sound as of stopping from their daily vocations to contemplate the view. There are tourists enough passing through, however, to do both, and to spare.

About the dock the scene was particularly prosaic; whitewashed warehouses, rough board flooring, with a tram-car track running down the center seaward; one or two cars standing about; a pile-driver rearing its skeleton frame skyward; a derrick with beam for unloading lumber schooners; one or two tar-coated piles lying sweating in the sun; and perhaps a country wagon or two unloading sacked grain at a wide open sliding door; that was all. But cast over this scene a rich flood of southern moonlight, and how it

would become transfigured! How the ragged outlines would soften, and what dark shadows would lurk mysteriously in deep corners! How the great rollers would go tumbling up the beach, and die back in a liquid fret-work of frosted silver! How the broken bluff would mould and melt itself into a harmonious whole! What glorious breadths of light and shadow would come sweeping across the water, and what bright bars of light would dart and quiver through the cracks into the darkness beneath the wharf!

It was on such a night that, expecting an important consignment from "the City" (California idiom for San Francisco), I had gone down to the wharf to superintend in person its disembarkation. It was near midnight when the steamer arrived, and no sound came from the sleeping town. The roar of the sea could be felt, rather than heard. It seemed a part of the moonlight. The steamer lay close under the lee of the high wharf, a yawning cavity in her forward deck marking the location of the hatchway. Far down in her bowels a lantern glimmered, and one caught glimpses of shadowy figures moving about. At intervals a long rope would slide noiselessly through a high pulley; there would be a few gruff words from the mate in charge of the little crew on the dock; an unseen bell would emit two clanging notes; a donkey-engine somewhere forward would give a few energetic puffs; and a huge "sling" load of boxes, and bales, and barrels would come swinging and bumping up through the nether gloom, swing clear of the ship, and then, as though guided by invisible hands, sheer over and land safely upon the wharf.

Sitting upon a "fender" pile and waiting patiently for the unloading of my freight, I saw a tall man cross the ship's deck and attempt to clamber upon the wharf close to me. It was rather a difficult feat, and as he approached the top, I stepped forward and reached down a hand to him. He accepted the proffered aid, and was soon standing beside me. But he did not release my hand; on the contrary, he kept fast hold of it, and

surprised me out of my seven small senses by shaking it vigorously, and exclaiming, in a voice of mingled surprise and pleasure:

"Why, how air you, stranger, anyhow?"

I said that I was pretty well, thank you, and how are you?

"Oh," he said, "I'm fust rate. You don't remember me, 'tain't likely?"

Who likes to avow ignorance when so questioned? But he was hurting my hand, and I was frank:

"No," I said. "I do not. Who are you?"

"Why, don't you remember Marple—Job Marple—the cow-boy, you know, as got shot in Cheyenne, and what you give the terbacker to in the kyars?"

I remembered him, then, and asked him where he had been meantime, and how he came to be here now. He had released my hand, and sat down upon the hill beside me. His story is best told in his own words:

"About a year ago, warn't it, when you see me in the kyars a-beatin' the Company outen a ride? Well, I tell you, Mister, it'd got to be purty hard scratchin' 'ith me about that time. When I sneaked inter them thar kyars at Cheyenne, and crawled under the seat, I didn't have nary a red cent. Got into a skin game of poker, and grabbed the pot, but they handled me purty rough and tuk it away from me. One of them shot me in the laig. I knowed I cud git treatment free, ef I cud only git to Fort Steele. Well, I laid under them seats all arternoon, an' by midnight you bet I was purty well cramped up. I see the conductor come through once or twice. 'Twas tarnation cold, too, but to'rards night I crep' down by the stove an' kep' warm. My laig was a hurtin' me like pisen—an' after a while, when I thought everybody in the kyar was asleep, I 'lowed I'd sneak out and set by the stove a bit, and see if 'twouldn't ease the hurtin'. I must 'a dozed off when you come along thar and sat down by the fire. Anyways, I didn't see ye, an' I stuck my head out, and the fust thing I see was you a settin' thar and watchin' me outen' the corner of yer eye. Well, I jerked

my head back quick like, an' fer a minit I didn't jist know whether ter come on out or to crawl back to t'other end of the kyar and git on the platform. Then the pain gave me another yank, and I 'lowed you'd done see me, and 'twant no use trying to get away, no-how. Ef you was agoin' to blow on me—as them emigrants mostly does when a feller's stealin' a ride—you'd do it anyways, an' it wa'n't no use a tryin' to hide. Jist as well face it—an' so I come out and set down. Then you give me that terbacker, and didn't make no brags about tellin' the conductor, and tole about you livin' in Californy nigh where the Haskinses was—and was the humanest critter I'd seen in the ten long years since I lef' old Jackson County. I says to myself, then, ef so be as ever I was a well man I'd come to Californy, and hunt up Sally Haskins, and the only white emigrant I ever struck. Well, the doctor down thar at Steele fixed me up in no time—an' I tramped up inter Idaho, last summer, and found a little pocket. Then I come down to Santy Barb'ry, 'lowin' to find Haskins, or die a tryin'. 'Twa'n't no great trick to find 'im, nuther, even ef you didn't do it. Sal wasn't married yit, an' I went in fur bizness. Didn't take no great sight o' courtin' nuther. Sal an' me allus was purty middlin' thick. She's on that boat, stranger, and her name aint Haskins no more. She done changed it fur somethin' else, much as a week ago. We've come down yer to Ventury, a calculatin' to settle. You'll see Sal tomorrow, but don't you to go to say nothin' 'bout that there emigrant train scrape. She thinks I bin a minin' all the time. Say, got enny cheap farms about yere?"

I told him that we had, plenty of them; and then excused myself, for my freight was being sent ashore.

I was introduced to Mrs. Marple at the hotel next morning. She was rather a strident-looking dame, neither young nor old, apparently, of the gaudy calico, quinine-and-coffee type peculiar to her race and country—and the very woman, one would judge, to keep a rampant cow-boy in check.

## THIRD YEAR.

AND she held him in well, too. They purchased a little farm in the valley of the Ventura River—a mountain stream which, issuing from the Coast Range, runs its short course, of perhaps fifty miles, to the sea, through a succession of broad valley stretches and abrupt rocky gorges, and, at ordinary times, is a narrow thread of clear water, in which there are trout, but which bears in its broad bed of boulders and its water-cut banks the traces of destructive floods of former years; and Marple settled down quietly enough to the new era of domestic peace which had come into his life. Near the center of the tract which he had purchased he built him a shanty of rough redwood boards, in which he installed his "woman," and was soon busily at work getting in his crop. There was but one room to the house, but it answered all purposes, and was kept in an almost painful state of neatness. There was a touch of poetry in the man somewhere, for he had located his cabin in a most beautiful spot. Almost hidden in the shadow of a gigantic live-oak, it was upon the very summit of a gentle swell in the land, and from its door he could look out upon his field of growing grain; while its one window commanded a glorious view of the far blue peaks and rolling foothills of the Coast Range. A little way above, the stream divided, and rippled away to right and left, leaving the cabin upon an island whose air was musical with the rhythm of running water and whispering leaves.

Marple seemed to have put away all the habits of his former wild life, and kept as straight as a die upon his infrequent visits to the town for supplies. He clung to his pipe, however, but he smoked only outdoors. That was an act of deference—a tacit concession to the superiority of the woman in her own domain.

I think that it was in October following that the baby came to them. At any rate, it was after the crop had been harvested, and before the first winter rain came. Marple's cup of bliss was brimming over now.

"It was the funniest little feller you ever see," he told me at least a dozen times, and in the strictest confidence. "Es red's a beet, an' es wrinkly's dried peaches. An' squall! Why, I reckon thet young un's all lung an' stummick ache—what ain't fists and mouth."

The rain began early in November that year, although December and January were remarkably fair and dry. But in February it began to come in earnest, and for two weeks it rained day and night, almost without ceasing; the noiseless, monotonous, dreary rain peculiar to California. There was no "war of the elements," no unseemly noise of thunder, nor blaze of lightning. Gently as a fall of snow the showers came down, until the hills turned green with upspringing grass, the ground became thoroughly saturated, and the rich, adhesive adobe mud grew fathomless. The river had not risen perceptibly as yet, though its clear water had taken on a rich golden tinge, and a few stray logs had gone hurrying past upon its rapid current to the sea. But Marple had no misgivings about the river, and one Saturday afternoon—the weather promising to clear off—he had kissed the wife and child, and started to town for much needed supplies. He would not return until the next day, Sunday; but the woman was brave, and had often been left alone in this way when work was too pushed to admit of his absence for a whole working day. Besides, there was nothing to fear; and did not the large family of Don José de Arnaz live just around the point of hills which shut in their little ranch from the rest of the world?

Marple reached town safely, loaded his flour, and bacon, and coffee into his wagon, and retired early to his bed at the hotel.

That Saturday night such a rain fell as no man who then lived in Southern California will ever forget. The clouds seemed to break, and a solid body of water to descend upon the doomed State. The streets of every town ran torrents, every dry *baranca* became a creek, every creek a river, and every river a raging, roaring, seething flood. About seven o'clock on Sunday morning a

great wall of water came down the Ventura River, tearing everything before it, and from a gentle trout stream it had grown a mighty giant, reaching a full mile from bank to bank. Everywhere it was over its old banks, and the road which had once led up its valley was impassable, for in many places it was now the very center of the turgid stream. Great pine trees, torn root and branch from the distant mountains, went hurrying down, and here and there glimpses were caught of wagons, dead horses, pieces of barns, bales of hay, household furniture, bridges, sections of fencing, and lath chicken coops. Twenty feet high ran the fierce waves of the current, and the crashing and grinding of great boulders mingled terrifically with the rushing sound of mighty waters. The waves of the surf rolled in upon the shore, and the yellow waves of the river met them and leaped over them in an awful war of waters. Far out to sea extended a black raft of debris discharged from the flooded river; and the waters of the sea had changed from green to yellow with the mud that permeated them. But hark! There is another sound! What means that shout which goes up from the multitude gathered by the river's edge? Why that deep silence—and that turning away of faces in sickening horror from the fearful scene? Was it a human body that showed for a moment far out above the yellow flood? Is that a woman's long black hair, which streams now for an instant upon the crest of yonder curling wave? • Hush! Even the sea must give up its dead.

At the first alarm of the flood, Marple had hastily procured a saddle for one of his horses, and started to assure himself of the safety of his little family. In his own mind he had no doubt of their well-being. The river was higher than any living man had ever seen it, but then his cabin was high also. Had not that broad oak grown there undisturbed for almost a century? And was not the river bed far below? They were in no danger, but he wanted to be with them. Aye, Job Marple, they were in no danger. They were past that.

The road was gone in many places, wash-

ed away; but after many detours over the hills, Marple reached at last the little ridge forming the southern boundary of his farm, and rode to the top.

What a sight for a husband and father! The whole ranch was under water, and the cabin, and the knoll, and the oak tree which was over all had vanished as utterly as though they had never been. The little valley was a foaming sea of water, and in the very center of the current had been his home. The grinding and crunching of boulders was unceasing, and great trees, as they went down, tossed their bare arms at him in gaunt mockery from the flood.

From a sort of blind instinct Marple rode into town, and gave the alarm; but, though a watch was kept upon the river bank, and upon the beach, nothing ever came of it. All sorts of things washed ashore, but there were no bodies. Those were probably buried deep beneath the boulders far up the river, and their resting place will never be known until everything is known at the Great Day.

Marple haunted the beach like an insane man for a while, stalking silently among the crowd of eager searchers, indifferent alike to pity or sympathy.

Spring opened at last, with a fair promise of an abundant season. The rains ceased, and the flood subsided almost as suddenly as it had come.

The hope of finding any bodies upon the beach was abandoned finally, and one morning it was reported in the town that Marple had disappeared. No one seemed to know what had become of him. He may have returned to his old life, or, in a moment of despair, have joined his lost ones in a death as mysterious as their own.

With his disappearance his sad story dropped from public memory—or was casually referred to only as an incident of the great flood. I made inquiries for Haskins in Santa Barbara, and found that the family had gone from there, no one knew whither. Then I also ceased to think of Marple and his misfortunes—though the mystery which enwrapped his after fate often puzzled me.

But then, I had known him more intimately than had my neighbors.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

It was in last November that the last scene in the story occurred. One perfect Sunday morning I started for a walk upon the beach—the favorite Ventura promenade—accompanied by a young boy, a relative, to gather tiny shells and scraps of dainty moss, and odd-shaped, rare pebbles. The air was deliciously bright and warm—a perfect day. Down the steps which led from the bank to the beach, and past the wharf with its water-worn, barnacle-covered piles, we strolled, until, rounding a distant point, we “sunk” the town, and were in a perfect solitude—the high clay bluff upon one hand, and the sea, dying away at low tide upon its moss-covered rocks, on the other. Far out a faint, white, fleecy mist hung like a curtain upon the channel, shutting off the view of the Channel Islands; and the mountains behind the town seemed, in the brown monotony of their autumnal coat, to be innumerable miles distant.

Farther and yet farther we rambled, and a black speck upon the white sand became visible away ahead of us. We thought it was a rock, at first, and afterwards a black log. It assumed the shape of a man, finally, and then, as we approached nearer, we saw that it was a tramp reposing upon the warm sand, using a dirty roll of blankets by way of a pillow.

The greasy flannel shirt, the slouchy, ragged coat and trousers, the rimless hat and the mismated shoes, all were there; and, as we approached closer, we saw beside him a short pipe and an empty black bottle. His hat covered his face, and from under it escaped upon his breast a long, unkempt beard, of no certain color. He seemed to be asleep; and as we stopped to gaze upon him, half in pity, half in contempt, he stirred uneasily. He murmured in his sleep some inarticulate words, and turned upon his side. The shabby hat rolled off, revealing a face in which the ravages of drink and low dissipation and

hard fare were all too visible. As the bright sun struck his face, his eyes opened in a dazed way, and he attempted to rise to a sitting posture, falling back with a groan of unmistakable pain. The man was sick, or drunk—possibly both.

As he lay back upon the sand he seemed to see us for the first time; and, with that entire absence of all sense of shame which seems to characterize his genus, he regarded us for a long time very intently. Then he closed his eyes and lay silent. Something in the drawn, pinched look on his face moved me out of the disgust which his appearance had inspired, and I asked if I could do anything for him. I half expected then to be “struck for a quarter,” but he only said feebly:

“Nothin’.”

Then, after a time, he opened his eyes again, and fixed them upon me.

“I don’t reckon you know me, do you?”

I replied that I most certainly did not, and he went on.

“Well, I knowed you when I fust see you. I’m Job—Job Marple—an’ I’ve come back yer ter die where they is buried, out yander,” with a feeble gesture toward the sea. “I been a-tryin’ fer a year to make a line of it, a-trampin’ mostly, and a-lookin’ fer work at fust, an’ then a-gittin’ so’s I didn’t much keer to find it. But ’tain’t no use no more. I got a right smart o’ pain in yere,” laying one hand upon his breast, “an’ I don’t reckon I got much more sufferin’ an’ starvin’ to do. Is that there bottle all drunk up?”

The man was very sick, evidently, and in memory of the old days I did all that was possible to make him comfortable, first dispatching my young companion to the town for medical aid, and bidding him make haste.

With the suddenness characteristic of the Pacific coast, the air had turned cool, and the thin curtain of fog was sending long, low filaments hurrying in toward the shore.

Marple tossed restlessly, and his talk grew incoherent. He was delirious. The fog shut out the sun, and spread itself up and over the hills like a white pall. The sick man muttered a rude term of endearment, a

smile of ineffable pathos stole across his face, and he prattled for a time as one talks to an infant—baby talk. The mist grew denser, and shut out the view of wharf and hill. Only the breakers, muttering and mumbling over their cold green rocks, were visible. We were alone in a world of sand and sea and shadow. Marple was rolling uneasily now, tossing his arms and legs about him; and a revolting stream of slang and profanity was pouring from his lips. Then he would be quiet for an instant, bursting suddenly into a stave of some wild drinking chorus. The fog settled down denser and more damp, with a chill that seemed to penetrate to the bone. Marple had grown quiet within the last fifteen minutes, and lay with a look of fixed despair upon his face. His breathing grew fitful and irregular, and finally seemed to cease altogether. The large eyes opened for a moment, and met mine with a look of

intelligence; then were withdrawn, and grew fixed in a gaze upon nothing. The fog lifted a little from the sea, and the roar of the rising tide swelled louder upon the air. I took Marple's hand in mine to feel the pulsation. It was imperceptible. I leaned over him, listening for respiration. There was none. The man was dead.

Arising to my feet, I saw that the white mist had lifted from sea and mountain, and that the water was sparkling, and the earth was bright and shining in the warm sun rays. Only a few faint clouds were drifting and disappearing in the blue, far above; and away down the beach came a buggy, containing the doctor and my messenger.

Brain fever, they said it was, complicated by exposure, and its crisis precipitated by some local heart trouble—I don't just remember what. But I knew that it did not require all that to kill him.

*Sol. Sheridan.*

---

## . . . A VOYAGE TO SOMEWHERE.

WE were sitting on the terrace eating Mandarin oranges, when the matter was first mentioned. We had been in Naples two months, and although we were very comfortable and well entertained, the tourist's spirit was rising within us, and we were beginning to discuss where to go next. Our present quarters were on the Corso Victor Emanuel, high up on the hillside, overlooking the city. Crowded in between us and the splendid crescent of the bay, Capri gleamed like a blue jewel against the horizon; and to our left Vesuvius was flushing red with the sunset.

"We have come to the jumping-off place in this direction," said the Major reflectively; "and as to Northern Italy, the very thought of their stone-floored houses and miserable little charcoal fires sets my teeth to chattering."

"Well, what is the objection to jumping off?" asked Kate, coming back from the balustrade, where she had been engaged in

tossing orange peelings into the street. "Suppose we get on a ship and go somewhere."

"But I can't buy a ticket to Somewhere," said the Major. "You will have to be more definite in your plans."

"Wouldn't it be delightful if nobody ever need be definite again? I am so tired of being regulated by a guide-book, and knowing exactly what I am going to see beforehand. Suppose you find out where all the ships in port are going, and then decide our course."

"Let us have a sea voyage by all means," said the Madame, looking off at the fading iridescence of the bay; and so that much of our programme was settled.

The next morning the Major returned from his visit to the docks, radiant with success.

"I have found the ship you wished for, Kate," he said; "and if you can get ready to board her this afternoon, you can start for a trip to Somewhere. She is an English

steamer, sent out in search of a cargo of currants; she will go from here to Sicily, and from there anywhere that duty calls. She has a half dozen passengers on board going for the round trip from England. Shall we go?"

Of course we would! Didn't we always go where Kate led the way? She was a young person, who always knew exactly what she wanted, while the rest of us never wanted anything in particular except to see her happy. And so we started for our trip to Somewhere.

The luminous gloaming of a Neapolitan twilight was drooping over the city as the "S. S. Demarara" weighed anchor and started southward.

A half-grown moon was laying her silver upon the last ruddy glow of the sunset, and touching to life the column of smoke above Vesuvius. Our party of four felt quite equal to their own entertainment, and yet we looked with natural curiosity at the company that gathered around the tea-table as we steamed out of Naples Bay. The captain wore a blue cravat, and parted his hair in the middle; this was the first thing we noticed, and we felt relieved of much anxiety concerning the safety of our ship, when we further observed that the first officer, who sat at the foot of the table, was guiltless of either part or cravat. These extremes, we hoped, would balance each other. An enormously fat man sat at the captain's right. We afterwards found that he seemed always on the verge of suffocation, and he spent most of the time trying to catch his breath. At night, the most distracting crescendo of snores issued from his stateroom, advancing gradually in power until they ended in a gasp. We got used to this after a while, but at first it was rather trying to the nerves. Two young Englishmen completed the list of our fellow travelers. One was tall and suave, and well dressed. The other was short and stooped a little, so that he was always looking up from under his eye-brows, and had a perpetual question mark in his face. He wanted to know everything, and then to contradict everybody. He liked

specimens of any kind, whether human, mineral, or botanical, he said. That's why he traveled; England was the best place in the world to live and die in, but it wasn't much for curiosities. Now, America was different; everything must be curious there. He would like to ask the Major a few questions about the Indians.

"I am afraid I don't know much about them," said the Major humbly; "I never had the pleasure of their personal acquaintance."

"Then I suppose you live in New York or Boston; any one west of Pennsylvania would be sure to know all about the Indians. Well, perhaps you can tell me if it is true that the Boston ladies all talk Greek, and wear bloomers."

"I live in California and the ladies don't talk Greek there," said the Major. "Pigeon English is the only foreign language we speak. Perhaps you have heard of California."

"Oh! yes, I know all about California," said his interlocutor cheerfully. "But I'd like to ask you a few questions about the mines. Did you ever pick up any gold yourself?"

At this the Major stared so blankly that Kate laughed outright, and her tall neighbor said in a confidential undertone: "You mustn't be surprised at anything he asks; it is his gift to be preposterous."

"Do you suppose he is joking?" asked Kate.

"I really can't tell, although we have been on this ship together a week."

Meanwhile the Major had recovered himself sufficiently to explain that there were no gold mines in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco, but that he had visited several—and so on to the end of the meal.

"We are not going to be at all dull on our way to Somewhere," Kate confided to the Madame that night. "That Interrogation Point is very amusing, and the other one strikes me as equal to a mild flirtation. On the whole, I am glad we started."

The next day at noon we cast anchor in the bay of Palermo, and taking a row boat,

landed at a handsome stone pier. "Passengers must be on board at three o'clock," had been the order on the ship, so our drive over the town was rather hasty. It is clean and well paved, having sidewalks—the first we had seen since entering Italy. The two principal streets cross each other at right angles in the center of the town, and at their juncture are four fine fountains. These two streets are quite Parisian in their straight stateliness. The most striking peculiarity of Palermo is the carts. These are two-wheeled, very high, and painted all over with scriptural scenes. The harness is covered with ribbons and bells, and the horse's collar is sometimes a foot high. Fancy a peasant in a blue blouse hauling dirt in such a vehicle! Alas! for Mr. Ruskin's theory that use and ornament go not well together!

At four o'clock we were off once more, and before sunset the dim outlines of Stromboli were visible on the horizon. We skirted the brown hills of Sicily all that night, and awakened next morning to find Messina under our bow. We took a carriage and drove to a hill overlooking the town, where, standing on a daisy-sprent lawn, we gained a beautiful view. To our left, Scylla and Charybdis jutted like bars of rugged iron into water as blue and calm as the sky it reflected. It was hard to believe that this was the whirlpool so dreaded by the ancients that the very name has become synonymous with danger and destruction. Opposite to us rose the coast of Italy, bare, brown and shadow-decked as our Californian hills; and below us the pretty little town, washing its feet in the sea and pointing its spires up to the sky.

Coming down the hill to the town, we climbed about a hundred steps to reach the church of San Gregorio, whose twisted corkscrew steeple is one of the landmarks of Messina. The church is rich in mosaics, the walls being most beautifully inlaid with lapis-lazuli, coral, goldstone, and colored marbles. Messina is finely paved with lava, and the gutters are in the middle of the streets. We saw very few beggars, and the people did not look as poor as those of Naples.

We stopped at a very handsome café on our way back to the ship, and while we were eating, a poor little deaf-mute boy watched us through the door, and begged us by look and gestures to buy the bunch of half faded camelias which he held in his hands. He was only a little waif from the limitless poverty which curses this beautiful Italian world; but his plaintive smile as he offered us his flowers touched our hearts, so we bought out his stock at a fancy price, and sent him away with a happy face, which will follow us as one of our pleasant memories of Messina.

Early in the afternoon we weighed anchor, and passed by the last barren hills of southern Italy. A few hours later we saw the sunset reflected from the grand slopes of Mount Etna. It rises abruptly, its head in the clouds, its shoulders dazzling under a mantle of snow; a monarch among mountains, bearing right royally its kingly honors.

"Where are we bound for now?" the Major asked, when we gathered about the tea table.

"Corfu," said the Captain, "and whither after that depends upon *current* events."

The Captain laughed at his little piece of wit, so we all followed suit except the Interrogation Point, who said blandly,

"How curious! I thought the people who made puns were all dead. Have you any left in America?"

"Only a few," said Kate, "and they are *au courant* with the prejudice against them, and are rarely heard from."

"That's worse than the Captain's, for it has to be translated," said the Major. I have just discovered that Zante currants are grapes; I wonder if any one else is as late in finding it out."

Here the conversation became agricultural and commercial, and lasted long after Kate and the tall Englishman could be heard pacing the deck in keen enjoyment of that miracle of nature, moonlight at sea. But presently the breeze began to stiffen; the "Demarara" lost the graceful steadiness of her flight, and we were glad to creep into our berths, and hold on in terror of that monster whom some one has been pleased to style

"loss of perpendicular." Heaven forgive the poor wretch who dared apply so mild a term to the most agonizing moment of a man's life ; a moment in which the voice of a friend has no power to comfort, and the smell of breakfast carries madness in its breath. But these sufferings faded from our memories, as we steamed into the harbor of Corfu early the next afternoon. Life regained hope, and thought of dinner renewed its charms. Heavy, indeed, must be the gloom which would not be lightened by a sight of such transcendent loveliness. Queen of that exquisite group of islands which float upon the limpid waters of the Mediterranean west of Greece, is Corfu. The marvelous, translucent atmosphere bathes its rudest outlines in softening beauty, and hangs a halo of silver on each angle. The russet cliffs stand with their feet in water which reflects their tints in a thousand tremulous gleams, which vie in changeful brilliancy with the glint of a humming bird's breast. Two high gray forts guard the little gray town, suggesting that even into this peaceful spot the din of warfare has penetrated, and may come again. The near hillsides are tenderly green, deepening into the somber tones of olive and orange groves. Beyond the pellucid satin of the sea sweep the wide arms of the Albanian mountains, now brown outlined with steel, then softening into languid purple, and at last piercing the sapphire sky with crowns of glittering snow. The brilliancy yet softness, the life yet peace, of the scene, defy description. What meant Thucydides, when he told in tones savoring of the French Revolution, of Corcyra being the birthplace of riot and insurrection ! Listen to his words, while the peaceful beauty of Corfu clusters about you. "Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage ; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward ; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness ; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of a man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was

deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots, was a breaker up of parties and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood. Now in Corcyra most of these deeds were perpetrated, and for the first time."

Poor Corcyra ! From the time the Corinthians landed on her shores she has been a very Helen among islands, causing war and bloodshed by her very loveliness. All the nations of the world have coveted her. Greek and Roman, Venetian and English have possessed her, and left their impress upon her. Those queer arched houses which span the streets of Corfu, so reckless of the rights of pedestrians, look as though they were born upon the Grand Canal of Venice. Those bright windowed shops might have wandered from High Holborn. Those money changers, sitting at the gates with their little tables of coin before them, are a reminder of old Rome. And the queer throng which surges in and out those gates speak of all the world. Peasants from Albania in goat-skin leggings and long fur cloaks ; Turks in red fezes and bloomers ; mountaineers in short white skirts and gorgeous gold-embroidered jackets ; Spaniards in pointed shoes and long cloaks ; Greek priests in square caps and shadowy gowns, and a practical leaven of English, French and Italians. These are the gifts the world has left with Corfu, but her loveliness is all her own.

"You had better dine at the St. George ; capital dinner to be had there," said the Captain, as we started ashore, and we were glad to act on the hint. Our way thither led us through the public square, where a band was playing Italian opera airs, and the fashionables of the town were promenading. In the center a clown in red silk tights was displaying his agility in turning somersaults. On one side a stone parapet overlooked the sea,

which glinted and dimpled away to meet the Greek hills. We stopped to look at the acrobat and his crowd of admirers.

"I suppose he is an importation, too," said Kate. "I wonder if any one was ever born here? The people, and even the houses, all look as though they came from somewhere else."

"And so they did," said the tall Englishman. "It was a sad day for Corfu when England ceded her to poor, shiftless, little Greece. Her commerce departed then, never, I fear, to return. Have you noticed how many of the shops are empty?"

"If I owned Corfu, I'd die before I ceded her to any one," said Kate, in a burst of enthusiasm. "Think of having known and loved and lost all this beauty."

"I shouldn't care to own all her inhabitants," said the Madame, drawing her skirts about her. "Some of them look very dirty."

Dinner at the St. George was all that the Captain had led us to expect, and so was the luncheon we enjoyed the next day. We felt quite tempted to desert the "Demarara," and winter in such delightful quarters. But that mystic "Somewhere" beckoned us on, and we could not resist the charm of the unknown. So we all watched Corfu fading behind us with ill concealed regret. Only the Madame ventured a shadow of criticism on our enchantress.

"Of course, it's all very beautiful," she said, "but it looks as though it had been fixed for show. I feel as if I were looking at a well-painted scene in a theatre. I suspect those forts and houses to be made out of pasteboard, and I half expect them to be all shoved back presently to make way for a comfortable interior, where the heroine and her lover will be having an affectionate *tête à tête*."

"Well, if it is so, the bell has rung, and the curtain is falling, and we will never see anything half so lovely again," said Kate regretfully. She was looking off at the fast receding island, and the widening gap of gleaming water. The tall Englishman was looking at her with his back to the scene, but he seemed to heartily agree with her words.

Patras was to be our next landing place, we were told, and next morning we awakened to find it nestled among the hills, and Mount Parnassus looking down upon its hiding place. We felt as though we had opened an illuminated volume of Grecian mythology, and were ready for the nonce to believe in Jove and all his companion gods. Only we did not believe he ever came down for a walk through the indescribable filth of Patras. The colonnaded streets were six inches deep in mud, and the whole town had a forlorn look of having just awakened from a thousand years' sleep, and not having washed its face yet. We had several hours to spend, and we wandered about aimlessly, until it was suggested that there was a monastery not far from Patras, and we might drive there. Anything was better than wading about in the mud, so we got into an antiquated vehicle, and drove over the hills, through a wild, desolate country, until we came to a high wall, surmounted by a pious and contemplative cat. Here we dismounted and entered a large dirty court, around three sides of which ran a dilapidated two-story building, and on the fourth stood a little church. Within this we found a few ordinary pictures, and a dim light, which pierced the gloom with dusty rays. From the court we climbed a rough flight of steps, crossed an unpainted porch, and met a portly, dark-bearded brother, who conducted us into a neat, bare little sitting-room with a plank floor. From the window of this room we gained a beautiful view of the town and bay; and while we were admiring it, another brother, in a black robe and square black cap, brought in a tray on which were several glasses of water, a glass of quince jam, and a half dozen spoons. Our host dipped out a spoonful of jelly, and handed it to the Major with a glass of water; and finding that he, in perplexity, was about to put the spoon in the glass, he directed him to eat the jelly, and drink the water. "It's poison," said one of the party in a ghastly whisper, at which we thought of banditti and our bereaved families, and felt very cheerful. It was ludicrously suggestive of Mrs.

Squeers's brimstone and treacle, to see him pass the dose around. We wondered if that corpulent old humbug wanted to delude us into the belief that he lived upon such nourishing diet as quince jam and water! Our repast being concluded, our courtly and silent entertainer led us back to the carriage, saw us mounted, then bowed us out of his quiet life forever; and pussy on the wall nodded and winked as though she knew a very amusing thing or two.

During these various excursions, the young man of the inquiring turn of mind had not been wasting his opportunities. He plied every one he met with questions, and when they did not understand him, he was none the less pleased, for he invariably assumed what the answers would have been had they been given, and went his way rejoicing. He collected specimens everywhere. A remarkable odor being perceptible from his state-room, the steward instituted a search during his absence, and brought forth a collection of onions, leeks, sweet potatoes, plants, fossils, and a box full of snails. His pockets were the dread of the party, for they generally contained all the living relics of his day's search, such as toads, beetles, and lizards. He said, he "didn't care about Jove, and Pericles, and Phidias, and those dead old fellows, who hadn't even left any bones behind them; he liked living curiosities." And he seemed to be utterly unconscious that he was one himself.

And now we were winding in and out between the islands, headed for Kephallonia. We looked over the low coast line to Missolonghi, marked to every lover of freedom or poetry as the death-place of Byron and Bozzaris. We found the whereabouts of our destination on an atlas, and read that it was the largest of the Ionian Islands, and that Argostoli was its capital. We were getting very tired of prosaic little towns set in fairy

surroundings, and only one thing in Argostoli impressed our memories, and that was a guide. He did not seem to be a guide to anything in particular, but he was so sure that we needed his services that we submitted to his following us about, and talking what he considered very pure English. "Many people die in Argostoli," he said, after leading us to the cemetery. "I myself already dead two children, and I make my wife die soon"—a statement which struck us as being more trustworthy than any of his previous remarks.

A tiny steamer plied from Argostoli to a little town which we could see blinking its windows in the sunshine across the bay. Having gotten rid of our guide by deluding him into the belief that we were about to return to the "Demarara," we boarded this miniature craft, and paid six sous to be ferried across. We had a dozen fellow passengers, who eyed us curiously and left us little room to move. Two planks supported by poles stuck in the mud formed our landing-place. The little village, in common with Argostoli, had been almost destroyed by an earthquake a few years before, and ruins of buildings still stood upon the quiet streets. We looked into a school where twenty bright-eyed little girls were learning to sew, and then we wandered into a garden where oranges hung like globes of gold, and roses and ivy clustered over the stone walls.

"Isn't it delightful not to know where we are?" said Kate, sitting on the grass and fanning herself. "I feel as though we belonged in one of those charmingly vague stories which begin 'once upon a time.'"

"I think I could find out the name of the place," said the Interrogation Point, stopping in his efforts to catch a butterfly.

"I wouldn't know for a fortune," said Kate; "*this* is Somewhere, and fairies live here."

*Franklina Gray Bartlett.*

## FINE ART IN ANCIENT LITERATURE.

ANCIENT ART means, for us, not all ancient art, but that which has entered as a prominent factor into our modern civilization. There is an ancient Chinese art, a Hindoo art, an Assyrian, an Egyptian; but these, save, perhaps, the last, are not to us ancestral. Greek art *is* ancestral. It is the progenitor of very many of the best ideas of the culture of today. How much the Greeks received from the Egyptians is an unsettled point. It could not have been much, compared with what they transmitted to later nations. The Romans are also, for us, an ancient and classical people; and we have received from them most important elements for our composite modern civilization. But Rome did not excel in what is commonly called Art. Independent in many ways, with a sturdy feeling of nationality surpassing that of the Greeks, the Romans were not ashamed to go to the Greeks for lessons in beauty. The Romans were eminently practical. Their watchword, as has been said, was not Beauty, but Duty. They knew how to carry on wars, how to subdue other peoples, how to consolidate a vast Empire. When the fortunes of Empire brought them into close acquaintance with Greece, they found there a wealth of art and culture which they were glad to appreciate. Greece, subdued, became the mistress of her conquerors. The Romans would never have deserved the name of practical men, if they had not recognized the artistic superiority of the Greeks, and thenceforth made the Greeks their models. There is, for us, no other classical nation of antiquity. And so we come to the special statement of fact, that, for us, ancient art is preëminently Greek art. The Greeks were the wonderful originators of a type of art which is still the admiration and despair of the artistic world.

How came this one little people to excel, in this way, all the nations of ancient and modern civilization? Various answers have been given to the question. The Greeks

were a happily constituted race. They lived in a pure air, and in a beautiful environment. They had refining thoughts of extra-natural powers. They hit upon a fortunate style of physical training. Such reasons as these, and many more in number, have been assigned for the immense intellectual and æsthetic superiority of the Greeks. They are all inadequate. The only sufficient answer is, that this people was providentially appointed to teach the lessons of Beauty. But Providence adapts means to ends. There were favoring conditions and circumstances which helped the Greek race to work out its mission. Not all the Greeks were chosen. Sparta was the foremost State in power; but Sparta did little for the world's civilization. Athens was the center of light; the Ionians, in Greece proper, or in the Greece east of the Ægean, were the torch-bearers of philosophy and art. Athens was fortunate in its position and in its climatic conditions. It was peopled by that portion of the Greek race which showed itself most receptive of refined and noble thoughts. And when the divine afflatus was once felt, it passed from spirit to spirit. Phidias and Zeuxis begot a progeny of sculptors and painters, as Plato and Aristotle became the fathers of many philosophers. High thinking and refined feeling and noble acting are contagious. Enthusiasm is an onward-moving, self-perpetuating wave, dying at last on the shallows of poorer natures.

One special help to Greek art is found in the beautiful Greek mythology. This mythology was anthropomorphic. The Greek gods and goddesses were strong men and fair women, on a vastly greater scale than human, with natures far more exalted and admirable, but yet typified by the noble men and women of earth. Even the Olympian divinities might consort with these earthly men and women; and from the union sprang a race of demigods. This conception of the supe-

rior powers ruled out all monstrosities of supernal representation. No Hindoo Vishnu, no Egyptian Osiris, no Phœnician Baal, was possible to the Greek mythology. The representation of the divine ones partook of the beauty and symmetry of the human person, and of that person in its best estate. Sculpture, one of the first and simplest of the fine arts, had thus a fixed and unalterable ideal, of a perfect and noble type. Painting could not allow a lower standard. Architecture, in like manner, became both simple and majestic. The same sentiments that prevailed in these arts wrought unconsciously to give poetry, also, a poise and symmetry, a grace and dignity, not surpassed in the sister arts. This influence was potent from the first. Homer was not preceded by the noblest sculptors and painters; but the genius of the race was as true to its type in its earlier as in its later productions.

The characteristics of Greek art have been indicated in the foregoing remarks. It is simple and severe, yet rich and full. It is, first of all, intellectual, and capable of analysis; but it is also inseparably wedded to beauty. Its sensuous conceptions are refined, and, for the most part, ennobling. It reaches toward the highest human ideal. Rejecting exaggeration and extravagance, it preserves an almost matchless proportion and harmony. The whole is not sacrificed to its parts; it is a whole clearly defined, recognizable and comprehensible, and nothing must interfere with the symmetry it demands, and the perfection to which it aspires.

But we are not to discuss the character of Greek art in general. Our special province is art in literature: and this province is so wide that we can touch it only here and there. We find the same characteristics in Greek literature as in Greek sculpture or architecture. There is in it an unsurpassed energy, but also an exquisite sense of fitness; a manly robustness and vigor, coupled with a perfect delicacy of touch. The refined taste of the race showed itself first in its language. There is no tongue, ancient or modern, which has combined so much of strength and melody, none which has offered

so complete an instrument for the expression of human thought. Language goes before literature; and while literature reacts upon language, and gives it added richness and power, yet the race capabilities are quite as well seen in the prepared instrument as in the after product. Judged in this way, the disparaged Romans come nearer to the Greeks than they have the credit of coming. The Latin language is a signal monument of intellectual power. The Greek language is a still more wonderful monument of the genius of the Greek race.

A chief characteristic of the Greek literature is its simplicity, its severe self-restraint. A favorite motto with the Greeks was, *mēden agan*, "nothing too much." In the Latin garb, *ne quid nimis*, it was a rule scarcely less potent. The imagination of the poet holds us under his spell: but it must find an answering imagination in the hearer or reader, like in kind, even if infinitely less in degree. Something must be left for this responsive imagination to supply. The Greek author knew how to leave a great deal unsaid. All perfect art, as previous discussions have shown us, looks toward an ideal. It does not content itself with an actual and servile reproduction of what is seen in the world about us. Imagination is selective. Art is "articulation," a joining together, a combination of elementary materials. The rubbish must be thrown away; that only is to be used which will build up a noble and symmetrical whole. There is in Greek literature an unrivaled grace of proportion, resulting from this severe simplicity of the truest and highest imagination. It is more than fancy; for fancy, as Mr. Ruskin says, sees only the outside, while imagination sees the heart and inner nature. Imagination works on the only true lines of representation; and in doing this it disregards most of what is apparent at first sight, and seizes only vital characteristics. Margaret Fuller remarks, "This is the poetic gift, to penetrate to the truth beneath the fact." The Greeks expected this from their poet; they named him poet, or maker, as one possessed of rare and divine insight.

This quality of self-restraint, of severe simplicity, might be illustrated from the several departments of Greek poetry. We have space only for two or three examples from the Epic field. And here, of course, we turn to Homer. Whoever Homer was, or was not, the Homeric poems stand unrivaled in their province; they are all the more wonderful because they come out of the prehistoric ages. Of these poems Matthew Arnold says, Homer "is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it"; and "he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas." "Homer always deals with every subject in the plainest and most straight-forward style." Let our first example of this simplicity be the meeting between Hector and Andromache, in the 6th Book of the *Iliad*. We are under the great disadvantage of using a translation; and the translator of Homer has, as Mr. Arnold has shown, a peculiarly difficult task. Mr. Bryant will do for us, as well as any one, what all must despair of doing perfectly. (vi, 472-640. For a different measure, compare Mr. Arnold's version, in lieu of lines 595-596.) A shorter passage, also from Bryant's translation, is from the close of the 8th book of the *Iliad*. (viii, 610-688. For the last few lines, compare again Mr. Arnold.)

This is too much like offering a brick (as in the old story) for a sample of a house; yet in these extracts, even as seen in the imperfect dress of a translation, what simplicity and modest self-restraint! There is nothing far-fetched, nothing strained, nothing sensational. There is no exceedingly striking effect in any single sentence or paragraph. This is what Professor Le Conte set before us as a characteristic of the highest art; the permanency of the delight it affords, rather than the strength of its first impression. With this agrees the remark of Professor Howison, that too much interest would indicate inferior power. When classical purity deteriorated, symmetry and simplicity gave place to audacious and striking effects. Tricks of expression were sought, and the

hearer's attention was boldly challenged. Thus, in Latin poetry the Silver Age writers were more quotable than Virgil, and this was what they aimed at. Horace ridiculed the "cyclic writer" whose pompous beginning was, "I will sing the fortune of Priam and a war renowned," and adds, "How much better the poet whose work is always apt: 'Tell me, O Muse, the man who after the times of captured Troy saw the manners and cities of many men.'" (This, of course, refers to the beginning of the *Odyssey*.) And Horace's criticism reminds us of Mr. Ruskin's remark, that "the first test of a truly great man is his humility."

But it must not be thought that the true classical simplicity was a bald simplicity. Homer was never prosaic nor low, and Mr. Arnold justly castigates one of the translators for using these descriptive terms. To recur a moment to the Greek mythology: as the Greek artist pictured his deities in human form with no oriental distortion, so he filled out every line to the fullness of more than human beauty. The anthropomorphic deity must have the simplicity of the human figure; but he must also have the ideal completeness which is wanting to the sons of men. In like manner, the best Greek poets were copious and ample. Their creative imagination had a wide sweep, up and down the earth, through the dark underworld, along the starry heights of Olympus. Their mythology was inexhaustible, full of kaleidoscopic possibilities. Their humanity was abundant and genial. It has been said that ancient literary art is more perfect than modern, because ancient life was simple, and modern life is complex; and therefore the old Greek or Roman poet had all his material within easy command. The saying is hardly more than half true. There were, indeed, in ancient times fewer objects of wide-reaching interest than in our times. The Athenian did not read two daily newspapers, with telegrams from the Ganges and from the Pillars of Hercules. But his life was full of human interest. He could go to the great theater, and listen all day long to the sublime tragedies of Æschylus or the

wonderful fun of Aristophanes. He could go to the schools of the sages, and drink in the deepest thoughts that human philosophy ever uttered; perhaps he could encounter Socrates in the market-place, and see him strip away the husks from the seed-corn of truth. His little State was seldom without its political or military excitement. Aristides was to be banished, or Cleon out-faced. Sparta was to be resisted, or the Persian hordes to be encountered at Marathon or Salamis. Even in Homer's time there was a full and varied human interest in the life of the restless Greeks. Rhapsodists chanted at their banquets. Warriors were followed by eager crowds. The fires of tribe and race feeling never slumbered. Rival chieftains counterworked each other's plans. Love and hate, jealousy and greed, passion and revenge filled to the brim the cup of excitement or of pleasure. No people seems to itself insignificant. Its life spans the wide arch of humanity. If the common people failed to appreciate this breadth of existence, the Greek poets did not. They were veritable seers, and those who are gifted with the divine faculty of vision touch all the chords of human nature. They know the diapason of life. The poets were, indeed, tinged with the feeling and thought of their times, and so differ widely in their characteristic tones. In the great tragic writers there is, for example, an awful shadow of Fate which scarcely crossed the Homeric sky. The youth of the race was fresh and joyous, and there is a Spring-like cheer in its poetry. (Compare Mr. Gladstone's remarks on the Shield of Achilles.)

That Homer was endowed with the larger human interest, and made his simple strains rich with noble feeling, will appear from the passages already cited. With all his simplicity, there is a marvelous amplitude of treatment. His style, as Mr. Arnold insists, is pre-eminently a "grand style." "In plain narrative, Homer is still powerful and delightful." There is with him no unclothed skeleton of thought, no starveling paucity of expression. There is the full measure of flesh and blood, and the characters he paints have the richest hue of health.

For further illustrations of this amplitude, let us take a short translation by Tennyson, from the eighteenth book of the Iliad. (XVIII. 202 sq. : cf. Bryant, 252-289.) And a longer one by Mr. Gladstone, from the same book, containing the famous description of Achilles's shield, lines 468-608. (Compare Bryant, 589-750.) This fullness of body in writing may be partially illustrated from the best English novels, as compared with much of our American work. In some of the Blackwood stories, for instance, there is a quiet ease and power, a full-flowing stream of natural incident and pertinent thought, which our story-tellers rarely equal.

These are selections from a single Homeric poem. There is another, the Odyssey, as rich in examples; and here we might quote from the fine translation of Professor Palmer, in rhythmic prose. The splendid tragedy and the incomparable comedy of the Attic writers, we have not time to glance at; nor at the lyrics which bear such names as Pindar's.

But in the same Epic field, let us turn for a moment to the Roman poet Vergil. Despite much unfavorable criticism, there *is* a literature worthy of the Roman name. Here is the Romans' best work in fine art. It is unequal to that of the Greeks, but it yields to that alone. It is a sort of Greek offshoot; but it is none the worse for that. It is greatly to the credit of the Romans that they could feel the influence of the Greek literature, and be stirred by it to so noble an emulation. Rome became, as Professor Sellar phrases it, the "living heir of the genius of Greece." There was in Roman literature a "new revelation of the human spirit." It was a "later summer" of classical antiquity. Because Vergil is, in many respects, inferior to Homer, he does not lose his right to the title of classic. "Greatness in art," Mr. Ruskin says, "is the expression of the mind of a God-made great man." But not the giants alone people the higher realm. The few greatest names in the world's literature are the centers of light around which are clustered many other names. So far as the secondary authors were true to the principles of their art, they not only deserve honorable

mention, but they serve to illustrate those principles. The Romans did not rival the Greeks in sculpture, or painting, or architecture. But they fashioned a noble and stately language, and in that language expressed great thoughts in poems which share the immortality of the Greek classics. "In point of execution," Professor Sellar pronounces the Roman poetry "not much inferior" to the Greek. In one or two respects the Latin poetry marks an advance: first, in the appreciation of nature; secondly, in the treatment of "the grand passion." Pindar did not dwell on the beauties of rural scenery like Horace. Homer depicted no such love as Dido's. Vergil, like Homer, shows the true classical severity of style; his language is simple, his thought direct, his imagination selective and penetrating. But Vergil, like Homer, clothes his thought with the rich and full garb of a true poetic diction. He, too, has the creative amplitude, the far-reaching comprehension, the larger human interest. He penetrated to the heart of Roman life; and this, certainly, was complex and rich in material. He drew his affluence, not from the confusing outward facts that met his gaze, but from the great store-house of imperishable human nature.

We have, again, no satisfactory translation for the quiet but stately melody of Vergil's lines. Let us take Mr. Morris's fourteen-syllabled rhyming verses, which are faithful to the thought, but lack much of Vergil's ease and grace, or Professor Conington's shorter and swifter lines, which lack much of Vergil's dignity.

The first passage selected may be from the story of the unhappy Queen Dido; the second, from Æneas's visit to the underworld, where he encountered the shade of the injured queen. For the third let us take the story of Camilla, in the eleventh book; for the fourth, the final battle-piece; but in depicting these scenes of blood the peace-loving Vergil fell far short of his models. A fair instance of his reticence and straightforwardness may be noted in the eleventh book, vv. 96-99.

Vergil's *Æneid* was left unfinished, and

is not justly to be compared with the Homeric poems. His *Georgics* contain his most elaborate work, and represent his more polished style. The *Georgics*, however, are didactic, and this fact is enough with some critics to rule them out of the field of art. When instruction is the aim, it is assumed that the beauty which "is its own excuse for being" will be wanting. This judgment must certainly be taken with large modifications. Of course, much didactic verse has no claim to the rank of true poetry. If the didactic element is kept in the foreground, it will overshadow the æsthetic. Goody-goody "poems" make dreary reading. But suppose that a writer who has already proved himself a true poet chooses a didactic theme, *he* will not obtrude the inferior end—that is, the end which has an inferior poetic interest. His artistic sense has suffered no decay. Even for his practical aim, he will put forth his best powers; he will make his work as perfect as he can. The direction of his efforts has been given, but there is nothing in this to make his efforts less successful. In truth, many of the greatest productions in literature have been determined by practical ends. Shakespeare wrote primarily for a living. He was a theatrical manager with a shrewd eye to gain. In his case, certainly, there was no single aim, no rapt, ineffable vision of the third heaven of imagination. The "myriad-minded" had his foot on the solid earth, while his thoughts soared to the empyrean. If Milton showed himself a true poet in other writings, we need not rule out his most elaborate poem because he tried therein to "justify the ways of God to men." In painting, some of the religious pieces are among the very highest achievements of art. The Christian motive does not impair the beauty of the finest Madonnas—rather, it helps toward the purest ideal. When a poet like Vergil sought to gratify his patron and to instruct his countrymen by writing the *Georgics*, these motives did not fetter his poetic power. There was nothing in this congenial aim to corrupt his taste or to cramp his genius. If it was less easy than in the *Æneid* to paint a large and complete

picture, there was still opportunity for a series of minor pictures, exquisite in themselves and harmonious in their grouping. His true poetic insight would find spaces enough in which to spread his strongest pinions. The same thing is true of Hesiod, whose antiquity has a flavor second only to Homer's. The same is true of Lucretius, in his great poem, *De Rerum Natura*. In it he was philosopher enough to satisfy *this* scientific century; but he showed himself also a prince among poets. If Vergil's *Eclogues* fail to equal the idyls of Theocritus, it is for other than artistic reasons. Vergil's art is scarcely ever at fault. It is always modest, simple, and self-restrained; it is always full-bodied and rich in thought.

In confining our instances so much to a single poet, we have, as in the case of the Greeks, just entered the portals of Latin poetry. Horace was equally artistic, and had also a faultless taste. Catullus preceded and almost surpassed them both. There is much in Latin poets of the first order which answers to Milton's account of true poetry; viz., that it must be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." (Compare Coleridge's comment on these words in his "Literary Remains.") Later poets not only lost the classical symmetry, but degenerated in moral fiber.

Was the classical poetry, on the whole, immoral? We may answer with a qualified No. The higher type of that poetry, especially in the earlier and purer ages of the classical nations, was stimulating to the better nature. Homer's gods do naughty things, as gods must that are mere expansions of erring men. Plato wished the whole batch of them ruled out of his model Republic. There is a curious question how so much of true reverence should for ages have been paid to deities of so imperfect a character. But it *was* paid; and the earlier religion, while it could not heal the great hurt of human nature, nor secure its votaries from moral degeneracy, seems, on the whole, to have been elevating. Later writers among both the classic peoples lost their reverence, and often overstepped the bounds of decorum. But they are not the prime factors in classic poetry.

It is not from them that after ages have learned the lesson of beauty in literature. Aristophanes was broad in his comedy; but he wrote in pagan Greece, and Wycherly wrote in Christian England. And Aristophanes tended toward the ideal representation of humanity. It is a remark of Coleridge, that the comedy of Aristophanes rose to as great a distance above the ludicrous of real life, as the tragedy of Sophocles above its tragic events and passions. It is safer now to read the *Satires* of the old Roman Horace, than Goethe's Roman *Elegies* out of the eighteenth Christian century. *Æschylus* and Sophocles may be called preachers of righteousness. Vergil has no line that needs to be blotted, like so many even of our peerless Shakespeare. The prose writings that have come down to us from the two classic nations are noticeably pure in their tone.

But how many sorts of prose may we refer to, in speaking of "fine art in literature"? It is partly a question of definitions. Prose may be defined in the popular sense of non-metrical writing. So good a dictionary as Worcester's makes meter essential to poetry; and so good a critic as Coleridge speaks of it as that which runs in "measured words." Understood in this way, some prose, as all agree, belongs to the province of fine art. Some prose productions are written solely for æsthetic ends. Professor Le Conte's paper (two months ago) was on the principles of fine art as applied to the *novel*. The modern novel has largely taken the place of the drama. Walter Scott's imagination was finer in his prose than in his poetry: and his poetry is no mean product of genius. Mr. Ruskin calls Scott "the great representative of the mind of the age in literature." Again, he says, "I unhesitatingly receive as a greater manifestation of power the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper-table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse." Some of Mr. Ruskin's own pages glow with poetical feeling and expression. Professor Howison has cited other prose

writings which partake of the essence of poetry. So we may readily accept his larger definition of poetry: and this definition finds support in our other 'popular dictionary, which says that poetry is "*usually* characterized by a measured form." As there is prosaic poetry, so there is poetical prose; and this may certainly be included in fine art. There will be in such poetical prose different degrees and kinds of ornamentation: but the simpler styles may be as artistic as the more elaborate. There is fine art in the Ionic column, in the Dorian, or even in the Tuscan, as truly as in the Corinthian.

But there is a further question, whose answer touches more than this difference of definition. May there be fine art in prose, in certain pieces of ancient prose, laying no claim to peculiar poetic charms? It would seem that a practical answer has been given in the affirmative, by successive generations of critics and scholars. A large part of the Greek and Latin prose which has survived, has been preserved for purely literary reasons. It is not the philosophy, the history, the geography, the science, contained in certain classic authors, which the world has not willingly let die; it is their high literary quality, their truly creative power. Their immediate aim was not æsthetic; but is not the literary *sense* essentially æsthetic? May we not claim that literature, in its higher departments, is itself a fine art? Literature is defined as "the class of writings distinguished for *beauty* of style or expression, as poetry, essays, or history"; "it is usually confined to the belles-lettres, or works of taste and sentiment, as poetry, eloquence, history, etc." This commonly accepted notion of literature reads very much like the description of a fine art. It certainly recognizes in literature something more than mechanical; and something more than decorative, for "sentiment" includes thought as well as feeling. Another lexicographer ranks "rhetoric, poetry, and criticism" together under belles-lettres, or "polite literature." Of course it is with literature in this restricted meaning that we are now dealing; and this restricted meaning goes far beyond "po-

etry" alone. The very term *belles-lettres* is significant for our purpose. Not all prose embodied in the literature of a people has the higher and finer quality: just as much of the so-called poetry is below the standard of genuine poetry. But certain works of "eloquence, history, etc.," are in the highest grade of literature; and this acknowledged rank, held through many centuries, may be taken as presumptive evidence that they are works of fine art.

This presumption is strengthened by scanning some of the links of the literary chain. A drama, even if it is non-metrical, is confessedly in the province of fine art. What shall we say of the dialogues of Plato? They have been preserved, not for their depth or their truth alone, but for their exceeding beauty of thought and expression. There is surely an intellectual, as well as an emotional, appeal to our æsthetic nature. The scholar who studies ancient writings is not only attracted by the truth and the fact in those writings; he is also charmed by their beauty of thought and their grace of expression. The dialogues of Aristotle may have been as deep and philosophical as Plato's; they were probably more scientific. But they lacked the literary charm, and they did not survive. Shall Plato be thrown without the circle of fine art, because he had an aim apart from the æsthetic? because he loved philosophy, and sought to arrive at the central truth of things? There was this more immediate aim, which, as in the case of didactic poetry, gave the *direction* to his efforts; but this direction in no way fettered his splendid genius. He, like the poet, looked above the superficial facts of human living; he pointed ever toward a noble ideal. When we speak of ideals, Plato's is the first name that springs to our lips. His imagination was penetrative and selective. He was guide as well as philosopher; a guide to truth before obscured, to beauty unrecognized. His loadstar was *to kalon*, moral *beauty*. An inferior pleasure of the same kind attaches to Cicero's treatises, in which he seeks to popularize the Greek philosophy for his countrymen.

Another step takes us to Xenophon, who, like Plato, idealized the life and memory of their great master, Socrates. His *Cyropædia* is a picture of an ideal state, with all the freedom of a modern romance. But he wrote history, also, with the same grace and breadth of treatment. The *Cyropædia* is a "political novel," as the critics call it, and the *Anabasis* is history. Can the latter be relegated to an inferior rank? Greater and weightier historians were Herodotus and Thucydides. Must we banish them, also, from our gallery of art? It has come to be an axiom in our time, that the historian pre-eminently needs, not accuracy, though that is important, not memory of vast bundles of facts, but—imagination. It is impossible to recite all facts; it is misleading to take facts as they appear on the surface. The historian needs the "penetrating, possession-taking faculty," that can pierce to the heart of things, and separate the chaff from the wheat. He must have a poetic imagination, also, to enable him to reproduce past ages, to clothe buried nations with the garb and the language and the activities of their forgotten lives. His task is like that of the landscape painter, as set forth by Professor Le Conte; *revealing* in his masterly outlines the higher significance of human life. Again, he is like the portrait painter, sketching into his panorama the pictures of the foremost men of their times. But here, too, he must idealize; he must show creative power. Why may he not be called a worker in fine art, as truly as the painter of a landscape or of a portrait? Creative power in painting does not mean origination of something quite apart from nature; it is the power, as Professor Le Conte so fully showed, of taking natural elements, and idealizing them. Why should more be demanded of the historian? Even the poet, named highest artist of all, must take "a theme of real-ideality," as Professor Howison has taught us—"a theme founded in actual experience." It has been a question with theologians, whether the Supreme Creator is not represented in the opening of Genesis as using materials before existing; whether matter was not from eternity. Cre-

ative power in fine art can not mean only absolute origination of forms evolved from the "inner consciousness" of the artist.

If the historian's work survives the ruin of ages, it will be fair to presume that his work is genuine art. Herodotus and Thucydides have long been read, not so much for the facts they recite, as for the beauty and power of the recital. Thucydides with his compact, periodic style, was the acknowledged teacher of the greatest Greek orator: Demosthenes copied his words many times over. Livy is not deemed a trustworthy authority in early Roman history; but he will always hold his place as a classic writer. His true artistic temperament is seen in such descriptions as that of the Horatii and Curiatii, and in the whole narrative of the war with Hannibal. His Roman pictures are symmetrical. Tacitus, gloomy and well-nigh misanthropic, paints with terrible vividness the moral decadence of his times. His language is often poetical: his attitude as a seer is full of an almost ghostly fascination.

From Thucydides let us pass to his imitator, Demosthenes; from history to the highest style of oratory. To quote Mr. Ruskin again: "In the reading of a great poem, in the hearing of a noble oration, it is the subject of the writer and not his skill,—his passion, not his power,—on which our minds are fixed. We see as he sees, but we see not him. We become part of him, feel with him, judge, behold with him; but we think of him as little as of ourselves." Here the effect of a fine poem and the effect of a fine oration are classed together. Both the poem and the oration suggest, through the imagination, "noble grounds for the noble emotions." Sometimes the orator's main purpose is to appeal to the sense of beauty, as in commemorative and eulogistic addresses. Webster's Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill speeches were of this character, and are fine art in as true a sense as the novel or the poetic essay. But his greatest and noblest effort is held to be the reply to Hayne, on the floor of the United States Senate. Is this less a work of art than the others? The Panegyricus of Isocrates cost him ten years

of effort, and had an æsthetic motive. But there is a greater name among the Attic Ten; and that greater orator pleased his countrymen most by his political speeches. Demosthenes also made a few "show speeches," but these were cast into the shade by the Philippics and the *De Corona*. How can these latter be adjudged inferior to the others, or to the *Panegyricus*? We must recall again what was said of didactic poetry: a given direction does not benumb the artist's power; and an artist of the highest class will put forth his best powers in order to gain his end. We cannot rule out all religious oratory. John Chrysostom, Bossuet, Jeremy Taylor, had the true artistic power. The end immediately sought, so far from hampering, only stimulated their genius. Some of the world's gifted orators have been placed in circumstances that stirred the deepest fountains in their nature. They have been under a pressure of what we call inspiration, such as the poet in his study can rarely feel. Gladstone, setting forth the encroachments of Russia, speaking in the greatest British council, with the eyes of all his countrymen and of all the civilized world fixed upon him, has vastly more to wake the sacred fire of enthusiasm than Tennyson, in his seclusion, fulfilling his duty of poet-laureate. Cicero says: "A multitude has a certain power of this kind: that as a piper cannot make music without his pipes, so an orator cannot be eloquent without a listening crowd." The great orator feels a thrill from the human hearts before him. High thought is lifted higher; full emotion grows deeper and stronger. He is in the state of greatest exaltation; and this is just the state in which his imagination and his intellect have freest play. Noble thoughts will be wedded to noble feeling, and this will lead to noble expression. When once the orator has felt this surpassing power, he can bring his audience before him by his imagination, and fashion most of his speech beforehand. But the ideal triumph of the orator is when his words come glowing from the furnace of the moment; as the old ideal of poetry was realized in the improvisations of the inspired bard.

Whatever his preparation, the orator must be king in the crisis-hour. He must be thinker, and poet, and leader, in one. His immediate object is persuasion; but he knows that if he would persuade, he must instruct and please. This is the old oratorical triad: "to teach, to move, to delight." (Quintilian 3, 5, 2.) Whatever force of imagination the orator possesses, whatever creative power, it will all be called for in a noble cause. The end does not belittle the means: rather, it exalts and dignifies the means. When Webster, in the trial of a murderer, drew that terrible picture of remorse, his immediate end was to secure a conviction; but his further and nobler end was to vindicate human and divine law, and bring society to a higher ideal. It was that higher aim which touched the springs of his creative power; and to the exercise of this power, the inferior aim presented not the slightest obstacle. These nobler oratorical efforts become a delight for succeeding ages. We read the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Burke and Webster, not for the sake of the truth they first aimed to establish, not to weigh in a balance the soundness of their arguments: we read them as pieces of fine art in literature. They appeal to our æsthetic sense. They have taken and kept their places in literature, because in them we see the working of kingly intellects, infused with a noble passion, and sweeping on their way to a great intellectual and spiritual triumph. In the nature of things, most orations have perished with the emergency. Some that produced an immediate effect have lost their force from the change of environment. But there are some which sounded the depths of universal human nature, and were for all time. They have stood the test of "permanent delight." Can we deny them a place in the circle of fine art? It is a satisfaction to feel that Demosthenes need not be denied a fellowship with Æschylus and Sophocles; that Cicero may still stand on the same shelf with Vergil and Horace.

Thus, whether we look among the ancients to the chief of those who "brought philosophy from heaven to earth," or to the

foremost historians, or to the most eloquent orators, we seem to find ourselves at every link of this literary chain still in the magic circle of the fine arts. To this impression corresponds the remark of Mr. Ruskin: "Every art being properly called 'fine' which demands the exercise of the full faculties of heart and intellect." Philosopher, historian, orator, had subordinate ends; but alike they had the divine gift of insight and prophecy. They sought to enforce the truth in human life, and to idealize that life also, and so to move it one step forward toward the perfect ideal. They would rectify wrongs, protecting

the innocent, contributing to the safety of a noble people or the triumph of a worthy cause. They had the dower of imagination, distinct from the poet's, but as truly great. They had a genuine creative power. They reached forth ever toward the unrealized perfection, the future golden age of which no era has quite lost the dream. The sum-total of human life, real and ideal, is a grander poem than any finite mind could compass. *This* was the orator's end, the historian's, the philosopher's; and this it is which brings them into comradeship with those who wear the poet's unfading crown.<sup>1</sup>

*Martin Kellogg.*

### THE FIRST YEARS OUT OF COLLEGE.

WHAT is the mental attitude of a young man as he emerges from the walls of his college, and presents himself for participation in the active business of life? I mean one of the better class of students, for what is true of such is true of all young men, only in a lesser and modified degree. I merely wish to call attention to the width of his mental vision, and a certain power of thought which he possesses. Ten fruitful years of study lie behind him. During this period his mind has partaken of the exuberance characteristic of youth, and of the freshness which attends the spring of life, and they have been to him years of leaping thought and of thrilling emotion. He has looked into, or thinks he has looked into, all fields of human knowledge. The past has hovered around him. Before his mental eye, men have issued from primitive barbarism, scattered themselves over the globe, and united again, fought, suffered, and sung; and out of the confusing din he has watched the fabric of modern civilization majestically arise. The great world he longs to enter has presented itself to him in many guises. He has seen it like a grotesque dreamland in the

pages of Carlyle, weird and phantasmal; or regular and rational in the clear light of Mill or Spencer. At times, life has seemed a hard struggle, as he read the thoughts and lives of the workers who have been the sinew of the world; and again, the brilliant pictures of some modern novel have excited him with the thought of joy and beauty and love in store for him. Great stretches of thought have not been wanting, and he has been able to perceive the laws of life and matter which have shaped the past, carrying their operations into the distant future.

But it was almost a fairyland, not the real world that he saw; for he flooded all with the light of his inexperience and youth. Here, then, we get an idea of the intellectual atmosphere, so to speak, which hovers around the young man as he enters the working-day world, assumes the duties and burdens of manhood, and becomes harnessed in the drudgery of life. It is needless to trace the process of disillusion that takes place within him. His airy fancies will recede farther and farther back as he advances. Sooner or later, he will awake to the realization that the world and life are in no wise as he thought them to be. It is not so much that experience will give the direct lie to his theories, as that it will gradually necessitate

Third of series of papers read before the Longfellow Association at Berkeley. See the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* for April and May.

a total reconstruction of them. This disenchantment from early hopes and dreams has so often been experienced that it has many times been described and written upon. It is a trying period, indeed—sad and disheartening.

Now, during this state of mental fermentation and unquiet, one of two processes may be going on. There may be a growing absorption in the particular business pursuit chosen, and a drifting from early thoughts and feelings; or there may be an endeavor to hold fast to what is good in the early mental experience, to enlarge and perfect the ideas resulting from early speculation, to recast them in more real and enduring material.

The former course is followed by most men. The mind becomes narrower and clearer. The ideas which arise from the particular circumstances in life of the individual habitually and constantly occupy the mind. Great facility is thus acquired in dealing with this limited fund of thought. But thought continually flowing along certain lines gives rise to ruts in the mind, so to speak, which will more and more retard the free movement of ideas. How completely the perpetual occupation of the mind upon special circumstances and personal surroundings will incapacitate it for other and broader feelings and thoughts, we can everywhere see. Perhaps one-half of the prosperous business men in the world would find it impossible to create in themselves a sufficiently full and vivid feeling of the magnitude and mystery of nature, and the relation of individual man to his surroundings, to appall them, or at least to give rise temporarily to a flood of new ideas and feelings entirely apart from their every day thoughts. How many such men, if questioned about their religious belief, will be unable to state what they do believe, or answer that for many years they have not devoted much thought to the matter. Such a state of mental apathy is incredible to men who have accustomed their minds to the formation of large conceptions, and to whom doubt and uncertain-

ty about their fundamental creed is simply unbearable.

Most men, as I have said, when they become engrossed in the complexities of practical life, drift into this limited groove. It may be called the narrow path through life. Now, this fact will, I think, be found in a very large degree to be caused by the general overturning of preconceived ideas, which results from bringing early training to the test of practical life. Early hopes and aspirations seeming impossible of fulfillment, early conceptions being in no way helpful, perhaps obstructive, to the matter in hand, and, especially, the reasons for the collapse of early ideas being but vaguely, if at all, understood, they come to be regarded as mere romantic fancies incident to youth, to be discarded with other appurtenances of boyhood. Thus, young men who at college gave promise of being capable of sustaining themselves in the high current of thought which moves among the world's best intellects, sink to the level of drudges—mere slaving day laborers in the onward movement of society.

The feelings, ideas, and aspirations that early education imparts must be continued and perfected if this end would be avoided. Let us now inquire as to these results of education, and see whether they are to be rejected as idle, boyish dreams, or to be retained and cultivated as seed from which much may spring.

The key to the whole matter is found in the distinction between complete ideas and symbolic conceptions. At the bottom of all processes of thought are ideas. In the formation of these ideas we proceed gradually from very simple to highly complex ones. But as we advance from the simple to the complex, a very significant change occurs in the process. We experience little difficulty in reproducing a tolerably complete picture of such simple objects as a book, a chair. Whenever we recall these ideas in consciousness, they correspond almost completely with the idea resulting from the immediate presence of the object itself. But

as the subject matter of the idea becomes more complex, this correspondence between the mental picture and the object becomes less and less accurate. A faithful mental representation of an extended territory or of a complex class, such as an army, a religious sect, cannot by any effort be attained. Spencer, in his "First Principles," very clearly exhibits this distinction, and I cannot do better than briefly quote from him. He says (page 26):

"A large portion of our conceptions, including all those of much generality, are of this order (*i. e.*, symbolic conceptions); great magnitudes, great duration, great number, are none of them actually conceived, but are all of them conceived more or less symbolically. And so, too, are all those classes of objects of which we predict some common fact.

"When mention is made of any individual man, a tolerably complete idea of him is formed. If the family he belongs to be spoken of, probably but a part of it will be represented in thought. Under the necessity of attending to that which is said about the family, we realize in imagination only its most important or familiar members, and pass over the rest with a nascent consciousness which we know could, if required, be made complete. Should something be remarked of the class, say farmers, to which this family belonged, we neither enumerate in thought all the individuals contained in the class, nor believe that we could do so if required; but we are content with taking some few samples of it, and remembering that these could be indefinitely multiplied. Suppose the subject of which something is predicted be Englishmen, the answering state of consciousness is a still more inadequate representation of the reality.

"Yet more remote is the likeness of the thought to the thing, if reference be made to Europeans, or to human beings. And when we come to propositions concerning the whole of the vertebrata, or concerning animals in general, or concerning all organic beings, the unlikeness of conception to the objects named reaches its extreme.

"Throughout which series of instances, we see that, as the number of objects grouped together in thought increases, the concept, formed of a few typical samples joined with the notion of multiplicity, becomes more and more a mere symbol; not only because it gradually ceases to represent the size of the group, but also because, as the group grows more heterogeneous, the typical samples thought of are less like the average objects which the group contains."

After remarking upon the necessity of forming symbolic conceptions, he continues (page 26):

"We habitually mistake our symbolic conceptions for real ones, and so are betrayed into countless false inferences. Not only is it that in proportion as the concept we form of any thing, or class of things, misrepresents the reality, we are apt to be wrong in any assertion we make respecting the reality; but it is that we are led to suppose we have truly conceived a great variety of things, which we have conceived only in this fictitious way."

Now, what we call education is nothing more than the formation of symbolic conceptions, as, indeed, is all intellectual culture and advancement. Our earlier, or student period of life, is most prolific in the formation of these ideas. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five we skim the whole surface of human knowledge. Our system of educational institutions is a skillful gradation of training, by which the mind is exercised in the formation of ideas, symbolic and other, reaching from the simplest objects of sensation to the uttermost generalizations of human knowledge, in the order of its increasing capacity.

This period, in which so much ground is covered, is commonly spent apart from human affairs, in the seclusion of study. But, indeed, this is not important, for if the magnitude of the task permitted, as it does not, the most engrossing participation in the every-day activity of the world, the rapidity with which the mind is required to rise from thought to thought in order to attain the required survey in the allotted time, would

very far outrun any help that experience could afford. It would be ruinous to wait on personal experience. The student must resort to other aids. Accordingly, with books, maps, the laboratory, and other educational appliances, and such glimpses of the world as he can catch around him, he forms, as best he can, his symbolic conceptions of things. Of very necessity, these conceptions are crude. The larger part of the ideas he has dealt with are such that a full and true appreciation of them is possible only to one who has lived in the midst of life for many years. What, for instance, is the student's conception of the complex idea we call the United States? No doubt his state of consciousness answering to that word is highly complex and interesting. He forms more or less correct notions of its geography, its history and government, and some idea of its future tendencies; but the contempt he will exhibit at some proposed measure of government, perhaps, or his impatience at the apathetic attitude of our statesmen towards the advanced speculation of the age, it may be, will disclose the airy texture of his ideas.

His education has given him a view of life; but education is a process by which the picture of the world is to be traced in the mind, and from the rapidity of that process a picture of the merest and vaguest outline only is possible. The mental condition of a student on the verge of active life, compared with that of a mind seasoned by experience, may be aptly illustrated by the comparison of a trained and powerful athlete, and a tyro in the gymnasium. Let us suppose the former engaged in an exhibition of strength with ponderous balls of iron. He throws them about, and they spin and gyrate above his head in many whirls and convolutions. The muscles, as they start out over the well-developed body, tell of the strength expended by the effort. Let him retire, and the tyro present himself with balls equal in size, and proceed to display his strength and expertness. He goes through the same maneuvers. The play of the balls is equally varied, and apparently equally difficult. But

we see no evidences of power—no strength trembles over the lithe body. We are astonished. We stand perplexed, as we do when we see a youth triumphantly engaged in debate with one whom we know to be a man of ripe mind, developed by years of experience and reflection, and hear the young man handle, with equal ease and skill, the thoughts and ideas which his opponent employs. But let us approach and examine the balls which our tyro has been so surprisingly handling. The difficulty is solved. Instead of balls of iron, these are only of wood. They resemble the balls of iron no more than the ideas with which the young man glibly confronts the man of enlarged experience resemble the ideas with which the latter carries on his argument.

Let us carry our comparison a step farther. Suppose our gymnastic tyro should be permitted to handle the iron balls of the athlete with whom he thinks himself so successfully competing, and upon discovering their weight should cast them down in disgust, become moody and disconsolate, or declare himself the victim of deception and fraud; we should regard such a display as pitiable indeed. And yet, how like is the course pursued by many young men when they awake to the actualities of life. Young men, when they declare that life is not worth living, that the time has gone when virtue and ability were acknowledged among men, who inveigh against the venality of the times, and the prevailing corruption which enables shrewd and tricky men to occupy those positions to which men fresh from the very seats of learning aspire in vain, are troubled with a difficulty very similar to that which overcame the tyro when he realized the weight of the iron balls.

We have now, I think, seen the defect in the mental constitution with which young men enter the world. To appreciate this defect, to perceive that the aspirations and transporting thoughts of youth are, on the one hand, no illusions, but the vague outlines of truth, and, on the other hand, but the incipient indications of a capacity to figure with prominence in the world's affairs, not

the capacity itself; to realize that twenty years of toil are required to attain the prizes which appeared within reach; and above all, to stand bravely under these revelations, to go cheerfully to the work of learning and un-

learning, in order to make the wider—the student's—view of life clear as well as wide, instead of contracting to the narrow and easily clear view: this appears to me to be the lesson of the first post-collegiate years.

*W. E. Lindenberger.*

## NOTES ON THE SUTRO LIBRARY.

SOME account of sixty thousand uncatalogued and unarranged books could be given in time enough. Within the conditions of ordinary magazine writing, however, any satisfactory description of such a collection in such a state is impossible. These notes about the Sutro Library are, therefore, only memoranda upon its sources and objects, with a few references to special departments and books. In its present temporary quarters the collection is in no situation for speedy or easy examination.

The chief of the sources from which the collection has been gathered (besides various current purchases), are the library of the Carthusian monastery at Buxheim on the river Ils, near Memmingen in Bavaria; the Dalberg library; the Sunderland, or Blenheim library; and the collection of duplicates in the Royal library at Munich. The history of the Buxheim library is somewhat interesting. The monastery was ancient and rich, and when the new luxury of printed books was introduced, copies of pretty much all the current publications appear to have been bought. The worthy fathers seem to have been genuine book-collectors, and as such, satisfied to own good books without reading them; and so the volumes remained century after century on their shelves in perfect condition, as—except for a few worm-holes—they are still. During the Napoleonic period, this monastery, with many others, was secularized, and its books went into the hands of the Bavarian government. Then the government transferred them to the Count von Waldbott-Bassenheim, a wealthy nobleman, in satisfaction of a debt. A generation or two later a spendthrift heir inher-

ited, and in due—or rather undue—season, his library, containing many other good books besides those from the convent, was sold at auction. At this sale Mr. Sutro bought.

The Dalberg collection was formed by two noblemen of fine culture and magnificent tastes—Baron Wolfgang Heribert von Dalberg, who has quite a reputation in Germany for having, while intendant of the Mannheim theatre, brought out Schiller's famous tragedy of "The Robbers"; and his son, Emerich Joseph, created a duke by Napoleon, and a prominent diplomatic and administrative functionary in Napoleon's government of the Rhine countries. The Dalberg library was especially strong in history, geography, travels, and fine arts. Much more extensive and remarkable than either of these was the vast Blenheim library, whose sale catalogue fills 1037 large, close-printed pages, and whose sale occupied fifty-one days, in the end of 1881 and beginning of 1882. This immense and wonderfully valuable collection was mainly formed by Charles Spencer, third earl of Sunderland (of whose connoisseurship in books Macaulay speaks in Chapter XXII, of Volume v., of his "History of England"), during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I. It came by inheritance to the present Duke of Marlborough, an elder brother of the notorious, noisy, noble, parliamentary demagogue, Lord Randolph Churchill. The senseless and vicious wastefulness of the present degenerate representative of the great Duke of Marlborough forced the library to auction. Thus, revolution, misfortune, and vice on one side of the world have helped form a library on

the other. The Bavarian confiscations in the first decade of this century, which heaped up many thousands of duplicates in the Munich Royal Library, the vicious folly of a German spendthrift and of an English one, and the extinction of a noble family, have enabled a public-spirited millionaire to found a remarkable library six thousand miles away, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

Along with the contributions drawn from these sources should be mentioned another, numerically smaller, indeed, than either, but of a character even more rare and singular, and including articles more ancient than are in any of the others, some being manuscripts, probably of the ninth or tenth centuries. This is the remainder stock of Arabic and Hebrew manuscripts, which belonged to the notorious old forger and scamp, Shapira, the Jerusalem dealer in antiquities, who so outrageously cheated the Berlin savants with his "Moabite pottery," who tried in vain to cheat the British Museum authorities out of a million pounds for a forged "early manuscript of Deuteronomy," and who, a year or so ago, very suitably closed his impudent career of swindling by killing himself. The manuscripts from Shapira's stock, which have thus come to California, are easily seen to be genuine; for they are of such extent and character that to forge them profitably would be an evident impossibility.

The Sutro Library as planned will occupy an important place among California institutions of learning, more especially in two departments: literary and general history, and natural and engineering science. In the latter of these, the collection is thus far hardly begun. Whatever is to be said of it now must thus relate to the former, and more remote from the average reader, of the two departments. For a certain grade of attainment, both in knowledge and in thought, is necessary to even an understanding of the usefulness of books which serve only to illustrate the history of thought. Take, for instance, the Sutro copy of the *Speculum Naturale*, or Mirror of Natural Science, of

Vincentius Bellovacensis, the tutor of the sons of Louis IX. of France. This is one of the four sections of an encyclopedia of the middle of the thirteenth century, the other three being *Doctrinale*, *Morale*, and *Historiale*. This curious old book is full of what Josh Billings would call "facts that ain't so," but which show what was scientific truth six hundred and forty years ago. It explains (*e. g.*) how crabseat oysters. Being very fond of oysters, the wily crab hunts about until he finds in some quiet corner an oyster opening his shell to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air—or rather salt water. Knowing that his claws would be smashed if ventured alone within the powerful grip of the shells, the crab thoughtfully drops in a pebble between the shells, and then cruelly eats out the live oyster at his leisure, with no more remorse than the human being feels who cuts out his mollusc with a knife. This account has not been verified by recent observers, any more than the fable of the barnacle-geese; so that we are left to suppose either that the modern crab has retrograded in intelligence, or the modern scientist advanced. Another such story is that there is a special enmity between the crow and the owl, in pursuance of which the crow devours the owl's eggs in the day time, when the owl cannot see, and the owl the crow's in the night, when the crow cannot see. There is a still more curious and characteristic speculation about the nature of color, in which Vincentius argues a question of physics by means of the terms and distinctions and methods of the scholastic logic. This is too wordy to be reproduced here, although of much interest for the history of knowledge, as showing the necessary worthlessness of the mediæval researches in natural science, in consequence of the utter unfitness of their method. To investigate a question in optics without experiment and dialectically, is even more useless than the celebrated effort of Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, who tried to learn to swim by spreading himself out on his stomach on a table and imitating a frog kicking in a basin. The fact that six and a half centuries ago two untrue stories about crabs and crows were be-

lieved, and that in one instance inconclusive reasonings were thought valid, has in itself a curious interest, but no importance. But a knowledge of the law and facts of human progress in belief—that is, in truth—is of the highest importance. On this research largely depends our understanding of man's nature, condition, and future. Except in part of the theological department, this history of truth is an unexhausted, and, to a great extent, untouched field of labor. And yet that history must surely become one of the very cornerstones upon which to erect the true mental philosophy.

Now it is with reference to this special historical significance that the most remarkable portion of the Sutro Library, as it now exists, should be judged; namely, its astonishing array of about three thousand *incunabula* or "fifteeners," as the Dibdinian school of book fanciers used to call them, *i. e.*, books printed in the fifteenth century, between the years 1455 and 1500. It is believed that no other library on the continent has nearly so large a number of these early printed books. The whole number, not of all works, but of all editions of all works, printed before A. D. 1500, is usually estimated at about twenty thousand. The number of separate authors is much less; for of Cicero alone, at least two hundred and ninety-one different editions are known to have appeared before 1500; ninety-five of Virgil; ninety-one of the Vulgate Latin Bible; and so of many others. The Sutro Library has thus copies of more than one-seventh of all the "cradle books" of literature, and as far as a hasty examination can indicate, much more than one-seventh of all the authors. In those days two hundred and fifty copies was a usual edition, and four hundred was an unusually large one. Considering the number, duration, and fury of the wars which have devastated Europe since printing was invented, it would seem that quite as many of those ancient books have survived as was to be expected, and we have in the Sutro Library a remarkably full representation of that department of literature.

The fullness with which the history of

early printing and of mediæval thought are here illustrated can not be competently shown in this place; but the following brief list of a part only of the places and printers whose books are present will sufficiently indicate to any expert the great value and interest of the collection in this department:

Augsburg: Gunther Zainer, Sorg, Froschauer (or Froschover), Erhard Ratdolt.

Basle: Michael Furter, Froben, Amerbach.

Cologne: Homborch, Koelhoff, H. Quentell, Arnold Terhuernen.

Mentz: Fust and Schoiffer.

Milan: Zarotus.

Nuremberg: Koberger, Sensenschmidt.

Rome: Planck, Pannartz.

Ulm: J. Zainer.

Spire: Peter Drach.

Strassburg: Eggesteyn, Flach, Gruninger.

Venice: J. de Colonia, N. Jenson, Gherretzen, Bevilacqua, Aldus.

From the Mentz press of Fust and Schoiffer there are at least five books, *viz.*, the "Pastorale" of Gregory the Great, undated, but before 1469; the "Tractatus de Conceptione Virginis Mariæ" of Petrus Aureolus; and the commentary of Thomas Aquinas on the four books of sentences of Peter Lombard, both of 1469 or before; the "Summæ Theologiæ Partis Secundæ Prima Pars" of Aquinas, 1471; and the "De Civitate Dei" of Augustine, with commentary of Aquinas, 1473. Chronologically, therefore, this collection of printed books begins within fourteen years after the first book was printed (*viz.*, by the usual account, 1455, the presumed date of the Mentz or Mazarin Bible), and contains books from at least six out of the first ten or twelve printing offices ever opened (of Fust and Schoiffer, Eggesteyn, Gunther Zainer, Pannartz, Zarot, Drach). A book probably three years earlier still than any of these is a German Bible, in one of the old versions before Luther's. It is without imprint; but was probably printed at Strassburg by Eggesteyn, about 1466 (Luther's first whole Bible was published in 1534; the first part of it, 1522.)

There are a number of other interesting Bibles in the collection, among which may be mentioned the Plantin or Antwerp Poly-

glot, of 1569 (Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Latin); the "Vinegar Bible," so called from an erroneous heading, reading "The parable of the *vinegar*," instead of *vineyard*, an immense and fine looking, but very incorrectly printed folio; the "Thumb Bible," a mite of a book about an inch and a half square, called 64mo (of extracts), Longmans, 1854; a Greek Testament in a peculiarly beautiful type, from the press of Baskerville at Oxford, one of the only two books in Greek ever printed by him; the "Geneva Bible," 1615; etc.

Of the "Geneva Bible" a word should be said. The version was made by English refugees, and first printed at Geneva by Rouland Hall, in 1560. It is often called the "Breeches Bible," from its having "breeches" instead of "aprons" in Gen. iii. 7; but it has no particular right to the name, for the word was used two hundred years before by Wicliffe in his version. The "Geneva Bible" was the favorite version of the Puritans, and maintained itself among them long after the appearance of King James's version in 1611, just as this is now maintaining itself against the revised version. This preference explains how so many copies came to this country along with the Puritan settlers of New England. Many such copies yet survive, and are held by their owners at extravagant values, although tattered and torn, wanting both beginning and end, coverless, and generally in the last stages of bookly decrepitude. The present writer has more than once been asked to affix a price, or to offer one, for such a copy, and has accordingly been forced to destroy (which he did as mercifully as he could) such great expectations. The real value of one of these dilapidated Geneva Bibles may be judged from the fact that Quaritch, the great London dealer, eminent for his high prices, recently offered a good copy in full morocco, gilt, for \$12.30, and another for \$10.50, describing the book in the catalogue as being "so highly prized by ignorant people." In fact, these old imperfect copies are worth to a book collector or to a library just nothing at all.

These early printed books are thoroughly obsolete as literature; the mass of them, indeed, being mediæval theology, scholastic philosophy, common and civil law, and such like, and many of them great massive folios, insomuch that it seems inconceivable that any of them should ever have been read by anybody. Now and then one is found which still possesses some flavor of living interest. Such are several of the works of John Gerson, the famous Chancellor of the University of Paris in the fourteenth century, among them a sermon on the passion of our Lord, and a tract on spiritual mendicancy—"De Mendicitate Spirituali." These treatises of the old theologian seem likely to afford original materials to some subtle critic, by a close analytical comparison of the Latin style of the books, for investigating the undetermined question whether Gerson or Thomas à Kempis composed the treatise "Of the Imitation of Christ."

Some others of these early books furnish curious examples of the often quoted saw of the ancient preacher, that "there is no new thing under the sun." One such is a fifteenth century letter-writer, a folio printed by Sorg at Augsburg, in 1491, having forms for all sorts of public and private epistles, in quaint old German, but otherwise of just the kind so common now. Two or three other examples of old new things may be added here, although of comparatively recent date. Everybody has heard about William Morgan, made away with in 1826 for undertaking to publish an account of the secrets of Free Masonry. There is here, however, "a good enough Morgan," a good while before the election, namely, *Der entdeckte Maurer, etc.*—"The Mason Revealed; or, the true secret of the Free Masons brought to light in all its parts with truthfulness, etc. 18mo. Frankfort and Leipsic, 1786." The book is anonymous; very likely it was safest for the author that it should be so. Another case is William Lilly's "Annus Tenebrosus, or the dark year"; published in London, in 1651, being a book of predictions of all the horrid things which were to happen in 1652. This is a prophetic utterance, just as

solemn and just as silly as Zadkiel's Almanac, whose fraudulent foretellings are annually sold by thousands in England, and some of them in America, too. Yet another is the book of "Charls Butler," entitled "The Feminin' Monarchi', or the Histori' of Bee's," etc. Oxford, 1634—an early sample of exactly the same sort as "fonetic" reform today. There is at least a similarity in this, that the linguistic missionary of two hundred and fifty years ago has accomplished just about as much as his successor today, in knocking out superfluous letters from the English language.

The fifteenth century books, which form at present the most remarkable department in the Sutro Library, are well supplemented and continued by a large number of important works issued in the sixteenth century, beginning with a number in the Aldine italic letter (first used in 1501). Indeed, it is already evident that one of the peculiar merits of the collection, when completed on the lines now indicated, will be its mass of materials for filling out this historical presentation of literature from the beginning of printing, and, indeed, from the beginning of literature, too, down to the present day. Another special collection almost as remarkable of its kind as the Sutro *incunabula*, is the series of proclamations, acts of Parliament, and other broadsides, original contemporary newspapers, and controversial and historical tracts and books relating to the English civil war and commonwealth period under Charles I. and Cromwell, in the second and third quarters of the seventeenth century. These newspapers are not much like those of today—unless it be the issue of a small but enterprising country weekly on the next morning after a fire that burned out the office. They are small quartos of eight or nine inches square, and have been preserved and bound in volumes. They were issued once, twice, or thrice a week. One of these small volumes lies open in one of the show cases, at the page containing a statement "sensational" in its day to an extent probably never exceeded in the history of the press—to the effect that here is an account

of the execution of King Charles I., the day before, in front of Whitehall. The date of the actual issue seems to imply a delay of at least one whole day before the paper was circulated. Even such a shock as the execution of a monarch who was by half the nation supposed to be a murdered saint and martyr, did not suggest to the solid head of the London newspaper man of 1649 the idea of an extra. Almost or quite as interesting is a copy of the original broadside, containing the vote of the English Parliament some weeks later (23d April, 1649), proclaiming the abolition of the kingly office in England. This collection will be found to furnish a great many interesting side-lights upon the history of the English Commonwealth, whenever a scholar shall arise, able and willing to imitate the exhaustive methods of historians like Macaulay and Carlyle.

Besides the few departments of the Sutro Library which have thus far been referred to, it contains a great many useful and rare and curious books in many other parts of literature. A few of these, named in no order whatever, are: The first and second folios of Shakspeare; a full set of the French *Moniteur*, indispensable for the history of the French Revolution and Napoleonic period; the first edition in English of Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*, 1619; the celebrated and still very valuable collections on Greek and Roman antiquities usually quoted as "Grævius and Gronovius," which, with the supplementary volumes of Gruter, Pitiscus and others, constitute a formidable row of 29 large folios; Zedler's *Grosses Universal-Lexikon*, a wonderful German encyclopædia of the middle of the eighteenth century, an immense mine of all manner of forgotten learning, history and biography; the first edition of the "Eikon Basilike"; a few good samples of the English "chap-books," such as the history of Valentine and Orson (1719), and the like. There are a few volumes of the scrap-book kind, with autographs, pictures, etc. One of these contains seventy-five autograph signatures of English peers, spiritual and temporal. A good many of these highly aristocratic signs-manual are just as legible

as the pictured signatures of Indian chiefs to treaties with the United States. But high rank and bad writing seem to belong together. Remember what an awful stroke of ink-lightning the signature of the first Napoleon became after he was Emperor.

But a mere list like this would soon become useless and tiresome. In general and special history, biography, travels, science, belles-lettres literature, and other departments there are already present many interesting and valuable books; of which this mere summary declaration must suffice. A sentence or two must also dispose of the very interesting nucleus of a museum of antiquities, chiefly Egyptian, together with some other curiosities, which are in the same room with the books. Among these are several mummies in their cases of sycamore wood, some partly unwrapped; and a considerable number of statuettes, emblematical figures, scarabæi, gems, coins, etc.; but it needs trained Egyptologists and antiquarians, to give a proper account of these.

Such researches as could be made for preparing these notes—very superficial ones, it is true—brought to light no fifteenth century editions of romances or story books of any kind. A good many such were printed, notwithstanding; but romance in that century bore no such great proportion to the quantity of other literature as it does now. The pious Carthusians of Buxheim seem to have excluded that class of books from their collection as absolutely as the Friends' Library at Germantown in Pennsylvania does now. The result has proved the wonderful staying qualities of a library of theology. As compared with one of novels, it is practically immortal. It is safest to say "novels" and not "fiction," lest it should be claimed that the dogmatic part, at least, of theology, comes under the designation of fiction quite as properly as novels do. At any rate, this would be granted by those of the opposite belief.

There may very likely be some early romances in the library, after all. It would be strange if there were not at least one copy of that curious collection of stories with morals,

the *Gesta Romanorum*, which Brunet says was compiled by one Elimandus; but the name looks about as authentic as that of "the proud Emperor Jovinian," in several of the stories themselves.

Even these few hints about the Sutro Library are sufficient to indicate how solid and considerable a beginning it is for a really great collection. So far as the plans of the founder are known, they are liberal and far-sighted, providing for the permanent support and increase of the library. It will be a library for scholars and scientists, and will fill an important place otherwise vacant in the circle of our city institutions for the higher culture. As a learned collection, it seems likely to stand unrivalled. As a general collection, it will stand abreast of the Mercantile, Mechanics', Odd Fellows', and Free Public Libraries. As a scientific library, it will to some extent help, along with the Mechanics', to supply the place of that San Francisco School of Technology and Engineering whose non-existence is such a discredit to our city—the one city in America which, above all others, ought to have such a school. And endowed as it is intended to be, it can supply to students in all departments such indispensable books as they may be unable to find elsewhere.

There are many kinds of monuments. The ancient kind was commonly a pyramid or mausoleum, or some other mere pile of materials—a waste-heap, more or less elaborated—at its greatest magnificence only commemorating by one vast last piece of wastefulness a life itself most frequently wasted in destroying. It is only in modern times that men have conceived of memorials which should contain a principle of life within themselves; which should keep a worthy name in remembrance by the perennial usefulness of the benefaction. Such a memorial will be the great library whose beginning is sketched in these notes; a source of pleasure and profit to the citizens of San Francisco as long as our city by the sea shall endure; for centuries, perhaps for thousands of years,

who knows? For it is equally characteristic of modern research that it justifies the expectation of a long future existence for humanity, and the reality of a long past. And as permanent as the city will be this monument to the liberality of Adolph Sutro—a liberality which it is only the plain truth to call both wise and magnificent.

---

QUI LEGIT REGIT.

FREE from all care, a happy hour have I  
 To spend at will among my faithful books,  
 Helpers and friends of many a day gone by,  
 That now entice me with their winning looks,  
 Till thus in fancy's ear their voices vie.

"List thou to me, and thou shalt hear the tale  
 Of great Achilles and his baleful wrath,—  
 How Troy beheld the sheen of helm and mail,  
 And mighty deeds by swift Scamander's path  
 Through ten long years of battle did not fail.

"Or thou shalt roam with that wise-counselled man,  
 Odysseus, on the many sounding wave,  
 The pleasures of Calypso's isle shalt scan,  
 Shalt dare the Cyclops in his gloomy cave,  
 And come at last to foil the suitor's plan."

So speaks the aged bard, whose sightless eye  
 Yet saw as few with eyes have ever seen,  
 Whose sounding voice is like a battle-cry,  
 And yet can sing in lyric mood serene  
 Of Lotos lands that lulled to slumber lie.

But list, there rises now another's tone,  
 A sweeter note, though one of lesser power,  
 The Roman laurel on his brow is shown,  
 And thus he seeks to win himself the hour  
 That else great Homer's claim had made his own:

"Arms do I sing, and of the faithful man,  
 By Dido faithless found, who safely bore  
 The Lares forth from ruined Troy, and ran  
 Through dangers vast, till on the Latin shore  
 He found a home, and there great Rome began."

And next to Virgil stands in fitting place  
 The singer that with bold, unflinching heart  
 Could follow him, and that dread pathway trace  
 That downward leads to earth's most gloomy part,  
 And dared to look grim Pluto in the face.

"Hast thou not courage," sounds his solemn speech,  
"To go with me across the Stygian wave,  
Behold what tortures surely come to each  
That dares the wrath omnipotent to brave,  
And learn through woe the bliss of Heaven to reach?"

But now a voice that speaks our English tongue  
Rings grandly out among such great compeers,  
No loftier song has mortal ever sung,  
Than his, who now would claim my willing ears,  
Since bard first sang when earth herself was young.

"No middle flight shalt thou with me pursue:  
If thou shalt choose to follow as I sing,  
The depths infernal shall we traverse through,  
The highest heaven shall feel our upward wing,  
And primal Paradise shall greet our view."

Thus mighty Milton speaks, and while I fain  
Would nerve my mind for such exalted themes,  
Another English bard takes up the strain  
With tone so grandly royal that it seems  
To claim by power divine its right to reign.

"The human heart I will before thee bare,  
If thou wilt look, so clearly in thy sight,  
That there shall lurk no secret passion there  
That shall not lie revealed in ample light.—  
No spring of life that makes it foul or fair.

"Othello's jealous rage, the woe of Lear,  
Macbeth's ambition, love-lorn Romeo's pain,  
Shylock's revenge, Petruchio's antics queer,  
The grief that sapped the inky-mantled Dane,—  
Of these and countless more list thou and hear."

And after Shakspeare come a myriad more,  
Preacher and bard, and sage and motley fool,  
Ready to voice all moods, to teach all lore,  
To charm, console, amuse, inspire, or school  
Whomso will hearken to the words they pour.

My hour is gone, an hour by far too short,  
And naught is done, but listening to the calls  
That come from these, my books of every sort.  
A king am I within my study walls,  
And when was held a more majestic court?

*Charles S. Greene.*

## A RHODODENDRON QUEST.

HE sauntered on shore from the Saucelito ferry-boat, carrying an immense bunch of deep-colored rhododendrons, which he said he had gathered somewhere in Marin County. Perhaps he did, but I have since had my doubts. They must have come from Sonoma or Mendocino, or else the secret cañon he had discovered has as yet no place on any cartographer's chart. How beautiful those clusters of deep pink blossoms were! I envied their possessor far more than if he had been Vanderbilt or Bismarck, and out of all the thousand and one uses to which so royal a bunch of rhododendrons might be put were they but mine, I began to choose the one use that was seemingly most worthy. This elderly and homely man who carried them so carelessly, and let them swing against the railing, and left their petals and broken leaves along his track, had no right over them except the brute right of possession. I began to reason myself into the mood of a communist, the temper of the hero of Fitz James O'Brien's story of "The Diamond Lens," who thought that the man who could put any given piece of property to the best use should have it by virtue of that ability. And most assuredly I could put those rhododendrons to far finer uses than any one else could. Then I began to grow sympathetic. This gray-haired flower-carrier, dusty-booted and exceedingly commonplace, —what romantic guesses at hidden springs of sentiment one might make over his burden. How carefully it was bound up, how much labor it showed, and how easily one could guess its destination: dull, tenement rooms, half-furnished and wholly dismal, will glow tonight, and if some puny, ill-dressed child happens to come in, the blossoms from California's redwoods will give her a new pleasure. Let him have his rhododendrons; I would not take them now for a gift: the wise man plants his own roses, and gathers his own wild flowers, and follows his own heart's choice through this wayward world.

Day-break, and May 16th upon the sand-hills of San Francisco. Low-lying fog-banks, gray and cold; damp road-ways wandering past rounded dunes; ancient houses, weather-beaten, and fairly black with stains and decay; thickets of rose-colored *Malva* trees, yellow lupines lining the new cuts along the cable roadway —; the heart of the city lying asleep, far east in the broad valleys of the peninsula—such is the morning outlook. "At noon," I say to myself, "I shall be in the redwoods." Heavy shoes, plant-case of tin, tried companion of old, and lunch of the most frugal description—crackers and cheese, without the cheese—completed my additional preparations for the day in the woods. Fishing tackle? Not this time, if you please, for we have far more important business on hand. (And it is going to be a hot day, and not a trout will rise to the most tempting of flies.)

There are two railroad stations in Marin County—Lagunitas and Camp Taylor—that lie in the midst of hills, and redwoods, and camps of foresters. People go there often enough: the trains at this season are loaded down with picnic parties and excursions, though Fairfax station is perhaps the northern limit of the Sunday school celebrations. Camp Taylor is as nearly as possible thirty miles from San Francisco, or about as far away as the Alameda Cañon is in the opposite direction, and yet it might be in another world, so different is its appearance. If one wants to know the unique position of San Francisco among the great cities of America, let him try the varied excursions possible within a radius of thirty miles from the foot of Market Street. Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Baltimore, Chicago, have nothing to compare with them, and New York is ahead only because of the vast investment of capital in places of summer resort—investments so lavish that every dull ravine and gurgling brook and rocky isle, and bit of barren sea-sand has been made attractive.

These things will come all too soon in California. Meanwhile, those among us who love the woods as they are, can take the comfort of them while they last, unhewn and untrampled.

The hardest thing to do when one starts for a day in the woods, is to find a companionable person to go with him. So many things are to be considered in this momentous decision. A friend in good earnest he must be, and one, too, who is in full sympathy with this rhododendron quest and all its motives. If one cannot find such a companionship, it is far better to try it all alone, and be his own master. Then he can creep down the wet base of the deepest cañon, or climb laboriously to the summit of the bluest peak, without any more argument than his own freak and choice. Then he can follow his own scheme of exploration, his own beliefs concerning the habitat of various wild flowers, and nothing can dismay him; and even his blunders will be fruitful of better woodcraft. Then he will notice each tree and bush and stone, each hill, outline, and landmark of value, and master another line in Nature's great book of magic. And, best of all, the treasures he brings home will be all his own, the captives of his own knife and trowel. Each plant and flower will be to him a record of an episode in the day's wanderings.

For reasons such as these, the train that a little past nine o'clock in the morning rounded the cliff near the junction of San Geronimo and Lagunitas creeks, carried one searcher for rhododendrons,—and but one. It had fishermen in abundance—at least, they said with much rapture, and vast display of piscatory lore, that fishermen they were; but on the return trip, in the afternoon, they carefully hid the symbols of their calling. It had Swiss dairymen, slow and stolid, and Portuguese wood-choppers, and a few farmers with their families; and, of all incongruous things for the heart of the Marin Redwoods, Chinese vegetable peddlers with their onion-flavored baskets, huge and round, on the floor of the baggage-car. The course this northward wandering train had followed was

most serpentine; such turns and twists in so pleasantly situated hills seemed at first absurd. Here was a country that for miles could be tilled to the top of each slope; but so contorted were the ravines, that bridges, tunnels, horse-shoe bends, and every sort of engineering contrivance followed in dizzy succession. If the hills were only higher, the result would be more picturesque than it is; but even now, many of the curves are worth a long journey to see. By the time one reaches Lagunitas, we are really past the hills, and in the mountains.

Lagunitas is a water-tank on a rock-mound in a deep ravine sloping north, and near the union of two other and still deeper ravines. Above it the hills rise, red and bush-clad, into a region of spruces; below it the bank descends to the wide stream, beautifully hidden in blossoming shrubs; and far beyond, to the east, are other hills, golden brown, mellowing in the June-like sunlight; while northward, where the trend of the broader ravines is, the dark slopes are gigantic in magnitude, and clothed in places with redwoods of considerable size, and with a tangled forest of deciduous and evergreen growths. Blown over the top of the water-tank, and far down into the gulch, the white spray falls in rainbow-making showers, and keeps the hill-side green for many a rod. Purple asters, darker here than one finds elsewhere—almost as dark, in fact, as those one gathers on the stony stairs of Western Massachusetts streams—grow on the narrow bank of the creek, beaten into close and glistening mats by the perpetual spray from the old water-tank. Sometime there will be a strawberry-bed here, and a rose garden, perhaps, and a fat station-master, sitting in the shade, and watching his peas grow, his cherries ripen. It will not be half as nice as my wild aster-bed, with its simplicity and its beautiful colors, which I wish an artist could see this minute, and would paint for the joy of mortals. Men of wealth often pay great prices for fine trees, and move them at enormous expense to set them in new gardens; ten thousand dollars an English nobleman once spent to transplant some fifty-foot elms—

but what would one not give to have some Brobdignagian spade pushed firmly beneath this whole knoll and slope, taking up fifty feet in depth, and all my wild asters, and the wild vines, and the madroña bushes about them, to set them gently and safely in one's own level valley-garden?

The wise man who goes to the woods wears his oldest clothes, and if he has a close-fitting knit jacket and a soft felt hat, so much the better. If he has not, and the day is warm, and his plans of action extensive, perhaps he will do well to leave his coat, collar, and cuffs in some friendly cabin, and tie a handkerchief loosely about his neck, and thus, with as little of impedimenta as may be, ascend the long wooded ridges, for the sake of the glorious outlook there obtained. 'Tis but a blundering botanist who clings lazily close to the paths and roadways, for in such places the choicest flowers have been too often culled by other travelers, in years past, and so have been slowly forced to retire to more remote nooks. It is not in the deepest forests that beautiful flowers grow, but in the openings and old clearings run to waste, and on the sunny slopes far above the trees; and especially on rocky promontories, that project into the light and air from vast mountain masses, and are so steep and difficult to ascend that a wild goat could hardly manage to cling to their naked precipices. There, untrampled by cattle, ungathered by human hand, rooting themselves and scattering their seeds more widely each year, the rarest of our native annuals grow, the best of our native bulbs are hidden.

There seems to be an instinct by virtue of which its possessor is able to find "rare flowers in forest or on hillside." Just as a man with the spirit of Izaak Walton in his soul will find the best pool of the best trout stream in the country, so a man who has it in him will discover the very flower he wants, if it is anywhere in the region. The result of a multitude of minor observations extending over a long period of years will have produced a delicacy of perception and a fullness of knowledge regarding the habits and characteristics of the desired flowers, that

unconsciously enables the hunter to ignore false trails, and to seize every indication in soil or far-off growths on the hillside, of the desired plant. True rosy-purple rhododendrons, not the yellow-throated snow-petaled azaleas—though the latter are by many called rhododendrons—are the much longed-for objects of the present quest. The botanists recognize the close relationship of the two shrubs, and some of them even demur at the division of the genera; but the differences are sufficiently great to justify one's opinion that our rhododendron is of the two the royal flower. Its true home is farther north, in the fastnesses of northern Sonoma, Mendocino, and Humboldt, far up in the giant redwoods that line the Noyo and Gualala. And it certainly is not abundant in any part of Marin County. For this reason the quest is from its beginning a very doubtful one. There may not be any in all this Lagunitas district—and if found, they may be out of bloom, for the season is far advanced, the slopes are golden brown already, and it is like July weather in these rocky hills.

It is a land of wood-camps, this tract of territory ten miles square, that lies about the joining of the creeks San Geronimo and Lagunitas. A walk of five minutes from the spray-sprinkled old water-tank takes one to the midst of a clearing, about which are great stacks of cord-wood, shakes, and grape-vine stakes. Men are at work riving up the logs left from old camps of a score of years ago, and cutting down the "second growth." "Wood-slides" reach far up the yellow hills; dusty teams driven by swarthy Portuguese stand in the road, and other Portuguese load the wagons. Out of the doorway of a rude shanty brown-faced children look. Before the day's ramble is done we shall find in these hills the remains of a dozen such camps, of old cabins slowly decaying, of ancient foot-logs thrown across torrents, of the confining boxes of cool mountain springs, of gardens run wild, where berry vines and peas and beans are choked with ten years' growth of ferns. It is an old story in California, this desertion of old haunts, this decay of once-prosperous industries. Far up in the Sierras

some of the towns that were of old, lie sleeping and desolate; the streets have once more become sheep-pastures; the water, breaking loose from neglected mining ditches, flows unchecked, cutting new channels across town lots once held "at San Francisco prices"; and vines and trees grow gradually over everything, and Nature re-asserts her dominion. In like manner it has been with many of the redwood camps of California, except that, in their nature more evanescent than even a mining village, they leave still fewer traces of the past. Here is the huge redwood log spanning Lagunitas Creek fifty feet above its current, and deeply worn by the feet of choppers and mill-men. Cross it, and trace through the thicket the faint paths, and find the ruined walls, and see how little is left. In yonder hollow stump the axes of the choppers rested; close by that trickling stream their well-worn grindstone revolved; against yonder tree they placed their pistol-target for Sunday afternoon shooting matches; by the roadside just at the curve their mail-box was nailed to an oak. This deserted camp's prime was so long ago, that rain and storm have swept it clear from decaying garments and refuse. Wild flowers bloom upon its floor, and birds nest overhead. It is but a nook in the woods, about which still linger the faint and not obnoxious signs of former human occupancy.

Close by, the sound of a brook tempts one to seek it. It is hard to find, for several small cascades in the larger stream blend their sound with that of the hidden one, and masses of great ferns and clumps of lavender-hued ceanothus grow closely over every possible outlet. Ah! here it is! a tiny brooklet, indeed, to make so much of a murmur; and ice-cold its drops are, and clear-hued beyond comparison. Right from the highest peak, down a narrow gulch, it descends impetuously. Upward path there is none, and it seems as if no one had ever tried to make one, for such complete masses of undergrowth are rare in this region. Here is a bed of rushes that stand four feet high, and more; ferns whose fronds are so tall that a pair could be found that would meet above a doorway;

then a tangle of blackberry and wild raspberry, all white with bloom and red with ripening fruit; then thickets of wild rose, very large and pink. Far up on the sunny slopes the wild roses are so much darker that they seem quite another species, and their tiny red buds are among the most beautiful of all the mountain treasures. But these pale, faint-hearted daughters of the hidden wood-thicket have few buds, and those are hard to find, and harder still to keep in safety for half a day, so frail and slender they are. Like the buttercups of New England, they wither in an hour. Far up on the banks, growing from soft beds of fallen leaves, the beautiful pink lily, the *Clintonia*, holds up its clusters of slender tubes. It is a little late for perfect flowers, and very gently one must gather them, or they will fall to pieces. Already the seed pods show on some stems, and soon will assume that rich blue color that makes them so handsome in later summer. It looks like a wild allium, but it is not; the plant is a true lily, and has a very beautiful leaf. The Humboldt lily will not be in bloom for a few weeks yet, though its rank stems are already shooting forth, and nearing the gleam of the reddish bud.

There are no rhododendrons along the narrow gulch, though our plant case is crowded with lesser blossoms of the ravine. Upward we go, until the summit of the ridge a mile distant is neared. Here are clearings and plenty of plant growth; anemones, columbines, pedicularis, little oxalises at the roots of the trees, and yellow-flowered echeverias clinging to the steep sides of high rocks. The orange-colored *erysimums* flame out at intervals on the almost treeless southern exposure of the ridge. Numerous stems of *cyclobothras* show that the hill-side has been unusually crowded with their picturesque bells, but that was two months ago, in the time of trilliums and fritillarias. The best thing for one to do is evidently to search in some far off ravine, where the woods are thicker, and the growth more varied; for as yet, not a leaf of the wished-for shrub has been discovered. Back, then, let us go to the wood-camps; and then like the pioneers

of Aryan blood, westward. There are four hours left before the train returns, and how much one may do in four hours if the fates be not unfriendly; in far less measure of time the tides of empire-changing battles have been turned—nay, indeed, how foolish it were to slacken our search, or allow ourselves to feel doubtful of the result until the smoke of the approaching train is heavy in the cañon, the roar of its coming loud against the echoing hills, the hand of its brakeman heavy on the iron wheel of each car! Even then, there be other trains, and coming days, too; if one had reasonable evidence that rhododendrons were truly a-bloom somewhere here—anywhere within ten miles let us say—it were the part of wisdom, not of foolishness, to camp out in some deserted cabin of wood-choppers, and build a fire in the long deserted fire-place, and take one's supper and breakfast from the trout-streams.

Thus meditating, I chose an old wood-trail, leading west in a winding track, and followed it for hours, making occasional detours north and south, and scanning all the ravines and slopes. Sign of human occupation there was none, nor all that afternoon did any living creature cross my path. I saw a green water snake, graceful and bright-eyed, swimming over a pool in the stream; flocks of quail rose whirring and swift-winged as pebbles from a David's sling; but no cattle browsed in the wood-paths, no sheep nibbled among the sharp stones, and animal life seemed nearly absent from the region. Three miles west, and the ascent grew difficult and almost impossible at times by reason of the dense undergrowth. One climbed only with painful toil from opening to opening. The natural slope of the mountain was so abrupt that often the outstretched hand, as one stood upright, touched the wall-like bank. The red shale slipped under foot, and now and then I slid downward despite my best efforts, and lost five or ten feet before a grasp upon some friendly bush prevented further descent. Then came a belt of long-fallen trees, so brittle that one could not walk over them, for the decayed branches

would break, and let him slip through to the ground with stiff, hard, thorny branchlets about his face, and rank growths of wild roses and blackberries as high as his head. Through, under, and over this *cheveux-de-frise* that in its prime would have made an army hesitate, I was compelled to proceed for more than half an hour. Next came a belt of fine fir trees, then oaks and chaparral, then a barren sweep upward towards the sky, then a view that was glorious payment for the climb. Tamalpais, Mount Diablo, the Santa Rosa Valley, the gray peaks beyond, hints of Sonoma, Napa, and Solano, the bays northward, the heather-like purple of the heights of northern Marin—and westward, under a sea of shining cloud, more than hints of the silver gleam of the ocean that Balboa saw and Drake swept with Queen Elizabeth's cannon and England's Spaniard-defying flag. What realms yet young lie about its mighty shores; what nations whose history is lost in the mists of the past! The story of Moncacht-Ape, the Yazoo chief, of whose journey across the continent about the year 1700, Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis has written in a paper read before the American Antiquarian Society last year, comes to mind as one looks westward from this height. It was upon the coasts of Oregon, not of California, that Moncacht-Ape found the "bearded white men" who, as M. de Quatrefages thinks, came from the isles of Japan; but it is easy to believe that many an unrecorded voyage has been made along this rugged coast by adventurous Orientals. Reports of French explorers among the Sioux of the upper Mississippi, in 1716 and 1720, speak of Indian tales that "by the Sea of the West" are bearded men with caps, and they "collect gold-dust on the edge of the sea."

But is high time to return to the weather-beaten water-tank by Lagunitas Creek, if the afternoon train is to be taken, and as yet no azaleas, no rhododendrons, have gladdened our eyes in all this ascent. Surely it is time to be discouraged, or rather, to speak more wisely, this is a fitting opportunity for a large use of Mark Tapley's most desirable philosophy. Therefore, let us be jolly, and eat

our last cracker, and empty our water-bottle, and drink without envy to the health of the man, whoever he may be, that first found a rhododendron. Let us content ourselves with the happy thought that, hid by the spring, near Lagunitas Station, cool and moist and fresh, are whole armfuls of flowers we have already gathered, and that we shall not go home empty-handed. Like the ideal philosopher of the Hindoo sage, we have "wandered alone like a rhinoceros" all day, and we are master of circumstances, by Carlyle's simple formula of reducing our denominator of personal desires. We have had a long day's large measure of healthy, out-door delight, and it is sufficient.

So turn eastward, and hasten, for the time is short, still keeping a careful watch of the woods, hope, as ever, dormant in the heart, ready to spring full flowered at a sign. At last we near the last bend of the stream, and catch a glimpse of the railroad track. Ah! how dark and close is yonder nest of shrubs on the hill! Let us climb nearer, though it cost us the loss of the train. They are surely rhododendrons. Yes! I know

the leaves, the growth, the dark stems; but no flowers are here, though a month ago there must have been an abundance, and if it were not such poor soil there would be still. I only find, after long search, the faint, fragrant, and fading purple petals of one flower, just fallen to the ground. The rhododendron quest has ended in a withered flower. But has it, after all, when there is another spring-tide coming on, and another season of blossoms next year? I shall find my rhododendrons still some day.

Last trophy from the hills, latest discovery, just as the engine is whistling far down the gorge, I find azaleas in a thicket by the stream, hid so well that one might have passed by a dozen times and not have suspected their nearness. They were countless, and in their prime of snowy and golden magnificence. The breath of them was like the sound of a violin played by a master. One could afford to be glad that he had not found them sooner, else perhaps he might not have valued them so much; else, certainly, he would not have climbed so far, and crowded so much into one day's wanderings.

*Charles Howard Shinn.*

---

### "JOE THE MARINE."

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—1857.

THE business of the day was over. All the orders from "the mountains" brought in by the Trinity mail-carrier, who had galloped across the plaza at noon, as though that gait were the only one the government allowed or he indulged, had been laid out and billed. The trusty Jenkins had put up the ordered supplies in packages of approximate weight ready for the pack-train that would leave in the early morning. The unsuspecting mule, that by noon of the following day would be groaning under side-packs of a hundred and fifty pounds of flour each, and a top-pack of boots from Philadelphia, or crackers from Boston, was sequestering himself in the brush thicket of Colonel Monroe's

ranch to avoid the embarrassing attention of a horde of hungry mosquitoes.

John Howard had closed the ledger of Wallace & Worthington, with the sense of complacent virtue that rewards a book-keeper who is up with his posting. He sighed when he thought of the dinner that awaited him at the "American Hotel." He knew from trying experience in just what tones the landlord's daughter would warble in his ear the well-worn formula: "Roast beef, roast pork, corned beef, corned pork"; and the taste of the dried apple pies that apparently constituted "Ah Sam's" entire stock in trade in the matter of dessert was not prospectively pleasant. But he put aside the fond mem-

ory of home cooking, as sojourners must, and locking the door, obeyed the summons of the unmusical bell that had just taken its last turn for the day through the hall and out at the front door of the principal hotel in the thriving town of Harmony.

It was but a block from the two-storied, double-piazzaed public-house to the "general merchandise emporium" of Howard's employers, the two imposing structures facing opposite sides of the plaza. On his way he stopped, as was his wont, for his bosom friend, Bert Webster, editor of the "Western Civilizer," and together they coursed their way, mounting the sidewalks of varied grades in front of the stores on the north side, and following the parallel planks that intervened.

They were well across the square when they were confronted by the stalwart form of "Joe the Marine," sometime (as was reported) of Her Majesty's service, now proprietor of a seventeen-mule train running to and from the Klaniath.

Joe was rising of six feet, as straight as a redwood, sunburnt, and grizzled as to beard, and roughly clad. His antecedents were unknown. His name shared the general mystery that enveloped him. He was known far and near as "Joe the Marine"; on the decorous pages of Howard's clean ledger, his account ran in the name of Joseph Ash; while to the postmaster alone he had entrusted in the strictest confidence his true name, and from him received with considerable regularity letters bearing an English post-mark, addressed to James Ashhurst, Esq. Of his past he never spoke, and if any romance lingered in his memory, it was deep-hidden.

His life was irregularly regular. He varied the usual monotony of a packer's vocation by being alternately sober and drunk, the latter condition being reserved for the period elapsing between the time when his empty train came jingling into town, headed for the corral adjoining the store of Wallace & Worthington, and when, a few days later, the heavily burdened beasts passed out, following the bell-boy, and followed by their

sobering owner and his two native Californian packers.

As Joe approached the young men, it was evident that he was drunk, as was his custom of an afternoon — not obstreperously or stupidly so, but after the manner of the traditional lord.

"Boys," he called, "how are ye? I'm glad to meet gen'l'men. I'm a little off myself, but I'm not so b'iled drunk that I don't know a gen'l'man when I see him."

"Why, Joe," interposed Howard, vainly hoping to check the unwelcome conversation. "I thought your 'time' was over, and that you were all straight for the morning. You remember, I suppose, that your load is ready, and that we expect to turn you out bright and early."

"O, that'll be all right," replied Joe. "Don't you fret about tomorrow. Tomorrow's a fool. Don't you know, young man, that when old Joe 'tends to business, he 'tends to business, but when he drowns his sorrows in the flowing bowl, he ducks 'em clean down."

"But, Joe," Howard said, "why do you throw yourself away like this? You are too good a man to do it. Why don't you stand up against such a weakness?"

"Now, Howard, my boy," replied Joe, placing his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, "I like you, but don't you preach to me. It's no use. Use me as an awful example, if you want to, but don't fancy you can bail a sinking ship with a tin cup. You know a good deal, but you don't know everything. As Will Shakespeare, or one of his ghosts, remarks: 'I could a tale unfold'; but don't be alarmed—I'll not. Life is short and your dinner's getting cold, and Webster, there, has an inside scowl that he is too polite to hang on his outer wall. Go to your banquet, and forget you ever saw old Joe. I'll be straight as a string in the morning."

Glad to escape, they accepted the hearty hand shake that accompanied his "Good bye, boys," and hurried to their cold and souplless meal.

"Why is it," remarked Howard at dinner,

"that you cannot cut such a man in such a condition. Disgusting as he is, I could not hurt his feelings by declining to speak to him—could you?"

"No," replied Webster, "I could not, and I believe it is because he is 'such a man'; the 'such a man' outweighs the 'such a condition.' Now, when Colonel Popper drops in at the office with inebriated cordiality, I feel like breaking his much-collared neck, and am quite sure I never spare his feelings; but this rough, bare-breasted, miserable packer, if he is not a gentleman or a hero, inspires you with the feeling that he may have been, or yet may be. It must be quality, being, that ineffable, indescribable something that exercises the charm we cannot account for.

"You have put it truly, I think," said Howard. "I have the same feeling about Joe. I wish you could get his story, and write it up. I feel there is a hidden romance in the poor old fellow. There is certainly nothing inspiring in what we see, but he has the faculty of compelling surmise, and I like him drunk better than some good men I know who are very sober."

At six o'clock the next morning Willie Monroe, the postmaster's son, riding his black pony, turned into the store corral the pack-train of "Joe the Marine." It consisted of a spotted mare of "cayuse" stock, with a clanking brass bell fastened to her neck, and seventeen loyal mules, ready to follow her to suffering or to death.

The friskiness following a two days' run in Colonel Monroe's generous pasture was short-lived. José and Gregorio soon had them saddled, and then one by one they were brought to the stoop where the freight was laid out, and the grievous burdens, by dint of much crossing and recrossing and laborious pulling of ropes, were lashed into place. And then there was a pause, for the "boss" had not yet put in an appearance. The train was ready to go, but José had had no orders to start, and impatiently awaited the coming of the erratic Joe. He finally sauntered through the store, and spoke to Howard in the office.

"You not see Joe this morning, Mr. Howard?"

"No, José; I haven't seen him since dinner-time yesterday; are you all ready to start?"

"O, yes; I been ready half an hour. Some them mule lay down all over that corral. I no like it."

"Have you been over to Walsh's saloon?"

"Yes; I been there three time. They not see him since two hour ago. He take one drink, no more."

"Did you try Aleck's?"

"Yes, I go there, too, but he no been there. I think he asleep somewhere."

"You can not go without him?"

"Oh, no; he boss, he no tell me go. He stand it, I can"—and José showed his fine teeth—"but it mighty rough on them mule."

An hour before, Mrs. Monroe, just through breakfast, had been surprised by a knock at her front door, and, answering it in person, was again surprised to find her door-way extensively filled with the imposing figure of "Joe the Marine." She knew him as one of the many characters of the region, but never before had been honored by a call. She had only opportunity to give a mildly interrogatory glance, before he lifted his hat in a most respectful manner, and said:

"I hope you'll excuse me, Madam, but I want to speak to you a minute."

She asked him in, and placed a comfortable rocking-chair, into which he sank with a weary air.

"If the Colonel were home," remarked her caller, "I wouldn't bother you—the Colonel and I understand one another—but he's in the mountains, you know, and I was afraid Willie was too young to take it all in. I suppose you know that my name is James Ashhurst, and I think you and the Colonel and Willie are the only three people in this country that do. I never took any false name, but the boys called me Joe in the early days because there were two other Jims in our camp; and one day an old fellow soldier met me and called me, as he used to, "Ash," and "Ash" I've been ever since."

Joe was evidently in a talkative mood, and

although busy Mrs. Monroe knew she was needed in the kitchen, she was too kind and tender-hearted to excuse herself. She smiled sympathetically, and said: "I'm sorry my husband isn't at home, but if I can help you in any way, I'm sure I should be glad to."

"Thank you, Madam," replied Joe. "I will tell you what I want the Colonel to do, or Willie, if his father is away. He knows that I have a daughter at home who writes to me now and then, and that I'd rather die than have her know what a wreck of a man I am. I'm afraid there's trouble ahead. I feel as if she were going to find me out. She gets more anxious to see me. It's many, many years since I held her in my arms. She begs to know all about me. Now, I have to fool her, of course, and I'm afraid she'll take a notion to write to the postmaster to ask about me, and I want to beg the Colonel not to let her know. She thinks I'm good and strong; but you know, and God knows, how wicked and weak I am. If I can help it, she shall never feel disgraced by her father, and I want you to help me."

The tears stood in the listener's eyes, and she felt grateful for a call from the cook. She promised to keep his secret, and asked to be excused for a moment. When, after settling with quick decision the domestic questions awaiting her, she returned to her interesting visitor, she was surprised to see that his head had fallen forward on his breast, and that he was fast asleep. The night's misuse, the unaccustomed confinement of walls, and the effort at sobriety, had combined to bring sleep, and it was profound and promising.

Mrs. Monroe, kind soul, stole gently from the room and left him there. Half an hour later, Willie came in from the office and happened to remark that "Joe the Marine" was missing. José didn't know what to do, but had about concluded to unpack.

Mrs. Monroe had forgotten the occupant of her parlor, and now dispatched Willie to Mr. Howard, who was the one man in town to whom every one turned in trouble, with the information desired by the distracted José.

Howard came, his face in a contest be-

tween amusement and indignation, and soon emerged arm in arm with the abashed packer, who slowly awoke to the situation, and after helping up the prostrate mules, mounted his own little pet, and, with a downcast head and an aching heart, followed the dejected little band out of the corral and up the street that led to the Mad River road.

A WEEK had passed since the departure of the pack-train; the fog had lifted from the bay, disclosing to the group gathered on the highest knoll on the plaza the little steamboat, "Lucy Ann," approaching the end of the wharf which stretched into the broad but shallow bay till it tapped a navigable slough. Ordinarily, her coming and going excited little interest, but once in ten days she brought the mail and passengers landed at the county-seat across the bay by the ocean steamer from San Francisco. The steamer's gun, as she reached the bar the night before, had sent a thrill of excitement and expectancy to the entire bay population, and now business was entirely suspended that all might gather at the post office for ten days' later news from the outer world.

To the watchers in Harmony, the platform car, drawn by a single horse over the pier nearly two miles long (the pioneer railroad in California), seemed to move very slowly. But all things have an end, especially piers, and at length the end of this was reached.

The greater part of the group followed the mail bag toward the post office, that no time might be lost; those that remained noticed among the few local travelers alighting at the depot, one person evidently from the steamer. A young woman, of tidy appearance as to garb, and modest yet self-reliant manner, stepped from the car, and cast a quick glance of disappointment that no hotel runner sought her patronage. She turned to the driver and asked him if he could kindly direct her to the best public house. He, in reply, called aloud to Dr. Ball, who was following at the rear of the mail-bag procession.

The doctor retraced his steps, and was told that a young lady wished to stop at his

house. He turned to the pleasing stranger and said :

"Shall I accompany you to the hotel? It is but a block away. We do not sport a carriage."

"Oh, thank you, I am well able to walk. And the trunk—will that be sent?"

"I'll see to that. Tommy comes over with the wheel-barrow. You must begin to realize that you are pretty well into the woods."

"Well, yes, it is suggested ; but I doubt not I shall like it very well. Am I to understand that you are the proprietor of the hotel?"

"At your service," replied the doctor. "It is one of the drawbacks of a healthful climate that a physician cannot rely for support upon his practice alone."

They were well to the rise on the plaza where the graceful flag-staff lifted aloft its hundred feet, and patiently bore a structure of tin, traditionally said to represent the cap of the Goddess of Liberty. The observant eye of the fair stranger followed its delicate taper with admiration.

"What a beautiful stick ! We surely have none such in our country."

Then pausing to gaze at the lovely bay, with its distant wooded shores and dim outlines of the more remote hills, she exclaimed, "What a charming scene ! How peaceful and lovely the water, and"—as she turned to the redwoods skirting the town—"how grand and solemn your woods ! It is all very delightful to me. You cannot know how glad I am to be here."

Upon reaching the hotel she responded to the doctor's invitation to register, writing with firmness and grace, "Edith Ashhurst, England." The doctor showed her to the best room in the house (separated from the next best room by a cotton cloth partition, elaborately papered), and despatched Tommy for her trunk.

Mrs. Ball soon came to her with a hearty Western welcome. Miss Ashhurst, recognizing her good feeling, could withhold her burning anxiety no longer ; she took her hand and spoke quickly :

"I hope you will pardon me if I am abrupt ; but I have travelled many thousand miles with an absorbing purpose, and I must learn at once if the end is reached. Have you lived here long, Mrs. Ball?"

"Five years," the landlady replied.

"Then you must know my father," said the agitated girl.

"Your father? No, I don't know any one here of your name. I never remember hearing it before," replied Mrs. Ball, with a troubled look.

Miss Ashhurst drew from her bosom a well-worn letter and scrutinized the envelope.

"Is not this Harmony? Can there be another one? Oh, no, for this stamp has H. B., and it surely stands for your beautiful bay. How can it be that in so small a settlement you do not know every soul, at least by name?"

The young woman, pale from disappointment, sank into a chair, and scarcely restrained her tears.

"I'm sorry I don't know him, but he might be here, nevertheless. If Colonel Monroe were here, I think he might help you. He has been here from the very first, and being postmaster, he knows everybody. I will run over and see Mrs. Monroe or Willie ; they may know."

"O, thank you ; you are very kind. I regret giving you so much trouble, but I cannot refuse your offer."

When Mrs. Ball confronted the postmaster's wife with the momentous question, that worthy woman was visibly disturbed and somewhat incoherent. Her New England conscientiousness, heritage of a line of Puritans reaching to the Mayflower, would have forced her to burn at the stake before the whitest of lies should pass her lips ; but her promise to "the Marine"—how did that leave her? She could not tell the truth without breaking her word. She felt as though her tongue was bound (as young Webster would say) "hand and foot," and she could not commit herself. In this dilemma she naturally thought of Howard, and turning to her astonished neighbor faltered out:

"I hope you will excuse me, but I really don't know what to say to you, or how to say it. I'm not at liberty to tell you what I know, but I can't bear to have you go back to that poor young woman without knowing. Can you wait till I send for John Howard? He will know how to get us out of our trouble."

Mrs. Ball gladly waited, and Willie soon returned with the puzzled but level-headed young man. Mrs. Monroe took him to another room, and told him first the secret of Joe's true name, then his fears and his solemn charge, and lastly the near-at-hand complication and its far-reaching consequences.

The good fellow's head fairly reeled with the difficulties and the necessity of immediate action; but with a mind accustomed to grapple with complicated questions, and the habit of reducing them to order and of acting promptly on the best judgment he could form, he soon saw his course.

Returning to Mrs. Ball, who was becoming impatient as she thought of the painful suspense to which her guest was being subjected, he quickly unfolded his plan. The secret of Ashhurst's identity must be kept close. He must tell Webster, for he would need his counsel and advice. Mrs. Ball must assure Miss Ashhurst that her father was known and was well. She might say that he spent most of his time in the mountains, where he had business interests, coming only occasionally to town; and that as he stopped with friends and never put up at the hotel (which was true), she had never met him. That if Miss Ashhurst wished, Mr. Howard, who knew her father and was counted his friend, would call upon her that evening. The lesson fixed in her memory, Mrs. Ball sped back to relieve the young woman who had so suddenly won her sympathy and regard, while Howard went to his work, with a mind, it is feared, principally occupied in perfecting his plans for giving comfort to the young woman, by preserving the high ideal she had formed of her father, while giving her such information concerning him as she might reasonably expect.

In the light of what he had just learned, he re-read with much interest an extract from a letter received by the steamer's mail from his sister, who had just returned to her San Francisco home from a visit to "the States," as our Eastern territory was then called. She wrote:

"We made the acquaintance of just the *loveliest* young woman on the steamer; she was English, but very, very nice. She was traveling alone, and she did not tell us why, but it seemed perfectly proper in her. She had the most ladylike manners, and the finest, brownest eyes I ever saw. She was intelligent and well educated, but very modest about it; serious enough to be a companion to mother, and yet so lively as to keep us girls in good spirits in spite of seasickness. Mother urged her to make our house her home while in the city, but she declined in the most delicate manner, and we parted with real regret. We extorted a promise that at the first favorable opportunity she would make us a long visit. I forgot to say that her name was Edith Ashhurst—but that doesn't interest you, as you never saw her and probably never will. If you should, and didn't fall in love with her on the spot, I would disown you as a brother."

When Howard stopped for his friend and dinner companion, he had not determined how to proceed, and concluded to wait till their accustomed after-dinner stroll before he took him into his confidence. The temptation to gaze at the unusual spectacle of a comely young woman at the hotel table was severe, and it took all the skill and discretion the young men could command to keep their glances within the furtive and accidental bounds permitted by good breeding. When they left the hotel and started toward the hill back of the town, Bert impulsively exclaimed:

"In the name of all the graces and goddesses who is she?"

"She is a dear friend of my sister's, and the daughter of a man who admires me immensely," replied Howard.

"What! and you do not speak to her? Riddle me no riddles, but unbend at once."

"Bert, this is a serious matter, and I want your wisest counsel. That brave and lovely creature, who has traveled from the middle of England to this jumping-off-place of creation to find her father, is the daughter of—'Joe the Marine.'"

"By the great horn spoon, are you mad? You are not joking, I can surely see. If this is true, tell me the story and how you learned it."

Howard told his friend all he knew, and long and earnest was the conference that followed.

An hour later, Howard sent up his card by Mrs. Ball, and was promptly invited to join the ladies.

Upon introduction, Miss Ashhurst frankly offered her hand, and cordially expressed the pleasure it gave her to meet a friend of her dear father's.

Howard had thought of referring to his mother and sisters, but something restrained him. He suddenly felt that he preferred to make her acquaintance unaided. He assured her of the satisfaction it gave him to relieve her of her great anxiety, and of his desire to do all in his power to make her waiting days pleasant.

"Can you tell me when father will be here?" the girl tremulously inquired.

"If nothing happens to interfere with his plans, he will arrive a week from tomorrow," replied Howard. "He is very methodical in his appointments, and rarely varies from the time he sets."

"Can it be that in seven short days I shall see my father!" Her musing gave way to radiance as she added: "I am so happy, and I believe the more so that at first disappointment seemed so near. When you told me, Mrs. Ball, that you knew no one by my name, I felt that the world was at an end. How remarkable," she continued, turning to Howard, "that Mrs. Ball never met my father, and did not know of him."

"It must seem strange," replied the courageous young man, "but your father is very reticent, making few acquaintances save in the way of business. Old Californians, you know, who have lived for years without ladies' society, do not readily form anew the social habit."

"I shall hope to reform that altogether," said Miss Ashhurst with a smile. "He must needs be a good father to forgive my waywardness in coming to him without permission—but I feel that he will. I think," she

continued, musingly, "that reticence must be a strong characteristic of papa. He speaks very little of himself in his letters. He has been very kind in sending me money, and always expressed a fondness for me; but I know absolutely nothing of him. I do not even know in what business he is engaged."

She looked questioningly at Howard, who inwardly quaked, but preserved a calm exterior and promptly replied,

"He has interests in the mines, and is also engaged in the forwarding business. The supplies for the miners, you must know, are all carried from the sea-board, and your father takes contracts for transportation."

Mrs. Ball fancied she was called, and stepped into the hall a moment, but soon after returned.

"Indeed!" remarked Miss Ashhurst. "I know that in England contractors often amass large fortunes. I hope my father may yet be wealthy—not for my sake," she quickly added, "but I should like to travel with him, and to feel that his declining years will be without want."

Howard made a long call, and cheerfully accepted a hearty invitation to call again. He went at once to Webster's room and they perfected their plans for the week's campaign. Webster's sister, a school teacher in the village, would call on her the next day. The following day, Saturday, there should be a picnic among the maples on Fresh-water Creek, with fried trout fresh from the stream. Sunday, church of course, and, if she proved not too strait-laced, a walk to the charming rose-garden of General Barton. And so on, till the terrible day when "Joe the Marine" would follow his seventeen mules across the plaza.

Miss Ashhurst accepted their well-planned hospitalities in the frankest manner, and did not need to feign any pleasure as the events came. She entered into their sports with unrestrained satisfaction, and found every new experience a charming surprise. Her spirits were high, and if when alone those who knew the threatened cloud were serious and sometimes dejected, with her they could but be happy and hopeful.

It was Wednesday night ; the friends had been to the choir rehearsal at Judge Wilson's. For the first time, Howard had escorted her alone. The moon was brightly shining, throwing a golden path across the placid bay, and lighting up the somber shadows of the bordering woods. Miss Ashhurst was quiet and preoccupied, and not responsive to Howard's advances in the line of conversation. At last she lifted her head, and turned to her companion.

"Mr. Howard," she said, "you have been very kind to me. I feel that my father trusts you, and," falteringly, "I trust you. There are some things that I feel I ought to tell you. Will you bear with me, if I intrude upon you family affairs that may not interest you, but which I feel that you have a right to know?"

"My dear Miss Ashhurst, I should be very glad to listen to anything you choose to confide to me. I am more interested in you—your father—than I can tell." Howard's ready wit enabled him to recover himself, when he felt that the situation and his beating heart were luring him to dangerous ground.

"I have not told you," quietly said the young woman at his side, "that I have never seen my father—that is, since I was old enough to have a memory. I do not feel sure that I ought to tell you my father's story. He has never told you, but something impels me to. It may be only a woman's weakness that seeks to divide the burden of a heavy secret, but I feel that you will understand and appreciate my father better if I tell you, and will be able to help him to fall into the new life I shall try to make for him."

"I thank you for your confidence," said Howard fervently, "it shall be always deserved."

"Twenty-five years ago," began Miss Ashhurst, "my father was a subaltern officer, stationed at a quiet English town in Westmoreland. He fell in love with my mother, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and she loved him. Her parents favored another suitor—a young doctor of excellent character, whom my mother greatly respected but

did not love. They refused their consent to her union with father, and disinherited her when it took place.

"The young soldier and his fond wife were very happy, notwithstanding. Father, from mother's accounts, was a sunny-tempered, almost jovial man, and mother was a gentle, trusting, fond, and hopeful wife. When I was four years old, my father's command was ordered to India. For two years letters came regularly ; then came the campaign in Afghanistan, and at last that terrible event, the slaughter in Khyber Pass, when 16,000 soldiers fell by the sword. My father's regiment was annihilated ; it was reported that not a soul survived. This was in 1842. The years that followed were full of heavy trial, not the worst of which was our poverty. But my dear mother, hoping against hope, kept up the struggle. Six years passed slowly by, and my mother was forced to own that there was no ground for hope. Weary and lonely, anxious for my future, who could blame her that she at last yielded to the patient but fervent suit of her old lover, and became the wife of kind-hearted Dr. Thorne ?

"My father, wounded and a prisoner, was taken to the remote borders of the country, near Khorassan, and had no opportunity of communication or escape. It was seven years before another British army marched through the Khyber Pass, and again subjugated the Afghan tribes. My father, when rescued, without revealing his name or rank, returned to England. He sought a former bosom friend, a solicitor, to learn of his family. The harrowing intelligence, added to his long imprisonment, brought him to the borders of distraction. Indeed, I fear his mind has been in some degree unsettled since that dreadful day.

"With his friend's help, he left for the new world, seeking at once the point most remote from those he loved but must not see. All these years my father has faithfully corresponded with his friend, and regularly sent money to be invested for us against our possible need. We, poor, unsuspecting, happy souls, comfortably provided for, and tenderly loved, had almost forgotten the

early grief. My father was stately informed of our welfare—mournful satisfaction, it must have been, that only through his silent suffering could we be blessed.

"A year ago my mother died, and then the secret of my father's life was revealed to me. I urged him at once to come to me, but he replied that he could not. He would not have my mother's name made public talk. No taint of disgrace (though it were innocent) should come to her memory. I then proposed to come to him, but he always and strongly discouraged it, though his reasons were never quite satisfactory to me. He seemed to consider my good rather than his pleasure, and feared that in such a country I should be lonely. He certainly exaggerated the roughness of life here, and gave me not the slightest encouragement to come. I dared not ask him directly for permission, for fear of denial, so at last I resolved to come without telling him of my purpose—and here I am."

Silence for a moment followed the thrilling tale. Howard was too much moved to speak. The heroism, the strength of purpose, the self-abnegation, covered in the rough life of this poor packer filled him with wonder. He could also understand how even so strong a man would be greatly exposed to the weakness and irregularities that marred the life of poor "Joe the Marine."

"I thank you from my heart for telling me this wonderful story," said Howard, when he could control his voice, "I shall think better of mankind, and believe the age of chivalry has not passed. It also gives me confidence in my intuitions, for I felt that your father was noble and capable of heroism, though having no thought of such an expression of it."

"And to think that on the day after tomorrow I shall see him," exclaimed the agitated young woman. "I can not at all realize it. How kind Providence can be, although its blessings often appear long deferred."

Howard left the brave daughter of his new-found hero with a heart and brain throbbing with conflicting emotions, and in a state

of excitement that allowed him little sleep. For hours he tossed and thought, striving how he might best discharge the responsibility resting upon him. He made up his mind to meet Ashhurst a half day's journey from town, and prepare him for what awaited him. Before, knowing his old friend's weakness, he had only feared; now, he almost hoped; and yet how could such a life as Joe's had become be brought to move in consonance and sympathy with that of his cultivated and high-minded daughter! He could not tell. He could only do his part and trust.

Having obtained leave of absence from his employers, Howard, at his midday meal at "The American," told Miss Ashhurst that he proposed to spend his half holiday in a horseback ride up the river, and if she liked, he would meet her father and inform him of what was in store for him. She heartily approved of his plan, saying that it would be a great relief to her were her father prepared for the meeting.

Soon after, mounted on his favorite, Don Silva—the pride of the "Fashion Stables"—he headed for the spot at the base of the Bald Hills (as the few unwooded heights were called) where he knew Ashhurst would camp for the night. The early rains had swollen the river, and he could not keep to the bed, the summer route of travel, but followed the bank, finding the water at the crossing pretty high, but easily fordable.

He reached camp a little after sundown. The pack-saddles stretched regularly along the side of the little plateau bordered by cottonwood trees; the blankets were airing on the rope stretched from tree to tree, to which in the morning the mules now feeding on the hill-side would be hitched while awaiting their turn to be saddled. José had just prepared the customary bacon and pan-cakes, and the coffee-pot steamed by the camp-fire.

"Well, well, my boy, this is high!" exclaimed Joe, as Howard rode up. "You are just in time for our spread, and, if you'll stay all night, we'll give you as airy a sleeping-room as e'er a gentleman occupied. What pulled you away from the old deacon's ledger?"

"Well, the fancy struck me to take a ride, and lie out in the open, and look up at the stars, and see if I could get a good night's sleep. I'm tired out. Can you take me in?"

"Why, of course we can; you're as welcome as the flowers in May. Everything we have is good—what there is of it; and there's plenty of it—such as it is. Dismount and join us."

José stepped up and led Don Silva to be unsaddled, while Howard withdrew to the creek to "wash for grub," in the vernacular of the packers.

After the meal, Joe pulled out his black pipe and having loaded it for his regulation smoke, proposed a walk up the creek. This was what Howard wanted, and the stroll began. Seated on a slight elevation, with a fallen log to lean upon when the humor seized them, they watched the stars come out and talked. The conversation was skillfully managed by Howard, and, at length, led up to the apparently careless question. "When are you going home, Joe?"

"What do you mean?" queried the Marine.

"Why, everybody up here, pretty much, talks of going home, but I never heard you mention the subject."

"Young man, I've no home to go to. The best I have is the camp you saw down there; you know how I carry myself when I'm in civilization. Do you think I'd be any ornament to the Kingdom of Great Britain?"

"But, Joe, I always feel that you are equal to a better life. I think that your surroundings are the cause of your irregularities."

"There is where you are mistaken, my young friend. I carry my hell with me, and I should be no better off wherever I went."

"But, surely, if you were with those near and dear to you, you would restrain yourself for their sakes. Have you a family, Joe?"

A pained look passed over the rugged face, and his voice fell as he said: "Please do not ask me about that. I never talk of my past."

"I know you do not; but why? I feel that your loneliness is a great trial to you, and that you would be better and happier if

you would not divide so sharply between the past and the present."

"I know it. You cannot know how lonely I am, and how I hate myself. But it is too late for anything else."

"I think you wrong yourself, Joe. If you have children, they surely would love you and help you."

"My dear boy, you are kind to say so. I have a daughter, John, a noble-hearted *lady*. Would I ruin her life by letting her know that her father is a drunken brute? Oh, John, I wasn't always so rough and uncouth, or so low. It is terrible to think how a man may deteriorate. When, years ago, I weakly tried to get out of myself by any means, I little thought I should come to this. Even the rude speech I once put on has become natural to me, and I seem strange to myself, now that for the first time in many years I find myself talking rationally with a fellow-being. No, John, her good and her happiness are what I most care for, and because I do, she must never see me."

"But, Joe, wouldn't she be happier were she with you—comforting and helping you? Her life would be fuller and richer for it. Why not bring her out here, and have a little home of your own?"

"It would never do. I couldn't trust myself. I'm gone; whiskey's got me." A look of sharp anguish passed over the sad face, and settled in the contracted brow.

"Don't say that," Howard said in his kindest tone. "You have yet a will. Don't despair. You surely have much to live for. If your daughter wanted to come to you and asked permission, would you not grant it?"

Joe hesitated a moment before he said, huskily,

"John, I should have to say No."

Howard, after a slight pause, said:

"I think you would make a mistake. I think such a daughter as you describe would save you, and I believe she would be far happier than to be separated from you. She must want to come, and I am only surprised that she does not, with or without your consent. What would you do if she should just come without asking you?"

It was some time before Joe answered :

"Why, if she should do such a wild and crazy thing, I suppose I'd accept it, as I have been obliged to accept some other things, and do the best I could—which would be bad enough, no doubt."

"Then, my dear friend, nerve yourself for the effort, for she has done just that 'wild and crazy thing.'"

A deadly pallor passed over the sufferer's face. He tried to speak, but his emotion was too great. His head fell upon his breast, and tears coursed down his bronzed and furrowed cheeks.

"Tell me," at last he whispered hoarsely, "tell me all."

Two hours later they loitered slowly back to camp, and Howard took the luxurious bed of redwood twigs, covered by gray blankets, prepared by his friend José. Joe said he must take another smoke, and do a little thinking before he turned in.

Howard woke toward midnight, but Joe's blankets were unoccupied, and far down the creek he saw a tall figure pacing like a weary sentry. When he arose at dawn, Joe was sleeping heavily. He was roused at breakfast, and came with an unsteady step and a clouded eye.

Little was said at the simple meal, but when they arose Howard drew his friend aside, and said with great firmness, "Joe, give me your flask."

Without hesitation the old soldier drew from his breast the half-emptied bottle, and dashed it to atoms against a rock.

"Joe, you must, for Heaven's sake, for Edith's sake, stop!"

From lips quivering with grief the old man replied: "My dear boy, I've said that many a time, and meant it, too; but for her and for you, I'll say it once more:—God helping me, I'll never take another drink!"

The empty train was soon under way, and silently followed the trail down the bounding river. When the ford was reached, Howard saw that the river had risen during the night, but there seemed no hesitation on the part of any one in the train; the Indian boy boldly urged the cayuse into the swift-

ly flowing stream, and all the mules unprofitably followed. Don Silva and Joe's pet mule, a fine but small animal, were the last to enter.

The water quickly reached the horse's side, but his step was firm, and Howard saw that he could cross without swimming. Joe had entered the stream some little distance below him, and when Howard glanced over his shoulder, he saw the mule was off his feet, but pluckily swimming. The current was swift, and the brave little fellow was struggling to keep in line with the train, but seemed drifting down stream. Howard called to Joe, asking if he wasn't getting too far down to make the landing-place.

Joe replied cheerily, "O, I guess we're all right"; but it was soon evident that he was being swept rapidly toward the steep bank below the landing.

He sat somewhat unsteadily on the struggling beast, but seemed to be urging him to his best. As he neared the bank where the current set strongly, the poor animal made a last tremendous effort, but it was too late. No power could withstand the angry force. The mule could no longer keep his head toward the bank, but was swung swiftly around, and borne helplessly down the narrowing, resistless stream. As he was swept around, Joe veered in his seat, and losing his balance seemed unable to regain it. In a second more, though he seemed to fall slowly, the seething water had closed around him and torn him from the saddle.

As Howard reached the shore he saw the fearful sight, and put spurs to his horse to follow down the bank with hope of rescue.

Futile were his efforts. Swifter than any horse could travel, the ill-starred man was dashed down the swift and boisterous stream, now beneath the surface, then for an instant reappearing. As he was swept from his faithful mule, Howard had heard him cry out, "My God!" It seemed but a moment later that he caught his last glimpse of the living face of "Joe the Marine." It was turned toward him, and through the pain and despair there shone a brave smile, as he raised his hand and waved a farewell to earth.

There flashed across Howard's mind the question: "Did Joe *intend* to fail?" a question he was never able satisfactorily to answer.

The news that poor Howard carried to town quickly spread through the little community, and with it the intelligence that the young woman whose coming had occasioned much interest and surmise was the daughter of the man who had lost his life. The Joe familiar to them had never wronged any one but himself, and had not an enemy. Living, he had been pitied by those who had not learned to like him, and now his pathetic death had lifted him above all harsh judgment; while to his daughter, bending her head to the storm of grief and bitter disappointment sweeping over her, all were drawn in sympathy for her suffering. The determination to shield her from the knowledge of his manner of life possessed every heart; and when, on the following Sunday, the little church on the hillside proved too small to hold the friends gathered to perform the last sad offices on earth, there was an apparent respect for his memory which greatly impressed the stricken daughter.

The rector of the Episcopal church across the bay joined with the good Methodist pastor, and read the noble service of the church in which father and daughter had been reared.

When his friends looked for the last time upon the face of the one at rest, they were struck with the change in his countenance. The kindly hand of death had swept away all hardness; the tense lines of suffering were

relaxed, and there remained but calmness, gentle dignity, and peace. To Edith, the face was noble—she felt proud of its rugged beauty, and found in it all she had fondly imagined. Her grief was softened by the evident regard in which her father was held, and in after years the many tokens of respect for him, and delicate consideration and sympathy for her, were a source of great satisfaction; while the thought that she had seen his face, even in death, filled her with gratitude.

"The Western Civilizer" of the following week contained a vivid account of the drowning of Mr. Ashhurst, and referred to the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. In the issue a week subsequently, appeared the following items:

*New Firm.* The many friends of Mr. José Garcia and Mr. Gregorio Ortega will be pleased to learn that they have purchased from Mr. John Howard, the executor of the estate of Mr. James Ashhurst, the train of mules which they have so long and so faithfully managed for that lamented gentleman in connection with his forwarding business.

*Departure.* Miss Edith Ashhurst, the daughter of our respected townsman, Mr. James Ashhurst, whose melancholy death we chronicled last week, will leave for San Francisco on the next steamer. Miss Ashhurst has greatly endeared herself to all who have met her during her brief stay, and takes with her the true sympathy and kindest wishes of the entire community. We are informed that it is her purpose to visit, for a time, the family of Judge Stanley Howard, whose acquaintance she made during her recent voyage from New York. Mrs. Monroe, the wife of our popular postmaster, also leaves by the steamer for a brief visit, and Mr. John Howard improves a short vacation by taking a flying trip to the family hearthstone.

Charles A. Murdock.

---

## THE PHILOSOPHER.

His wheel of logic whirled and spun all day;

All day he held his system, grinding it  
Finer and finer, till 't was fined away.

But the chance sparks of sense and mother-wit,  
Flung out as that wheel-logic spun and whirled,  
Kindled the nations, and lit up the world.

E. R. Sill.

## UNDER THE SHADOW OF PIKE'S PEAK.

NEARING the State of Colorado by riding across the plains that stretch from it far away toward the Missouri River, one might easily imagine that it would be a very simple matter to get directly into the shadow of Pike's Peak, which is seen rising high, white, and solitary above all its fellows. But the mountain that Lieutenant Pike named during his early travels in the then distant West is a landmark as deceptive as alluring. Though it appears very near the foothills which are frequently visited and very accessible, it in reality keeps well away from those who seek it, and fortifies itself with a group of mountains like the giant that it is. From the town of La Junta, in eastern Colorado, Pike's Peak is over a hundred miles away, and yet does not seem half a quarter, that distance from the observer. And even when one reaches Colorado Springs and gazes at the tall white shoulder, rising snowy-white above the deep blue and purple hills around it, there are fifteen miles of space intervening, though one feels inclined to take oath that the peak is not over a mile away. The clearness of the Colorado atmosphere is one cause of the optical delusion, and the other is in the mountain itself. It is so big and massive, high and white, that it always seems near one, even when a hundred miles away, and the "fifty-niners," toiling slowly across the plains on their way to the New El Dorado, thought every day that on the next they would reach the shadow of the Peak and make their camp beside its base.

So, when the word "shadow" is used, it must be taken with limitations. One may think himself in the shade of the natural beacon, but probably he will not be. Colorado Springs and Manitou are generally said to be in the shadow of Pike's Peak; and I have adopted the local phrase, though the real shadow is several miles away. And yet, if one does not mind a hard ride, and a rough camp, and a few hardships, he may

rest for a day or so in the real shadow, or may climb to the top of the peak itself, and from it look down upon a good portion of Colorado, with its ranges and valleys, Swiss-like towns and vast plains stretching far away, even as do the waters of a mighty ocean. And if any one will come with me, afoot and horseback, into the mysterious regions that the Rockies contain, I can promise him many a day of enjoyment and as varied a selection of views and experiences as he could get were he to cross the Atlantic on a visit to the Alps or the Appenines. And we will never lose sight of Pike's Peak in all our wanderings, nor get far away from its shadow either.

Had one looked for Colorado Springs or Manitou in 1871, he would not have found them. The site of both the towns was a deserted region. Where the one stands today was a rolling prairie, and where the other is were a few sulphur and soda springs, with now and then an Indian camp-fire lighting up a group of swarthy faces. But now how changed the region is! Colorado Springs is a city of some five thousand eight hundred people, and Manitou, while not a large village, has a resident population of some five hundred, and a floating population of at least a thousand. During the summer months, fully five thousand visitors flock to the little mountain hamlet, and the scenes are as animated as those at Saratoga or Newport. Many visit the place proposing to stay a week, and stay a month; while those who came for a month, often stay six, or a year. The attraction of the town is, first, its climate, and secondly, its situation. Picturesquely tucked away at the very base of Pike's Peak, and looked down upon by that giant shoulder, it looks eastward, through a gap in the foothills, over a vast stretch of plains, brown and rolling, and dotted with sun-patches as the light is broken by passing clouds. If Manitou only

were in Switzerland what praise it would have! If one were forced to cross an ocean to enjoy its mild, invigorating climate and ever varied views, how enthusiastic his descriptions would be! But because it is "Western" and American, the place is barely known east of the Rockies. Compare the sum of money spent in Europe every year, seeing pictures that not one in a thousand—yes, not one in ten thousand—can understand or appreciate; visiting Venice, with its ill-smelling Grand Canal, idling about ruins that few know the history of: compare, I say, the sum paid to "do" Europe, because it is the fashion to go there, with that spent in seeing America, prolific in natural wonders, rich with unequaled scenery, grand and picturesque, and one will be astonished at the difference between the two amounts. For every dollar expended seeing the great West, with its poetical history, its naturalness, its wonderful climate, there are thousands thrown into the hands of Paris dress-makers and Paris sharks. When are we going to outgrow this? When is John Smith, who has made a fortune out of a rise in pork or soap, going to take his children to the West, to the Rocky Mountains, or to California, rather than to Europe, loaded with objects poor John and his frizzled-haired girls know nothing of? Will the day ever come when our simple-minded countrymen, who never read of Da Vinci or Giotto, who see nothing beyond the water of Venetian streets, who cannot tell a Rembrandt from a Gerome, dare go about their own country, spending their money at home, not taking it abroad? Knowing America as I do, and familiar with its scenic charms, the thought of how few—how very few—of our travelers go west or north or south compared to those who go to Europe, acts upon me as a red flag does upon a bull. Europe is delightful, certainly, to an educated man. Its ruins and palaces, its art and its refinement and advancement, are enticing. But to visit Europe because it is the fashion, to have plain John and his girls go simply to be fashionable, is irritating, to say the least. If our travelers want grand mountain scenery, wild-

er and far more picturesque than can be found in Switzerland, why not visit the Rocky Mountains? If they want a land of genial sunshine to winter in, why not visit California, with its orange groves and flowers and delightful vistas?

But scoldings avail but little. He who would be happy must take things as he finds them. If we are to have pleasure on our little jaunt into the shadows of Pike's Peak, we must forget the things that provoke, or we will not enjoy looking at the things that please us. Away to Europe, John Smith! Bring back your girls dressed in Paris gowns. Let them cry "*Mon Dieu!*" when a mouse frightens them. We will rest satisfied with what there is for us at home.

To begin with, so that we may know a little better exactly where we are, stand with me on the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colorado. It has been a long, hard climb, to be sure, but what of that? We have toiled through dense forests, have crawled along the edge of dark ravines, have tumbled over wide fields strewn with lava stones; and yet, for all our hardships, are we not repaid now, when we look abroad far down upon the country gathered at our feet? Who says the strength we exerted has been thrown away? A man may complain a good deal while getting up this mountain side, but when he stands upon the summit with a clear sky above him, the air intoxicating with its purity, the country all exposed to view for miles, he rarely offers a complaint, but stands mute and enraptured, gazing at the scene.

How broad the prospect, and how grand! There, toward the distant east, are the plains, stretching away to the horizon, rolling toward the Missouri; westward are mountains, tossed and tumbled together in wild disorder. Here, at our very feet, is Manitou, its white houses dwarfed, and the stream a mere thread of silver; and near at hand is Colorado Springs, looking the size of one's hand, a toy village, a mere speck upon the plains. We can see Denver, eighty miles away, and Pueblo, forty miles southward.

There is Leadville, set in the midst of

granite hills; there other towns, fifty and a hundred miles away, but distinctly visible from our elevated perch. Around us are banks of never melting snow; below are forests, dark and wild. Colorado is all exposed to view. Companion peaks to this of Pike's lift their whitened heads far above the Rocky Range; dense masses of cloud cover some of the neighboring hills, or lie packed in deep gorges. A chill, sharp air blows upon us, while the sunlight scorches our faces. We are fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. On our one side is the Atlantic slope, and on the other that of the Pacific. To the towns below the distance is seven thousand feet. Every hour the colorings change. We are above the clouds. Nature is wild, but yet harmonious. Bare, sharp edges reach toward us from the trees below; gaunt, basaltic rocks are piled about us. At our side mighty rivers have their source in tiny springs born of melting snow; in the distance we can see the streams winding through deep and narrow cañons. There is the Ute Pass trail, leading from Manitou up and into the mountains; here, other paths, extending to secluded nooks, spread invitingly before us. Noticing the shaded fastnesses scattered among the hills, we grow anxious to visit them. They are tempting bits of nature. Many are as wild to-day in their surroundings as when their only visitors were the Indians. Civilization has crept to the base of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, but only in places has it found entrance into the heart of the range.

In early days, in '59 and '60, Colorado was a comparatively unknown region. Fabulous stories regarding its mineral wealth had been told to Eastern listeners, and from time to time adventurous parties crossed the dreary plains intervening between the Rocky Mountains and the great rivers of the middle West, on their way to the new Eldorado. Here and there an individual was successful, but as a rule men were disappointed. The wealth they sought was a will o' the wisp, ever leading one on, but rarely allow-

ing itself to be caught. Many escaped from the dangers of the plains only to encounter still greater dangers in the mountains. The majority was composed of the disappointed ones.

At last, however, in '59, ten years after the Argonauts had rushed toward the Golden Gate, Colorado was overrun with fortune-hunters, and the objective point of all was Pike's Peak. Caravan after caravan crossed the plains toward the tall white summit, in the neighborhood of which gold was said to exist in rich abundance. "PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST" was painted in glaring letters on many a canvas-covered wagon, and, alas for the owner, many a wagon with the strange device still painted on the canvas was left to tumble into decay, while the driver lay dead beside his murdered horses. And of those who did reach Pike's Peak, but few got into its shadow. Gold was not as abundant as reports had said; there were Indians ever ready to dispute the white man's progress. Many returned over the plains, heart-sick and disappointed; a few pushed on into the Range, and were lost to sight forever more; others founded a settlement near the Peak, still hoping that, in time, at least, the neighboring mountains would deliver up their ore. The name of this village, which had once all the excitement usually attending a mining camp in the far West, was Oldtown. To-day it has not a vestige of life. Situated midway between Colorado Springs and Manitou, one passes through it going to or coming from either modern resort, but Oldtown never notices the stranger's advent. A few shabby houses with broken windows and tottering chimneys; a brewery altogether too big for the town; a hotel, once inhabited, but now tenantless, except for the few who frequent its sandy bar-room, which the brewery helps to sustain; garden patches, dry and neglected; these are all that remain of Oldtown, the pride of early comers. Once the capital of the territory and the town at which the territorial legislature met, it has lost first one attraction and then another, until today it barely exists and has not an atom of life. The trains on the Denver and Rio Grande

Railway branch to Manitou all stop at Oldtown, and the name is called in stentorian tones by the conductor. But still one rarely sees a passenger get on or off at the place, and the old weather-beaten, shabby houses look mournfully down upon the little cars of the narrow gauge.

In 1871 there began to be a renewed activity in the shadow of Pike's Peak. At that time a number of men who were building the railway along the face of the Rocky Mountain Range in Colorado, decided to found a village a few miles to the east of Oldtown. Driving down from Denver in advance of the railway, then being pushed rapidly toward completion, they came to where a high bluff stood overlooking a shallow stream, and facing Pike's Peak. Eastward, far as the eye could see, rolled the grassy plains; southward lay a narrow valley, with rich bottom lands; to the north, twenty miles away, ran a wooded ridge that extended eastward from the mountains; and westward, five miles distant, were the varicolored foothills of the Rocky Range, rising by easy gradation to the higher and more rugged summits gathered about the whitened crest of Pike's Peak. Impressed by the beauty of the surroundings, invigorated by the fresh, clear air, the founders of Colorado Springs at once determined to start by the side of the mountains, a town, which they believed would be popular, not only as a resort for invalids, but as a business center. In the fall of 1871, the first stake of the present prosperous town was driven, and in a few years there was a village of considerable size standing on a plateau that had previously been occupied by roving bands of Indians or by the fifty-niners who had camped there on their way to the Peak.

A short time before Colorado Springs was founded, the Natural Springs at Manitou had begun to be known for their medicinal qualities, and around them had been erected a few cottages, peopled by those who believed the waters were relieving them of their several ailments. By degrees the number of houses increased, and by 1871 Manitou was a resort of considerable size, and after Colo-

rado Springs began to prosper, it grew still larger, until by 1873 the village had fully five hundred people. In 1876 the mining excitement of Leadville was at its height, and the State of Colorado became the objective point of thousands. Towns blossomed into cities in a day; rival railways waged fierce wars for the possession of available roads to Leadville; capital sought the new fields from all over the world; and Colorado Springs and Manitou each received its share of attention. The one town became a city of some 6,000 inhabitants; and the other had its quaint attractions described in glowing terms by correspondents of eastern papers. It was called the "Saratoga of the Rockies," "The Newport of Colorado," and invalids from far and near flocked to it, led on by alluring accounts of the climate and the waters. During the Leadville excitement, Colorado Springs became a busy supply center for the distant camp. From the town a narrow trail led through Manitou, and up Ute Pass to Leadville, and over this passed a constant stream of heavy wagons, drawn by patient mules, carrying goods to the city of mines and bringing down ores to be treated at the Pueblo smelter.

"You'd oughter been here 'bout them times," said an ex-freighter to me one day. "Things was lively then, I tell you. Why, sir, you couldn't 'a' driven up Ute Pass then for the teams there was goin' an' comin' all the while. An' noise? Why, bless you, sir, the way we teamers would swear when our loads got stuck was a caution. They used to say the air got full of sulphur now an' then, the boys they swore so."

"And now the excitement is all over," I absently remarked, as we rode on up the Pass.

"Seems like it, don't it?" he said. "Yes, the quiet's got the place, sure. You see, the railroads, they got into Leadville at last, up by the Arkansaw Cañon, an' that just knocked all us freighters clean over. Th' only wagons going over Ute Pass now is them th' emigrants use, an' they move slow an' steady."

In 1880 Colorado Springs had gotten en-

tirely over its '76 excitement. But many of its residents had reaped fortunes from the new mines, a railway had been built to Manitou, five miles westward, the "Springs" had grown popular with many desiring a life of leisure and pure bracing air, and in 1881 another "boom" was inaugurated. The prices of building lots advanced with wonderful rapidity; a new hotel, costing \$100,000, was erected; spacious and picturesque cottages were built by wealthy sojourners. The town grew in population and attractiveness. Retail traders enlarged their stores; an opera house was opened; money was abundant; the future seemed without a cloud. At that time the entire State was gloriously prosperous. The Denver & Rio Grande Railway had branched in every direction to various mining camps; vast tracts of land were being reclaimed by irrigation; mines were paying dividends; Denver and Leadville and Gunnison all expected to become cities of prodigious size. And even little Manitou was prosperous. Its large hotels were crowded season after season; pretty villas were erected near the bubbling waters; a commodious bath house was built; the place was famous far and near.

And then, in 1883, the present era of quiet and stagnation was ushered in. The State was affected first, and later town after town felt the depression. The price of land went lower and lower in Colorado Springs; mines were sold to satisfy debts; the baleful effects of a "boom" were felt in nearly every household. Both the towns near Pike's Peak ceased simultaneously to increase in size, and since 1883 have barely held their own. Today they are both delightfully situated villages, the one commanding an extended view of plain and mountain, the other set in the lap of foothills. The elevation above the sea-level of Colorado Springs is 6,000 feet, and of Manitou 6,500. Each place has its mayor and councilmen, ridiculous as the fact appears, and each looks forward hopefully to the time when the present depression will have passed away and the season of prosperity return.

Colorado Springs is an attractive place to

visit, and its varied charms render one's life in the town a prolonged season of rest and pleasure. It is emphatically a winter resort. Protected by the mountains from cold western and northern winds, the climate is exceptionally mild and the fall of snow is slight. There are days of extreme cold in mid-winter, to be sure, and at times snow falls to the depth of a foot or two on the level. But the cold soon gives way to genial warmth, and the snow disappears almost as rapidly as it came. Clear days in winter are the rule, and not the exception. For weeks at a time the sun shines bright and warm from out a cloudless sky. By reason of its elevation, the town enjoys an atmosphere that is delightful. The air is clear and bracing, sending one's lungs to work in earnest, and lending wonderful strength to the sick and listless. Many have visited Colorado Springs worn out with the battle against consumption, and have lived for years, enjoying the out-of-door life the place affords.

And one having a spark of vitality has every advantage to help him keep that alive. One lives in the open air. There are picnics in mid-winter in secluded cañons near by; horses are cheap and abundant, so that every one may ride; the fashion of the day is to dress as one pleases, to ride and walk and lounge. Indeed, the existence is demoralizing to a well man. He cannot work, seeing so many idle, and if he does labor it is by fits and starts. There are the long canters over the prairies, brown in winter, and carpeted with flowers in the summer; the tramps to Cheyenne Cañon, a few miles from town, where a stream of water falls over a black, high ledge; the visits to Manitou, full of gay scenes in summer and always warm in winter; the rides high into the mountains, away from civilization, where there is the company of tall trees and tumbled masses of rock. Nature is ever enticing one to play. Day by day the surrounding objects become more and more dear to one. Every rood grows to have its associations; one soon begins to have favorite haunts in which to pass the hours. At first the feeling of vastness and dryness oppresses the stranger. The

plains are brown, and seem in need of water; the mountains are rocky, and one longs to remould them into hills of living green; the cañons are gnarled by high ledges of red and yellow stone, that one has an itching palm to soften. But soon all desire to change the existing order of things passes away. One gazes upon what is and is satisfied. It is useless to attempt an analysis of the cause that forces one to so love these creations of nature. The prosaic and the brilliant are alike affected: men who before never noticed the coloring of a mountain or a ledge or a rock, begin to observe and speak of it when in Colorado Springs. The hues are heightened in effect by the clearness of the air and the brilliancy of the sky. When the sunlight first touches the top of Pike's Peak early in the morning, the snow banks there sparkle like blocks of marble held in granite ledges, and the foothills, bare here and tree-grown there, are bold and hard and rugged. But after midday, when the sun begins to sink behind the range, the mountains all grow softly outlined and lose their ugly ruggedness. Where the cañons are, the shadows are deep and dark, while the rounded shoulders of the hills are a rich, warm blue. Many a weary eye has gazed at the Rocky Mountains from the little town beneath the shadow of the Peak, watching the ever-changing colors there, wondering when the soul, free from its dying body, would climb the steep slopes there and escape, over the mighty wall, into that "other world"; and many a lover, too, riding slowly over the plains toward the towering fronts bathed in the liquid rays of sunset, has felt the magic charm of the beauty there, and has wooed the stronger for the heart of the fair one riding silently at his side. Oh, the mountains that guard Colorado Springs have much to answer for. They have driven many hearts to fluttering, have opened many a pair of lips that never should have spoken. A girl should never believe the story of devotion her Romeo tells her in Colorado. His mind is affected by the beauty of nature, and every object, including his Juliet by his side, is glorified and seemingly made perfect.

One of the attractive homes at the Springs is that of Mrs. Jackson ("H. H."). It is situated nearly in the center of the town, and is a plain but picturesque-looking house, surrounded by a bit of ground beautified by trees and flowering shrubs. Of all who have written regarding Colorado Springs, "H. H." is the most enthusiastic. Many of the near attractions, such as the "Garden of the Gods," on the road to Manitou, have been given a world-wide reputation by her descriptions. Whether the creator of "*Ramona*" is as enthusiastic over the State of her adoption now as she was before knowing California, is doubtful. In any case, she alone has caught the true coloring of Colorado, given faithful pictures.

MANITOU, somehow, makes me laugh at first sight. It is very pretentious and very conceited. Leaving Colorado Springs by train, the little engine bustles away toward the foothills at its greatest speed, pulling the cars over a stretch of level land, and then past Oldtown through a rather narrow valley leading directly toward Pike's Peak. Everything is done in a hurry, and even the conductor appears greatly concerned that one shall be duly impressed and made aware that he is about to be introduced to the most popular resort in the Rocky Mountains.

Suddenly Manitou is visible. By one's side runs a foamy stream, tumbling madly over a rocky bed as though in great haste to reach more open quarters; there stands one hotel, here another, and there still one more; here the tower of the pretentious bath-house comes into view; in the distance, but guarding the little town, is Pike's Peak, rising high and white above a nest of foothills; the tiny village is shut in by brown, green, and yellow ridges.

And there is the station, a model one by the way, built of red-tinged stone, and with a huge porch into which one may drive a team. On the platform are a half dozen hotel porters, excited of course, and making one deaf with their cries; and near by are open carriages, into which we enter to be driven rapidly up the one main street of the town to which-

ever hotel we have selected. Here the strains of an Italian orchestra—invariably consisting of a fife, a violin, and a harp—are heard; boys rush toward us to take our handbags; the carriage rolls away at break-neck speed, and we are at Manitou. It is all very like Saratoga, or Nice, or Napa Springs, or Santa Barbara, only the number of darkies present constantly suggests sleepy St. Augustine or sandy Jacksonville in Florida.

To those who are ill, suffering from stomach troubles, the mineral waters of Manitou are the chief attraction. The springs were known to the Indians of Colorado for centuries, and Ute Pass has seen many a native on his way to drink of the healing waters. Lieutenant Pike and other explorers also made mention of the springs in their reports, while since then many learned experts have made careful studies of the combined properties. There are iron, soda, sulphur, and hot springs in abundance. The new bath house affords facilities now for drinking and bathing in the natural water, and a thriving business is done by small boys lading out tumblers of drink at the iron spring.

For those, again, who have pulmonary or miasmatic troubles, there is the glorious air of Manitou. It is a delight to breathe it. Contaminated by no smoke, bracing in its effects, pure as the water that flows down from the mountains, it has strengthened many a weak being, and has given vitality to many a wasted frame. No matter how hot the August sun may be—and at times its power is exerted to the decided disfigurement of one's nose—the shade is always cool and the night temperature is such that one always needs a blanket to sleep under. In winter, Manitou rarely sees any snow, and the town is several degrees warmer than Colorado Springs. The mountains serve to keep away all the cold winds that sweep across the adjacent town, and the sun is always warm, even in December, when there is no wind to deaden and destroy its effect. In late years, Manitou has become a favorite winter resort as well as a summer one. Several of the cottages are occupied the year

round, in fact, and the benefits to be derived from the climate are manifest in the strength that the invalids enjoy.

The peculiarity of the rock formation of Colorado can nowhere be studied more advantageously than in the vicinity of Colorado Springs and Manitou, the most widely famed spot perhaps, is the Garden of the Gods. Every stranger asks for it soon after his arrival at either town, and the longer one stays the greater becomes his interest in the oddly fashioned place. The colorings are rarely the same there, but change with every passing hour and day. To my artist friend, the Garden was a never-failing source of delight. All artists should see it, he often said, for it is altogether strange.

Why the Garden should have been given its singular name, I have never been able to discover. It is a garden surely, a sheltered bit of rolling ground, carpeted here with grasses, and there bare and sandy. But where the gods come in is a mystery. If the curiously fashioned rocks scattered about the place are suggestive of gods, then our mythological heroes are far uglier creatures than I had imagined from reading of them. But after all, "Garden of the Gods" is a better name than "Garden of the Demons," though the one is not truthful and the other is. "H. H." says the place is a "symphony in yellow and red." I think the word "symphony" hardly appropriate, if I may be allowed to say so, for there is not a great abundance of harmony between the yellow and red-tinged ledges, and so but little symphony. Perhaps, however, "H. H." meant a sort of Wagnerian symphony, such as one hears in "Die Walküre." If so, the expression may stand.

The gateway to the Garden on the Colorado Springs side is formed by two sharp-ridged, narrow ledges that rise abruptly from the ground and approach each other like the prows of two gigantic ships. They are of a bright red sandstone, worn by the weather into fantastic shapes, and are only separated by a narrow way, through which passes the road. One of the cliffs is three hundred feet in height, and the other some three hun-

dred and fifty feet. A short distance from the gateway, looking through which one sees into the Garden and beyond it to Pike's Peak, is another ledge, rising like a slab of stone from the ground, whose color is a brilliant yellow. The contrast of color between the red and yellow is odd and striking, yet prepares one in a measure for the scenes beyond. Passing the gate, one is in the Garden. Westward, at the end of a circular enclosure sloping gradually into the valley leading to Manitou, are the mountains, blue now in the distance and guarded by Pike's Peak, while all around are red and yellow masses of rock, scattered in wild confusion over the Garden, and carved by nature into strange, weird shapes. Here a pillar of red sandstone strongly resembles a headless giant; here a yellow pinnacle bears the likeness of a man, with his hat set jauntily on one side, and his nose of huge proportions. There are pulpits and castles, domes and animals, wherever one may look, while the colorings are as varied as the figures. By moonlight the place is doubly weird, and yet is strangely fascinating. In the uncertain light of night every object is softened, but yet the figures seem more real, and one seems to be lingering in a garden filled with departed heroes of gigantic frame. The timid declare that no man of the least susceptibility can drive a charming girl through the "Garden of the Gods" when the moon is shining brightly without losing all control of his speech and heart.

Another favorite haunt of ours, and of everybody, in fact, is Williams Cañon, leading from Manitou into the Range. The gorge is deep and narrow, and was once the bed of a river that has now degenerated into a tiny stream, which flows beside one as he walks up the wall-enclosed passage. The cliffs of the cañon are red and yellow sandstone, with here and there a ledge of dark-hued granite, and are from three hundred to two thousand feet high. They are worn and ragged, and present many curious shapes. Toward the end of the cañon, reached by climbing a long flight of wooden stairs, is the entrance to the "Cave of the Winds."

A few years ago, when the cave was first discovered, it was my good fortune to be one of the first to explore the vast subterranean caverns. There were no wooden stairs, then, and we had to climb the best we could up the steep walks of the cañon to the narrow opening leading we hardly knew where. Letting ourselves down dark holes by means of strong ropes, groping on our hands and knees through long, wet, or dusty passages, we passed from room to room, finding new, wild beauties wherever we went. Today, the progress about the cave is comparatively easy. Guides are on hand to pilot one, passages have been widened, and stairs have supplanted ropes. In some of the halls, often so high that the light from the candle each one holds does not reach the roof, the walls are hung with cold, glittering stalagmites and stalactites, which give forth, when struck, a weird and solemn sound. There are hundreds of chambers altogether, and the cave ranks high among the natural curiosities of the world.

The popular recreation at Manitou is riding horseback. Many ride who evidently have never done so before. Where one shall go is not so much a question as where the time will come from to allow seeing all that the region has to offer. There is the Pass—with its steep grades and narrow way, with overhanging rocks on one side, and a noisy stream, far down in a ravine, on the other—which travels high into the mountains and through rich forests of pine; the Pike's Peak trail, extending to the summit of the proud old landmark; the Glen Eyrie, once the home of General Palmer, who built a castle-like dwelling in the long but narrow gorge; and Crystal Park, set in a verdant ravine that has wound its way among the foot-hills, from which one looks down, a thousand feet, upon Manitou and away to Colorado Springs. No matter how often one visits these places, they never lose their charm. Ute Pass is one of the most romantic trails in the Rocky Mountains. For half a dozen miles the roadway is barely wide enough for a carriage to pass along, and the mountains rise all around one. In early

spring the air of the Pass is heavy with the perfume of myriads of wild flowers, while at all times the pines send forth a fragrance that is delightful. The trail to Crystal Park is steeper than the Pass, and is not wide enough for a carriage to be driven over it. In places, indeed, there is barely width enough for a single horse to pick his way along. Climbing higher and higher every minute, the way leads at last out of the forests to where patches of snow lie among ledges of rock, and past the brink of deep valleys, far down in the bottom of which rush angry streams. And when the Park is reached at last, one finds cool shade, and there is an extended prospect of the plains that stretch eastward until they meet the sky. It is in visiting such isolated nooks as Crystal Park that one gains a true conception of what the Rocky Mountains are. Their grandeur is indescribable; they are bits of unpolluted nature, fresh, and fair, and strange; set high above the world, the home of eternal silence.

DID I not say so? Here we have been wandering about the base of Pike's Peak, seemingly ever near the great white cone, and still not once within its shadow have we been. And are we never to get there? Well, possibly. We can, if we wish, but the way is long, the path is rough. But if hardship is not feared, then let us go. Riding out of Manitou, past the Iron Spring, our course leads at once into the midst of a thick forest, where the air is redolent with perfume, and the path we follow leads in serpentine course among the tall trees, and by the side of mountain streams. Onward we go, and ever upward, and at last we are out of the forests, and picking our way over

a barren waste, above which rises the Peak. Now we are in the shadow of the monarch; now we can see how deep the gorges are that run down from the summit, and how deep the snows are that glitter so brightly in the strong sunlight. How alone we are! From where we stand no towns are visible; the silence is unbroken, save by the whistling of the sharp winds as they howl about us. In ages past, some terrible earthquake has heaved the rocks with the confusion now existing. There could not be greater disorder. The granite boulders are tossed into every conceivable position, while here and there are deep gulfs into which we dare not look. As we move along toward the summit of the Peak the sun scorches our faces, but the wind is cold and biting. The progress is slow and tedious, but our ponies are well trained and careful, knowing as well as we do where a misstep would send them.

But at last, crossing the lava-strewn hills gathered around Pike's Peak, we cross the snow region and gain the summit. We have been in the shadow, and we have escaped from it and look down upon it. At one side is the little station built for the accommodation of the Signal Service officer, and below is that extended view of Colorado worth days of hardship to enjoy. From where we stand we can see the black shadow of the Peak creeping slowly but surely over the surrounding foothills, over the forests, over the bare rough hedges. But before it reaches Manitou, down there in its narrow valley, the night has come upon us, the air grows cold even in mid August, the stars shine like diamonds in the clear heavens, and the shadow of Pike's Peak is seen no more.

*Edwards Roberts.*

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.<sup>1</sup>

It is not excessively clear *why* the name of Mr. W. H. Hovey appears on the title-page of this little duodecimo volume of two hundred and one pages; for, with the exception of the eighteen pages embracing the concluding chapter, the entire volume, as we are informed by Mr. Hovey himself, is compiled from the published proceedings of the "London Society for Psychical Research," from 1882 to 1884 inclusive. Nevertheless, the public is indebted to Mr. Hovey for collecting, in a compact and readable form, the scattered facts relating to these curious researches. Since the organization of the above-named society, the group of very obscure phenomena designated "Mind-Reading," "Thought-Reading," or, more appropriately, "Thought-Transference," have, for the first time, been submitted to that careful scrutiny which the demands of science require. It is admitted (p. 5) that "scientific men are, very properly, slow to accept the truth of phenomena which seem to be outside of all known laws." Everything that appears to be hyper-physical must, in every case, be submitted to the most rigorous proof, and they should refuse to believe until every reasonable doubt is removed. Moreover, it cannot be denied that careful scrutiny of the evidence which has been accumulated to show the hyper-physical nature of this group of phenomena, demonstrates that *fraud or deception* (intentional or unintentional), enters largely into the true explanation of them. Even scientifically-trained men are liable to be imposed upon and misled by the apparently marvelous phenomena which are sometimes presented. It should never be forgotten that simple, sensuous indications are frequently fallacious and misleading; and that the truth can be elicited only by the most careful cross-examination of the evidence furnished by them, and by

the verification afforded by the concurrent testimony of *several senses*. In some of the cases recorded in this volume, all the precautions necessary to exclude deception and collusion do not seem to have been adopted. In the experiments in which playing-cards were named, in most instances, no precautions seem to have been taken to preclude the possibility of the cards being more or less completely identified by means of the imperfect and obscure virtual images due to reflection from the surfaces of tables and other solid objects in the room.

The experiments of Prof. O. J. Lodge of University College, Liverpool, seem to have been conducted with greater precautions against all the causes of error than any that are cited in this volume. He very justly says (p. 168): "So long as one is bound to accept imposed conditions, and merely witness what goes on, I have no confidence in my own penetration, and am perfectly sure that a conjurer could impose on me, possibly even to the extent of making me think that he was not imposing on me; but when one has the control of the circumstances, can change them at will, and arrange one's own experiments, one gradually acquires a belief in the phenomena observed quite comparable to that induced by the repetition of ordinary physical experiments." Now, it is precisely among the group of phenomena under consideration, that the critical observer is deprived of the unrestricted control of all the circumstances involved in the manifestations. It is this fact that throws a shade of doubt on our interpretation of the phenomena presented.

The distinct and powerful impressions produced by alleged verifications of presentiments and dreams (pp. 55-68), are well-known. But in these cases, the evidence is far from being conclusive or satisfactory. In no case, probably, has the presentiment been recorded in its details, *before* the event was

<sup>1</sup> Mind-Reading and Beyond. By William A. Hovey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

known to the percipient. It is almost needless to add, that the love of the marvelous is so strong that a recorded verification prepared *after* the knowledge of the event is of insignificant import as evidence on such questions. But it is insisted that credible persons have witnessed the phenomena. Why should we not believe them? The same kind of almost unimpeachable testimony is to be had for any number of astounding occurrences. Why are scientific men so mistrustful? On this point a few words may be necessary:

It is well known that propensities or traits of character transmitted through untold generations of progenitors assume the *fixedness of permanent instincts*. They become an essential and unchangeable element in the life of the individual. In man, the instinct which ascribes a supernatural or spiritual origin to the occurrences of life and to many observed phenomena in nature, has, probably been *inherited* from primeval man. It has been transmitted to us from the earliest times; and perhaps, from the assumed primitive man of the pre-glacial epoch. At all events, it is quite certain that the earliest Assyrian civilization of the valleys of the Euphrates and of the Tigris has handed down to us, in the cuneiform writings, the most complete account of their daily life and doings, and that we thus learn that these people regulated almost every act by the predictions of magicians, astrologers, soothsayers, oracles, omens, or one form or other of impostors. It is well known that the lives of the ancient Egyptians, as well as those of the Greeks and Romans, were similarly regulated. Even in this age of boasted enlightenment—this era of assumed supremacy of scientific methods—how all-pervading is the influence of the *hereditary supernatural instinct* on the lives and conduct of the great mass of mankind! Witness the prevalence of the belief in lucky and unlucky omens. Witness the thrift of astrologers and fortune-tellers. Thus we see, that for at least five or six thousand years—perhaps for a thousand times that period—mankind has been divided into knaves and dupes; the former comparatively few in num-

ber, the latter constituting a vast multitude. A few of the knaves may have, in the course of ages, developed into partially honest fanatics; the dupes have developed a vast amount of credulity. The knavery, no less than the credulity, has become fixed by the principle of heredity. The mysterious manifestations were performed by the descendants of unscrupulous magicians, astrologers, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, who had for thousands of years followed the same calling, and acquired a hereditary skill in such deceptions.

Under the influence of the all-pervading hereditary supernatural instinct, even the most intelligent men are, more or less, governed by the inspirations originating in this source. Are scientifically trained men entirely free from such influences? Most assuredly not. No one is able to completely shake off influences springing from the fountains of human nature.

When the phenomena are of such a character that *every one* can, by proper arrangements, test and verify them, supernatural agencies are excluded. Such is, at present, the satisfactory aspect of purely physical and chemical phenomena. But as soon as we are constrained to accept the imposed conditions of the manifestations—are not permitted to reproduce the phenomena ourselves—or are not able to verify them by arranging the conditions ourselves—the *satisfactoriness* of the experimental verifications vanishes. The evidence loses its satisfactory character, the phenomena become more or less mysterious, and come under the influence of the hereditary supernatural instinct. Even the most matter-of-fact practical men become the victims of such inspirations. For example, in mining operations: so long as matters go on regularly, the miners are satisfied with the applications of known laws; but when unusual or unexpected results are manifested, a malignant or evil *spirit* (Kobold) is invoked.

The most significant and perplexing of the "Psychical Researches" recorded in this volume, are the results of experiments reproducing, with more or less accuracy, draw-

ings and diagrams by so-called *transference* of the same from the agent to the percipient without, apparently, any sensuous communication between them. The results are certainly, in some instances, very extraordinary and inexplicable. Future researches will, doubtless, demonstrate whether all the precautions necessary to obtain trustworthy results were observed. In the meantime, it is but fair that every intelligent person should thoroughly comprehend and *justify* the incredulity which demands the complete veri-

fication of phenomena that can be reproduced *only* by certain individuals, and under conditions which are very difficult, if not impossible, to formulate. It is extremely difficult for minds trained in familiar legal methods to comprehend the *utter untrustworthiness* of human testimony, when the sentiment of the *marvelous* is stimulated—when the *hereditary supernatural instinct* is called into activity. In the scientific investigations of this class of phenomena, this difficulty becomes overwhelming.

*John Le Conte.*

### RECENT VERSE.

LAST winter at the holiday season a goodly little flock of slender volumes of poetry that was not so slender came to us for review: Browning at the head, and no one at the rear who had not at least a very respectable place among the "minor poets" of present American literature. This summer comes a fleet of very much smaller craft, with Edwin Arnold's and Mr. Stevenson's latest books in the lead, and, truth compels us to say, several Californian aspirants quite in the rear. A little fleet of this sort—these very frail vessels—is a pathetic sort of thing. The prosperous minor poets, such as we reviewed last winter, are nothing to grieve over; much of what they write has a title to existence, and brings them adequate return in esteem and possibly a little in cash. Nor need one compassionate the pretty volume in which some dilettant has given himself the satisfaction of seeing his verses printed; a few kindly notices, the knowledge for the rest of his life that he is a fairly enrolled private in the army of letters, and the pretty toy itself on his own and his friends' tables, really meet all his expectations; he knew beforehand that neither fame nor fortune come of such things, and the making of the rhymes was the amusement of his leisure. But the shabby, absurd little book, from a cheap press, with bindings that begin to warp before ten pages have been read; with misprints, and

occasional orthographical slips, and verses that might easily be made texts for ridicule—this is really rather pathetic than reprehensible. The critic generally ridicules it savagely, with the entirely reasonable plea that such things should be stopped. And undoubtedly they should; there can be no possible good to any one in some poor soul's saving enough out of scanty means to procure the cheapest possible dress for the giving to the world of the author's personal emotions in inefficient expressions, which will never bring back money enough to begin to pay for the painful expenditure. But these voluble expressions are usually pretty sincere; they are not art for art's sake, but the pure desire to express one's self. The untaught usually in all seriousness believe this to be the function of poetry. This makes the shabby little books all the more discomfiting to read; but it ought to make the reader think somewhat gently of the very genuine blues, or ache of poverty, or loss of children, or mortification because another man got the position sought, or enjoyment of the sky and sunshine at a family picnic, that moved these metrical narrations to the world of Jones's or Miss Robinson's states of mind. They always expect a great deal of the book, too; even cherish the hope that it is going to bring them in money; so the volume not only tells its own story of the past, but also

of future disappointment, and of a sore spot over it in the memory. The proud consciousness of actual authorship, of being between covers, goes far to counterbalance this, it is true; and may, in some happily constituted dispositions affect the poet as it did Volumnia in "Theophrastus Such." If the critic can find, by internal evidence, which are the future Volumnias among the authors of obviously hopeless poems, let him confine his lash to them; time will apply it fast enough to the others.

Having thus expressed in generalizations the reflections that much recent verse must awake, we turn to the special volumes now before us. Three of these, as we have said, are from California presses: *Poems*,<sup>1</sup> by Madge Morris; *The Land by the Sunset Sea, and Other Poems*,<sup>2</sup> by Hannah B. Gage; and *Poems*,<sup>3</sup> by J. D. Steell. The first of these three contains poems mostly of an emotional cast, some of personal application, some occasional. There is a good deal of simple earnestness in them, and some bits of real feeling for nature, and an entirely correct, though far from subtle, ear for metre. Two or three touch the level of possible magazine verse, but the rest are all of the class that are valuable only for the pleasure and comfort the writing may have given the author, and probably also her personal friends. We quote a couple of stanzas, which, though above the average, will give an idea of the quality of the verses:

"In the twilight gray and shadowy,  
Deepening o'er the sunset's glow,  
Through the still, mysterious dimness,  
Flitting shadows come and go.

"As my thoughts in listless wandering  
With these phantom shadows fly,  
Meseems they wear the forms of faces,  
Faces loved in days gone by."

Mr. Steell's poems belong in a general way to the same class—poems whose chief reason for existence is in the pleasure that

the writing has evidently given the author; as Mr. Whittier sweetly expressed it to a suppliant for criticism: "If it be true, as it has been said, that poetry is its own reward, thy gift will not be useless to thee." These verses betoken more reading and mental training than those of the collection just noticed: they are refined and sincere in spirit, correct in language, and show (and this is their strongest point) a very sincere pleasure in nature, though expressed totally without originality. Thus:

"The sun is warm, the sky is bright,  
The circling meadows gleam with light;

"The silver lakelet sweetly smiles,  
Soft dimpling round its fairy isles;

"The purple cliffs tower dark and high,  
Outlined against a sapphire sky;

"By myriads sweet wild roses blow,  
Reflected in the wave below."

The author is saturated with the work of the standard poets, and the one really original point of his book is that he announces frankly that he does not propose to express his ideas in feeble language of his own, when some one else has already expressed the same thing well; but that, in order to be perfectly above-board in this availing himself of others' language, he will credit each quotation to the original in a note. He has not caught himself in every instance—the ode on Garfield's death, for instance is modelled with even amusing fidelity on Tennyson's Wellington ode, and without credit—but he has done so in enough cases to prove his intentions perfectly honest. In one instance, he calls attention to a whole poem as being "little more than an imitation" of one by Elizabeth Akers Allen. The imitation was unconscious, and he prints the verses "to illustrate the effect produced on my mind by Mrs. Allen's fine lyric." It illustrates more than this: it illustrates the motive-power of all this sort of verse-writing. Young people who love poetry (and that Mr. Steell is young a dated poem on his own twenty-first birthday assures us), are almost sure to take the one step from admiration to imitation; and if they find in themselves a certain facility at

<sup>1</sup> *Poems*. By Madge Morris. San Francisco: The Golden Era Company. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *The Land by the Sunset Sea, and Other Poems*. By Hannah B. Gage. San Francisco: Philip J. Figel. 1884. For sale by Chillon Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *Poems*. By J. D. Steell. San Francisco: Golden Era Company. 1885.

the mechanics of it, they will produce a great deal of verse which is in reality only the expression of their admiration for poetry and the poetic mood. So long as they are modest, this verse-habit does no harm: it gives themselves pleasure, and supplies an often very convenient reservoir of local occasional verse—the town Fourth of July celebration, the baby's birthday, the minister's death; it may pleasantly characterize in verse, too, the local streams and mountains and woods, and cultivate the appreciation of the dwellers among these. If it must go beyond the local paper and the neighborhood circle, and seek book-covers, it certainly goes beyond its sphere of usefulness: but it can do no harm to any one but the author (certainly not to the public, which is far less at the mercy of verse within book-covers than in papers or magazines or on platforms). When these very mortal verses are assuming, they are somewhat irritating to the reviewer; but when they are as modest, frank, and simple as those at present under review, he cannot have any feeling but of good-will toward them.

*The Land by the Sunset Sea* is more assuming, and hints that the author would not be greatly surprised to become famous. There is cleverness and vigor about the verses, too; but no critical taste to speak of. There is evidence of very fair natural turn for society verses, but it is only half developed. Society verses, of all things, must be done with the most finely trained critical taste. There is not behind these verses a fraction of the mental training, the knowledge of the poetic art, the familiarity with good models necessary to poetry-writing. There is no indication of any existence of that complex quality in feeling and observation that go to make the poetic "gift," in its more serious moods. The serious verse runs about like this:

"A ship swung proud in the lower bay,  
Awaiting her master to sail away;  
While he on the shore said a parting word  
To his blue-eyed love; but the wavelets heard  
The long, long kiss on her fond lips pressed  
While the ship lay tossing in wild unrest."

Much less commonplace is the lighter vein:

"A wee brown maid on a doorstep sat,  
Her small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed hat;  
A broken clock on her baby knee  
She wound with an ancient, rusty key.  
'What are you doing, my pretty one?  
Playing with Time?' I asked in fun.  
Large and wise were the soft, dark eyes  
Lifted to mine in a grave surprise.  
'T's windin' him up to make him go,  
For he's so drefful poky and slow."

"Ah, baby mine! Some future day  
You will throw that rusted key away,  
And to Phœbus' car will madly cling,  
As it whirrs along like a winged thing,  
And wonder how, years and years ago,  
You could ever have thought that Time was slow."

In taking up the *Gray Masque*,<sup>1</sup> we pass over the vague boundary between verse that is not poetry and verse that is poetry: minor poetry, it is true, and not in the first rank of that; but still poetry. The author has long been a contributor to journals, and the poems that have been year by year printed in these, together with new ones, make a collection of nearly a hundred and fifty. This is undoubtedly too many: for the thread of inspiration that runs through them is by no means sufficient to save this long succession of mildly entertaining poems from becoming monotonous; and many of them really lack reason for existence. Yet there is among them all no marked falling below the average of gently poetic expression, pleasing versification, and sincere and refined feeling. There is, perhaps, more warmth in this than in any other (and its suggestion of Mrs. Browning is not a trait of the other poems, which are not imitative):

*Remember.*

If within your crystal soul a question  
Of the color of my passion vexes,  
If its lavish incense thrown around you  
By excess perplexes;  
Know, no aureoled saint I hold above you—  
Remember that I love you.

If you cannot answer all the fullness  
Of the measure of my heart's devotion,  
If your leaning toward me signals only  
A reflected motion;  
Know that even so 'tis joy to move you—  
Remember that I love you.

<sup>1</sup> The Gray Masque and Other Poems. By Mary Barker Dodge. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

For in this 'I love you' is a meaning  
 Far beyond the pen of simple fancy:  
 Measureless in love's enlightened language  
 Love's significance.  
 Know of worth attested I approve you—  
 Believe me that I love you.

Much poetry of this class fails to take a place in men's memories that it is really capable of taking, merely from lack of concentration. Not only are entirely useless lines, stanzas, poems, allowed to stand, to the dilution of the whole, but the thought is often so spread through two lines or two stanzas, that excision is impossible, and yet there is too much: the two weak parts ought to have been condensed into one strong one. The only poem in the present collection which attracts our attention by this terseness is the following:

*Loss.*

"I lost my treasures, one by one,  
 Those joys the world holds dear:  
 Smiling I said, 'Tomorrow's sun  
 Will bring us better cheer':  
 For faith and love were one. Glad faith!  
 All loss is naught save loss of faith.

"My truant joys came trooping back,  
 And trooping friends no less:  
 But tears fall fast to meet the lack  
 Of dearer happiness:  
 For faith and love are two. Sad faith!  
 'Tis loss, indeed, the loss of faith."

*Pictures in Song*<sup>1</sup> is a somewhat dilettant little book—a book of rondeaux and ballades and society verses and "impressions." These things, with their air of being not serious achievement, but merely sketches and studies, the amusement of a leisurely man or the recreation of a student, have an unpretentious effect; and the prefatory lines put this into words:

"For them no glory do I dream.  
 I only wish that they should seem  
 Like little birds that softly pour  
 Their low, sweet notes out as they soar,  
 Or wandering rills from Tempe's stream,  
 These songs of mine."

For the most part, they fulfil this modest aspiration fairly well, and may be classed justly enough under the head of "graceful trifles." They are not nearly equal in the

line of graceful trifling to the best very recent American writing of this sort—such as Bunner's or even Sherman's; but the best of them will compare very well with the lower level of these men's work, and none of them are really ill done; the only fault one can find with them is an occasional pedantry which sounds almost crude:

"As merry are thy laughing lays  
 As his who gained Hipparchus' praise,  
 And hymned thy vine-god's glories;  
 As his of glad Sicilian days,  
 Or his who won Augustan bays  
 By honey-sweet *amores*.

"What loves were thine! First, Julia fair,  
 Enthroned in graces far more rare  
 Than Grecian Autonoe."

"We see the heavenly band with gold citoles,  
 Their brows adorned with spotless nenuphars."

This class of poetry builds its claim on perfection of form, not on feeling or thought, and therefore the least appearance of consciousness or of straining at an effect, the least flaw in manner, is a serious defect. The majority of these verses are not thus defective, and some are very neat. Perhaps more of them are good in the way of simple pictures of some natural scene than in any other. We quote one which gives a fair idea of both the descriptive and the bric-a-brac turn of these "Pictures":

*Completion.*

The wind went soughing through the spicy pines  
 In tender undertone,  
 The throstles piped amid the tangled vines,  
 And soft the sunbeams shone.

Afar old ocean thundered on the rocks  
 With blataant, angry sound,  
 And Neptune drove his emerald-girded flocks  
 To pearly depths profound.

The oaks stood gnarled and grim like witches gray,  
 Erect and trim each fir;  
 The sweet veronica fringed the winding way,  
 Pale-hued as lavender.

Like flickering torches through the leafage green  
 The orioles fluttered by,  
 And from the thickets where they lurked unseen  
 Was heard the cuckoo's cry.

And yet there seemed a something wanting there,  
 To make all nature smile,—  
 When, lo! sweet Clarice, like an oread fair,  
 Came down the forest aisle."

<sup>1</sup> *Pictures in Song*. By Clinton Scollard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

The *Chanson of Roland*<sup>1</sup> has been lately translated into English by Léonce Rabillon, of Johns Hopkins University. This is the second direct version that has been made in English, the former one being by J. O'Hagan. There is besides a version from a French paraphrase. The present translation is from M. Léon Gautier's version of the twelfth century Oxford manuscript, and makes the twenty-first translation of the "lay" extant, in six different European languages. It is quite literal, and is said by students of the original to render the spirit closely; considered as English verse, it is vigorous, dignified, and pleasing. The metre is simple blank verse; but the stanza division and the management of the rhythm quite differentiate this from the epic, the dramatic, or the descriptive movement of this most flexible metre, and give well the effect of a long narrative chant or recitative. It is a very satisfactory form in which to have the chivalrous old mediæval romance, inaccessible, of course, to all but specialists in its original language. The courage, the spirit, the curious mixture of dainty manners with a naïve brutality—punctilious observance of stately forms alternating with prompt exchange of defiance and blows in the very presence of royalty, or in the heat of battle—all the traits of the romance of chivalry that the English reader is familiar with as handed down in fragments through later writers, from Chaucer to Scott and Tennyson, here appear in their original fullness. No burlesque could caricature the occasional simplicity of the narrative; for instance, when "Carlemagne" comes upon the battlefield too late, and finds only heaps of dead,

"He tears his beard with anger; all his knights  
And barons weep great tears dizzy with woe,  
And swooning, twenty thousand fall to earth";  
while on the next day, when he finds the  
body of "Rolland,"

"He plucks out his white beard  
And tears his hair with both hands from his head.  
Swoon on the earth one hundred thousand Franks."

<sup>1</sup> La Chanson de Roland. Translated from the seventh edition of Léon Gautier. By Léonce Rabillon. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.

These sudden collapses of an army, from sheer emotion, are irresistible to the imagination. Rolland, too, is able to swoon in the saddle, and also to exchange long passages of courtesy, bows and embraces, with "Olivier," in mid-mêlée, when the two are apparently "standing off" some hundreds or thousands of Saracens. Such things as these throw a curious light on the minds of the eleventh century—their amazing lack of that ineffably quick-flashing, fine-discriminating critical perception which constitutes a sense of humor; their unqualified surrender of themselves to narrative interest, and their desire to have it "writ large." It would be a pity, however, to speak only of the quaintnesses of the gallant chronicle, and not of its main point—its splendid picture of knightly valor and loyalty. It is impossible to quote any passage out of the long account of the battle which will give any fair idea of the whole, and we will not attempt it.

In *The Secret of Death and Other Poems*,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Edwin Arnold has gathered together the stray poems of years with some new ones, the whole introduced by a version of three "vallis," of the Katha Upanishad. Some reviewer has truly remarked that there is always a good deal of "journalism" in Mr. Arnold's poems. In his very best poetry—and that, it will probably be agreed, is to be found in "The Light of Asia"—there was undoubtedly a little of this *ad captandum* trick of thought and expression; and in his worst (and we think that is to be found in part of the present volume), there is more of it than of poetry. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of poetry, too. The leading poem—the Sanskrit translation—is an important one and has much beauty; nor is it a bad idea to picture the English student and Brahman teacher translating the roll together, and thus to give a glimpse of modern Hindu interpretation of the old books, paraphrase the bare translation of obscure passages, and yet meddle not a whit with the truth of the version. But Mr. Arnold's sense of humor was

<sup>2</sup> The Secret of Death and Other Poems. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

at fault when he carried out his good idea by this sort of thing for pages :

“ *Dvityan tritiyannan hovach* : ‘ when that twice  
And thrice he said it, Gautama his sire,  
*Mrityavā tva dadāmi*, ‘ spake in wrath,  
To Death I give thee ! ’ \* \* \* \*  
*Bahūnāmēmi pratham*, ‘ I am first  
Of many sons,’ *bahunam madhyama*  
But of as many more not first nor last !’  
*Kim swidyamasya Kartiviyam yanmay*  
*Adya Karishyati*, ‘ what good use  
Of Yama may I serve, dying to-day ? ’ ”

Yet in such passages as the following (fragments of which will be recognized as incorporated into Emerson’s “Brahma”), there is no lack of dignity :

“ He who, Alone, Undifferenced, unites  
With Nature, making endless difference,  
Producing and receiving all which seems,  
To Brahma. May he give us light to know !

“ He is the Unseen Spirit which informs  
All subtle essences. He flames in fire,  
He shines in sun and moon, planets and stars.  
He bloweth with the winds, rolls with the waves.  
He is Prajapati that fills the worlds.

“ He is the man and woman, youth and maid ;  
The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped  
Upon his staff. He is whatever is,—  
The black bee, and the tiger, and the fish,  
The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass,  
The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb,  
The seasons and the seas. By Him they are,  
In Him begin and end.”

“ Only the wise—

By *Adhyatmayoga*—severing  
Their thought from shows, and fixing it on truth,  
See HIM, the Perfect and Unspeakable,  
Hard to be seen, retreating, ever hid  
Deeper and deeper in the Uttermost ;  
Whose House was never entered, who abides  
Now, and before, and always ; and, so seeing,  
Are freed from griefs and pleasures.”

“ If he that slayeth thinks ‘ I slay ’ ; if he  
Whom he doth slay thinks ‘ I am slain,’—then both  
Know not aright. That which was life in each  
Cannot be slain nor slay.

“ The untouched Soul  
Greater than all the worlds (because the worlds  
By it subsist) ; smaller than subtleties  
Of things minutest ; last of ultimates,—  
Sits in the hollow heart of all that lives.  
Whoso hath laid aside desire and fear,  
His senses mastered and his spirit still,  
Sees in the quiet light of verity  
Eternal, safe, majestic—HIS SOUL.”

There is a little too much of Sanskrit and of capital letters here, but on the whole the translation is done in a high spirit.

VOL V.—42.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the forty-odd other poems, and perhaps it is as well. They are a medley of translations, ballads, lyrics, narratives, descriptions, pastorals, imitations, epigrams—in fact, Mr. Arnold’s versatile talent has evidently led him to roam cursorily over the whole field of poetry, from the epic to the epigrammatic stanza, omitting only the drama. Some of these poems are very pretty ; most of them interesting ; a few entirely uninteresting, and only cumbering the ground in print. The Hindu ballads might be excellent, but that the liberal sprinkling of such refrains as “ *Hu-ri-jee*,” “ *Wah, Wah*,” rather burlesque the author’s intention. This, for instance, is the close of a spirited ballad :

“ Sent him back, with dances and drum—  
Wah ! my Rajah Runjeet Dehu !  
To Chunda Kour and his Jummoo home—  
Wah ! wah ! Futtee !—wah, Gooroo ! ”

One’s general impression of the whole collection must be that Mr. Arnold can do so well, it would scarcely be pardonable that he has not done better, but for the knowledge of the untoward circumstances of his occupation. We will not close our review without quoting one stanza to illustrate his best manner in a simple English lyric :

“ Quiet, in the reaches of the river,  
Blooms the sea-poppy all alone ;  
Hidden by the marshy sedges ever,  
Who knows its golden cup is blown ?  
Who cares if far-distant billows,  
Rocking the great ships to sea,  
Underneath the tassels of the willows  
Rock the sea-poppy and the bee ? ”

But the most satisfactory book of poems that comes before us for notice, the least pretentious of all, is R. L. Stevenson’s *Child’s Garden of Verses*.<sup>1</sup> So delightful is this collection of child thoughts that the best way to review it is to advise every reader who retains any tender memories of his own childhood to go and read it. Whether it would prove as charming to children themselves as to grown people looking back into their childhood, we do not know ; it would

<sup>1</sup> A Child’s Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

be a point for testimony. It expresses admirably the simpler aspects of childhood as it exists in the memory of any grown person of the finer sort; yet it is even truer, in that it is free of the transfiguring atmosphere of distance and tender regret through which we look back to childhood, and so make it other than it really was in the living. But Mr. Stevenson's verses are better quoted than commented upon:

The dedication to Alison Cunningham, his nurse,

"For the long nights you lay awake  
And watched for my unworthy sake :  
For your most comfortable hand  
That led me through the uneven land :  
For all the story-books you read :  
For all the pains you comforted :"

is a pretty opening, and poem after poem follows in the same spirit as these that we select—with difficulty, so many are there that would illustrate equally well the delicate, indefinable air of genuine childhood that breathes through them :

#### *My Treasures.*

These nuts that I keep in the back of the nest,  
Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,  
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me,  
In a wood with a well by the side of a sea.

This whistle we made (and how clearly it sounds !)  
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.  
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own,  
It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone.

The stone, with the white and the yellow and gray,  
We discovered I cannot tell *how* far away ;  
And I carried it back, although weary and cold,  
For though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold.

But of all my treasures the last is the king,  
For there's very few children possess such a thing ;  
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,  
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

#### *The Land of Story-Books.*

At evening, when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit ;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

\* \* \* \* \*

These are the hills, these are the woods ;  
These are my starry solitudes ;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of story-books.

#### *The Gardener.*

The gardener does not love to talk,  
He makes me keep the gravel walk ;  
And when he puts his tools away,  
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row,  
Where no one else but cook may go,  
Far in the plots, I see him dig,  
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red and blue,  
Nor wishes to be spoken to.  
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,  
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener ! summer goes,  
And winter comes with pinching toes,  
When in the garden bare and brown,  
You must lay your barrow down.

Well, now, and while the summer stays,  
To profit by these garden days,  
O, how much wiser you would be  
To play at Indian wars with me !

## SUMMER NOVELS.

WE do not know whether it is in anticipation of a cholera season in the coming summer vacation, that the publishers have put forth so peculiarly trivial a collection of novels as they have; calculating that the general mind will be so far distraught by anxiety as to have no attention to spare for being critical. Possibly this is a miscalculation; the more distraught the mind, the more excellent will the novel need to be in order to hold it. However this may be, there can be no question of the fact that we have before us a collection of summer novels of unusually light weight—by which it is not to be understood that they are unusually sprightly or readable, for they are only moderately so. A much larger proportion than usual are American; in the winter we do not expect to see many English reprints outside of the regular weekly ten and twenty cent libraries, but when the summer vacation supply of novels begins to appear, paper-covered English stories usually play a large part. Of the dozen novels that we are about to notice, however, only three are of this class.

*Across the Chasm*,<sup>1</sup> *Pilot Fortune*,<sup>2</sup> *Roslyn's Fortune*,<sup>3</sup> and *A Carpet Knight*,<sup>4</sup> are so much of a piece that we defy any reader to pick out after a lapse of two weeks their separate characters and plots without real mental effort; quite as much, in fact, as would be necessary if they were four of the conventional English novels. There are minor distinctions between them when one comes to look closely; and they vary a good deal in intelligence and in use of the English language. *Roslyn's Fortune* is crude and con-

tains no social study; the three others are written well, and *Across the Chasm* contains a few bits of social observation and several points that are really good and genuine, *A Carpet Knight* a pleasant set of intelligent people, who converse well, and *Pilot Fortune* a good background of island and ocean and picturesque grouping of circumstance. All four narrate the attempts of several lovers (three, in all but *Pilot Fortune*) to win an enchanting heroine; the worst one always comes within an inch of success—in one case the wedding dress is made—but at the last moment fortune relents and delivers the prize over to the right man. It is true that in *A Carpet Knight* the heroine never hesitates from the first in her allegiance to the best of her three lovers, but a sub-heroine is provided, and supplied with two lovers, that she may lean to the worse and finally waver into the hands of the right one. We are pleased to be able to add that the five young women (counting the sub-heroine) all make their final choice with excellent good taste, and to the satisfaction of any reader who is a good judge of lovers.

For the benefit of any person who may wish to read one or more of these books, but not all, we will add a few notes on the points in which they differ. Milicent, the beautiful girl of *Pilot Fortune*, is stranded on a Nova Scotian island, and wooed by a local farmer-fisherman and a Boston tourist with a yacht. Julia in *A Carpet Knight* is a Philadelphian belle, and her lovers are a society and sporting fellow-townsmen, a doctor from Boston, and her guardian; her friends are nice people, and the book has plenty of unaffected good breeding; it is, in fact, all one could ask of a purely society novel, and needs to make it better, nothing but—originality and power. *Across the Chasm* has for heroine a lovely Margaret from a Southern plantation, who visits a married cousin in Washington; she leaves behind her in the South one lover, an

<sup>1</sup> *Across the Chasm*. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Pilot Fortune*. By Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *Roslyn's Fortune*. By Christian Reid. New York: Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>4</sup> *A Carpet Knight*. By Harford Flemming. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

amiable young ruined planter, and meets in Washington two, a traveled and accomplished Southern cousin, and a Northern architect. After various complications, she and the Northerner clasp hands across the bloody chasm. As she was already of one mind with the North about negroes, secession, and the honorableness of work, the chasm that remained was not very deep; in fact, it consisted chiefly of a hot difference of opinion as to whether the claims of hospitality compel a man to treat every one well under his own roof, or whether an intruder should be snubbed. A minor point is made of the Southern independence of convention and calm confidence in one's own position, as contrasted with a certain anxiety as to station on the part of the Northerner. More might have been made of this, perhaps. There is an excellent little episode with some very real children, and a good genuine love-passage at the end. Roslyn is also a Southern girl, but framed about with plantations and servants; her lovers are a retired confederate Major who owns a rehabilitated plantation, his penniless scapegrace cousin, and her own step-brother, recently from college.

*Timias Terrystone* reverses the situation of the four novels just described. Young Terrystone is an engaging artist, of the old-fashioned, fresh-faced type, which women in men's novels are supposed to love, and is sought by three women, nearly captured by the worst, and finally escapes into the hands of the best. It is a dreadful blunder to tell a tale which consists so entirely of the hero's fascinations and conquests of women, in the first person. There is a rather pretty, old-fashioned air about the story, and a good deal of tediousness. The locality is New York, and the three love-lorn maids are a sentimental hoyden from Philadelphia, a dashing actress in late youth, and a Quaker girl on a Mohawk farm.

Before taking up the other four American novels, the only ones in the whole number under notice that have any claim to careful attention, we will glance at the three English

novels, *Matt*,<sup>3</sup> *Addie's Husband*,<sup>4</sup> *The Witch's Head*.<sup>4</sup> *Matt* is by an author of very respectable rank, and shows in all its details that it is written by some one who knows his trade. It is a mere trifle of a story—wreckers on the Welsh coast; a foundling whose parentage is known to one person only, and he the one interested in concealing it; a strolling artist, who wrests the secret from its hiding place, and gets a broken head in the process; an heiress restored to her own; and a wedding. It is told with a careless humor that acquits the author of taking the little tale for anything of any more consequence than it is. *Addie's Husband* is a Rhoda Broughton imitation, more refined and less strong than its models. It has the bad father; the family of neglected children, fond of each other, rough in speech, and wild in behavior; one of whom develops profound powers of affection, which differentiate her from the shallower remainder of the family, and throw her entirely upon the lover or husband with whom, after much alienation, she usually comes to satisfactory final understanding;—all of which details are common to imitations of Miss Broughton, and show which of her novels is dearest to the novel-writing young woman. The present copy is pruned of all the offensive qualities of the original, and its situation is arranged to allow of some excellent emotional melodrama, but it somehow falls short of touching the emotions. It does not fall grotesquely short, however, and it is not wooden; and perhaps any one who has a taste for emotional novels might do worse than read it. *The Witch's Head* is quite the worst novel before us. It is crude, it is tedious, it is pointless. It contains the trio of lovers who seem to haunt this season's stories, and indeed duplicates them ingeniously, for the hero is beloved of three maids, and the heroine of three men. The "witch's head" has no pos-

<sup>3</sup> *Matt*. A Tale of a Caravan. By Robert Buchanan. New York: E. Appleton & Co. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>4</sup> *Addie's Husband*. New York: E. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>4</sup> *The Witch's Head*. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: E. Appleton & Co. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>1</sup> *Timias Terrystone*. By Oliver Bell Bunce. New York: E. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

sible connection with the story, and is dragged in in the vain effort to give it strength. The fascinating and triply-beloved hero is again of the fresh, boyish type, indicating a masculine authorship, though the indication is contradicted by one or two tirades against the present status of women.

There come next under notice two novels, both American, *A Knight of the Black Forest*<sup>1</sup> and *Trajan*.<sup>2</sup> The first of these has already been published as a magazine serial. It has not, perhaps, as much feeling nor as much of a story as many inferior ones; but it has that quality, difficult to describe, that insures admission to the pages of the critical magazines, and sets it apart from such books as those we have been noticing. It has a carefully wrought out situation and characters of its own; it abounds in a light picturesqueness; in short, it would be fair to say it has the *technique* of story-writing well in hand. Its author had previously put forth one novelette that was noticeably good for a first one. We hardly suppose that any one will really *care* much for this little study of German and American flirtation; but it shows a commendable regard for method, is in the manner of the time, and is properly to be counted a success for the writer, and a step to an assured position of profitable authorship. So mighty is the mastering of one's handicraft in a workmanlike way! In novel-writing, one is really out of the lists until he has done this; and yet the popular impression is that novel-writing "comes by nature."

"Trajan" is the most ambitious story of the summer. Its publishers have done it one good turn by launching it with such trumpeting that the critic is necessarily prejudiced against it, and suffers a reaction of friendliness upon discovering that it is really much better than he would have expected from the transparently commercial eulogies that accompanied it. This is a subtlety in advertising tactics worth the consideration of publishers. Laying aside all prepossessions or reactions, however, it may be said that "Trajan" is an

interesting novel, showing much serious work, many excellent possibilities, and a decided falling short of its own intentions. It has a flavor of Julian Hawthorne, much in the same way that that ingenious writer himself perpetually has a decided flavor of greater ones. The author undoubtedly has ability; but he has undertaken more than he could manage in "Trajan." "The Money-Makers," published anonymously, is accepted as his; and the same hand seems pretty evident in the two: the mixture of ability and inefficiency, the womanish qualities, the very language. In "The Money-Makers" there was at the best a good deal more strength, and there was throughout a better style (save for the French-phrase vice): as this book was doubtless later written, there is an encouragement herein; and that its weak points are weaker than anything in "Trajan" is doubtless due to more hasty writing. But there are weak points enough in "Trajan." It is melodramatic, yet a little tedious. The writer stops to "moralize" a little here and there, and a little is too much, because the moralizing is not profound and does not justify itself. It would better have been all cut out, with the exception of about a dozen sentences. The conversation, too, when it tries to be playful, is rather heavy humor; and when it tries to be witty, is rather pointless repartee. The love-making is for the most part weak. The canvas is unnecessarily crowded with figures, and some unnecessary incident comes in. The melodramatic character of the main narrative, which winds its way through all these obstructions, is sufficient to redeem the book on the whole from heaviness, and would have made it, properly pruned, powerful—powerful in a way hardly to be approved by a stern critic, for, as we have said, it is melodrama: yet we are not prepared to condemn any work of art, story or music or acting, that really stirs human emotion, because the emotion is stirred by exaggerations and broad pathos that are not in the best taste. No one is a greater sinner in this respect than Dickens; and the reading world has always pardoned him. The reason that even if

<sup>1</sup> *A Knight of the Black Forest*. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: Putnam's Sons.

<sup>2</sup> *Trajan: The Story of a Sentimental Young Man*. By Henry Keenan. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885.

Mr. Keenan had succeeded in making his story powerful, he would not have been pardoned the same fault, is that there is something especially feminine in the emotions to which he appeals. "Trajan" is another attempt, and a very nearly successful one, at the man whom women love; and by making him frankly and sentimentally heroic his author has come much nearer to making his feminine heart stir responsively in reading of him than it will do in reading of the pretty lads who fill the *rôle* in such books as "Timias Terrystone." Here is an interesting literary point, that deserves further attention. Put out of consideration all analytic novels, in which life is carefully studied, and take only those in which the author has depended chiefly on his own imagination for his characters, obviously making his hero or heroine according to his secret ideals. In the great majority of such books by women, the man before whom the female heart bows will be found to be either past youth, or mature for his age; possessed of a certain dominance, resolution, and dignity of character variously expressed. With some exceptions in favor of romantic wickedness, due never to weakness, but to distorted circumstance, throwing the character out of harmony with its own instincts, the preference is for romantic goodness, heroic and very sentimental. The heroine in such novels is usually the writer's self, and has no special objective personality, being mainly a mere embodiment of her emotions toward the hero. In books of the same grade by men, the man beloved of women is the gallant, impulsive, fickle boy, fair of face, impressionable of heart; and the heroine is a mere abstraction of gentleness, innocence, loyal affection, unselfishness, and so on. Now "Trajan" is not mature, and is not dominant except in emergencies, but he has the romantically good *rôle*, and does it pretty well; and he would have done it still better if the author had been willing to waive good taste and let himself go to any extreme in this line. He faces wild bulls in the defense of ladies, rescues ungrateful friends from dungeons and from deaths by giving himself up to the same, all while un-

der insult and misappreciation from his beneficiaries, and this with the silence, dignity, and sweetness that are appropriate to martyrs. Martyrdom has stirred hero-worship for many ages, and has today so appreciable a value in winning a following that it is considered an excellent political card; yet there is no denying that it is *not* regarded good taste any longer—perhaps because the discovery of its political value has led to a vulgarization that has spoiled it for literary purposes. Mr. Keenan is aware of this, and puts his hero into the martyr *rôle* apologetically: adds to his name as sub-title "The Story of a Sentimental Young Man"; tells his exploits with affected derision as "absurd," "romantic," "crazy." But he likes it, nevertheless, and has a real affection for the sentimental young man. The place is Paris and its neighborhood, and the time the period of the Franco-Prussian war, and the German invasion; and the final scenes in Paris give abundant opportunity for all the adventures the plot demands.

Last of all come in by far the best two novels of the summer: *Within the Capes*<sup>1</sup> and *A Marsh Island*.<sup>2</sup> Both of these books are of the sort that makes it seem so easy a thing to tell a simple, straight-forward story and make it life-like and interesting that it is unaccountable people should strain and fail so. *Within the Capes* is conventional enough in its outline: a young sailor, returning to his native Quaker village and there falling in love; more sea-voyaging, shipwreck, lone island, rescue, murder trial, and halcyon ending. Yet these conventional outlines are filled in with the freshest and most winning of detail and manner; nothing is strained, nothing crude, not a false note touched. The style is almost quaintly simple: the writer has helped his own imagination in rendering it so by making it the autobiographical narrative of Tom Granger, told in his old age, in the third person, with occasional quaint lapses, as though unconsciously, into

<sup>1</sup> *Within the Capes*. By Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *A Marsh Island*. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

the first, so as to reveal Captain Granger himself as the narrator yet without having to explain that he is. Thus the gentle simplicity of speech of a good old Quaker seafarer is attained, without the usual drawbacks of the autobiographical form. Tom Granger is a very fine fellow, and the reader becomes aware of it without getting any unpleasant impression that Granger himself thinks so. The Quaker village is charmingly lifelike, and its people are no lay figures, but living and worthy men and women—except the rival lover, who is rather conventional. The time is 1812 and a few years thereafter, and the old-fashioned flavor of the story is appropriate, not only to the supposed venerable years of the narrator, but to the period. This is the sort of story that the true "summer novel" should be: it is light, and by no means a great novel; but it is a very pretty, pleasant, and gentlemanly one, and we hope to see others from the same hand.

In even a higher degree, Miss Jewett's new story has the grace of restraint, perfect simplicity and directness, and the best of breeding in matter and manner. But this comment

and most other such that could be made, are merely repeating what every one knows already of Miss Jewett's invariable traits as a writer. Her style may be called well-nigh perfect. This particular story is perhaps less delightful than "A Country Doctor," yet that is more because the subject is less notably happy than anything else. There is not much story, but one does not want much story in Miss Jewett's books; they are transcripts of bits of life, not regularly constructed novels with plot and machinery. The very fields, and sea, and farming folk are in them. They do not pretend to go as deeply into human nature, nor to be as minutely or vividly true to it as some novels; but in its own way the characterization is perfect. They are like a painter's outdoor studies. Wonderfully uniform they are, too: in this latest one, neither falling away from the mark of previous achievement, nor improving upon it, is visible. In work so perfect in its own way, perhaps nothing of the sort is to be expected. The idyl is Miss Jewett's line, and tragedies and dramas and the like are not to be sought among her quiet and fragrant fields.

---

### ETC.

THE trustees of Mills Seminary send us the schedule of the revised course of study of the school. The significance of the revision lies in the intention of making the institution a girls' college, on the plan of Vassar, Smith, or Wellesley. The step in this direction taken at present is indicated in the schedule of studies now before us by the division of the work into three departments, a "Preparatory," a "Seminary," one course of which gives the regular preparation for college, and a "Collegiate," which approximates the traditional college course required for the baccalaureate degree. It retains some of the features of a girl's seminary, chiefly by electives in music and art, and Latin and Greek are electives after the Freshman year; but the ground laid out in mathematics, and in the classics including electives, is equal to that usually required for the A. B. degree. No announcement is made of any intention to give the degree, but we are told that this is at least the ultimate intention.

THE proposal to establish a "female" college in California is an interesting one. There is much to be said, *pro* and *con*, as to the whole institution of girls' colleges. The propriety of giving to such women as wish it the opportunity to study the subjects included in a college course may be assumed as granted: but whether this should be done in separate institutions, in separate departments of boys' institutions, or in the same classes with boys, is a more complex question. It is probable that the "annex" system of England and of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the most convenient solution for the present, whether the best for the future or not: for the reason that it is open to neither of the serious objections which balance against each other in the case of co-education *versus* separate education. These two objections are: that full coeducation is against the conservative feeling of a large part of the community, and, although experience has not as yet shown that this timidity is well founded, it still exists, and will

long continue to deprive of higher education many girls who would otherwise receive it; and on the other hand, it has so far proved impossible to secure in an exclusively female college quite as high a grade as in the men's colleges of the same sections. For many years yet, and possibly for generations, girls' classes need to be constantly brought to the test of the examinations and examiners provided for men. The best standard yet attained by a girls' college is probably that of Smith's, and the most stanch believer in the feminine brain must admit that this has been due to Smith's having kept itself held as closely as was possible to masculine standards, and having avoided too much feminine influence in direction and instruction. Whatever equality with men in thorough and efficient intellectual work experiment may show to exist latent in women, it is certain that it is by no means as yet developed generally enough to give grounds for expecting any girls' college, for many years to come, to be really up to the standard of a boys' college of the same standing. Coeducation undoubtedly forces the girl to come to the masculine standard of work, and under its influence she is found by experiment to develop with ease an ability to do so: but this is precisely what a large portion of the educated community do not wish for her; for many who are perfectly willing that women should learn the same facts that men learn in college, do not like them to learn to use the mind in the way that educated men use it, to acquire the same mental habit and tone of thought. Again, the social intercourse of coeducation is a stumbling block to many; and the fortunate experience so far had by coeducational colleges is not accepted as convincing. Nor is it absolutely so: the girls who furnished the experiment have so far been to a certain extent (though far less than might be supposed) a "picked lot." Undoubtedly, the system requires a certain amount of good sense and of care in its administration, and one cannot be always certain that this will be used.

Yet the convenient annex system, which avoids the difficulties of both the others, is only possible where a large and rich college exists. It requires a larger aggregation of money than either of the others: for while it really costs less than separate institutions, it is always easier to get two small endowments than one good one. Therefore, we are for the most part thrown back upon having *both* coeducational privileges at boys' colleges, and separate girls' colleges to meet the needs of young women. Moreover, it is possible that there will always be some girls intellectually capable of the higher education, but better off in a girls' college than a common one. It may be that in a properly arranged system of coeducation all this class of girls would acquire that discretion and dignity which others take there with them (every coeducational college can show instances of this); or it may be that they will always constitute a reason for the existence of the two methods. That both should be in practice in California, would seem de-

sirable. In case there prove to be any considerable number of girls in our State willing to undertake the labor of a college education, whose parents are unwilling to send them to Berkeley, and unable or unwilling to send them to an Eastern girls' college, such an institution is much needed here. The success of the present move toward creating one must depend absolutely on how far the seminary idea is frankly cut loose from, and a sound college standard established; and whether this is done or not will depend primarily upon the man who may be secured for president, and secondarily upon the adequacy of the endowment.

### Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

THE Queen of Sheba,—so the records run,—  
 Heard of the wisdom of King Solomon;  
 And came to see the greatness of the King,  
 And prove his knowledge by hard questioning.  
 A gorgeous retinue the Queen could boast,  
 Worthy alike of visitor and host:—  
 Long trains of camels bearing precious spice,  
 And gold, and jewels of unheard of price.—  
 Such lavish bounty and such proud display,  
 The kingdom had not seen before that day:—  
 A splendor fitted to afford surprise  
 E'en to a king so mighty and so wise.  
 And she, the leader of this sumptuous state,  
 With beauty radiant and with youth elate—  
 No lovelier sight had ever monarch viewed;  
 A vision of enchanting womanhood!—  
 Nor is it just or adequate to say  
 That in her beauty all attraction lay:  
 Endowed she was with strong and well-poised mind,  
 Fit to confute the wisest of mankind.  
 Accomplished in all learning, and to it  
 Was added woman's tact and ready wit.

Proud of her knowledge with all skill prepared,  
 The Queen essays a task none other dared—  
 To find by trial if great Solomon  
 Justly deserved the glory he had won.  
 So she with learning and consummate art,  
 Communes with him of all that's in her heart;  
 She puts him to the proof by every test  
 Judgment would dictate or caprice suggest;  
 Sometimes with questioning of grave import,  
 Sometimes with trifling and in merry sport.

Had she considered, she could scarce expect  
 To gain a triumph of the intellect,  
 Since much of his accomplishment, but few  
 Would doubt, to his domestic life was due.  
 How could *one* woman hope success to gain  
 O'er him who had a thousand in his train?—  
 Seven hundred wives, and some three hundred yet,  
 Who, so to speak, claimed title by brevet.  
 He who so much anxiety endured,  
 Must be to every artifice inured;  
 Must learn to make to each the fit reply;  
 Know how much to admit and what deny;

Who if he erred would sure the error know,  
 With seven hundred times, "I told you so!"  
 No wonder Solomon, compelled to dodge  
 A fire of questions, wisely formed "The Lodge,"<sup>1</sup>  
 Which in all after time excuse affords,  
 When wives interrogate belated lords.  
 He who so oft was called on to discriminate  
 Ate in the strifes of seven hundred women,  
 Was not the man to find his wits undone  
 By artifice, however shrewd, of *one*.

So when, without evasion or delay,  
 The King due answer makes to the array  
 Of searching queries which the Queen propounds,  
 His court with joyous plaudits long resounds.  
 The baffled Queen, with quick invention, tries  
 How she may yet some stratagem devise,  
 By which the wary monarch may be caught,  
 And his much vaunted wisdom set at naught.  
 The King was seated in his judgment hall,  
 And in his presence were assembled all  
 That splendid court whose dazzling glories shine  
 Through the dim years, from wondrous Palestine.  
 Before this brilliant throng, the Queen, alone,  
 Approached the monarch on his ivory throne;  
 Nor comes too near, but at good distance stands,  
 Holding two wreaths upon her outstretched  
 hands—

Two wreaths of flowers, alike in every part,  
 One those of nature, one prepared by art.  
 The last though formed of tinsel and of wax,  
 No point of likeness to the other lacks;  
 So deftly wrought, that never human eye  
 Could the least difference 'twixt the two descry.  
 The Queen, when she her due obeisance made,  
 With air of triumph to the monarch said:  
 "In thy great wisdom, tell me now, O King,  
 Which flowers are nature's, which art's, fashion-  
 ing!"

The King observed the flowers, and yet again  
 Looked for some clew to guide him,—but in vain;  
 Still as the wreaths he studied o'er and o'er,  
 Their perfect semblance puzzled him the more.  
 He scanned the faces of the courtiers nigh,  
 But no response e'er met his questioning eye;

<sup>1</sup> Tradition represents King Solomon as one of the founders, and the first Grand-Master of the order of Freemasons.

None in the throng could, any more than he,  
 Find way to solve the artful mystery.  
 All the gay multitude were hushed with awe,  
 When they their monarch's tribulation saw;  
 All were o'erwhelmed with gloom and anxious  
 doubt,

Fearing, at last, their King was put to rout.  
 Of what avail would be his world-wide fame,  
 Or what the value of the mighty name  
 Which he to after ages would bequeath,  
 When pretty woman with a tinsel wreath,  
 Could bring him to confusion for her sport,  
 And make his pride the laughter of the court?  
 He, sore discomfited and ill at ease,  
 Turns to the window,—there a swarm of bees  
 Hovered outside the casement; straightway he  
 Solution finds to his perplexity.  
 "Open the window!" then the King commands;  
 Without delay, a score of willing hands  
 Perform his bidding, when on buzzing wing,  
 The clustering swarm soon seeks the opening.  
 Unerring instinct guides their droning flight  
 In narrowing circles, until all alight  
 Upon the natural flowers—not one descends  
 Upon the wreath where art so deftly blends  
 Color and form to rival nature's skill;—  
 The stamp of nature's hand was lacking still.  
 Now Solomon, with all his learning, knew  
 The principle which certainly held true  
 In his time, as it also does in ours,  
 That any wreath or handiwork of flowers,  
 Howe'er it may the human sense deceive,  
 To make bees leave it, must be *make believe*!  
 No formal judgment need the King repeat;—  
 Already the decision was complete.  
 Much marveled then the Queen and courtly throng,  
 That to one man such wisdom should belong;  
 Who, when his skill all human means evade,  
 Summons the powers of nature to his aid.

The Queen, no longer questioning from that day,  
 Was lost in admiration,—and some say  
 That feelings of a sweeter, tenderer sort  
 Prolonged her visit at the monarch's court.  
 Nor did she cease thereafter to proclaim  
 That all that had been told her of his fame  
 Which, far and near, throughout the world was  
 spread,  
 Was not the half that might with truth be said.

*Theodore A. Lord.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Mining Camps.<sup>1</sup>

This book comprises a series of papers which appears to be the result of the writer's special work as

<sup>1</sup> Mining Camps. A study in American Frontier Government. By Charles Howard Shinn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

a student at Johns Hopkins University. It is in the line of the investigations to which the department of history in that institution has of late given particular attention. It is a study in American local government as developed in the mining camps of California. Although it is called "a study in American Frontier

Government," it still comprehends only limited phases of the government found on the American frontier; and, on the other hand, it embraces much that lies outside of American limits. It "deals largely with ancient, mediæval, and modern mining laws." "It is also a study of the Spanish land-system in Mexico and in California, and of the relations of priest, alcalde, and comandante, in mission, pueblo, and presidio." These last-named topics involve questions of such profound difficulty that we need not look for the last word on any of them in a somewhat hastily constructed book covering them all. And from this fact arises the suggestion that, since the limits of the work permitted only a fragmentary and more or less superficial treatment of these topics, it would have been advisable to have omitted them as separate chapters, and to have introduced only so much of them, in the proper connection, as was necessary to an explanation of the main subject in hand. What is here meant may be illustrated by reference to the chapter entitled "A Study of Alcaldes." In itself the chapter is interesting, but it throws little new light on the subject, and does not, in all cases, state the whole truth. The statement on page 90, that "each member of the *ayuntamiento* was responsible for maladministration or malfeasance," fails to take account of an important exception. According to the law existing at the time of the cession of this territory to the United States, only those members of the *ayuntamiento* were responsible for maladministration who voted for the measures through which it was brought about.

In the remaining portion of the book, from the ninth chapter to the end, the writer covers the ground more satisfactorily. It was a happy thought that led him to undertake to gather and put into readable form the disappearing material bearing on the governmental side of the semi-barbarous life of the period of gold-hunting. In this part lies his real contribution to history. The adventures of many of the individuals who made up these mining communities have been often told; but hitherto little has been done to show through what manner of organizations these communities acted in preserving internal peace and in cooperating to build up a State; and, considering the entire lack of systematic works on the subject, the present volume may be regarded as an eminently successful pioneer.

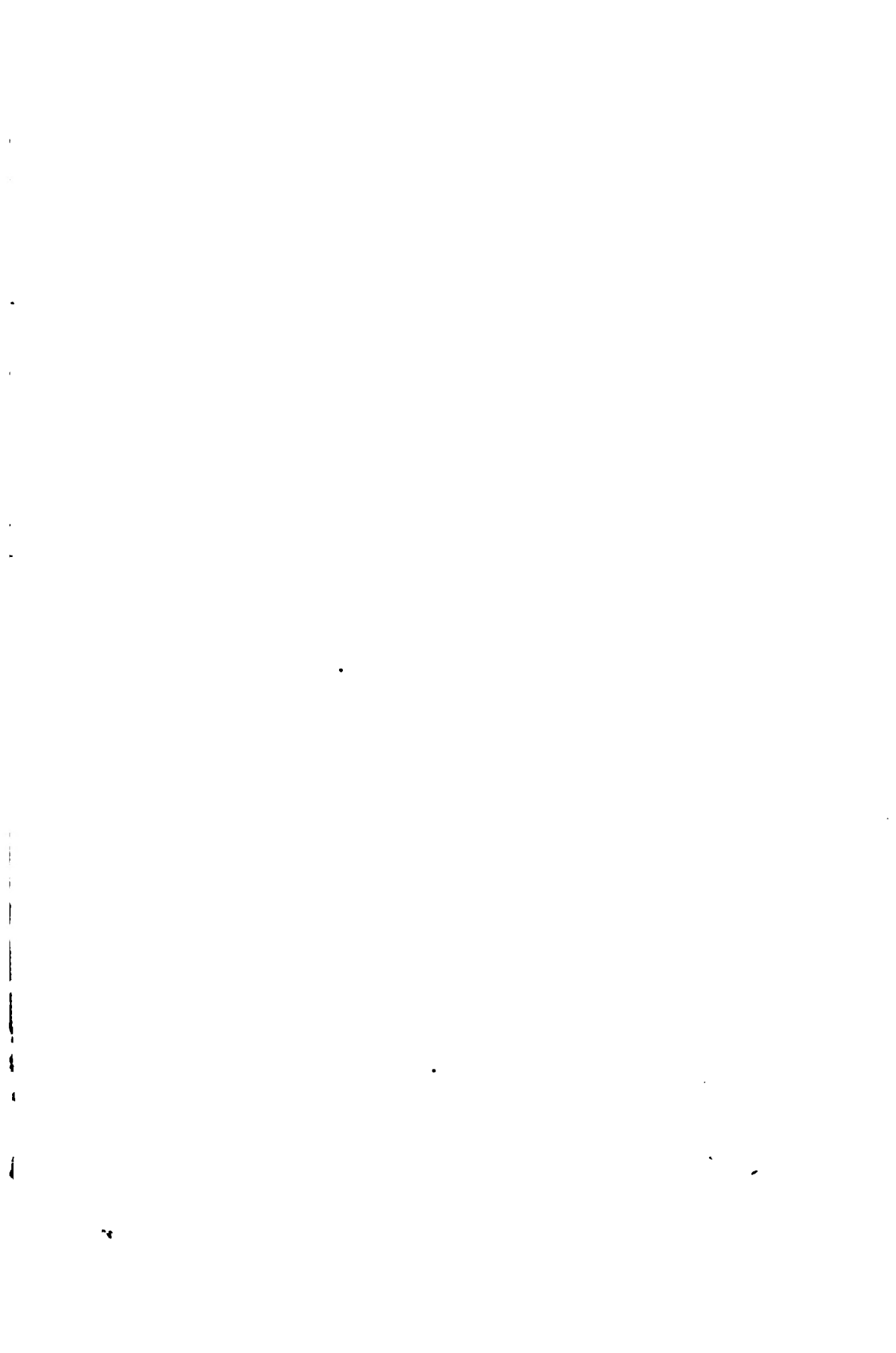
### Briefer Notice.

THE situation of Eden, or of the cradle of the human race, is a question that has received so many and so various answers, that a new hypothesis is hardly likely to hinder or to help the matter to a definite conclusion. The new hypothesis to which reference is made, is that advanced by President William F. Warren, of Boston University, who is so sure that the first home of man was at the North

Pole that he publishes a book<sup>1</sup> giving what he considers a demonstration of his theory, and thus places before the public the researches that have already figured in lectures to his classes. With many learned opinions of authorities in science, he makes the point that Eden might have been at the North Pole as well as at any other place on the earth's surface, and much better than at many other points. Then he turns to the traditions and myths of the most ancient civilizations, and finds in them, by dint of judicious selecting and much special pleading, a remarkable consensus sustaining his view. Here he rests his case, and proceeds to show what far-reaching effects his conclusions will have on the several sciences concerned with the problem, not forgetting to give the materialistic scientists of the modern school a lecture on their disregard of the wisdom of the ancients. Such reasoning would be much more conclusive, if it had not been proved possible by many another author to make tradition point east and west and south for the birthplace of man, as strongly as Mr. Warren finds it to turn northward. Central Asia, the lost Atlantis, and the equally lost Lemuria, each has its champions, who will prove to you by tradition, myth, and story that all mankind look back to it as their original starting point. Still, Mr. Warren's book is an interesting study, and may induce many a reader that has read no counterbalancing authority, if he does not watch the argument too closely, to agree with the author in the language of one of his quotations: "Thus the Arctic Zone, which was the earliest in cooling down to the first and highest heat degree in the great life-gamut, was also the first to become fertile, first to bear life, and first to send forth her progeny over the earth. So, too, in obedience to the universal order of things, she was the first to reach maturity, first to pass all the subdivisions of life-bearing climate, and, finally, the lowest heat degree in the great life-range; and so the first to reach sterility, old age, degeneration, and death. And now, cold and lifeless, wrapped in her snowy winding-sheet, the once fair mother of us all rests in the frozen embrace of an ice-bound and everlasting sepulchre."—The Scribner Series of *Stories by American Authors*<sup>2</sup> closes with Volume x. The variety and vigor that have characterized all the volumes are no less evident in this. Of the six stories in it, "A Daring Fiction," by Professor Boyesen, is, we should say, really the best, as one or two others—"Pancha" especially—which seem more striking, have really too much intention to be striking about them. "Manmat'ha" is an excellent piece of ghostliness, and needed only a more powerful hand to be a notable one.

<sup>1</sup> Paradise Found. A Study of the Pre-historic World. By William F. Warren, President of Boston University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

<sup>2</sup> Stories by American Authors.—x. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.





OCKER

MAR 10 1992



